

Tess Johnston
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1990s

ARTICLES
SHANGHAI - CONTEMPORARY

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BT
UNCLAS SECTION 01 OF 03 SHANGHAI 00527

ING ALSO POUCH TO CHENGDU

U. 12356: N/A
ACS: SOCI, CH
SUBJ: LIFE IN THE BIG CITY: BRIEFING PAPER FOR AMBASSADOR'S
VISIT TO SHANGHAI

THIS PAPER TAKES A LOOK AT THE QUALITY OF LIFE FOR SHANGHAI'S
12 MILLION RESIDENTS, BOTH OBJECTIVELY AND AS THEY PERCEIVE IT.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL BACKGROUND:

LIKE SINGAPORE AND HONG KONG, SHANGHAI GREW UP AS A
FOREIGN-RULED CITY WITH CHINESE INHABITANTS. ITS APOGEE FROM
THE 1890'S TO THE 1930'S COINCIDED WITH THE NADIR OF CHINESE
NATIONAL PRIDE, AND THE IDEA OF SHANGHAI IS LINKED HISTORICALLY
IN THE CHINESE CONSCIOUSNESS WITH CORRUPTION AND FOREIGN
DOMINATION. THE RESULT HAS BEEN AN INTERESTING LOVE-HATE
RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN SHANGHAI AND THE REST OF THE COUNTRY.
OTHER CHINESE REGARD SHANGHAI AS EXOTIC AND COSMOPOLITAN;
VISITING HERE IS ALMOST LIKE GOING ABROAD. SHANGHAINESE ARE
CONSIDERED CHINA'S CLEVEREST BUSINESSMEN AND BEST WORKERS, BUT
SOMEHOW "NOT LIKE THE REST OF US CHINESE." SUSPICION OF
SHANGHAI WAS VERY STRONG AMONG THE PEASANT ORGANIZERS WHO,
UNDER MAO'S LEADERSHIP, TOOK OVER THE COMMUNIST PARTY AFTER ITS
UREAN PROLETARIAT-BASED STRATEGY COLLAPSED. WHEN THEY TOOK
CONTROL IN BEIJING AFTER 1949, THIS GROUP OF PARTY LEADERS MADE
AN EFFORT TO REDUCE SHANGHAI'S ECONOMIC DOMINANCE BY
TRANSFERRING HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF SKILLED WORKERS, AND
SEVERAL COMPLETE FACTORIES, TO NEW INDUSTRIAL CENTERS. BUT AT
THE SAME TIME, THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT FOUND ITSELF HEAVILY
DEPENDENT ON SHANGHAI'S ESTABLISHED INDUSTRIES, BOTH FOR
PRODUCTS AND FOR PROFITS. THE RESPONSE, FROM THE MID 1950'S TO
THE LATE 1970'S, WAS TO USE SHANGHAI'S INCOME TO FINANCE
DEVELOPMENT EVERYWHERE ELSE IN THE COUNTRY, RETURNING TO THE
CITY ONLY SUCH FUNDS AS WERE NEEDED TO SPUR PRODUCTION.
SHANGHAI'S INFRASTRUCTURE, STARVED OF EVEN MINIMAL
MAINTENANCE FUNDING, PROGRESSIVELY DECAYED AS THE POPULATION
SWELLED. THE SITUATION IS ONLY NOW IMPROVING, AS FUNDS FOR NEW
INFRASTRUCTURE FOLLOW RECOGNITION OF SHANGHAI'S IMPORTANCE AS A
HUB FOR THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

SIZE, COMPLEXITY, AND MULTIPLE CHANNELS OF COMMUNICATION AND
CONTROL HAVE PRODUCED A MONSTROSITY OF LOCAL BUREAUCRACY: HUGE,

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ARROGANT, AND AS WELL ENTRENCHED AS THE FRENCH AT VERDUN. AS FORMER MAYOR WANG FREQUENTLY LAMENTS, AND MAYOR JIANG IS DISCOVERING, NOTHING IS ACCOMPLISHED HERE IN A STRAIGHTFORWARD, EXPEDITIOUS MANNER. THROUGH A VAST NETWORK OF CONNECTIONS, NEARLY EVERY UNIT AT EVERY LEVEL HAS A DISPROPORTIONATE ABILITY TO BLOCK ANY INITIATIVE THAT IMPINGES ON ITS INTERESTS. THUS SHANGHAI'S BUATING SPHERATON, STARTED AT THE SAME TIME AS BEIJING'S GREAT WALL, WILL OPEN TWO YEARS LATER; NEW OFFICES FOR SHANGHAI'S EVENING NEWSPAPER WERE APPROVED SEVERAL YEARS AGO, BUT CONSTRUCTION HAS YET TO BEGIN; AND THE MAYOR JUST APPOINTED HIMSELF CHAIRMAN OF A SUBCOMMITTEE TO TRY TO SPEED WORK ON A NEW RAILWAY STATION. WITHIN THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT AND PARTY ORGANIZATIONS, IDEOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS SEEM TO BE LESS RELEVANT THAN THOSE OF BUREAUCRATIC POWER, PERQUISITES, AND THE OCCASIONAL TOUCH OF GRAFT.

PHYSICAL FACTORS:

APART FROM ITS WATERWAYS, THE TERRAIN OF SHANGHAI IS BORING. THE ENTIRE MUNICIPAL AREA, WHICH STRETCHES SOME 60 MILES NORTH TO SOUTH AND 40 EAST TO WEST, HAS ONLY A FEW SMALL HILLS, AND NO ATTRACTIVE SEASCAPES. THUS, UNLIKE MANY CHINESE CITIES, THERE IS LITTLE SENSE HERE OF BEING PART OF A NATURAL ENVIRONMENT. SIMILARLY, SHANGHAI HAS NO IMPORTANT MONUMENTS TO CHINA'S ANCIENT GLORY, NO GREAT TEMPLES OR PALACES OR TOMBS. TO WESTERNERS, THE CITY HAS A NICELY EVOCATIVE CHARM, COMPOUNDED OF ITS BLEND OF OCCIDENT AND ORIENT, THE PRESERVATION OF ITS EDWARDIAN-ERA ARCHITECTURE, AND A SENSE OF STEPPING BACK FIFTY YEARS IN TIME. ALL OF THIS IS LOST ON THE CHINESE. TO THE EXTENT THEY REGARD SHANGHAI FAVORABLY, THEY DO SO FOR ITS MODERNITY; THERE IS LITTLE NOSTALGIA FOR THE COLONIAL ERA. GIVEN ENOUGH MONEY, MOST SHANGHAINESE WOULD GLADLY TEAR DOWN THE OLD MANSIONS AND PUT UP SKYSCRAPERS. WHAT THEY SEE HERE IS NOT A STATELY CITY THAT HAS AGED GRACEFULLY, BUT AN OLD GREY METROPOLIS ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE, SURROUNDED BY NEWER BUT EQUALLY DISMAL SUBURBS.

FOREIGNERS' AND RESIDENTS' IMPRESSIONS DIVERGE EVEN MORE SHARPLY CONCERNING THE WEATHER. OBJECTIVELY, SHANGHAI'S CLIMATE IS QUITE MODERATE, BUT THIS IS NOT HOW THE RESIDENTS SEE IT. NATIONAL POLICY AND LIMITED ENERGY PRECLUDE ANY HEATING OR AIR CONDITIONING, EXCEPT WHERE REQUIRED FOR FOREIGNERS AND DELICATE INSTRUMENTS. THUS MOST SHANGHAINESE SHIVER THROUGH FIVE MONTHS OF WINTER, THEN STEAM THROUGH FOUR MONTHS OF SUMMER.

TRADITIONAL CONCERNS:

SHANGHAINESE SUM UP THE BASIC NECESSITIES OF LIFE AS YI (CLOTHING), SHI (FOOD), ZHU (HOUSING), AND XING (TRANSPORTATION). ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN THESE FOUR AREAS HAVE BEEN VERY UNEVEN:

-- CLOTHING. THIS PROBLEM, AN ACUTE ONE AS LITTLE AS TWO DECADES AGO, HAS LARGELY FADED FROM PUBLIC CONSCIOUSNESS. SHANGHAI IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF CLOTHING AND TEXTILES, AND ITS PEOPLE ARE THE BEST APPARELED IN CHINA.

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INFO RUMJOU/AMCONSUL GUANGZHOU 2292

RUMJNG/AMCONSUL HONG KONG 4603

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FEW IF ANY LACK ADEQUATE CLOTHING, AND A REMARKABLE NUMBER ARE HIGHLY FASHION CONSCIOUS. HONG KONG STYLES, DESIGNER JEANS AND FUR COATS ARE FREQUENT SIGHTS ON NANJING AND HUAI HAI ROADS.

--- FOOD. SHANGHAINESE ARE STILL CONCERNED ABOUT FOOD, BUT THE EMPHASIS IS SHIFTING FROM QUANTITY TO QUALITY AND PRICE. SUPPLIES ARE GENERALLY AMPLE, THOUGH SOME SHORTAGES DEVELOP AROUND FESTIVAL TIMES. IN THE FREE MARKETS, THE QUANTITY, QUALITY, VARIETY AND PRICE OF FOODSTUFFS ARE ALL RISING. MOST SHANGHAINESE APPRECIATE THE QUALITATIVE IMPROVEMENTS, BUT STILL COMPLAIN VOLUBLY ABOUT HIGHER COSTS.

-- HOUSING. SHANGHAI'S HOUSING CRISIS, AMONG THE WORST IN THE WORLD, CONSTITUTES THE GREATEST HEADACHE FOR SHANGHAI LEADERS. AVERAGE FLOOR SPACE PER PERSON IN THE CENTRAL CITY IS ONLY 4.9 SQUARE METERS, AND SOME 40,000 FAMILIES HAVE LESS THAN 2 SQUARE METERS PER PERSON (COMPARED WITH UP TO 20 SQUARE METERS IN THE SHANGHAI COUNTRYSIDE). A FAMILY OF FOUR WITH MORE THAN 20 SQUARE METERS MAY NOT EVEN APPLY FOR BETTER HOUSING. WORSE YET, ENTIRE BUILDINGS, PARTICULARLY ACROSS THE HUANGPU RIVER IN THE EASTERN SUBURBS, STAND VACANT. IN MANY CASES, THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY NEGLECTED TO ARRANGE IN ADVANCE FOR ELECTRICITY, SEWAGE, GAS, ROADS, TELEPHONES OR OTHER UTILITIES. (ARRANGING EACH OF THESE REQUIRES ALLOCATING A NUMBER OF APARTMENTS TO THE DEPARTMENT CONCERNED.) IN OTHER CASES, FLATS ARE HELD VACANT FOR RETIRED CADRES, DEMOBILIZED SOLDIERS, AND OTHER SPECIAL GROUPS. BUREAUCRATIC DELAYS AND INFIGHTING IN ASSIGNING HOUSING LEAVES OTHERS VACANT. FINALLY MANY PEOPLE SIMPLY ARE UNWILLING TO MOVE TO THE SUBURBS, AWAY FROM THE SHOPPING AND OTHER AMENITIES OF DOWNTOWN SHANGHAI. THE GREATEST SINGLE IMPEDIMENT TO GETTING ANYTHING BUILT IN SHANGHAI IS THE DIFFICULTY OF DISPLACING ANY RESIDENTS. USING THEIR UNITS FOR LEVERAGE, AND WORKING THROUGH THE OLD BOY NETWORK, RESIDENTS OF CONDEMNED HOUSING USUALLY HOLD OUT FOR IMMEDIATE REHOUSING IN MUCH BETTER QUARTERS IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD.

-- TRANSPORTATION. THIS IS SHANGHAI'S OTHER MAJOR CRISIS AREA. SHANGHAI HAS ONLY 2.2 SQUARE METERS OF ROAD PER PERSON, COMPARED TO 6 IN BEIJING AND OVER 20 IN THE U.S. MOREOVER, ALMOST 10 PERCENT OF THIS ROAD AREA IS BLOCKED BY VENDORS' STALLS. AS A RESULT, THE AVERAGE SPEED OF BUSES DOWNTOWN IS ONLY 5 KM PER HOUR, DOWN FROM 25 THIRTY YEARS AGO. DAILY COMMUTING TIMES OF UP TO FIVE HOURS ARE COMMON. DURING PEAK

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HOURS, BUS LOADING REACHES 12 RIDERS PER SQUARE METER. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO FIT 12 PAIRS OF SHOES INTO ONE SQUARE METER, SO AT ANY GIVEN TIME SOME THOUSANDS OF FEET CANNOT TOUCH THE FLOOR (WORLD ECONOMIC HERALD 10/21/85). THE PROBLEM WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY WORSEN, AS PROSPERITY BRINGS MORE BICYCLES AND CARS INTO THE STREETS. TRANSPORTATION AND HOUSING CRISES ARE MUTUALLY REINFORCING: PEOPLE REFUSE TO MOVE TO THE SUBURBS BECAUSE OF COMMUTING PROBLEMS, AND REFUSE TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES TO MAKE WAY FOR NEW ROADS.

SOME NEW WORRIES:

AS SOME OF THE OLD PROBLEMS MOVE TOWARD RESOLUTION, A NEW SET OF WORRIES ARE CROPPING UP. IRONICALLY, ALL OF THEM HAVE BEEN EXACERBATED BY THE CITY'S GROWING ECONOMIC PROSPERITY.

-- POLLUTION AND HEALTH. SHANGHAI'S AIR IS DEADLY, AND ITS WATER WORSE. THANKS TO THE BAN ON HEATING, SHANGHAI'S AIR LACKS THE SOFT COAL AROMA OF NORTHERN CITIES, BUT ANYTHING LEFT OUTSIDE FOR A FEW HOURS IS COVERED WITH A FILM OF GREASY SOOT. SHANGHAI'S WATER INTAKES ARE DOWNSTREAM FROM SEVERAL MAJOR INDUSTRIAL COMPLEXES. MOST PEOPLE DRINK ONLY BOILED WATER. NOISE IS ALSO A PROBLEM: ONE SURVEY NEAR PEOPLE'S PARK SHOWED THAT THE AVERAGE VEHICLE SOUNDED ITS HORN ONCE EVERY 1.3 SECONDS. WASTE DISPOSAL IS AN EQUALLY MASSIVE PROBLEM. THE DOWNTOWN AREA'S SEWAGE SYSTEM HAS ENJOYED ONLY MINIMAL MAINTENANCE SINCE LIBERATION, AND IS NEAR DISINTEGRATION. ONLY 20.6 PERCENT OF SHANGHAI'S SEWAGE IS TREATED. LAST SUMMER THE CITY NEARLY SANK BENEATH A MOUNTAIN OF WATERMELON RINDS, AND GARBAGE COLLECTORS WERE ATTACKED BY IRATE CITIZENS. FOOD POISONING POSES YET ANOTHER HAZARD. VEGETABLES ARE CONTAMINATED BIOLOGICALLY THROUGH FERTILIZER, CHEMICALLY THROUGH IRRIGATION WATER. CREAM CAKES MADE BY ONE OF THE CITY'S FINEST BAKERIES POISONED 112 PEOPLE LAST SUMMER BECAUSE THE SAME TRUCKS WERE USED FOR RAW MATERIAL DELIVERY AND WASTE DISPOSAL. A SURVEY IN OCTOBER BY THE ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE MONOPOLY BUREAU FOUND WIDESPREAD ADULTERATION, MISLABELING AND HIGH BACTERIA COUNTS. SHANGHAI'S CANCER RATES, WHICH HAVE MORE THAN DOUBLED IN THE LAST DECADE, ARE THE HIGHEST IN CHINA FOR ALL FORMS EXCEPT LUNG CANCER, WHERE WE RANK SECOND TO SHENYANG.

-- COMMUNICATIONS. SHANGHAI ADDED ONLY 48,000 TELEPHONES BETWEEN 1950 AND 1978, AND ONE THIRD OF THE CURRENT 201,000 LINES WERE INSTALLED IN THE 1930'S. ONLY 4 PERCENT OF SHANGHAI'S HOUSEHOLDS HAVE PHONES, AND THE WAITING LIST IS EFFECTIVELY ENDLESS. EQUIPMENT IS ANCIENT AND UNRELIABLE: A CALLER HAS ONLY A 38 PERCENT CHANCE OF REACHING THE NUMBER HE DIALS. IN THIS CITY OF 12 MILLION, THERE IS NO BUILDING DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY FOR TELECOMMUNICATIONS; ONE HAS BEEN PLANNED FOR TEN YEARS, AND MAY BE FINISHED IN 1986.

-- QUALITY. AS BASIC NEEDS ARE SATISFIED, SHANGHAI'S MORE AFFLUENT RESIDENTS ARE BEGINNING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE LOW QUALITY OF MOST AVAILABLE GOODS, AND WE ARE BEGINNING TO SEE THE PHENOMENON OF ESCALATING PRICES FOR SCARCE TOP-QUALITY GOODS COEXISTING WITH A GLUT OF INFERIOR PRODUCTS.

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TO RUEHBJ/AMEMBASSY BEIJING PRIORITY 8916

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RUEBSE/AMCONSUL SHANYANG 2329

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-- CORRUPTION AND CRIME. IN SHANGHAI 423 (NOTAL) WE ADDRESSED THE CITY'S CRIME PROBLEM. HERE WE WOULD NOTE THAT WHILE THE OVERALL CRIME RATE HAS DROPPED 55 PERCENT SINCE 1983, CERTAIN CATEGORIES OF CRIME THAT ATTRACT PUBLIC INDIGNATION -- PARTICULARLY THEFT AND OFFICIAL CORRUPTION -- ARE ON THE UPSWING. OLDER BUREAUCRATS ASCRIBE RISING CRIME RATES TO THE GROWTH OF PRIVATE BUSINESS, WHILE THE MAN IN THE STREET TENDS TO BLAME THE PARTY FACTS.

-- PRICES. THIS HAS BEEN PERHAPS THE MOST SENSITIVE SINGLE ISSUE OVER THE LAST YEAR. DECADES OF RIGID CONTROLS HAVE CONDITIONED THE CHINESE TO PRICE STABILITY; THOSE WITH LONGER MEMORIES RECALL THE RUNAWAY INFLATION THAT HELPED BRING DOWN THE NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT. WHILE NATIONAL AND LOCAL LEADERS INSIST THAT INCOMES HAVE BEEN RISING FASTER THAN PRICES, THIS IS NOT A WIDELY SHARED PERCEPTION. PEOPLE FOCUS ONLY ON PRICES THAT HAVE SHOT UP (LIKE VEGETABLES), WHILE IGNORING THOSE THAT REMAIN STABLE (LIKE RENTS). IN DISCUSSING FOOD PRICES, THEY ALSO IGNORE THE BETTER VALUE PROVIDED BY HIGHER QUALITY PRODUCTS. SIMILARLY, WAGE INCREASES LIKE PRICE RISES HAVE BEEN UNEVENLY DISTRIBUTED, AND EMPLOYEES IN SOME CATEGORIES (ESPECIALLY INTELLECTUALS) HAVE SEEN THEIR REAL INCOMES ERODED.

POSITIVE FEATURES:

WITH ALL THESE PROBLEMS, WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO LIVE IN SHANGHAI? IN FACT, THE CITY'S POPULATION IS STILL GROWING. THOUSANDS OF FORMER SHANGHAINESE, RUSTICATED DURING THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION, ARE STILL TRYING TO RETURN. AND THE CITY HAS A HUGE FLOATING POPULATION, PERHAPS OVER A MILLION AND A HALF, MANY OF WHOM ARE IN FACT PERMANENT RESIDENTS WITHOUT REGISTRATION PERMITS.

THERE ARE SOME OBJECTIVE REASONS FOR THIS PHENOMENON. WHILE SOME INCOMES HAVE ERODED, AVERAGE WAGES HERE (1100 YUAN OR 370 DOLLARS IN 1984) ARE STILL THE HIGHEST IN CHINA. DOING BUSINESS IN SHANGHAI IS NOT EASY, BUT ENTREPRENEURS FROM ALL OVER CHINA STILL PERCEIVE THE POSSIBILITY OF HIGH PROFITS AND UNLIMITED GROWTH. FOR CONSUMERS, SHANGHAI OFFERS THE BEST SHOPPING IN CHINA, WITH WIDE VARIETIES, REASONABLE PRICES AND CONVENIENT LOCATIONS. MOREOVER, SHANGHAI RESIDENTS ENJOY THE BEST EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM AND HEALTH CARE NETWORK IN THE COUNTRY.

PROBABLY MORE IMPORANT ARE A NUMBER OF CULTURAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTORS. SHANGHAI OFFERS THE NATION'S WILDEST

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RANGE OF CULTURAL EVENTS. AFTER SHANGHAI, ALMOST ANYWHERE ELSE IN CHINA SEEMS DULL BY COMPARISON. GUANGZHOU AND SHENZHEN HAVE CHARMS FOR BUSINESSMEN AND SYBARITES, AND BEIJING OFFERS THE BEST LIFE FOR DIPLOMATS AND HIGH CADRES, BUT FOR OTHER CHINESE THERE IS NOTHING TO COMPARE WITH SHANGHAI.

ULTIMATELY, SHANGHAI'S ATTRACTIVENESS RESTS MAINLY ON TWO ASSUMPTIONS THAT ARE SELDOM SPOKEN BUT EVER-PRESENT. ONE, SHARED BY MOST CHINESE, IS THE ASSUMPTION THAT THINGS ARE ALWAYS BETTER IN SHANGHAI, EVEN WITH ITS HOUSING, TRANSPORTATION AND POLLUTION PROBLEMS. LIKE THE NATIVES OF SEVERAL OTHER GREAT CITIES -- NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, LONDON AND PARIS AMONG THEM -- THE TRUE SHANGHAINESE SIMPLY CANNOT CONCEIVE OF LIFE (AS OPPOSED TO MERE EXISTENCE) ANYWHERE ELSE. WHETHER OR NOT SHANGHAI MANAGES TO REINVIGORATE ITSELF AND LEAD CHINA'S ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT, IT WILL LONG RETAIN THIS PSYCHOLOGICAL HOLD ON THE IMAGINATIONS OF ITS CITIZENS AND THEIR COUNTRYMEN.

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4. WHEN DISCUSSING LEI FENG WITH EDUCATED CHINESE WHO WENT THROUGH "LEARN FROM LEI FENG" CAMPAIGNS IN PRIMARY OR MIDDLE SCHOOL, TWO POINTS ALWAYS COME UP: LEI FENG PAID MORE ATTENTION TO OTHER PEOPLE'S WORK THAN HIS OWN -- IF EVERYBODY IN CHINA REALLY DID EMULATE LEI FENG IN THAT RESPECT, IT WOULD BE A DISASTER. SECONDLY, LEI FENG DIED ON HIS DAY OFF, WHEN HIS TRUCK RAN INTO A TELEPHONE POLE. OBVIOUSLY THE MORAL HERE IS THAT IT IS DANGEROUS TO WORK WHEN YOU ARE NOT REQUIRED TO.

The Shanghai Dialect

While in China as a CETA China exchange scholar with the English-Chinese Dictionary Group, Tom Creamer compiled a dictionary of the Shanghai dialect of approximately 1,800 entries. The terms listed below were selected as a sample of the manuscript. Many of these terms were extracted from Xinmin Wanbao, the Shanghai evening daily newspaper which featured a column entitled "

" ("New Items in the Shanghai Dialect") or from local informants. Anyone interested in learning more about the collection should contact Mr. Creamer at the CETA Secretariat.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------|---|
| yī zhī dīng
nín lái fāng | 1. 一只鼎
人呆疯 | a tough customer; the best
to act up when guests are present (said of children) |
| sān jiǎo māo | 3. 三脚猫 | a good-for-nothing |
| dà hǎo lǎo | 4. 大好佬 | a VIP, a big shot |
| dà bàng chē | 5. 大蓬车 | a bus that has more standing room and fewer seats than an ordinary bus |
| mén kāi jīn | 6. 门楼精 | shrewd; cunning; calculating |
| xiǎo lè wai | 7. 小乐胃 | easily satisfied; to enjoy the simple pleasures of life |
| zā zā | 8. 扎扎 | substantial; strong, robust |
| wú guǐ diàn chē | 9. 无轨电车 | to B.S., to shoot the breeze |
| wài zhuǎn nèi | 10. 外转内 | (of a commodity) designed for export originally, but because of some flaw to be sold on the domestic market; a second |

- | | | |
|-----------------|----------|--|
| cǐ lǐ pǐn | 11. 处理品 | a faulty commodity sold at a discount rate; "a person transferred or demoted to incompetence" |
| qiāo dòu wu | 12. 吃豆腐 | to flirt with (a woman); easy |
| wǎi qǐ ba ba le | 13. 饭菜饱啦 | (Have you eaten so much that you can't) Mind your own business? |
| zào pǐ jiān | 14. 灶披间 | a kitchen (esp. the kind in a lane-style house) |
| ā sān | 15. 阿三 | the third son or daughter; a monkey; (derog.) a Sikh policeman in the former British concession |
| kōng duì kōng | 16. 空对空 | to shoot the bull |
| dǐng zǐ jiān | 17. 亭子间 | a small room at the back of a house (usu. above the kitchen and used as a storage room) |
| rè qì ròu | 18. 热气肉 | fresh pork (for sale, e.g., instead of refrigerated) |
| sài tái | 19. 晒台 | an open area (usually on the roof) for airing out and drying laundry |
| lǎ bā qiāng | 20. 喇叭腔 | chatter; to let others down (e.g., by going back on a promise); to go about one's business perfunctorily |

Sino-Tibetan Conference

The XVth International Conference on Sino-Tibetan Languages and Linguistics was held in Beijing, August 17-19, 1982. Hosted by Lu Shuxiang and the Chinese Academy of Social Science, the conference featured more than 150 papers. Ron Dolan, a CETA Group China exchange scholar, attended the meeting and is making the following papers available to CETA Group members.

EMBASSY-THEATRE

The
ROMER-PEELER SCHOOL OF DANCING

Recital of Dance & Mime

arranged by

Miss PHYLLIS MAY



"ONLY THOSE WHO DANCE FOR GLADNESS,
KNOW THE JOY OF YOUTH AND GODS".

24th and 25th March, 1933.

PROGRAMME

PART I.

1. On the Acropolis - - - - - Mendelssohn

"Here walk young limbs of Gods,
Clean-cut in bright male youth,
Here are friendship and high hope,
Companionship and laughter, dreams,
And brave young thoughts.

IRENE MAWER.

Women: MME. VELLIOT, N. BROOKE, P. SMITH, L. HOPE, M. WILKINSON, F. DU PAC DE MARSOULIES.

Maidens: J. CARROL, J. BOWDEN, D. CARTER, R. EARLE, P. MERRILL, B. MERRILL, L. LEDERTOUG, V. KILMARTIN.

Athletes: D. DRAKE, G. KIRKEMO, A. SMITH-MITCHELL, J. REIB, G. COSGRAVE, P. PRITCHARD, P. HOOKHAM, M. GUSS.

2. (a) Pyrrhic Dance - - - - - Schumann

DORIS DRAKE, PHYLLIS MAY.

(b) In the Stadium - - - - - Heller

"Praise for the strong bow bent,
Praise for the swift sped arrow
Praise for the spear, sharp as a flame and straight
Praise for the sword and shield
Praise for the race well run

IRENE MAWER.

The Javelin-throwers N. BROOKE

The Archer D. DRAKE

The Discus-throwers P. MAY

.. .. . P. HOOKHAM

.. .. . J. REIB

3. Bed Time - - - - - Schumann, Mendelssohn, Heiksen

Candle Dance:

Boys: J. CARROL, P. PRITCHARD, J. WHITCHER, P. SCHLOBOHM.

Girls: V. KILMARTIN, R. JOSEPH, M. EUGHAN, A. BENNETT.

Pillow Dance: H. WEALL, J. MATHER, M. WEBB, P. MAY.

Moon Spirit: L. LEDERTOUG.

Cats: J. AITCHISON, D. DUNLAP, B. WEBBER, V. DUNBAR.

Spirits of the Night: B. JACOBS, M. ADAMS, N. DUMBARTON, J. WEALL, M. SLATER, K. VELLIOT, E. ANDERSON, M. LANGHORNE.

4. Polish Trio - - - - - Chopin

N. BROOKE, P. MAY, D. DRAKE.

5. Snowflake - - - - - Chopin

PEGGY HOOKHAM.

6. At the Seaside - - - - - Spindler

Children: D. DUNLAP, V. DUNBAR, B. WEBBER, B. ALEXANDER, M. L. MAYGER, M. DAWSON, J. SAWYER, A. BELKNAP, P. SCHLOBOHM, A. BENNETT, B. JACOBS, J. MATHER.

Barbers: G. COSGRAVE, P. CASSELLS, P. WARNER, R. EARLE, B. FISHER, P. MERRILL, B. MERRILL, J. BOWDEN, H. LORD, P. PRITCHARD.

Dance of buckets and spades: V. FRITCHMAN, J. SELLERS, M. NEPRUD, M. GUSS, S. READ, M. HALE.

Sea Nymphs: L. SPEERS, B. MILES, A. HALL, E. HALL, M. GRAHAM, A. NEPRUD, R. JOSEPH, J. WHITCHER, L. LEDERTOUG.

7. Waltz - - - - - Strauss

N. BROOKE, D. DRAKE, M. WILKINSON, L. HOPE, G. KIRKEMO, P. HOOKHAM, F. DU PAC DE MARSOULIES, D. CARTER, S. LOBENSTINE.

INTERVAL

PART II.

1. Interpretation - - - - - Beethoven

N. BROOKE, D. DRAKE, M. WILKINSON, L. HOPE, G. KIRKEMO, J. REIB, D. CARTER, S. LOBENSTINE.

2. Little Folks - - - - - Morel

E. BRAMELD, B. BOURNE, A. CORRINGTON, F. PARIS, K. VELLIOT, M. ANCEL, N. DUMBARTON, M. SLATER, M. LANGHORNE.

3. Italian Scene - - - - - Heller, Von Blom

Boys: M. WILKINSON, N. BROOKE, D. DRAKE, J. REIB, P. SMITH.

Girls: P. HOOKHAM, F. DU PAC DE MARSOULIES, L. HOPE, A. SMITH-MITCHELL, D. CARTER.

4. Awakening of the Statues - - - - - Greig

Statues: P. SMITH, L. SPEERS, B. MILES, A. HALL, E. HALL, M. GRAHAM, A. VARN, M. JOECLYN.

Sunbeams: M. SPEERS, E. SPEERS, A. NEPRUD, P. MEYER, A. CHEEK, M. CHEEK.

5. Les Pierrots a Versailles - - - - - Schumann, Swinstead

Two pierrots declare their love for a beautiful lady in the gardens, only to find that she is already married.

They are broken hearted, but console themselves with two red roses which she leaves behind.

Marquise G. KIRKEMO

Marquis N. BROOKE

Pierrot Blanc P. MAY

Pierrot Noir D. DRAKE

Girl attendants D. CARTER

.. .. . J. BOWDEN

Page P. SCHLOBOHM

6. Bacchanale - - - - - Massenet

M. WILKINSON, G. KIRKEMO, L. HOPE, P. SMITH, P. HOOKHAM, A. SMITH-MITCHELL, S. LOBENSTINE.

7. Ballet of the Seasons - - - - - Chopin

Autumn: MME. VELLIOT, D. DRAKE, P. MAY, L. HOPE, G. COSGRAVE, A. SMITH-MITCHELL, M. GUSS, F. DU PAC DE MARSOULIES, P. CASSELLS, P. WARNER, B. FISHER, P. MERRILL, B. MERRILL, J. BOWDEN, R. EARLE, H. LORD.

Winter: N. BROOKE, M. WILKINSON, P. SMITH, G. KIRKEMO, P. HOOKHAM, J. REIB, D. CARTER, S. LOBENSTINE.

Spring: M. ADAMS, H. WEALL, J. WEALL, M. LANGHORNE, N. DUMBARTON, M. SLATER, I. STARGLUND, K. VELLIOT, E. ANDERSON.

Summer: P. PRITCHARD, J. CARROL, R. JOSEPH, J. WHITCHER, V. KILMARTIN, B. JACOBS, J. AITCHISON, A. BENNETT, M. WEBB.

Orchestra under the direction of MRS. GORBUNOFF

Stage Manager: A. H. CANDLIN, Esq.

Dresses by The Patsy Anne Shop Photographs by S. M. L. SANZETTI

Floral Decorations by the LEWIS NURSERIES

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March 6th, '98
235 Edgerstone Rd
Princeton, N. J.
08540

Dear Tess,

Through The China Connection
I have learned of The Old China
Hand Gazette. What an enterprising
and exciting project you are engaged
in! I enclose a copy of a dance
recital in which I took part which
may be of interest. P. Hookham
is Margot Fonteyn. P. Smith
is I!

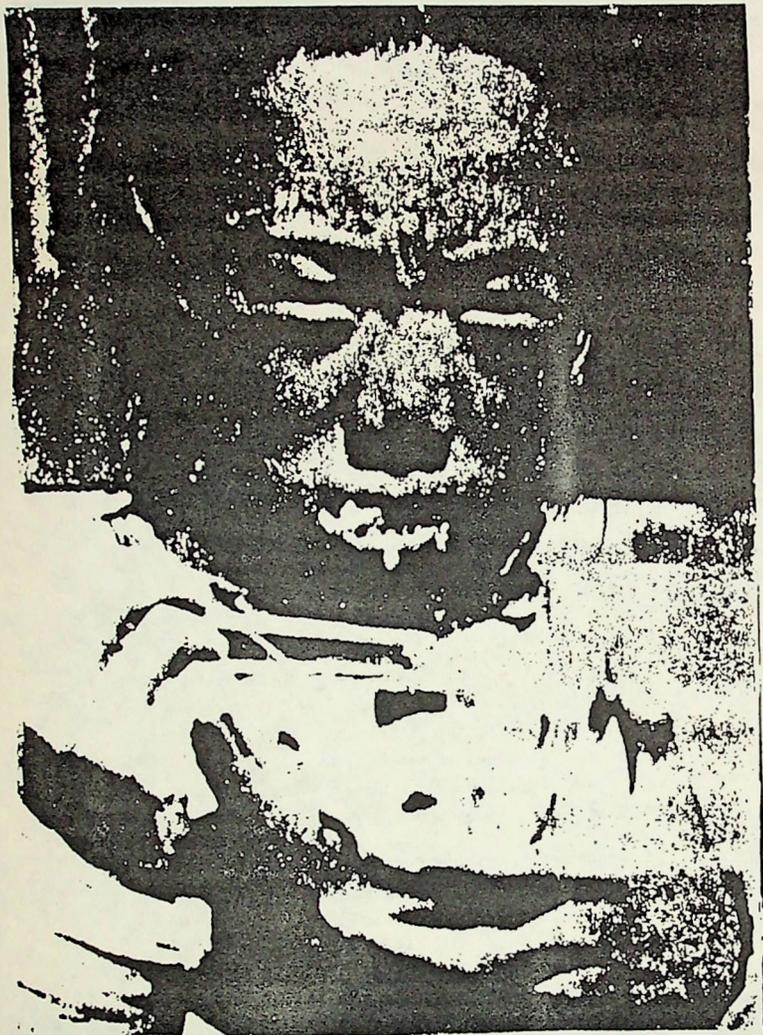
I am a 1934 graduate of
SAS. I haven't been back at all
but am perhaps going to make it

this year! I will be travelling on a shoe string so I would very much appreciate any tips you could send me. If I can manage a round-the-world ticket I would travel with, or meet, a young Chinese woman who is going to be leading a group of Princeton students in Beijing (Peking to us!) She tells me that I could stay with her parents in Beijing and even, possibly, with cousins of hers in Shanghai. And I have a son in Bangkok. And friends with whom I could stay in Paris. It's all an exciting and scary ~~project~~ prospect.

If I do get there either in June or early July, I will hope to meet you.

Sincerely,

Patricia Smith Echeverria

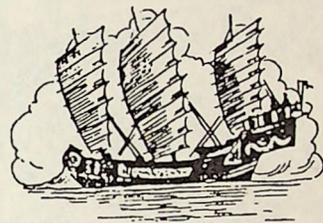


SHANGHAI

High Lights, Low Lights,
Tael Lights.

by

Maurine Karns & Pat Patterson

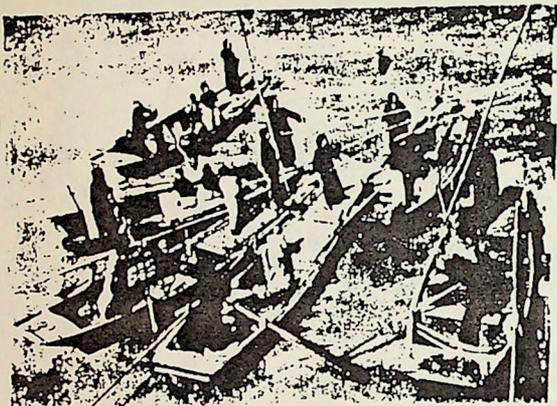


The Tridon Press
Shanghai

SHG

an explanation

but not an apology



meet me by the slop chute
on the old whang-poo

bring along your dip net

there'll be enough for two

there'll be mashed potatoes

and some irish stew

meet by the slop chute

on the old whang-poo

SHANGHAI has been written about by all sorts of people, and in all sorts of veins. By people who knew all about it, by others who thought they knew all about it and by people who knew they didn't know anything about it but took a chance anyway. We, the collaborating undersigned, are pioneers of a New Group. We know very little about it, but know a hell of a lot about that very little. At various places throughout this intellectual treatise, you will find subjects very sketchily treated. Those are the things we know very little about. But upon things about which we are well informed, we have positively spread ourselves.

The treatment of the subject is also somewhat of an innovation. Most people approach the writing of such a work with either pompous authority, eerie mystery, or devil-may-care Halliburtonishness. We have done none of these silly things. We have approached it somewhat as a travelling salesman approaches Chicago, with the hope of enjoying ourselves, of making a little money, and of not committing ourselves to anything for which we might be sorry.

Let it be understood that we guarantee absolutely nothing that we say between these covers. The best we can do is to suggest that our statements might quite possibly be founded on fact, and we might as well announce that we're prepared for any bad kick-backs. Anything that is proved to be wrong, we intend to blame on Chinese folk-lore.

We have, however, tried to portray the Shanghai scene. Not a minute, detailed, factual panorama of the Whangpoo town. No temples, nor statistics nor dynasty dates. Just a sort of a composite of what Shanghai looks like, and feels like and smells like after, say, the third whiskey-soda, when, as Shakespeare or somebody said, the senses are sharpest.

So here you have our book, for better or for worse.

Who said "so what!"

To the cool appraiser of facts we have nothing to offer. To the person seeking the back-alley eeriness that Hollywood and Sax Rohmer have given Shanghai, we will come only as a wet blanket. To the sociological student seeking stark truths about the great hungering masses of Cathay, we will give, happily, a severe headache. But to the person who has laughed at the unconscious absurdity of a cockeyed sign on Fouchow Road, or has rubbernecked into a dense knot of Chinese to find a couple of coolies arguing from two ends of a squawking, disgusted chicken, or has burned completely up when the gentleman between the richn shafts refuses to do better than a disinterested lope, or has gotten a kick out of the purple dawn across the Race Course from Bubbling Well Road after a night out and around—to such a person, or one who could understand the mood that prompts such activities, we offer this epic volume, this Guide Book to end Guide Books, this interpretation of a Shanghai that has somehow failed to get into tourist books, learned treatises or into the movies.

MAURINE KARNS,

PAT PATTERSON.

information,

accurate

and

otherwise

the town

QUITE a number of years ago, somewhat before the Astor House was built, Marco Polo came to China to establish trade routes. He came to the orient with a purpose, accomplished that purpose, and went home again. Marco was apparently the last foreigner coming to China to do all of these three things.

Since then Americans and Europeans have been arriving in the Whangpoo City at a rate alarming to the Chinese. Most of them have come without definite purpose, many of them have carried out a purpose formed since their arrival, and most of them were carried away (if away they got) on the same fortuitous tide that brought them to China. Around such a colony the nucleus of the foreign settlement at Shanghai was built. And so there is small wonder that the most unique city in the world has developed here.

Greater Shanghai is divided into three sections, the International Settlement, the French Concession and the Chinese City. The International Settlement is administered by what is euphemistically termed "popular government," that is, a council of fourteen members elected by the various foreign elements living within the Settlement. In view of the large hand that the representative foreign consuls have in assisting the Council in its decisions, it might be said that the state departments, foreign offices and Gaimishus of the countrys involved have as much if not more to say about the governing policy in the International Settlement than the residents and voters thereof. Of the fourteen members of the municipal council, there are five British, two Americans, two Japanese—and—oh yea, five Chinese. The Settlement has it's own muni-

With grateful acknowledgements to V. Edward Smith, C.N.A.C.
For the contribution of all full page illustrations
Also to Dr. William E. Walsh, M.C., U.S.N. our friendly Simon Legree

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April 1936.
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one of the oldest and best-loved landmarks of Shanghai, the only one of three pagodas to remain in the area, and I would have loved to see it again. So she tackled Mr. Wu: "this old lady came all the way back to see where she was born and you won't let her look at the pagoda -- why can't we just drive by, we don't have to stop there". Let me talk to driver, says Mr. Wu. After much palavering, he announces over the mike: "special favor for old lady who came back to China, we will get off highway and drive near pagoda" then went on to explain symbolism of pagodas. "too-leh-si hsia-hsia" (very many thanks) I called back. So I saw it again, it even looked th same outwardly, pretty run down as before.

Then we headed for Nantao, down Yaffee-Lu once we were off the freeway. They parked the bus outside of where the city wall once was, and as we stepped off were met by a swarm of maimed beggars, each carrying a small sack with US dollar bills. Ah ya, how times have changed. None of them sang "so solly for me-soh" But they know they'd get money from "gna-kuo-ning". (lit. outlanders). the traffic was horrendous, everywhere we went, we saw nasty accidents. The worst was just outside the "factories" where it took a half hour for the tzeing-bu to arrive (sorry, no police in New China, only people's protectors) then almost another hour for the ambulance. The poor man could have bled to death in that time, bite my tongue and turn my face. Remember this is China, remember all the starved corpses, no more of them at least.

The old city was as charming as ever. Very, very crowded. Stalls lining each and every lane, people buying freely. They looked well fed, and well clothed, and bought mainly staples, just the odd cheapie toy or trinket for a child, if one was with them. Some flimsy plastic decorations were left over from Spring Festival (read Chinese New Year) -- asked about fireworks and were told they're now prohibited. Wonder whether it's so. Can't imagine no fireworks in China. We went past the Willow Pattern tea house (what happened to the old 9-turn bridge -- in place of the wooden one, there's a concrete 3-angles, will it keep the evil spirits out?) On our tour were the Yu Gardens, once the Yu-Yuen gardens. gaudily dressed up for the festival, and packed with wall to-wall people. I wallowed in nostalgia as we followed Michelle with her Mickey Mouse banner. Ours was the Mickey Mouse bus, but we did as well as any of the others: we each wore badges she'd made, and the crazy thing is it worked. Now we reboarded the bus and headed for lunch. We'd been told we'd eat in the Jin-Jiang hotel (the old Grosvenor ^{is now} so I'd get back there: not to be, we were driven to the brand, spanking new Rainbow Hotel. Where are we not, I asked. Hungjao, near new airport. Real fancy hotel, huge dining area. Food was Chinese of sorts. First course french fries, second course fried rice, warm beer accompanied many more courses. The best tasting was the tofu. One of our bus companions excitedly told me the gift shop downstairs had post-cards of old Shanghai. So I bought a couple of packs to add to the packs I'd gotten in Nantao. This hotel was one of a cluster of new 5-star hotels for airport traffic. I wondered where exactly were we, Millington's, Rio Rita? where?

Back on the bus to head for a Children's Palace, off on the Ring Road again, no idea where we were heading, would I be in luck and get to Marble Hall and thus get to see Grandmother's house across the street? We got off the throughway soon enough and back into city streets. A few blocks and something felt familiar. Could this be Kaichow Road heading west -- here and there a house seemed vaguely familiar -- if so, where's St. George's? Now high-rises plus stores, stalls and what have you. Then I gasped: 3 red doors at an angle (the Tifeng Rd. fire station) and immediately adjacent first the red brick boys' school then our grey-pebbled girls' school -- we were actually on YuYuen Road and I didn't even recognize it till now. We must have passed our house. I'd lived here 20 years yet felt uncannily lost. It was, of course, on the other side of the street. If we returned the same way I'd see it out of the window. But of course we hadn't turned on Tifeng Road. There goes Marble Hall, perhaps we were heading to Wang Ching Wei's house. Nothing recognizable Yu Yuen Road appalled me: nothing but mom-and-pop shops over what had been our sidewalks (doubled in height because of all the floods) a very few of the old apartment houses and western-style homes recognizable behind the bazaar atmosphere (almost like an endless Basket Fair) trees all gone, public housing hither and yon, crowds everywhere, an occasional empty lot. The typical communist-style public housing, which must have been quite recent, already looked dilapidated, laundry on bamboo poles out of every window, trash strewn all round, -- no greenery anywhere in sight: this was YuYuen Road -- one continuous eyesore. Would our house just blend into this mess. Did I really want to see it again? And where was Jessfield Park, we must be past that now. And we stopped outside a one-time mansion. It appeared to me to be the Keswick's house, and Mr. Wu called it a taipan's house, was it the taipan's house? This was the Children's Palace. The exterior looked reasonable, but within the floors were gouged, the walls coated with grime, BUT the children looked great, and they performed for us with gusto. These were talented youngsters, what opportunities were offered the average child? Didn't dare ask. However, the hour we spent among these youngsters was truly heart-warming, I found myself hugging each who came up to say "bye-bye" with a smile.

Now we returned the way we'd come, and I knew which houses to look for, couldn't find Rivers Court, but saw half-a-dozen homes I could place. Bus turns north on Tifeng Road, I jump to look back for a glimpse of our home, but it wasn't there. Just one huge vacant lot with mounds of red bricks here and there. It must have been torn down so recently that the scroungers had not yet picked it clean. The lot stretched along Tifeng Road all the way to Bubbling Well stub-out, everything razed, up to and including the Bank of China manager's home diagonally across from Grandmother's. Now I looked on Tifeng Road, no more Yue Tuck, and the one-time barracks converted to a school, then civil internment centre replaced by another high-rise. Then wind back on to Kaichow Road, jog to Sinza till we came to Hart Road for the temple with the white jade Buddha, which I had never seen. At least that seemed undisturbed. But Mr. Wu told us of the monks' travails during the cultural revolution and how they had saved the buddha from the vile mobs. I felt at home with the incense, just like the Bubbling Well temple I'd gone to with amah to burn joss sticks, make silver-paper-money, and say "oh-me-do-veh".

I walked away while Mr. Wu was still explaining buddhist customs. Went back to the bus where I sat alone with my thoughts. And then it hit me. I'm an American Jew now -- I should have know You Can't Go Home Again. Our home was gone. What did I feel? An emptiness, mostly a vast numbness -- not real pain, I'd been prepared for the lack of old familiar faces, now know that the old familiar places too are all gone. There was no actual sadness then, that came later. The bus filled up and we went up Avenue Road and I found myself saying "Thank you, God, the house is gone and all its ghosts with it, but with Your help, once again I've survived". The bus continued up Avenue Road as it became Peking Road, now very much changed. All the furniture stores, Chinese style with open fronts, but semi-foreign furnishing, had become hardware and electric appliance shops with glassed-in frontage. Saw but one furniture store, but it was for old-style carved redwood furniture, very fancy. Then to the Friendship Store where we were let off and could return to the ship on our own or ride one of the constant shuttles. Bought some stuff: choice somewhat disappointing, the occasional item reminiscent of the old-time curios. But by the time we left this new 5-story building and saw the old on the HBM consulate compound, I truly wasn't feeling very friendly.

Sunday, 3/17/96 We slept in, so to speak. Most of our shipmates had a breakfast call for 4:30 a.m. to catch their charter-train for their Wusih jaunt, some of them opting to continue by plane to Sian and the tomb excavations. We get to eat at 7:30, but in a separate dining room, the large one closed off now. Perhaps 30 of us there. We were by a window on the Dockside. Half-way through the meal we get the real bonus of the trip, wholly unexpected. The ship weighs anchor and ^{sets} up the Whangpoo to turn in the bed of the river so it's ready to sail off in the evening. Were we going to be late for Henry Hong whom Tess had so kindly arranged to meet us at 9 and take us around for the day? No matter, this was an experience to savor. By fluke I'd already put into my handbag the old c.1930 picture of The Bund from Uncle Fred's album, on the back of which I'd written the names of each building in sequence from the British Consulate down to the Shanghai Club. So we leisurely sailed along at about the 5th floor level of each building, and George and I were excitedly telling each other what each remembered about each block. By then, all the others in that room had gathered round us, agog with questions which we tried to answer, food forgotten, the stewards joined us, and it was pure joy. That hour I really, really felt I'd come home. Then we faced the Pootung shore and I recalled the peach orchards that had been there, and how we'd take a sampan for "lo-ga-doong-peh" (six coppers) across and carried sandwiches to make a picnic lunch there when we could, IF there was no war or occupation at the time. Also we talked of the Kaichow Beach, and noted that not only were Public Gardens cut down to barest minimum, but the ferry slips and the Floating Restaurant were no longer there.

Now we're back, same dock, only this time our cabin window faces the Hongkew shore with the new terminal building. I wondered out loud if the bombing on the very day we'd left had levelled the old terminal and the godowns surrounding it. Our ship had gone across to the Pootung side, and rumors aplenty abounded, as we didn't sail off at 3⁰⁰ on schedule but left way after dark, and we could hear and sometimes see the Nationalist bombs aimed for the row of docks. Hurry and get down to meet Henry Hong. We got to the gangplank, but were not allowed out until formal permission was given: we guessed

that the gentleman in the blue hooded jacket was Henry, but could only wait, as he did. Sure enough it was he, so we now went off on our private itinerary, which, thanks to him, proved most satisfying.

Henry is the nicest young man: a "law-yang-ts" (old-style) Chinese that I felt completely at home with from the start. He was true Shanghainese -- brash, warm, kind, bright as a button, never takes no for an answer, thinks his way around any obstacle: I was so grateful my kind of people were still there. Thought of the words, "it's the people, ah, the people" and they could and did change the place, BUT with the same can-do sprit and bright smiles on their faces, Shanghai people held their own, who-ever ruled. Henry's quick and agile mind reminded me I was back among my own: he had a sense of what was possible and what may not be, a knack of getting things done by bargaining and cajoling with one and all. In one phrase, the perfect tour guide. Not just because he was licensed and could speak fluent English, nor because he actually knew the old street names, and who had been where and what but he could rapidly adjust to anyone.

He took us in a street-taxi (these replace the one-time rickshaws and later pedicabs) to the ball-tower at the end of the French Bund, but first we made a brief stop before crossing Garden Bridge and took a look at the Broadway Mansions, Astor House, Russian Consulate corner. What a lark to see where the hammer-and-sickle soviet plaque had been removed to expose once again the two-headed Russian eagle. Plus ça change, plus c'est le même chose. The tower was still there. We asked whether they still ran up a ball to warn of approaching typhoons, but he had no inkling of that. We cross the overpass and walked down the shorefront to Nanking Road, this time seeing the buildings from street level, so now we'd driven by bus on the elevated freeway, floated up the Whangpoo on a P&O liner, driven across in a taxi, and finally walked the length of both Bunds. Almost a surfeit. Henry suggested a pit-stop at the Peace Hotel, I thought he meant the old Cathay, but the underpass we took put us across Nanking Road, and we went into the Peace-annex, read the Palace Hotel. In pristine condition, at least the lobby and dining room. How many fine lunches I'd had there, many a time at a window seat. So I got a snap of the well-polished wood and brass now-empty dining room. Then we headed down Nanking Road. I looked for and missed the old Kelly & Walsh building where I'd worked for almost 4 years at Getz Bros. who had all the first floor (2nd here). Bamboo scaffolding surrounded something there: did they start from scratch or just decided to add a couple of stories. We continued down to Szechuen then Kiangse corners. Got a shot of the Power Co. and NFM offices. Then we detoured towards administration Building where George had worked when he first finished high-school. Went past Holy Trinity cathedral., Sunday morning services within. Was it still Anglican? George found the window of his first office, and we returned to Nanking Road, continuing down, couldn't find Tai Chong, Hong Zang or the old Chocolate Shop. But Wing On, Sincere's and Sun-Sun still recognizable. Took an overpass to the Sun Co. where I insisted on riding up the escalator one more time -- after all it was the first in Asia and we'd go there especially for the ride once upon a time. Got to the Pacific Hotel and suggested lunch in their Chinese restaurant: I'd preferred their Chinese chow even to Sun Ya's. Noticed the Kiesling bakery was gone too. The Race Course appeared to be built up -- no view of the vaunted People's Park. But I enjoyed the lunch. Real Shanghai food, and as we ordered vegetarian to suit Henry who avoided meat, it seemed right to me: we'd grown up kosher and so became accustomed to Chinese chow vegetarian style. George was none too happy, but other than Sun Ya he really hadn't had much Chinese food in the whole decade he'd been

there.
~~there~~

After lunch we headed west again, just along the Race Course. I had two more stops to make, even if I'd decided overnight to forego a return to the Western District, and even skip Frenchtown. I'd brought the picture of Ah Fong's grandson and wanted to leave it with him, and also Henry had said there would be a souvenir shop open near the Park Hotel, and I needed more gifts, especially did I want to get Ian a panda t-shirt: everthing I'd seen so far was way too large. So we walked that long block. Other than the Bund, this side of the street was possibly the least-changed, most-recognizable area of town. We poked our noses into the Foreign Y -- was I imagining or did I really smell the chlorine from the pool once again? The lunch counter where I first tasted bear-claws (we called them American buns) was no longer there, but the floors looked the same. Then we went by the Grand Theatre, still a movie house, and the Rose Marie cafe, still offering foreign-style food. Ah-Fong's was now gov't-controlled. The girl at the entrance said, yes, an old man came in occasionally, but she didn't know when he'd be there again. I compromised with leaving the picture with Henry, who lived but 2 blocks away, when he said he'd look for the "lau-papa" and hand it to him himself. And yes, the non-friendship store was open and I found a t-shirt there.

Hailed another taxi and went to the synagogue and Jewish school. The former Mohawk Road cemetery is indeed a park, seemed clean and pleasant, as most of Bubbling Well Road we drove down appeared. Still wide. Real store-fronts, not the mess on YuYuen Road, had a sense of pride about it. Recognised the Siberian Fur store, Garden Apartments and the Uptown building (no longer a theatre there -- was the Mandarin Club functioning?) Must have passed Haroon's, or didn't we go that far? Seymour Road was one way in the wrong direction, so we went across what should have been Haroon Road to Sinza, and back to the school, where Henry told the taxi to wait. We get out and are immediately yelled at by a uniformed guard in "libertor" uniform. Nobody allowed here, he shouts. Henry explains that we've come from America to see where I once prayed and George went to school. Get out, get out, you are not allowed -- Henry tries again. The guard points to his nose and says "nee-tang-ah?" (wanna fight) Henry keeps pleading. In the meantime I got one shot of the synagogue face, partially blocked by 3 buses. At long last, the guard relents. One picture each of each building then get out of here, he says. I did, so did George with his camcorder, and we hastened back into the taxi. The area surrounding Ohel Rachel is chock-full of high-rises. Again we didn't go along Seymour Road, though we understand the market's still there. We backtracked to Sinza, and then headed in a circuitous route to Hongkew. Henry palavering with the taxi-driver as to which streets we could and couldn't drive along, it being Sunday afternoon. We went up to Moulmein, then skirted the Race Course to Foch, up to Edward VII and turned past Da-Hss-K. and the Nanking Theatre (showing Shanghai Triads) then along YuYaChing (formerly Thibet Road) past the Metropole Theatre to the Creek so George could see the Gas Works he'd once worked in. Then we crawled along Soochow Road, along the Creek to the Szechuen Road Bridge so we went past the PWD depot George had also worked in. On North Szechuen Road we left that taxi at the corner of ? where Grandpa's first Sun Cafe had been. Whole block rebuilt on that side of the street. We now walked down Quinsan Road, no vehicular traffic, just a jumble of booths and crowds buying, mainly clothes and shoes, till we came to the park.

George located the building they'd first stayed in when they arrived, then apparently they moved to Quinsan Gardens, after that to a place on Haining Road, all of which he found. I was wanting to peek into the playground where I'd played with Johnny Fein and Helmut Meyer, something of the sort was still there but no sign of sand lot or play equipment, or what stuck in my mind the Chinese-style toilet with a pull chain. What I now hoped for most of all was to find Park Lane, could that be still there? I explained to Henry that it was a short dead-end stretch between Quinsan Road and Haining Road, two identical rows of grey-brick attached houses facing each other. The north row, where we'd lived, was bought by the Catholic Church and adapted into a girls' parochial school. We had lived in the end house, somewhat larger than the others, and semi-detached, with a wall on three sides, also grey brick, and poplars within the wall. Henry asked about for old people. Then asked each if they remembered when there was a school for foreign girls nearby. Sure enough one said "that's where it was" pointing back a ways, but she added it had been torn down and a new school built, still in use now: ^{we} we could clearly see a concrete squat building. In front of it were all kinds of shops, not booths, these had show-windows and entrances. By now I'd all but given up. George said why don't you stand in front of the stores and I'll take your picture. I hesitated: the other row on the south remained: their grey brick exteriors stuccoed over. Perhaps in front of one of them? Henry had disappeared -- now he comes running out of the fish-market, "I found it, they told me there's a little bit left of the last house. You have to go through the store and look out their back door and you can see it". None too hopeful, I followed him, George followed me, and the first thing I noticed was a couple of poplars. Closed my eyes, then opened them again, and something was there sure enough. The front porch was lopped off, as was five-sixths of the house. ONLY the front corner on the Haining Road side (both stories) remained, with apparently stairs or whatever added. I passed my camera to George and said "now take my picture". I can't for the life of me figure out why this tiny remnant remains: who took it into their heads to let this crazy contraption stand among all the new growth? After this elation, a sense of exhaustion possessed me. "Just go on to whatever else you want to see" I told George, "that's it for me".

George was going like a house on fire. This is where I caught the tram, this is where I did this and that, filming with his cam-corder, then said he'd better leave time for shots of the ghetto. So we hailed another cab back on North Szechuen Road and went to the ghetto. The one-time pawn shop at the "Y" angle on the very edge of the ghetto that Grandpa had turned into Sun Cafe II, and where they'd lived above was gone, a modern building in its place. We walked into the back alley which he found familiar. No more "Mo-dung" (honey-carts) needed as there was a tiny public toilet at the end. We walked a couple of blocks down to see Ward Road Gaol and the Ohel Moishe synagogue. The woman caretaker refused to allow us in. "Come back tomorrow" was all she could say. No use telling her our ship would sail off that very evening. As we walked off she was still repeating "ming-chaw leh". Oh well at least there wasn't a third synagogue we could try for, Beth Aharon had been torn down, the only surviving remnant the piece Tess rescued.

Now we were both ready to call it a day: one more cab back to what was left of Public Gardens for a picture or two, walked back over Garden Bridge and Broadway to the ship. This time we're going HOME, and we do mean L.A.

930-930

'Great World' goes all out ^{Ref. to} _{Asia} to provide fun...and more fun

by Liu Xixian
CD staff reporter

Nowhere is the taste of Shanghai residents for local operas and culture more completely satisfied than in the Great World, an amusement complex standing at the point where Tibet Road meets Yan'an Road in the centre of the city's downtown area.

The establishment has four floors to cater for 12,000 visitors per day in an area of 3,000 square metres. The four floors seeth with all the life and excitement that Li Haimin, the manager, is able to offer.

To celebrate the fourth anniversary on the 25th of this month of the amusement centre changing back to its original name of the Great World from the Shanghai Youth Palace which was used from 1974 to 1987, a speech contest will be held. The contest is called "If I run the Great World."

"It is not an easy thing to run such a big amusement centre with the limited funds I get," Li told the China Daily. "So I've decided to hold the contest to see what the city's ingenuity can produce."

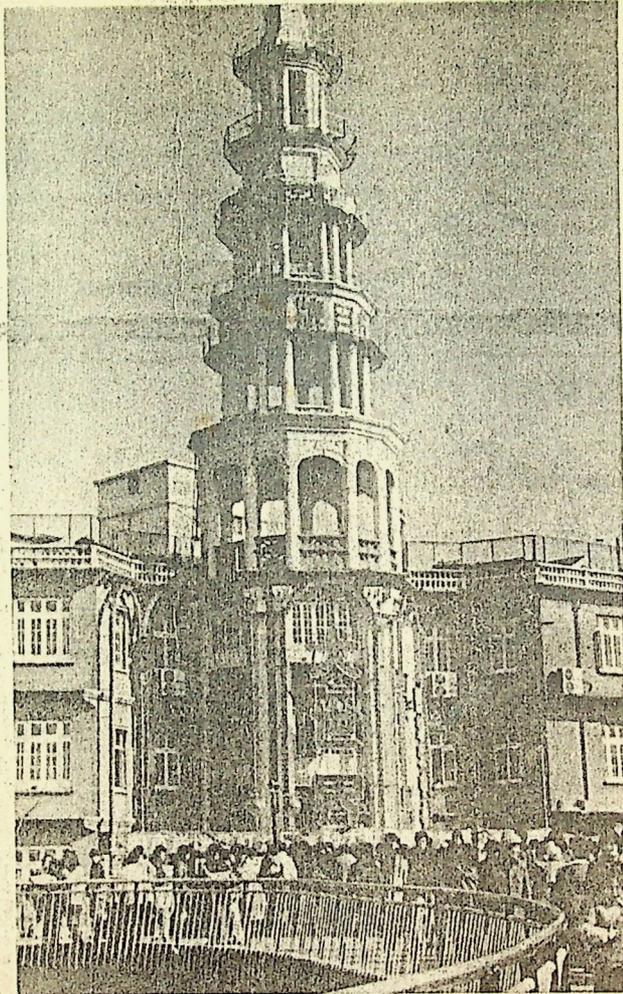
The centre has an annual profit of 5 million yuan. But the manager is not satisfied. He wants the centre to become the Disneyland of the East.

The ticket office opens at noon to let in the audience who can stay till late in the evening. They can play games and watch opera, ballad-singing and magic acts performed in rotation on many stages.

In the middle of the four-storey building is an open area containing a large stage on which local operas, acrobatics and pop concerts are performed.

Other facilities include a cinema, stores, snack bars and restaurants serving both Chinese and Western food.

Also provided are dodgem cars, a bowling alley and dance ball.



The Great World, in downtown Shanghai, is always packed with people.
Xinhua photo

A maze of distorting mirrors at the entrance hall of the building always causes the visitors amusement.

The amusement complex has turned the area into a commercial hub with the "Great World" at the centre.

Wednesday September 3 1997

CHINA

Complex and confusing laws add to growing problem of disputes with developers in Beijing

Buyer in US\$401,000 court order stand-off

MARK O'NEILL in Beijing

Paul Matthys thought he had a bargain - US\$401,000 for 24 apartments in a housing estate in a village on the outskirts of Beijing which he planned to rent to foreigners for a third of the city rates.

He asked a real estate agent to rent them out - only to be told that the developer, Wang Qiang, president of Beijing Ju An Heng Zhi Economic Trade and Development Co. did not have a legal licence to sell the apartments to foreigners.

In the past 17 months he has been trying in vain to get his money back.

The travails of Mr Matthys, 63, a Belgian citizen resident in the Philippines, are not unusual in Beijing's property market.

Disputes are common between developers and tenants because of complex and confusing mainland laws and regulations and lax enforcement of them.

Quarrels are most common in developments in the suburbs of the city, many of them built illegally on what is designated as farmland.

The city government recently imposed fines totalling 105 million yuan (about HK\$97.6 million) on 15 such projects.

It was in a suburban development, Dongxu Garden, an estate of residential villas and apartment buildings in the Chaoyang district in east Beijing and 15 kilometres from the city centre, that Mr Matthys bought his block of 24 apartments.

The estate is in the middle of rice and wheat fields.

A small road runs four kilometres from it to a six-lane expressway that links

Tongxian to central Beijing. In its favour is its rural setting and rents of \$500 a month, one third of those for the same space in the city.

For Mr Matthys, it looked like a good buy at 140 yuan a square foot for 24 apartments, each with a built-up area of 968 sq ft. So, in December 1995, he paid the money to Beijing Ju An Heng Zhi.

It was only in March last year that he discovered he could not have ownership of the property since Ju An Heng Zhi had sold him property built on farmland that could not be traded freely on the commercial market. Mr Matthys demanded the return of his money.

Ju An Heng Zhi refused to pay, so Mr Matthys took the case to court and obtained a judgment in his favour on September 20, 1996 from the

Heng Zhi and its president Mr Wang.

But it seems that Mr Wang is not short of money.

Late last year, Mr Matthys' lawyer Shao Changsong was told by a Beijing industrial and commercial bureau that Mr Wang had transferred six million yuan from his Ju An Heng Zhi to a new firm, Beijing Ju An Jin Run Property Co, in an effort to escape the court order.

With a registered capital of 10 million yuan, this new firm is building six 18-floor and 22-floor residential apartment blocks close to the Beijing-Tongxian expressway, part of the Jingdong New City development, which has 22 blocks in all. Two of its six apartments are under construction.

A salesman selling apartments in the development said the apartments built by Ju An Jin Run would sell for

Shao in his crowded office on August 19.

"Wang had the money to buy the land and build the apartment blocks," Mr Shao said. "Freeze his assets, auction them off."

"It is not so simple," Mr Guo said.

"It is hard to trace the money, which can easily be moved to other accounts. And then Wang has only 60 per cent of the assets of this new company. What about the interests of the shareholders who own the other 40 per cent? Auctioning is very complex. An auction company would not accept the idea."

"After eight months of delay, we want enforcement of the court order," Mr Shao said.

"You must put pressure on him. Otherwise he will keep playing around with us as he has done for the past eight months."

Mr Guo said: "If we drive the company into bankruptcy, that will not help us."

The meeting ended without agreement.

The next meeting of the parties, on August 27, also ended inconclusively after Mr Guo urged Mr Matthys to accept an offer from Mr Wang below the principal, without interest or the court fees. Mr Matthys refused.

A Ju An official said that the company was prepared to offer Mr Matthys eight apartments, which can be sold to foreigners and would be ready in December, in the Jingdong New City development.

The problem is that the apartments do not belong to Mr Wang's company but another one.

Mr Matthys said that he had always believed in the Chinese judicial system,



Raw deal

Paul Matthys stands in front of the Chaoyang district housing estate. Mr Matthys spent US\$401,000 to buy 24 flats, to learn later that the developer had no legal right to sell to a foreigner.

Mark O'Neill

which had proved to be fair and efficient in judging the case in his favour in a relatively short time. His complaint is that the person in charge of enforcement has not been co-operative enough.

"The enforcement of the judgment has come to nothing," he said. "We have entreated the court to take forceful measures to ensure recovery of the money. We have urged the court to freeze and auction the assets of

Wang's company three times, but in vain."

"The court is supposed to enforce the judgment but seems to have been playing the role of negotiator," he said. "The irony is that it has always been negotiating in favour of the defendant, who has been judged guilty of swindling. I have had enough of this equivocation and delay. It is not acceptable for one person to make a mockery of Chinese justice."

A Beijing real estate law-

yer said that disputes such as this were common, especially involving properties in the suburbs of Beijing, where developers build on land bought from farmers without obtaining the necessary approvals from the government.

"People buy apartments, pay for them, discover that they cannot have legal title for them and demand their money back," he said. "One way to solve the case is to go through the courts. This is very slow and you are not cer-

6
Quarrels are most common in developments in the suburbs, many built illegally on what is designated as farmland

9

tain to get your money back. The other, more effective way is to employ gangsters to threaten the other party."

"The problem is not the law but the enforcement of it. As the economy grows, corruption is getting worse," he added.

The Beijing city government recently fined 15 real estate and construction companies 105 million yuan for illegally building on 198 hectares of land in the northern suburbs of the city, after obtaining permission from local officials who overstepped their power.

Between March 1992 and October 1995 the officials approved 15 projects involving a built-up area of 26.32 million sq ft and land payments to the officials of 268.7 million yuan. The land was nominally given to redevelop poor housing of farmers but in fact was used to build commercial housing.

The projects involved 20 architectural firms, 18 investment companies and 80 construction firms.

Back at Dongxu Garden, meanwhile, at the block which Mr Matthys bought, it was as if nothing illegal had happened.

"About four families have moved in, paying 158 yuan a sq ft," said the concierge of the block. "Would you like to buy? Anyone can, Chinese or foreigner. We will decorate the apartment according to your specifications."

One of the tenants commented with a Chinese proverb - *fa bu ze zhong* - when everyone breaks the law, no one is punished.

The Vanishing Western Heritage of Shanghai

By Chris Poynter

SHANGHAI — Tess Johnston is standing on a street corner in Shanghai scanning a photocopy of a 1930s map of the city as maroon taxis whiz past, blowing her silver hair in all directions and curling the edges of the crinkled paper.

"I wonder if it's still there," she said, pointing to a small alley across the way, where, according to the map, a cluster of French-style villas was built by foreigners earlier this century. "I bet they've torn it down. I bet they have."

Johnston, a retired American diplomat, has spent the last nine years prowling the city's alleys in search of old Western architecture before it is torn down and replaced with skyscrapers of reflective glass and faux marble — "trash," she calls them.

Johnston, along with the Chinese photographer Deke Erh, is out to save the Western buildings that remain. She doesn't use pickets and protests — stuff like that is rather discouraged in China — but relies on paper and pictures. The two have published a series of five books on Western architecture in China called "Lost Empires." Five more are planned or in the works.

As China has opened to the world, welcoming everything from McDonald's to Microsoft, the country has exploded with construction. In its path, many of the grand old structures — built by foreigners before the Communists took power in 1949 — have become nothing more than grimy reminders of a time some would rather forget, a time when it seemed China was run by everyone but the Chinese.

One day, Johnston says, the country will regret that it let some of its heritage vanish as quickly as ice cubes in summer.

It has already happened in Hong Kong, where the move to preserve the past came a bit too late. "China is making the same mistakes," Johnston said in her Shanghai apartment, which is filled with so many books, magazines and journals on Chinese culture that they fill the bookshelves and spill onto the sofa and chairs. "What we learn from history is that we don't learn from history."

When businessmen and missionaries came to China in the 1800s and early 1900s, they brought along their lifestyles, customs, food and architecture. Nowhere is this more evident than in Shanghai, where foreigners of that era lived in different sections of the city, each with its own police force, its own laws and distinct architectural style down to the lampposts.

When the Communists seized power in 1949, the foreigners fled, leaving behind their fortresses of crowning domes, hand-carved stained-glass windows and sweeping staircases. The Chinese inherited them simply by moving in

and dividing single-family homes into housing for 10, 20 or even 30 families.

The city is once again bustling with foreign investment and rebuilding itself into a cultural, artistic and business and trade center. Local people like to boast, true or not, that one-eighth of the world's cranes are working in the city day and night. Johnston isn't impressed, however, and she certainly doesn't mince words about what she thinks of the new buildings: "Ugly, ugly, ugly. I definitely like the past. It's that simple."

She isn't the only one who feels a legacy is slipping away.

"It's really a pity what is happening in Shanghai," says

front door had been replaced by glass with a frosted floral design. "This building is very unique, very nice," she says. "Then they have to put this trash here."

Her fascination with China's old architecture began when she arrived here in the early 1980s to work for the U.S. Consulate General. The native of Charlottesville, Virginia, had already served in diplomatic posts in Vietnam, Paris and Laos and other places across the globe — tours of duty that taught her to speak both German and Chinese with a southern drawl that she never lost. "I said, 'Look at all this. I've got to read about it.' But there was zero, zip, not a single book about Western architecture in Shanghai."

Johnston eventually went to work in Paris. But she longed to return to Shanghai, and in 1989 — while other diplomats were wary of coming to China in light of the massacre of demonstrators near Tiananmen Square — she got her chance.

On her second Shanghai round, she met Erh, a former photographer for a Chinese government magazine, and their project to document Shanghai began. It quickly expanded to include all of China.

Johnston retired from the diplomatic life in 1996 and is spending her last two years in Shanghai finishing what she started.

Her partnership with Erh has been a perfect fit. He grew up in the 1960s during the Cultural Revolution — a turbulent 10 years when religion was prohibited, art was destroyed and schools were closed. His family lived in the French Concession and he spent his days exploring the neighborhood. At 7 he discovered the beauty of the architecture, he says, and his passion to save it was planted.

"It's pretty terrible for a society to have a blank in part of its history, where everything is new and modern," he said. "Many Shang-

hai people like what is happening in the city now with all the progress and new buildings. But it's meaningful for them to know the past, too."

When he's not working with Johnston, Erh travels to other parts of China photographing architecture. He also traverses the globe learning how other countries preserve their historic buildings, and he plans a series of photo exhibitions later this year.

He hopes to change attitudes, but he'll have to change them fast. As Johnston pointed out, construction companies can destroy buildings about as fast as she and Erh can document them.

All is not lost, though. A few years ago, Shanghai city officials designated about 250 buildings as protected sites.

For Johnston, though, the victories will come in the future. "Maybe people will look at our books one day and say: 'So that's what China looked like. I wonder who Tess Johnston and Deke Erh were.'"

Chris Poynter is an American journalist living in China.



Tess Johnston at a mansion in central Shanghai built by a British importer.

Liu Bingkun, a Shanghai native who joins Johnston twice a week to wander around the French Concession discovering what is left.

Liu, who is writing his thesis on old architecture, said that while other countries have preservation movements, China tends to destroy its past to signal a change in government.

"It's a tradition," he says. "When Mao Zedong took power he burned most of Beijing except for the Forbidden City. Many of the old structures were also made of wood. That's why China has 5,000 years of history but few buildings to show for it."

On an unusually sunny and clear winter morning, Liu and Johnston visited several houses that belonged to a British businessman who spent the 1930s importing and exporting everything from opium to clothing. The estate is being turned into a housing complex. Some of the old structures remain, such as a red brick building that has a plastic "Budweiser" awning sticking out of its side.

Johnston paused at one building to marvel at an original stained-glass window. Seconds later, she noticed that the

True blue mansion for Red Capitalist's son

By OWEN HUGHES

WHEN Chinese communists sing the revolutionary anthem *The East is Red* it is unlikely they are thinking about the rolling downs of East Sussex in England.

But this bizarre juxtaposition is nearer reality with news that Larry Yung Chikn, chairman of the Chinese state investment vehicle China International Trust and Investment Corporation (CITIC), has bought Birch Grove, the family home in East Sussex of the late Brit-

ish prime minister Harold Macmillan, later elevated to the peerage under the title of Lord Stockton.

A secretary for Mr Yung, son of Chinese vice-president Rong Yiren, confirmed he had bought the 14-bedroom country house with 335 hectares of grounds near the village of Chelwood Gate, but she refused to give details of the purchase or the price paid.

Neither would she comment on the irony that the head of a maverick communist company should buy the country retreat of one of the

most aristocratic prime ministers of this century.

The managing agent for the house, James Tillard, of estate agents Humberts, said Birch Grove had been sold privately to an "overseas buyer" and he could not speculate on the price.

But the director of the John D Wood estate agency, Simon De Boynville, said it was unlikely it would have been less than the £5 million (HK\$58.5 million) asked by Lord Stockton's grandson, the Earl of Stockton, who put the house and estate on the market in 1989, three years after the former prime minister's death.

It was sold for £7 million to development company Settling Limited, which obtained planning permission to transform it into a country hotel with an 18-hole golf course.

Work on the project never started and the house remained unoccupied.

Down at what will now be Mr Yung's local, the 500-year-old Red Lion pub in Chelwood Gate, barmaid Carol Lawton said: "The only thing we have heard is that it has been sold to a Chinese man, but I do not know his name."

If Mr Yung wishes to assume the role of an English country gentleman, he will be able to shoot pheasant or fish

in one of several lakes on the thickly-wooded estate.

Two fox hunts are within a 24-kilometre drive from Birch Grove and if Mr Yung wants to indulge in his passion for golf he can apply for membership at the smart Royal Ashdown Golf Club if he decides not to build his own course.

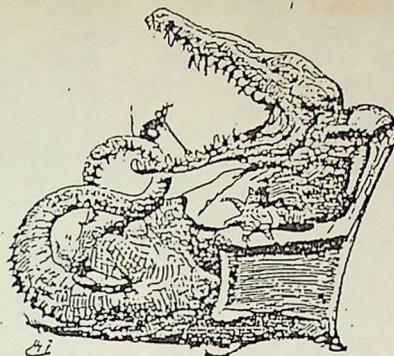
Lord Stockton preferred his house to the prime minister's official country residence, Chequers, and during his premiership he used Birch Grove to entertain Dwight Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy, Charles de Gaulle, Nikita Krushchev and Jawaharlal Nehru. A rocking chair used by Kennedy apparently still remains in the house.

Serial To Callan



WEATHER: Fine and hot, maximum temperature 32 degrees. Details Page 8

THE HUAI HAI HOWLER

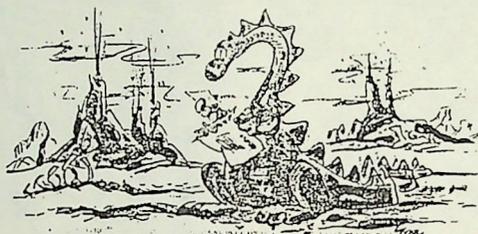


AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
SHANGHAI, PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA

No. 34 (Anew)

May 25, 1995

WHY THE DINOSAURS PERISHED



"Thank you for letting us consider the enclosed manuscript. Although it has obvious merit, we are sorry to say that it does not suit our present needs."

DESPERATELY SEEKING: Interim Editor(s) for the world-renowned HHH! All the Other Editors will be in Europe from June 10-July 15, or On the Road, or Elsewhere--or else are busy running their fiefdoms. Is there ANYone out there who wants to throw him/herself into the breach? If not, then the HHH will just have to go fallow from mid-June to about August.

[Can you bear the loss??]

DANDIES ALERT! - Not only does the Hua Ting Lu Market (Shanghai's Silk Alley) have men's vests in flax (hey!--a flax jacket?--takes us back to our Vietnam days,* it does), it also has silk suspenders in weird and wonderful designs. Now you can look like a Wall Street Trader at a tenth, even a hundredth, of the price! [* AND, if you want to look like a dorky Vietnam Correspondent, they also have those photographers' jackets with lots of zippers and neat little pockets all over the place.] AND, speaking of which...

VIETNAM VETS' ALERT! - Just received from Neil Sheehan his newest NEW YORKER article on Vietnam, PLUS old Saigon and Can Tho (that's in the Delta--in IV Corps, remember?) telephone books for 1973. My how time flies when you're having fun! There are some names in the latter you might even recognize: Frank Wisner, Lacy Wright, Art Kobler, Dick Harrington, Bill Krug--all our old State Dept. stalwarts. Tess will allow you history buffs to view these treasured volumes (under adult supervision...).

HIGH KITSCH ALERT! - The Pearl Man has outdone himself. He has created a masterpiece of...well, what can I say: it's a pagoda, about 8 inches high, made entirely of--you guessed it--PEARLS! It must be seen to be believed. And of course it's for sale. [And when one thinks of the hundreds of (one) man-hours that went into this project...]

AND SPEAKING OF PEARLS - both Pearl Lady Evelyn and Ex-Pearl Lady Tess will be on long leaves from early June to mid-July (during which the pearls will be temporarily back at Tess's). So stock up now and avoid PDS (Pearls Deprivation Syndrome). YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

FOR SHANGHAI BUFFS - Your History Editor has just found a new book on the subject--and more. It's called MISSION TO SHANGHAI by Dr. Josiah McCracken, who came to Canton in 1907 and subsequently served in the Medical School of St. John's University from 1914 to 1942. This book (written by his daughter) can be purchased from The Tiffin Press, P.O. Box 1786, New London, New Hampshire 03257-1786; just send them a check for \$14.95 (which includes postage).

BECAUSE YOU ASKED II - about how to get your PETS (four-legged ones, that is) out of here, Our Pet Consultant, (Eamon) came up with this skinny for you. (We'll let you know how it all worked out for HIM...)

Current departure procedures for pets are as follows:

Every animal needs a health certificate and rabies certificate to clear customs. The quarantine people indicated that these documents were good for about one year. I have no idea how old they can be for acceptance by U.S. Customs but I am led to believe they should be fairly recent.

If an animal has a rabies certificate, but no health certificate, arrangements should be made for the quarantine bureau vet to look at the animal inside of one week of departure. A health certificate will then be issued.

If an animal has neither a health certificate nor a rabies certificate, procedures must begin at least 30 days before departure. At that time, the quarantine bureau vet will administer a rabies vaccination and begin the paperwork for both certificates. Then, inside of a week of departure, the animal must return for the standard health inspection. While the vet showed me that he had the same rabies vaccine and what looked to be fresh needles, for peace of mind I brought both myself.

Arrangements can be made to have the vet visit your home, but you must schedule and pay for transportation. I'm not clear if there is any special surcharge associated with a housecall.

My costs incurred so far are 44RMB for the health certificate and 80RMB for the rabies certificate. I do not know if there will be any charges upon my return for the health check.

(Thanks Eamon--we needed that.)

AND YET AGAIN BY POPULAR DEMAND (but cheer up--there is only one chapter left after this one):

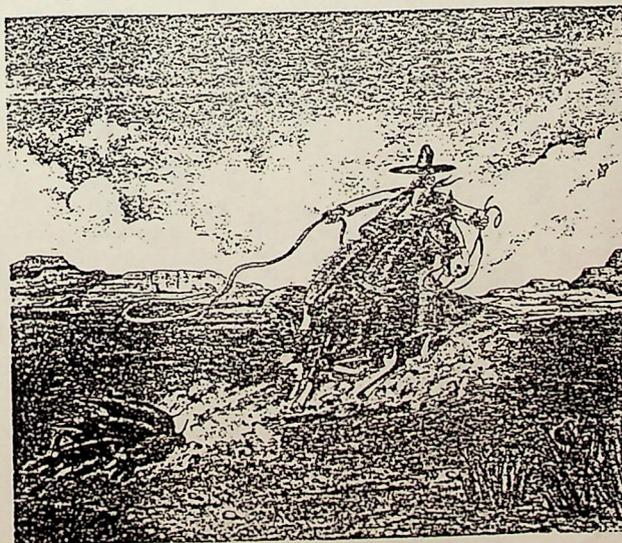
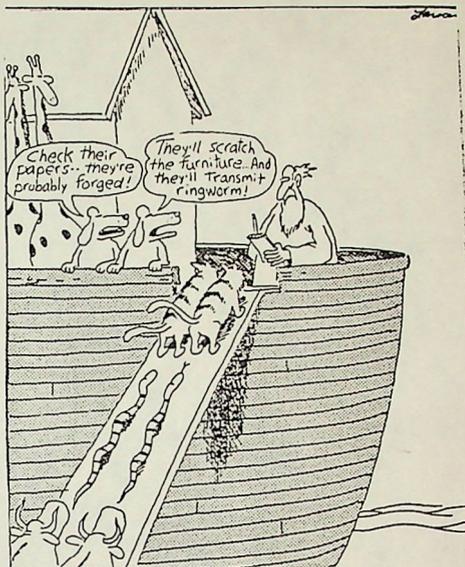
Excerpts from WIENER DOG ART

Runaways

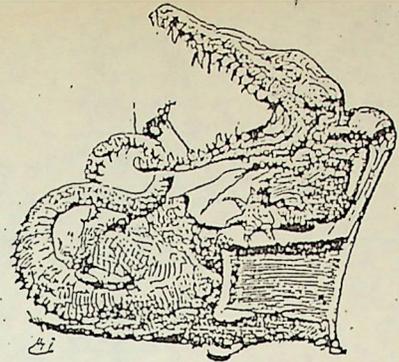
Artist: Samuel J. Sullivan
28 x 22, oil on canvas
1896

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, wiener dogs were brought West in great herds by the backing of wealthy "wiener barons." These drives were occasionally enormous in scale, sometimes consisting of well over half a billion animals. There were two major routes (or "Wiener Trails") across the country, one starting in Boston and ending in San Francisco, the other starting in Chicago, circling that city several times (for greater momentum), dropping down to Dallas, back to Chicago (usually an error), down into New Mexico, and ending in what was then called Wienerville, Arizona (now an uninhabited area but renowned for its rich topsoil).

The artist, Samuel J. Sullivan, was still a young man in 1878 when he joined one of these expeditions, and here we see one of his action-filled paintings which captures a wienerboy at work. Sullivan reported that Indians never attacked these drives, believing the little dogs to be harbingers of bad luck. Indeed, there were few risks on a wiener trail, although we know from their songs and stories that wienerboys lived in a constant fear of ringworm.



THE HUAI HAI "HOWLER"



AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL
SHANGHAI, PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA

No. 43 (Anew)

September 7, 1995

ACHTUNG! - Anyone who was planning to attend the Women's Forum and Reception at the Australian ConGen on Sept. 9th should be aware that it has been CANCELLED due to illness in the family of the keynote speaker. Sorry.

AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME? We just got this nice letter from a newly-formed Center for Chinese and Foreign Cultures, along with a list of lectures and cultural activities. (So how did "saloons" get in there?) Most of them take place evenings and weekends, and the cost is US\$50 per session. [You are welcome to look at our list, but wouldn't it be easier to call them and get one of your own?] Herewith the letter:

AND SPEAKING OF CULTURE - The Roman philosopher Cicero penned these words some 2,000 years ago:

THE SIX MISTAKES OF MAN

1. The delusion that personal gain is made by crushing others.
2. The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed or corrected.
3. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we cannot accomplish it.
4. Refusing to set aside trivial preferences.
5. Neglecting development and refinement of the mind, and not acquiring the habit of reading and studying.
6. Attempting to compel others to believe and live as we do.

It is our pleasure to have this opportunity to write to you. This letter is to tentatively introduce to you our Study and Research Center of Chinese and Foreign Cultures.

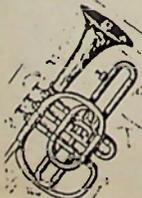
The center is jointly organized by College of Humanities, Fudan University and Jiahua Business Center. It aims to provide an opportunity for the foreigners to get familiar with Chinese traditional culture. We are now dishing out a program of traditional Chinese culture and folklore, which is a combination of a series of lectures, saloons and observation tours.

The program is specially designed for both the foreign residents at foreign firms in Shanghai and abroad. We will be very much encouraged if you could offer support, so that we could establish relationship with the foreigners who are interested in Chinese culture. We will appreciate it if you can give some advises in the way our program could be run more to the taste of the foreigners.

Thanks for your attention. We can be contacted at the following telephone number:
86-21-4865566

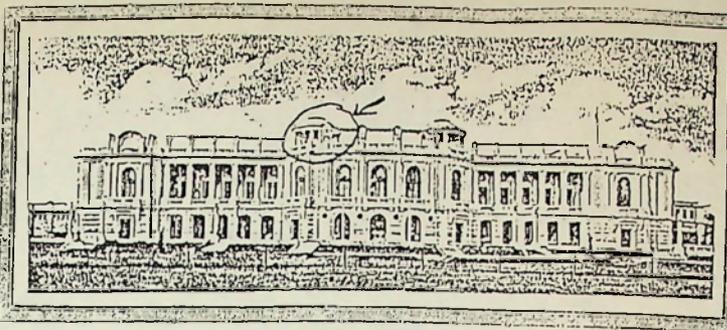
Mr. Arthur Zhou

Arthur Zhou
Vice Director
Study and Research Center



HEY, WE WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD! - IF it does in fact take place (the STAR often leads us down the garden path): An OPEN AIR CONCERT ON THE BUND*, on Wednesday, September 13, jointly presented by the Shanghai Symphony Orchestra AND the Baosteel Brass Band--a rather intriguing combination. If there is enough interest, we'll try for the Coaster. [* We assume (pray) the buildings will be gorgeously lighted, as usual...and the weather fine...] Call Tess?

NEW ON THE RUE - and the Rue is Cardinal Mercier (now Maoming Lu), the location the Cercle Sportif Francais (now the Garden Hotel). THE ROOFTOP TERRACE (take a lift to the third floor, walk straight ahead and through the Main Bar) features drinks and snacks--OK, a bit pricey, but the best smoked salmon sandwich RMB 110 can buy! It's cool and quiet (except for the ubiquitous Muzak, alas), with

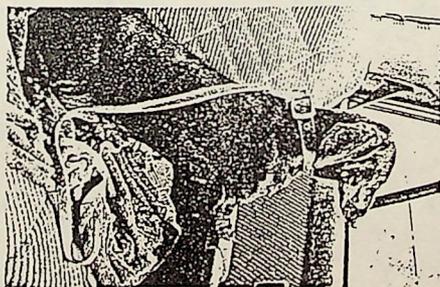


a spectacular view out over the gardens' lovely fountain and its small colon-naded Roman Temple--which used to be one of two atop the CSF (see 1928 pic, circled above)! The Terrace is a little bit of Old Shanghai that has somehow miraculously survived...well, sort of, as they added some (OK, inappropriate) stuff when they took some away, but better than ZILCH, right? Enjoy.

OI VEY, DID WE EVER GOOF! - The old Ohel Rachel Synagogue is NOT at the corner of Beijing Lu/Shanxi Bei Lu, it is at the corner of XINZHA Lu/Shanxi Bei Lu, the old mikva (ritual bath house) being in the corner restaurant with the trolley car facade. No WONDER we never heard from the visitors again...

NOW THAT THE CAT LADY (aka Lisa) has gone your Pet Editor can indulge herself and serialize (in four issues, i.e. until the C.L. gets back) a piece by her Absolute Favorite Author. We know you will be riveted by this tale of ...

MY LIFE AS A FOREIGN SERVICE DOG



BY LAMB CHOP

MY NAME IS Lamb Chop—at least that's the name on my collar—and I live in Shanghai. I belong to a lady called Tess, but the Chinese call her Lao Taitai. (I found out that in Chinese that means Old Lady—but she doesn't know that.) We've been sent to Shanghai to work in a place called the American consulate general. It's exciting there because a lot of people are always milling around a door marked "Visas." I'm not sure what a visa is, but they all seem to want one so it must be a good thing. Maybe Lao Taitai will get me one.

I happen to know that I am, in all due modesty, a particularly fetching breed of dog called a dachshund. I am glossy black and my detractors say I look like a seal. Jealousy, I'm sure. The Chinese have never seen anything like me. On The Street, I hear them asking: "What is it?" Lao Taitai replies that I am a dog of a rare and wonderful breed (one, of course), and this makes me a little nervous. You see, I am plump and I have heard that fat black dogs are a gourmet delicacy here. I don't want to think about it.

When I left California where I was raised a year ago, I never dreamed I would be coming to one of the biggest cities in the world. Shanghai is a long, long way from anywhere, and it sure has a lot of people. They mostly seem to live in our neighborhood. We are right

in the middle of everything: stores and schools and hotels and hospitals, and hundreds and hundreds of little houses in the alleys around back of us. Overflowing trolley buses come by about 10 to 15 minutes apart. Lao Taitai says from up here in our apartment the whole scene down below looks like one big smelly. The natives are friendly, but believe me, it's not like America one little bit.

Lao Taitai and I share a nifty pent-house apartment. We have a big terrace, and Lao Taitai says the view is spectacular.

Editor's note: Tess Johnston, secretary to the consul general, admits that she has written other articles from Shanghai for this magazine (about her pet crickets and such), but she and Lamb Chop indignantly deny that she wrote this particular story.

lar. How should I know?—I'm so short I can't see over the wall. I share the place with a turtle named Myrtle. I did share it with a frog, but it went over the side and now sings to us nightly from the garden 11 stories below. A pity—it was great fun to chase. Lao Taitai also keeps her crickets out there and their "singing" screaming. I call it—drives me crazy.

There's no grass and only one tree up here. My life is boring, but oh, what interesting sounds come up from the Street! In the morning I wake to the sound of a Chinese bicycle, and the army loops down there do lots of noisy exercises accompanied by funny music. Then a cluster of hornets means the milkman has arrived on his big bicycle. Just when I am dozing off again, the children arrive at the day nursery below, and there is much squealing and squawking. Then come all the street peddlers, each one with a different cry or bell. I especially like the street-washing truck; it plays "Happy Birthday to You." It's pretty hard for a girl to sleep around here mornings.

Life gets more interesting when our man, or servant, comes in. She is a nice Chinese lady called Ayl. I heard Lao Taitai say she speaks no known language, and she sure doesn't speak English—the cat, I even pronounce Lamb Chop. So she calls me Cha-Cha. I can't imagine why—I don't even speak

(continued next week - stay tuned!)

On the Lighter Side

By Sydney Chang

Every country has its own business and social practices. Some make a lot of sense while others may not. China, however, has some practices that are still beyond my comprehension even after living here for more than 11 years. I have scratched my head many a times and wondered about the logic behind them. How were they developed? How have they been in practice for so long? Why do we continue to live with them? I always say that every unusual practice has its reason, but I just could not find the logic behind some of the following practices.

Logical banking practices

I went to a bank the other day to try to get myself a RMB credit card. The teller told me that I need a guarantor -- not really a surprise as being a US passport holder I have every intention to defraud the bank of several thousands of RMB for food and drinks. I was, however, surprised to find out that I need to deposit RMB 5,000 for a credit limit of RMB 3,000. This means that I only get to use 60% of my own money. I was patient enough not to say anything, but this is more like I am giving the bank a credit instead of the other way round. Then I told the teller that limit is too small. He smiled and said they have a gold card, which would entitle the holder to a limit of RMB 5,000 but I would need to put a deposit of RMB 20,000! That means I can only use 25% of my money that I deposit in their bank. I decided that this is not a good deal for me.

The Chinese banks have other puzzling practices. For those of you who have RMB accounts here, I think you all know that daily withdrawal in a Chinese bank is limited to only RMB 50,000. Moreover, even if you have RMB 5 million deposited in the account a check is only valid for 10 days. And remember checks cannot be folded or it will be void. How about the bank security guard, who always gives you friendly advice that it is much more beneficial if you change your USD with the illegal money changer outside of the bank. This, of course, is right next to the sign that states anyone who conducts an illegal foreign currency transaction is committing a serious criminal offense and will be duly prosecuted.

Proper street etiquette

China is a great place for reckless drivers. If you miss the exit on a highway, just put it in reverse to save some time and avoid extra driving. And of course, since there are few stop signs in Shanghai, who gets to go first at the intersection is mainly just a test of ones guts. We all know that cars will never stop for pedestrians at the pedestrian crossings -- such paintings on the black tar are just decorations to make the city look more like an international one. If you are a courteous driver and let other cars go first, you will probably stay at the same spot for the next 59 minutes. Most drivers have no guilt about scaring a pedestrian but they are all afraid of bicycles, motorcycles, construction trucks, and those trucks that blast the tune of "Happy Birthday" all around the city. Some pedestrians and cyclists

have so much confidence that they always look at the opposition direction of oncoming traffic when crossing the road. They are confident their luck will carry them through!

Good quality service

Most government or even SOE employees think they are still living in the 80's. To provide the general public with service or grace them with answers to their stupid questions very much depends on their mood of the day. One helpful hint -- avoid asking too many questions and avoid any public offices 15 minutes before lunch and closing hour.

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Fair pricing system

When I was in Beijing a couple of weeks ago with my new colleague Steve, who just moved to Shanghai about a month ago. He wanted to buy a pearl necklace for his wife as a present. I pretended that I am an expert on this matter and took him to Hong Ciao Market in Beijing. He found a South Sea pearl necklace that was priced at RMB 6,500. While I think he can well afford it with his fat salary, we both thought that was quite expensive. The sales girl thought that both of us are quite attractive looking men and was willing to drop the price down to RMB 2,800. Steve looked at me with both surprise and delight. I said to him that we should offer her a ridiculous price and see what happens. We

offered her RMB 300. She said that I was crazy and her last price would be RMB 600. Steve looked at me again both confused and delighted. I went lower and offered her RMB 300. After 2 more minutes we struck a deal at less than 5% of the final asking price. I told my wife about it and she said it should have cost no more than RMB200!

In the end

In all seriousness, I think Shanghai is becoming a truly global city and there are impressive changes occurring. However, our local government should be more aware of the above mentioned situations and attempt to address them. More campaigns and publicity that raise people's awareness on these issues are needed in the newspapers and on TV. Possibly, they should considering penalizing offenders with heavy fines as well. Hey even though I gripe, in the end, I still think it is a great city! ☺

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SAVE

February 29, 1996

(FS) THE 21ST CENTURY STARTS HERE

(New York Times Magazine 02/18/96 Ian Buruma story) 02/26/96 (7210)

(Following FS Material Not for Publication)

Ian Buruma writes frequently on Asian affairs. His latest book is "The Wages of Guilt: Memories of War in Germany and Japan.

It is better not to be in Shanghai during a heat wave. I was there during the first week in September when a heat wave struck, the hottest September day in 48 years: 87 degrees at night and as humid as a steam bath. Schools closed, as did many museums, which lacked air-conditioning. In one small museum, the former residence of Zhou Enlai, I was followed from room to room by an attendant with an electric fan. At night, in the old neighborhoods of Nantao, or what used to be the walled Chinese City, families slept in the streets, stretched out half naked on bamboo chairs.

The houses in Nantao were like little brick furnaces, dark, unventillated, with tiny windows. The streets were not much wider than a grown man lying down. There was no electricity, and often no running water. The air was filled with the stench of public toilets mixed with that of the Huangpu River and piles of rotting food. Dust from nearby building sites left a sticky black film on one's skin. Not everyone was able to sleep. Even after midnight, people were up playing card games, eating snacks, sipping green tea from jam jars, fanning their children.

Shanghai still has many such neighborhoods. In a few years, there will be almost none. They will be demolished to make way for new high-rise buildings, department stores, banks and elevated highways. Hundreds of thousands of people are being shifted to suburbs, miles from the center of town, into cheap public housing more likely to have running water, better ventilation and electricity. The new Shanghai is to be a symbol of the new China: rich, big, modem, flashy. But the methods being used to bring this about are not all new. They are based on coercion, sloganeering and exhortation. And the cynicism bred by years of Communist propoganda has created a perfect climate for graft and corruption.

In what is perhaps the greatest urban transformation since Baron Haussmann rebuilt Paris in the 19th century, Shanghai is being dismantled and a new city built in its place. Yet most people don't leave their old neighborhoods gladly. There have been public protests. One man defied the Shanghai Housing Demolition Office by refusing to move. He held off intruders for months, armed with a pellet gun. Suburban tower blocks were no fun, I was told, not renau, "hot and noisy." Hot and noisy is the way Shanghainese like it.

I first saw Shanghai in 1986, as a reporter following Queen Elizabeth on her visit to China. Shanghai was still Shanghai then. That is to say, the city had hardly changed outwardly since the revolution ("Liberation") in 1949. Pre-Liberation Shanghai, now commonly known as Old Shanghai - the city of gangsters, taipans, sing-song girls, movie stars, beggars, tycoons, White Russian taxi drivers, Jewish refugees, Japanese spies, Filipino swing bands, Communists, Viennese cafes, fancy-dress balls and torture chambers - had disappeared completely. But the physical setting had survived,

miraculously, as a grand urban fossil; hardly a stone had been removed, or even renewed. Shanghai had become a dilapidated repository of mock-Renaissance apartment buildings, Art Deco skyscrapers, mock-Tudor villas, neo-Gothic office blocks and old Chinese shops.

Shanghai had been arrested in time for a reason. To be sure, Maoism was more conducive to destruction - of the walls of Beijing, the monasteries in Tibet and indeed almost every religious monument in China - than construction. But Shanghai, being a relatively new city, had few traditional or religious monuments to smash. It was left to rot instead. Provincial Chinese had always regarded the city with a mixture of awe and envious disgust. The Communists saw Shanghai as the supreme symbol of urban vice and wicked capitalism, a foreign parasite on the Chinese body politic. Shanghai had to be re-educated, transformed from a cosmopolitan entrepot to an inward-looking Chinese city. So Shanghai was systematically starved of funds and cut off from the outside world upon whose trade its prosperity depended. Without trade the city stagnated, like Calcutta with the buildings of Chicago: an open-air museum with the rank air of a lifeless pool.

But of course, as the official line changed, so did Shanghai. Deng Xiaoping's slogan "To get rich is glorious" could have been made for Shanghai. Once again the city had to be transformed, this time to serve as the showcase of China's economic revolution. Some people predict that in 10 years Shanghai will have overtaken Hong Kong as the main commercial hub of China. Others say it will be more like five. Shanghai has China's largest stock exchange and three commodity exchanges. A new stock exchange building, scheduled to open this year, will be twice as big as the one in Hong Kong and three times the size of Tokyo's. Banners all over the city proclaim the new version of Chinese nationalism: "We love our motherland! We work to make our country great and rich!"

When I returned to Shanghai in 1994, great chunks of the city I had seen in 1986 had already gone. Out of the wreckage of modernization - piles of smashed window frames, shattered walls and half-built elevated highways crossing broken neighborhoods - a new city has emerged. It is hard to put a name to its architectural style: highrise blocks with chunky facades in fake white marble or pink granite or golden chrome or brown-tinted glass, bearing such prosperous-sounding names as Golden Palace, Lucky Apartments or A Trillion Harvests. It is the predominant style of modern East Asia. Calcutta with the buildings of Chicago is beginning to look more like Singapore, Hong Kong or even, here and there, Tokyo.

Twenty-eight of the world's top multinational companies have set up offices in Shanghai where office space can cost up to \$9 a square foot a month - a 50 percent increase over last year. At least two dozen foreign brokerage firms have arrived, as well as 14 financial institutions. Volkswagen is producing 200,000 cars a year. Xerox, Pepsico and Coca-Cola have set up plants in an industrial zone near the city. Mitsubishi and Sony are planning to do so. And yet it can still take six months to get a telephone line installed.

Trying to find some respite from the muggy heat one night, I took a walk along the harbor front. On my right was the old Shanghai, all lighted up

in fairy lights: the Bund with its famous row of former foreign banks, clubs and corporations. Here was the neo-Grecian headquarters of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, there the British consulate, and there the old Cathay Hotel, where Sir Noel Coward wrote "Private Lives" and Sir Victor Sassoon threw fancy-dress balls. Farther along was the former Shanghai Club, a stuffy British establishment closed to Chinese and women. (It is now a seedy hotel with a KFC fast-food restaurant in the lobby.) I had started my walk from the Public Gardens, which once bore that infamous sign barring Chinese and dogs.

On my left, across the Huangpu River, was the new Shanghai, much of it built since 1989: Pudong, a vast industrial zone with miles of factories, warehouses, expressways, high-tech parks, workers' housing developments and new corporate headquarters. In the old Shanghai, the Bund was often compared with Manhattan. The same parallel is drawn with Pudong today by eager official boosters. Out of this modern mess rises a great phallic monster of truly monumental ugliness, a bit like an enormous asparagus with a silver hall on top. It is the Oriental Pearl Television Tower, advertised in every tourist brochure as "the highest edifice in Asia."

A young man sidles up to me as I am gazing at the concrete asparagus and asks me how I like the view. Not wishing to fob him off with a rude reply, I ask him which side of the river he prefers. He waves at the row of neo-Gothic, neoclassical neo-Renaissance buildings on the Bund "Built by foreigners," he says. What about Pudong? "Well," he says, "some of that is foreign too." But which does he prefer? His face creases in a proud smile: "The Television Tower, the highest building in Asia."

This is just how people talk in Kuala Lumpur and Singapore: the pride of the newly rich, the zest of the up-and-coming. Shanghai boosters think their city will soon be as rich. The question is whether Chinese politics will, change in pace with the economy. It is commonly assumed in the West that economic liberalization is followed inevitably by greater political liberties. In fact, the comparison between China and Singapore does not displease the current regime in Beijing, especially when Singaporean leaders proclaim that "Asian values" do not include the Western notion of human rights, let alone individual rights. Individual interests and rights, they say, must be sacrificed to the collective good. The Singaporean example is congenial to an authoritarian Government that wants to use capitalism to boost prosperity without giving up political control. But is this possible? Will it be possible in China?

Singapore is freer than China, to be sure. Singaporeans are free to travel and the chances of spending your life in jail for demanding more democracy are smaller than in China. But the press is less than free, and although Singaporeans can vote, the Government has made it impossible for an effective opposition to develop. The state is involved in every aspect of social, political and economic life. So even though Singapore - even Singapore! - might be too liberal to serve as a model for hard-liners in China, reformists, including Deng Xiaoping, see their ideal of China as a Singapore writ large. The problem is precisely one of scale. Singapore is a small city-state. An authoritarian government, manipulating a quasi-market economy, can run a stable little ship in Singapore. In the expanse of China, such a government might be as messy and volatile as the

current regime in Beijing.

Other models for the new China might be Taiwan or South Korea. The riches of both have been eyed enviously from Beijing, and both countries, after all, liberalized their politics only recently. Like Chile, South Korea managed perfectly well to combine economic growth with political oppression. But in the long run, South Koreans did not stand for this vaunted combination. Not only students but businessmen, too, wanted free elections and a free press - just what the people of Beijing demanded, and were denied, in 1989. Hong Kong has had a free press and lately free elections, too. Beijing has promised to crack down on both. Up to a million people might leave as a consequence. For the fear is less that Shanghai will catch up with Hong Kong than that Hong Kong will become more like Shanghai. The only examples of a free press that I saw in Shanghai were the same ones I saw in Singapore: the foreign newspapers at the international hotels.

The first grand Western hotel I saw in Shanghai was the Astor House, a neo-Renaissance pile built in 1911 opposite the Russian consulate. It used to belong to the Sassoon family and was especially famous before the war for its fine ballroom. It is now a dive for young budget travelers. Only the ballroom still shows signs of life: it is the temporary home of the Shanghai Stock Exchange. Financial services will make Shanghai great again, more than manufacturing, for high rents and labor costs are driving industry elsewhere. The impoverished stock exchange has 3,700 trading seats. Two-thirds of all stocks in China are traded in Shanghai. The official brochure boasts that the Shanghai Stock Exchange "will become the biggest marketplace for trading in Asia." It still has some way to go.

While waiting in the lobby for Wang Huizhong, a young analyst at the stock exchange, I examine the photographs on the wall. They show the elderly party leaders, leaning on their canes and dressed in Mao suits, being shown around the trading floor by young men in smart Westernstyle suits. The leaders look shabby and bewildered, like peasants gawking at the big-city lights.

Wang exudes the easy confidence of an American businessman. Dressed smartly, smiling widely, talking fast, he tells me everything is just fine, everyone is making money, Shanghai is going to get bigger and bigger, business is great. "Our guys," he says, are experiencing all the benefits of economic reform.

Wang studied international finance in Shanghai on a Fulbright scholarship. He is the new face of China, just the sort of man who would pay attention to economic and political liberties. I ask him if there are any problems in Shanghai any weeds in the garden of economic liberation. He gazes through the glass window of the exchange, at the young men and women peering at their monitors. They are dressed in jeans and red shirts with numbers on their backs. Well, he says softly, as a matter of fact, things are a bit slow right now. There have indeed been some problems: unscrupulous brokers had cheated their clients; prices had got a bit out of hand; the Government had decided to suspend trading in A and B shares. "Government control," he says, with renewed vigor, "that's what's keeping us back. We want to be international, but the central Government is afraid

we'll grow too fast. They want to tighten control."

It is an old story. Tension between the central Government and local business has plagued Shanghai since the 19th century, when it ceased to be a fishing village and became a center of trade. Many great cities (Beijing, for example) rose around royal courts or military strongholds. Shanghai is purely the product of trade, specifically Western trade that began after the Opium Wars in the 1840's. Shanghai's rise was due to the defeat of China by the British. After the Treaty of Nanjing, signed in 1842 Shanghai became a "treaty port," where European powers enjoyed commercial, legal and diplomatic privileges. Shanghai was divided into Chinese areas and foreign concessions (or settlements), where the Europeans prospered outside Chinese jurisdiction.

The revolution of 1949 was inspired as much by nationalism as by Marxism. It was meant to be a national liberation. Naturally, then, generations of Chinese schoolchildren were taught to deplore Shanghai's prewar period. And indeed there was much to deplore: the racist attitudes among the Europeans, especially the British; the number of prostitutes (1 person in 130); the racketeering; the opium addiction; the poverty among the coolies; the exploitation of peasants in the factories and sweat shops, and so on. So why should one expect any affection for buildings that represent such a humiliating past? Yet that same past was also the height of Shanghai's glory. It was the single most creative period in modern Chinese history. Herein lies Shanghai's historical paradox.

I am staying at an Art Deco hotel that used to be an apartment building named Broadway Mansions. It is located across from the Bund, next to the steel-girded Garden Bridge, which thousands of terrified Chinese crossed in 1937 to escape from Japanese troops. The view from my window has hardly changed since the 1930's. I am having tea with three men who started a new tabloid in Shanghai called Entertainment Weekly. One of the publishers, Yen Bufei, is a balding man in his late 40's, wearing a T-shirt and blue jeans. There is something of the aging hippie about him. In fact, he had been a Red Guard. He recalls attacking his teachers and vandalizing reactionary households. I ask whether he had enjoyed himself. "Oh, yes," he says, "we had a great time. We were out of control, free to do anything we liked."

So I am surprised to hear him suddenly say: "You know what we want to do? We want to connect today's Shanghai with the Shanghai of the 20's and 30's and cut out everything in between." I am surprised, because he would have grown up despising the period he wished to connect with. But perhaps I shouldn't be surprised. Yen sees himself as a real capitalist now. The only purpose of publishing a paper, he says, is to "make money." In fact, he says, the objective of most people since the 1989 debacle at Tiananmen Square has been to make money. Money, they hope, will buy them freedom.

And so it will, up to a point. Money in Shanghai will buy you almost anything: drink, fine clothes, German limousines, beautiful women. Some people in Shanghai are making a great deal of money. Many more are not. You see them on the building sites: tens of thousands of peasants, from the poorest regions of China. They are the builders of the new Shanghai, the waidiren, the "outside people," working day and night for very low wages.

The higher crime rate is blamed on the waidiren, as is the increase of beggars and indeed most of the ills of high-speed modernization. These people survive as long as the market is booming. If not ... who knows. Unprotected by unions or an effective legal system, they depend entirely on the whims of bosses. Almost everyone in China depends on bosses - criminal, political and economic, or a combination of all three. The only way to keep the bosses off your back is to buy them off. And that takes money. In that sense, money does buy freedom, of a kind.

Where political authorities are unelected and unaccountable, where bosses rule rather than laws and where people are constantly told that to get rich is glorious, there corruption will flourish. Corruption is the only way to get ahead. Corruption, once again, has become the currency of power in China.

This was one of the immediate causes of unrest in 1989. There was much talk of democracy too, and foreign experts, as well as many Chinese, were quick to point out the discrepancies between democratic slogans and the demonstrators' often undemocratic behavior. Yet to ask whether democracy was the main goal of the Tiananmen Square protesters, or whether the Chinese people really want or understand democracy, is to ask the wrong question. Even many intellectuals are ambivalent when you ask them about democracy as an abstract idea.

He Ping, a co-publisher of Entertainment Weekly, shifts in his chair and tugs at his trendy boots when I ask him about democracy. All the leaders of the 1989 protest movement in Shanghai are still in jail. "It is still too soon," he says. "China is not yet ready for democracy. The thing we need is a civil society." He Ping is sophisticated. He knows the jargon of Western discourse. The difference between Chinese and Western societies, he says, is that China lacks a public space for criticism. If China could develop an independent middle class, like those in Taiwan and South Korea, then it would be easier to press for more democracy.

After He Ping and his friends leave my hotel room, I am left behind with a young student, Zheng Xi, who had helped me with translations. "Politics!" she says. "I hate it." I ask her what she would do in the event of another uprising. "I would run away fast," she says, and laughs. I ask what she thinks of He Ping's views. "A typical Chinese intellectual," she snorts. "They just want power for themselves. Civil society indeed! What rubbish. If people want their rights, they must demand them."

She had put her finger on something that had puzzled me before. I had met many intellectuals, or at least educated Chinese, who talked like He Ping: ordinary Chinese did not understand democracy; it was too soon; the Chinese had their own ways, and so on. But I had also met drivers, money dealers, workers and unemployed students who were eager to discuss the need for human rights and the rule of law. This seemed odd at first, but then it made sense. The most successful, most highly educated Chinese often managed to accommodate themselves to the system, buy off the bosses, acquire some freedom. But the others, who had no such means, suffered more from arbitrary power.

The Hong Kong Chinese who voted for prodemocracy candidates in last year's

Legislative Council elections were not the tycoons, who have tried to make deals with Beijing, but the people who lack the wherewithal to do deals. They knew that the only way to make power less arbitrary (or corrupt) is to elect one's own leaders and be protected by laws. This kind of thinking, more than capitalism or free markets as such, could lead to more democracy in China.

The desire for money is only one reason for Shanghainese to feel nostalgia for the past, even as its physical remains are disappearing by the day. The other is local pride, the desire for an alternative to Government propaganda. Now that a new Shanghai is being constructed to fit the new age of wild economic expansion, intellectuals are looking to the old Shanghai for inspiration. Like Berlin, whose Roaring 20's were remarkably similar to Shanghai's (cabarets, movies, revolution), Shanghai is in the process of reinventing itself, and its prewar past, with all its peculiar contrasts, is serving as the only model at hand. And yet, although there are some striking parallels, it is impossible to connect the new Shanghai with the old and cut out what happened in between. Too much happened in between.

As is the case with Berlin, vital human ingredients are missing, or rather, were destroyed, humiliated or chased away. Berlin lost its Jews. In Shanghai it is the old cultural elite that has gone, the collectors and connoisseurs, the literati whose presence leavened the crude materialism of the businessmen and the gangsters. In the last few years some members of the old elite have returned from Hong Kong, London and New York, to retire or to help the city open up to the world again. There is a small network of Old Shanghai families, who play tennis together and meet for discreet Peking Opera evenings in private apartments. They have learned to keep their heads down.

Zhang Rushi is such a man. I meet him at the Shanghai Center, a large new twin-towered office complex erected on the site of several Renaissance-style villas. Zhang enters the room carrying a black leather bag that contains scrolls of his own very fine calligraphy. He rolls them out carefully on a desk. There is a delicacy about him, a daintiness, that seems at odds with the brash, booming city outside. Zhang is in his late 60's, with a soft round face and gentle features. He tells me that he worked from 1969 to 1979 as a rice cooker in the canteen of a steel mill near Nanjing. The only things that kept him going during those years were his calligraphy and his poems.

Zhang's life story is about the destruction of the Shanghainese elite; not the Westernized business elite but the cultivated gentry. His father was a mandarin of the old school: a former vice-minister of finance, a landowner and a collector of Chinese paintings, books and porcelain. Zhang was sent to Beijing with his mother in the late 1930's, when his father decided to settle in Shanghai with his concubine. In Beijing, Zhang attended a missionary school that was taken over by Japanese Army officers in 1941. Still, he learned the classical Chinese arts, including opera singing.

After the war, Zhang worked for a foreign-trading company in Shanghai. He passes over this period lightly: he had done well, "made them a million pounds." When his story reaches the 1950's and 60's, he begins to giggle,

as though embarrassed to call attention to his misfortune. "They called me a reactionary," he says. He lost everything - his money, his possessions, even his daughter, who was sent to a remote part of China to "work in agriculture - well, as a peasant, actually." His father was forced to sell his paintings cheaply to Communist Party cadres, and the rest of his collection was confiscated during the Cultural Revolution, never to be returned to the family.

While Zhang was confined at the steel works, his wife suffered from serious heart disease, but he was unable to visit her. Nor did he ever again see his father, who died in 1972. After Zhang was released in 1979, he found he could no longer sing. His voice was wrecked by years of hard labor. "They spoiled everything," he says, giggling softly.

Chinese antiquities are back in vogue now. Most are being snapped up by Chinese from Hong Kong and Taiwan, as well as the new rich of Shanghai. There are many new rich here. You see them shopping on Huai Hai Road, the former Avenue Joffre, which runs across the old French Concession. Huai Hai Road has Armani boutiques, French bakeries and Japanese restaurants, and on the side streets there are discreet little bars that serve cocktails with profane names. New-rich women hang out in these bars, wearing short leather skirts from Tokyo and high-heeled Italian shoes from Hong Kong.

The new rich own nightclubs called Venue or Paris Dreams and drive Mercedes-Benzes, sometimes bearing police license plate's bought from well-connected friends. They make their money in entertainment, smuggling, real estate and finance. Some of them are in the army, others are children of powerful party cadres and others still are out-and-out gangsters. In fact, the categories blur into one another. A gangster cannot get rich without connections in the army, or the police, or the Government. But a public official might need to know the right gangsters to better his fortunes.

All this is indeed rather like the old Shanghai: everyone works his own angle. Before the war, the British, the French and the Chinese had their own police forces. Gang bosses knew how to deal with them. One such figure, known as Pock-Marked Jinrong, served simultaneously as the boss of the "Big Eight Mob" and as chief superintendent of Chinese detectives in the French Concession police force. A gangster named Snake Eyes enjoyed an excellent relationship for years with the French authorities: they helped him deal drugs from the French Concession in exchange for a percentage of the profits. When this arrangement ended, he carried on his trade in the Chinese municipality, where very conveniently he was appointed head of the Shanghai Opium Suppression Bureau.

It is impossible to prove exactly what deals are being made in Shanghai today. A Hong Kong magazine called Asia Inc. caused a stir two years ago when it published detailed allegations of shady dealing between the People's Liberation Army (P.L.A.), the Public Security Bureau (Shanghai's police force) and local as well as overseas criminal organizations. The bureau, the magazine said, specialized in opening small- and medium-size brothels, whereas the P.L.A. and the city government operated larger, more exclusive establishments, sometimes in partnership with triads (Chinese crime gangs) from Hong Kong and Taiwan. An anonymous P.L.A. officer is

quoted as saying: "Of course we earn a lot of money" - from clubs, restaurants and other commercial enterprises. "With this money we can treat the army better." The other reason, which, if true, certainly matches the situation before the war, is that army and police officials hope to control organized crime by coming to mutually profitable agreements with the gang bosses.

The least one can say is that it is impossible to operate any business in Shanghai without the right connections. Every business establishment, whether a brothel or a trading firm, has to have the protection of an official institution. At least one fashionable discotheque, Parliament, is guarded by men in Public Security Bureau uniforms. And one of the most popular bars in town, Judy's Place, is owned by the daughter of a powerful police official and is in a building owned by the local militia, the People's Armed Police.

Connections, guanxi, are an obsession of conversation in Shanghai. Cultivating the right connections is what the representatives of foreign firms spend much of their time doing. What has changed over time is not so much the method of doing business in Shanghai as the nature of the connections. Alliances shift dramatically: Snake Eyes was a ferocious anti-Communist who helped Chiang Kai-shek in his bloody war against the revolution; his son, known as Papa Du, is well connected in the Communist Government. Historical feeling in this world of shifting relations is necessarily flexible, but not wholly absent.

The British firm of Jardine Matheson & Company, for example, still has an image problem in Shanghai. Jardine was one of the companies that precipitated the Opium Wars by demanding the help of British naval power in the 1830's to open the Chinese markets. After graduating from opium to transport, industry and real estate, Jardine Matheson became the leading foreign firm in Shanghai. The old Jardine office, a granite-faced, Renaissance-style building, still squats heavily on the Bund. The taipans (foreign executives) at Jardine were the closest thing the British community in Shanghai had to royalty. After the revolution, Jardine moved to Hong Kong, with whose fortunes the firm is still closely associated.

The present headquarters of Jardine Matheson in Shanghai is a modest office in a new building behind the Bund. I had lunch with the current representative, Wilham Hanbury Tenison, in the Chinese restaurant - restored to the original 1920's style - of the Peace Hotel, only a few doors away from the old Jardine building. Hanbury Tenison has a lively sense of history. He likes to think of himself as the last taipan, only partly in jest. Fluent in Chinese, he has a deep interest in classical Chinese culture. But he is unfazed by the present transformation of Shanghai. As far as he is concerned, he says, they could pull down the former Jardine building: "It was an aggressive commercial statement then, just as the new high-rise buildings are aggressive commercial statements now."

He is right, of course. Instead of preserving its past, Shanghai is remaking itself in the light of its past. Where a deliberate attempt has been made to preserve, it is usually tacky and sad, like the old jazz band in the Peace Hotel cranking out Dixieland numbers for package tourists in

search of Old Shanghai. As in New York, what connects old and new in Shanghai is aggressive commerce. In 1934, Lu Xun, the most famous Chinese writer of the 20th century, described the difference between Beijing and Shanghai as that between an imperial capital and a business center. The literati in Beijing, he said, were like officials, and those in Shanghai like merchants. The former "help the officials to win fame," while the latter "help the merchants to make money, filling their own bellies in the process."

This is precisely how most people I met in Shanghai still summed up the difference between their city and its main rival. "Even rock singers in Beijing are more political than in Shanghai," says Wang Weiming, the editor of Life Weekly. He mentions Cui Jian, a national folk idol in the mold of the old Bob Dylan. Yen Bufei and He Ping, the publishers of Entertainment Weekly, sound almost proud of their political apathy. "Only the Shanghainese understand our paper," one of them says. "We never deal with political issues, only sensational stories. After reading our paper, people don't know what to believe." They both laugh.

Wang Weiming gropes for the right words to give a sociological analysis of the two cities. "Beijing culture," he says, "is harder, more ideological, while Shanghai is soft. The landscape, the atmosphere, they are soft." As though sensing that this explanation is not really adequate, he pauses to think. "Beijing culture," he continues, "is native Chinese culture. Shanghai is more Westernized, more open, but also rootless."

I ask him when he first encountered Western culture. He says it was after he became a factory worker in the 1970's. Like many Chinese who grew up in the 60's and 70's, Wang is largely self-educated. During the Cultural Revolution, when the schools were closed, he used his pocket money to bribe another boy into lending him "forbidden" books. That is how he started to read Dostoyevsky. Later he read Dickens, Daniel Defoe and Thomas Hardy.

"The style of Shanghai intellectuals," says Xu Jilin a cultural scholar, "is not to pay much attention to politics." As an example, he cites the case of a political scientist at Fudan University in Shanghai. When this professor went to Beijing to act as an adviser to President Jiang Zemin (formerly the Mayor of Shanghai), "he became a laughingstock in Shanghai" Xu says. I ask him why it was, then, that Shanghai had so often been the source of political unrest, in the 20's and 30's but also the 60's. After all, the Gang of Four, who directed the Cultural Revolution, had been based in Shanghai. "Yes, but that had nothing do with the common people," says Xu, "or even with Shanghai intellectuals."

There was something strange about this disavowal of political interest, something a little strained. I thought of Lu Xun, a key figure in prewar Shanghai literary culture and in Chinese intellectual history, the only writer whose reputation has never been touched. He was the opposite of the "soft," apolitical intellectual posited by Xu Jilin and the others as typical of the Shanghai spirit. Lu Xun was a political satirist of the highest order. He cannot have imagined that he would be remembered one day as an "official" writer, a stuffy icon of political rectitude, commemorated in a public park by a pompous bronze bust, as though he were Marx or Engels. One can visit his old house in Shanghai which stands in a modest

row of red brick terraced houses. It is a shabby, lifeless place, with nothing but a few tables and chairs. One gets no sense of the writers personality, his sharp humor and radical spirit. The alarm clock next to his bed remains set at the time of his death.

There is, of course, another explanation for the relative lack of political activity in Shanghai compared with Beijing. Xu Jilin pointed out that Shanghai had been "economically liberated" but was "culturally conservative." For culture you must read politics. After I pressed him to say more, Xu became specific: "The official policy in Beijing is to keep things under control in Shanghai, so the economy can develop. Culture and ideology are precisely the areas where things can go wrong. They don't want intellectuals to cause them any problems."

In effect, a deal has been struck. For decades, Shanghai was punished for being a cosmopolitan center of business, vice and intellectual freedom. Now it is encouraged to get rich again, but only on condition that its artists and thinkers stay mute. Shanghai is more tightly controlled than other cities in China, because it was never trusted by Beijing and because it must make China into an economic superpower, beat Hong Kong in five years and so on. Jiang Zemin, the current Chinese President, is from Shanghai, as are some of his top officials. They are sometimes called "the Shanghai mafia."

But this doesn't mean Shanghai dominates Beijing. Rather, Beijing has co-opted Shanghai. President Jiang and his colleagues must help China get rich and glorious, but this means, as Xu observed, that "the President wants no trouble from Shanghai."

Before libertion, Shanghai used to be not only the center of the Chinese movie industry but also the center of the mass media. He Ping and Yen Bufei give examples of how the current policy of economic development and political control has affected the local press. They say that papers in Guangdong and Beijing give far more space to political issues than is possible in Shanghai. Sometimes stories printed on the front page of Beijing papers could not even be published in Shanghai. They mention a notorious fraud scandal on the Shanghai stock exchange. It was printed everywhere but in Shanghai. I ask them why. Surely people in Shanghai could read about it anyway in the national papers. That misses the point, they say. Refusing to run these stories in Shanghai is just a way to show Beijing that Shanghai is behaving.

This is why old and new Shanghai are hard to connect. Prewar Shanghai was hardly democratic, and crime and corruption were rife in the foreign concessions as much as in the Chinese districts. But the main, foreign part of the city was shielded from the interference of the central Government. Then, as now, the Chinese Government was less beholden to the rule of law than to the ups and downs of factional strife and the whims of bureaucrats. Chinese artists, businessmen, intellectuals and political radicals flocked from all over China to the foreign concessions to escape from mandarins and censors. By the late 1920's, the International Settlement was the only place in China where Lu Xun was still able to have his books published. It was the lack of central control that made Shanghai the richest, most creative city in China. Today the same city is

supposed to get rich again by central diktat.

Now that Shanghai is directly controlled by Beijing, there is no point for an artist, businessman or thinker to move to Shanghai - even if he or she were able to get a residence permit. One might as well move to the capital, where the political action is, where the best connections are. And businessmen have more freedom in cities farther away from Beijing than Shanghai, like Xiamen or Guangzhou, or Shenzhen, the town near Hong Kong known for its high-rises, brothels and get-rich-quick scams. Shanghai, as a result, has become a bit provincial. The intellectual and commercial outsiders, who gave prewar Shanghai its zest, no longer come. Shanghai is now a city of insiders who feel they are in the shadow of Beijing.

Shanghai's problems are really China's problems. The tension between central control and individual freedom always was the main issue in China, wherever the center happened to be. Too little control has resulted in war-lordism and anarchy; too much of it caused poverty and cultural stagnation. Only rarely has exactly the right balance been found.

The present Government in Beijing wants political control and economic prosperity. It wants to give people the right to make money but not to govern themselves. As a result, Shanghai today is the nearest thing I have seen to Bertold Brecht's vision of Mahagonny, the metropolis of gangster capitalism, where money and only money rules. He probably had Chicago or New York in mind, certainly not the main entrepot of Communist China. Hong Kong, too, has elements of Mahagonny, but so far the gangsters have been held within bounds by British rule. Now that this rule is nearing its end, there is increasing talk of gangsters doing deals with commissars.

Singapore used to be congenial to gangsters. But one of the achievements of its leader, Lee Kuan Yew, was to get rid of all the patrons and bosses by making his Government the only patron in town. His one-party government has effectively bought the people, and the few who will not be bought are given not carrots but the stick. The rulers of China cannot possibly do the same. China is too large for one patron, the regional differences too vast. Even if Shanghai could be as rich as Singapore, the rest of China would be a long way behind. The social, economic and cultural differences between Shanghai - let alone Hong Kong - and the backwoods of Anhui or Gansu are bigger than the gap between Manhattan and Patagonia.

So the old dangers still threaten China; disintegration and perhaps another lurch into anarchy, followed by dictatorship. This might not happen as soon as Deng Xiaoping dies, as some people predict. China is more likely to muddle through with an authoritarian, nationalistic regime, which will use all the traditional methods of unelected government: exhortation, threats, police surveillance and draconian punishment for dissidents. But the longer that goes on, in an increasingly prosperous society, the greater the threat of violence, which remains the last resort for rebels as well as for their oppressors. The miracle of Old Shanghai, with all its vices, was that the city was able for about 100 years to escape from this karma of Chinese politics.

The chief legacies of that period are bits of grandiose architecture, some of which might be preserved; a bracing desire to make Shanghai modern

again, and a certain inimitable style that makes every other city in China, including Beijing, appear dowdy by comparison. The heat and the noise of Shanghai, the anonymity of the crowds, the sheer metropolitan congestion encourage individual liberties that are less evident in the big, empty places of the capital. A good place to observe the Shanghainese is a public park on Nanjing Road. It was built after 1949 on the site of the old racecourse, which was perhaps the only place where people of all classes and races in Old Shanghai used to mix. It is now called People's Park.

People's Park, like Washington Square in New York, or Hyde Park in London, is a typically urban public place, divided into hundreds of private spaces. I see old men slowly twirling their arms and legs in tai chi meditation. Young couples are kissing on stone benches. A lone man is practicing a jazz riff on his trumpet. Families are having picnics, eating out of rice bowls or plastic KFC boxes. Middle-aged women, exercising the arts of qi-gong, are rubbing their backs against trees, hoping to absorb the powers of nature. And there, among the picnickers, the qi-gong enthusiasts and the young lovers, I catch a glimpse of the quintessential Shanghai style. In the middle of a water lily pond, on a concrete platform with a red-tile roof, is an old man in shoes, teaching a younger woman, with the utmost grace, how to dance the tango.

(Sources -- Pages 26-27: World G.D.P. growth 1990-1995, China State Statistics Bureau as published in China Today, United States trade deficits with Japan and China U.S. Department of Commerce, Census Bureau; foreign investment figures, United States-China Business Council; top five American joint ventures, China Trade Report; household-income projection, Lawrence Lau, Stanford University; average monthly expenses, consumer goods wish list, the Gallup Organization; sex-selective abortion and female infanticide, the East-West Center; carbon emissions, Oak Ridge National Laboratory, Harvard University China Project study; smoking, World Health Organization; piracy data, International Intellectual Property Alliance.)

(Preceding FS Material Not for Publication)

NNNN

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5 March 1994

Dear Tess,

I am enclosing a piece I wrote for the weekend edition of The Eastern Express, our new English-language daily. As it's set in Shanghai I thought it might interest you. It's a bit tongue in cheek but there's a serious vein to it.

I have read Dirk Bogarde, not because I was particularly interested in doing up houses in France but because he is a very good writer. Have also read Peter Mayle, whose experiences I am unlikely to share because I am the sort to put everything into the hands of an architect and spare myself the anxiety and trouble - I'd much rather be getting on with my own work. I have no intention of going native either, even supposing I could - which I can't. I am not even a wine drinker! As I said, I live in my own world wherever I find myself: the eternal expatriate. This place in Languedoc (in Olonzac, to be precise - a large village, almost a small town, between Carcassonne and Narbonne - will serve as a bolthole, somewhere to escape to for a bit of peace of quiet and, I hope, to write in. You know how much I like my own company. That sounds arrogant but what I mean is I am solitary by habit and temperament.

Yes, you must come and visit. But I warn you - you'll be bored stiff because there's absolutely nothing to do there. NOTHING. I'll probably go early next month to check out the decoration and to be on hand for decisions on which make of bathtub and taps etc - for of course, it being France, there's no salle de bains in the sense we understand it. No furniture, but I am having lots of bookshelves made - see, I've got my priorities right.

As for the Frogs, strange to say I've never known them to be rude or snooty, even in Paris. They're not particularly nice to Brits and Americans, I don't think, but Chinese are clearly in another category - perhaps it's because we have our sense of cultural superiority in common?!? But I can't say I know what they're like really, since I can only interact with them on the most superficial level.

What's this about having to buy a flat? I thought you already have several properties in America. And who is Ethel - you've never mentioned her to me before?

Alison Dakota Gee - she leaves messages on my answering machine, which

I have no qualms at all about ignoring.

The Book: how many have you sold in Shanghai? And in the US? If you don't know how many orders Didi has had, how do you know you'll recoup your money by October? Do look before you leap. Don't sink your money into another book before you've got most of your money back on this one. Sales are usually highest in the first few months of publication, then they tail off.

The completed manuscript of the book I was ghosting went off by DHL yesterday. The guy was prepared to go on paying me so he could go on revising it (he kept thinking of new things to say; well, not really new but he thinks they're new). But I said, sweetly but firmly, No, I'd like to move on to something else now. I could use the money but, as I said to him in my fax yesterday, "For me, a line has been crossed. All writers know this line: it's the one between writing as pleasure, and writing as chore." It was beginning to be a burden, so it was time to let go. I woke up this morning feeling I could jump for joy: my FREEDOM, mine again !

Twelve treaty ports - which twelve? Longing to see your material.

Love
Pu

CHINA TEN YEARS ON

By Lynn Pan

It is four years into the twentieth-first century and our time traveller has found himself in Shanghai. His heart lifts to see the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank back at 12, The Bund, displacing the expropriator and erstwhile tenant, the Municipal Government. The banks of ATMs and computer screens look all wrong against the eight columns of Sienna marble in the entrance hall, but that's par for the course.

Our time traveller has legged it to the bank along the Bund's raised embankment, rushed at by people on roller skates snapping their fingers in time to whatever was happening in their stereo headphones. That so many men in suits should be on skates no longer seems quite such a mystery when you look down and across at the traffic. Santanas and Toyotas are either at a standstill or bumping into each other like dodgems.

Our traveller has the Huangpu River on his right and yonder, a view of the Mahattanisation of Pudong. Where Shanghai differs from his home town of Hong Kong is that the skyscrapers can still go quite a bit higher without hitting aeroplanes. Otherwise the two cities could be twins. All Shanghai needs is a bit more bad taste on the part of its nouveau riche.

Le Paradis des Aventuriers being closed for redecoration, our traveller lunches at the Paris de l'Orient, just off Nanking Road. Here young men with the shifty look of lawyers and creative accountants on the make are entertaining each other to one too many glasses of XO. That this is one of those restaurants where the menu is tastier than the food is a fact not without significance, and a reminder of Shanghai's celebrated enthusiasm for every Western vogue going, including Marxism and

capitalism and up to designer dining.

Lunch over, our traveller looks in on his friend Lu Ming at the Shanghai Academy of Social Sciences. Lu Ming is a historian, and a reactionary in whose not so humble opinion China is going down the tubes. That he puts this down to creeping Americanisation should be enough to tell you that he himself is a returned student from the country in question. Not that there is any answer to the proof he offers: his wife leaving him for a lesbian to settle gender scores. And that's just for starters.

For what he next divulges, the word "incredible" seems hardly adequate. The academy has received orders from on high to produce a ten-volume work Reversing the Historical Verdict on Li Hongzhang. "Li Hongzhang rehabilitated!" gasps our traveller, who has sufficient historical sense to know this to be an event of great moment, great enough indeed to warrant a sizeable downgrading of China's "political risk" by stock market analysts.

Li who? these analysts will ask, as people will whose time horizons barely go back a week, let alone a century. Others will remember the name as the one invoked by the late Deng Xiaoping to Margaret Thatcher twenty years before, to drive home the point that Britain must hand Hong Kong back. "China will not," Deng had rasped, his voice choked with Panda cigarette fumes and emotion, "tolerate another Li Hongzhang."

Li being he who, when a British consul was murdered in China, agreed to send a mission of apology to Queen Victoria and to open a few more treaty ports to the West. He who, what's more, signed away Taiwan and southern Manchuria to Japan in the infamous 1895 Treaty of Shimonoseki. How could you do all that and not be judged by History as sucking up to foreign devils?

If you took Li Hongzhang out of the Chinese hate list then there

wouldn't be much left, "and if that doesn't spell the End of Chinese History," our traveller says, with a nod to Francis Fukuyama (author of End of History, meaning the triumph of the West and capitalism), "then I don't know what does." If you come to terms with Li Hongzhang, then eventually you must come to terms with foreign devils. And only a China at ease with itself and with the world could do that.

It has indeed struck our traveller that China is getting easier to like all the time, though that is not because it is getting nicer or putting fewer people behind bars. It's because it has at last done something about its image. No, the Chinese haven't retained Saatchi & Saatchi: they have simply twigged.

They might not have if a speech of Lee Kuan Yew's in Hong Kong some ten years back hadn't shown them, if inadvertently, that you can get away with saying the most outrageous things as long as you attribute them to American and British writers and academics and use their vocabulary. Of course, as a banana (yellow on the outside and white inside), Lee lacks the requisite Chinese vocabulary to cite Chinese authorities; but that is another story.

On that particular occasion he said what a good thing it was for the Chinese to do business through guanxi. Chinese jaws dropped, less because this was like giving the thumbs up to nepotism than because nobody else turned a hair. No self-righteous foreign devil sniggered or made snide remarks about Chinese bribery and corruption. As for the foreign press, not for the first time in history did it miss the point entirely, reporting Lee's other, less consequential remarks.

Baffled Chinese in the Party Propaganda Department combed the transcript for a key, but it wasn't until they narrowed their search to the phrases Lee had quoted from Western sources - "networking" and "the

asset value of personal relationships built up from family, village schoolmates and so on" - that the scales fell from their eyes. Say "network" when you mean guanxi, and you're Using Barbarianspeak to Control Barbarians. So that's what's needed: a new twist to the old strategy, namely Using Barbarians to Control Barbarians.

From that moment may be dated the slow shift in Chinese rhetoric. But it wasn't until guanxi was accepted into the Oxford Concise Dictionary - where its definition is almost word for word the one for "old-boy network," viz. "supposed system of favouritism among those associated since schooldays" - that the Chinese kicked themselves for having, in a fit of pique some ten years before, called ex-British colonial governor Chris Patten a whore when they could have said that what he was doing was "not cricket."

Yes, the Chinese have learnt a trick or two since that time. Accusations of human rights violations noticeably lessened after they succeeded in persuading the world that what it calls "Chinese prison labour" is really occupational therapy.

Yet for all its changes, China remains one of the few countries in the world where politics is still not like a TV show. We should always remember that when people say China is getting more like the rest of the world, they mean "more like" by Chinese standards. For the casual visitor, the opacity of the politics of this capitalist reich remains an abiding impression.

The Communist Party, while not powerful enough to face down all provincial satraps, is certainly powerful enough to make sure nobody else does. The argy-bargy between central and local power is at its worst on the question of how much tax is due to Beijing. No more, says even Shanghai, once known for its chicken-livered stance towards the central

government, no more shall our earnings be poured down bottomless pits like Tibet.

Speaking of Tibet, why has the West lost interest in it? Having it in mind to find out, our traveller flies to Lhasa via Chengdu, which he notes is missing its downtown statue of Mao Zedong - you know, the one that's the size of King Kong. That particular pile of masonry now stands amid Han statuary in Tai Hing Antiques on Hong Kong's Hollywood Road.

All is revealed when, taking a turn around Lhasa, our traveller notes the thinning ranks of Han Chinese immigrants. With every step it grows more apparent that, state handouts having dried up in tandem with the budgetary tightening forced upon Beijing by the dwindling flow of taxes from the provinces, there is no money in Tibet and less inducement to migrate there. All in all, Tibetan culture no longer looks to be in jeopardy.

Cultural erosion of its non-Chinese neighbours, which has ever been China's contribution to world civilisation, has been matter for condemnation by the Dalai Lama's Western well-wishers. Now that the staunching of the Chinese migratory impulse has saved Tibetans from the fate of American Indians and Australian aboriginals, they are of less interest to their sympathizers.

But to believe China free of ethnic minority rebelliousness would be over-hasty. Nowhere is our traveller made more aware of this than in the heavily Muslim province of Xinjiang. Xinjiang appears to be at the fag end of Chinese rule only if considered geographically. In other ways it is of the first importance. True, much of it is desert, but there's oil in them there sands. Oodles lie under the Taklamakan Desert, which was crossed from west to east for the first time in 1993, it is interesting if digressive to note, by a bunch of Old Etonians. As well as striking gushers

the Chinese are making a good job of antagonising the Uighurs, who have long considered the place their own. And as we all know, people who kill each other in a small way will kill each other in a big way when oil and Islam meet.

The news is not all bad, though. Our traveller is heartened to find that the karaokeisation of China has stopped short of the Taklamakan. On hearing this Lu Ming says, "Better karaokeisation than Americanisation." But then he would say that, wouldn't he? Eventually which will win the day: the Japanese or American or some homegrown Third Way? That just about sums up the great question facing China in the twenty-first century.

(Ends)

1600 words

Sunday Morning Post

AGENDA

SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1993

Shanghai is making more progress than Hong Kong in saving its old buildings, writes **Fiona Holland**

A place for past glories

DEKE ERH



LIU BINGKUN

CLASSICAL FORMS: Liu Bingkun's kindergarten in Shanghai, above, which has fallen victim to the wrecker's ball; and a particularly fine example, right, of a Western-style ornate stone-framed window

A houses out of toy bricks and learnt to read and write in the safety of a Shanghai kindergarten while the Cultural Revolution swept China.

Mr Liu's memories as a youngster in the Red Flag Kindergarten imbued in him a love for the musty mansion in Jin Tan Street in the Nanshi district. Like thousands of eclectic Western-style buildings in Shanghai, its grandeur was faded.

Mr Liu was separated from his family at the age of three when his father, a welding engineer, was sent to rural Sichuan to work in a factory.

"I was born here and have lived here for over 30 years," Mr Liu says.

"My family were the former bourgeoisie before the liberation. My father was a welding engineer. He was sent to Sichuan because it was the policy of the government. They moved a lot of factories into the provinces." Mr Liu's mother, a laboratory assistant, worked in northwest Shanghai far from the family's 1940s "lanehouse" - closely packed terraced houses - in Nanshi district.

"It was far from home so I lived in the kindergarten for the whole week. I could only go back home once a week. Sometimes I was very upset," he says.

But echoes of the creeper-clad housecum-kindergarten, with its spacious rooms, inner courtyard, arched windows and Greek columns, remain with him.

"When I was on the balcony, the sunset was very beautiful. The kindergarten was an old, quite big building. That gave me a strong impression of old buildings, their scale and dimension," he says.

Mixed memories of his childhood in Shanghai have had a curious corollary 30

signing modern high-rises while also trying to save the city's old buildings.

"I was always dreaming of a comfortable living place," he says. "I realised I wanted to be an architect while I was at middle school."

The Shanghai of the 1990s offers ambitious architects unrivalled opportunities, as the city, eager to surpass its southern sister Hong Kong, rushes to replace run-down tenements and dilapidated offices with gleaming tower blocks - many of them built by Hong Kong developers.

A forest of cranes and half-built high-rises poke above the city. Across the river in Pudong, the new business district, skyscrapers move in and out of view amid the haze.

But despite the large-scale redevelopment, thousands of pre-1950s buildings, both Chinese and Western, survived the Cultural Revolution, bequeathing Shanghai a medley of architectural styles.

Unlike Hong Kong, it was never a colony but a treaty port, one of 40 coastal cities in China forced open to foreign trade by the British in the last century.

In the decades after the Treaty of Nanjing which ended the Opium Wars of the 1840s, Shanghai became a magnet for foreign merchants, financiers and entrepreneurs. The "Paris of the East" became notorious for its hedonism, a "whirligig of gaiety", a city of "joy, gin and jazz".

Leading trading houses and prestigious banks created ever more grandiose headquarters on the Bund, Shanghai's waterfront reclaimed from the marshy estuary and bounded by the Huangpu river.

Today, the architectural legacy of those heady days is the city's prime tourist attraction and popular promenade for lo-

ning are Shanghai's residential neighbourhoods where five different types of pre-1940s buildings have been identified.

For his master thesis, Mr Liu is studying the lanehouses of the former French Concession, one of the settlements where foreigners lived when they first flocked to Shanghai in the last century.

Lanehouses - from the Shanghaiese *longtang* - with their rows of brick terraces, adorned with ornate mouldings and pediments, classical columns and balconies harbour a hive of city life: children scuttle past youths mending bicycles, women converge in tiny courtyards and men set up makeshift canteens in the lanes.

But time is not on Mr Liu's side, a fact brought home to him last year when he returned to his old kindergarten and shot his final photograph that day.

A month later, the building had gone, replaced by a modern multi-storey one.

Despite his efforts in documenting the lanehouses, where about 45 per cent of Shanghaiese still live, Mr Liu is pessimistic about saving Shanghai's unique architectural heritage.

"I've no money, no authority," he says. "It's very depressing."

Ideally, Mr Liu would like to be a conservation architect, restoring old buildings instead of designing new ones.

Plans for an apartment block he has drawn up are in Pudong. "So there is no problem [of conflict]," he says.

But Mr Liu admits: "Yes, sometimes there is a contradiction. I've tried [to avoid being involved in developments which destroy architectural gems] but it is of no help."

Shanghaiese Lolly Wu, a retired bal-

lerina and the daughter of Daisy Kwok whose father founded the Wing On group, says the city is changing so rapidly Shanghaiese who travel are often shocked on their return.

"They couldn't find their own home," she says of friends who returned from Beijing. "The road had changed - they couldn't find the road they lived on."

Former American diplomat and heritage buff, Tess Johnston, admits there is little she can do to prevent much of the city, her home for 17 years, crumbling into rubble beneath the wrecker's ball.

But she cannot allow the former grandeur of the Orient's most renowned city to fade without documenting its demise. Together with photographer Deke Erh, Ms Johnston published the last book in the Lost Empires series in 1997.

"Who is going to listen to me? We are powerless," she says. "It's like being in front of a juggernaut and it's rolling and you are not able to stop it. Money talks."

But she is surprisingly optimistic. "Shanghai is not doing anything that any other city has not done."

Once a week, Ms Johnston and Mr Liu stride the streets of the former foreign settlements, seeking out architectural gems which they record on celluloid and in prose.

Neither the local authorities nor universities have expressed interest in this

photographic archive. In a century's time, Ms Johnston believes, it will be a priceless historical record and it will be handed to Stanford University in the United States.

Although she makes no claims for all the hours spent scouring the streets, Ms Johnston likes to think her books may change attitudes "just a teeny, weeny bit".

"People are becoming sensitised to the fact there are some beautiful old things

here," she says. "It's very encouraging." Indeed, the municipal authorities have taken steps to preserve Shanghai's historic buildings. The grand sweep of neo-classical edifices lining the Bund have been protected in the top category of 61 buildings which includes the former British consulate, Shanghai's oldest western building.

In the second tier, 175 were deemed

Continues Page 3

Colonial legacy concreted over

When former American diplomat Tess Johnston passed through Hong Kong in the 1960s she never dreamt 30 years later the "beautiful colonial city" would have disappeared beneath tonnes of concrete and tinted glass.

"It was a beautiful colonial city," she recalls. "You've lost all the good stuff. The only buildings left are the Western Market, Tea Museum, Bishops House and Legco. Practically nothing left."

A comparison of preserved buildings is revealing. In Shanghai's top category of preserved buildings are 61 monuments including the Peace Hotel and former Hongkong and Shanghai Bank.

The authorities have also declared 175 "municipal preserved buildings" and a third tier of about 200 protected buildings are set to be unveiled.

Hong Kong has 66 monuments and several hundred graded buildings, listed in three categories according to architectural and historical importance.

While the monuments are strictly protected under the Antiquities and Monuments Ordinance, graded buildings lack legal protection.

Shanghai's top tier of protected buildings are protected under national heritage legislation but local regulations governing the others lack teeth.

Owners must apply for a permit before changing any aspect of preserved buildings but failure to do so - or even demolishing the edifice - incurs no penalty.

Lack of staff, expertise and political clout all hamper Shanghai's Urban Planning Bureau - problems also faced by Hong Kong's Antiquities and Monuments Office.

Yet Shanghai has made great strides in preserving its heritage - in stark contrast to the SAR's past record of protecting its colonial buildings.

While the grand neo-classical banks of Shanghai's Bund appear much as they did 70 years ago, Hong Kong's once graceful

waterfront has been redeveloped and reclaimed beyond recognition.

Barely a pre-World War II building survives between Caine Road and Queen's Road, the result of rapid development in '70s and '80s Hong Kong.

Slower economic growth in Shanghai has served to preserve thousands of pre-'50s mansions, lanehouses - from the Shanghaiese *longtang* - and grandiose official buildings.

A hive of expatriate social life, the 1910 Shanghai Club survives as the Dong Feng Hotel - albeit without its "longest bar in the world".

The elegant Hong Kong Club, which once overlooked Statue Square, has long since gone.

Even Shanghai's 1920s Cercle Sportif Francais - the French Club - survived being taken over by the Okura hotel group, which built a 34-storey modern extension but restored the original part to its former Art Deco splendour.

FEATURES 2&3

METRO 4&5

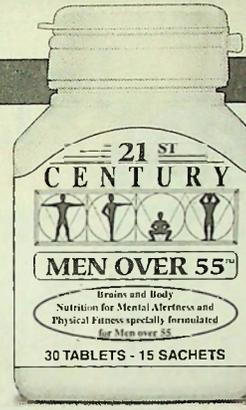
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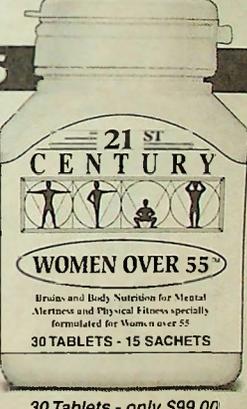


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last. "From June, there will be no *The Nineties*."

The 62-year-old clearly underestimated public reaction to the news.

A day after the announcement, the magazine's closure was much discussed on radio talk shows and in newspapers.

Ming Pao ran an editorial stating that although *The Nineties* had come to an end, the demand for political commentary still existed in Hong Kong.

Mr Lee later acknowledged he did not expect his magazine's demise to cause a stir.

"But so far people are only saying they are sorry to see us go. No one has yet said openly we should continue to publish or we can't stop."

"But people understand our situation and their comments [about the closure] have not been negative so far. We feel consoled the magazine has not come to an ugly end and a lot of people, to this day, have supported our work."

The magazine, on the periphery of the student movement in



END OF ERA: Lee Yee, above, founder and editor-in-chief of *The Nineties*; previous front pages, inset, of the magazine

the '70s, has always been regarded as a respected publication for intellectuals and academics wanting to learn more about the mainland.

Mr Lee was the magazine's first editor and has not "had a promotion since [joining]", he quipped last week.

A graduate of the pro-China Heung To Middle School, Mr Lee was among the growing number of young patriots in Hong Kong fascinated by, and wanting to know more about, their motherland.

As a result, *The Seventies* - which cost 70 cents when first

published - initially served as a source of information on China.

The '70s saw major changes within China and its relationship with the outside world. International interest in China was revived amid efforts by the United States to resume normal diplomatic relations with Beijing.

So apart from running in-depth analyses on mainland issues, the magazine also published political articles, some written by overseas Chinese, about the US, Russia, eastern Europe and Hong Kong's former colonial master, Britain.

Starting off as a patriotic publication, its position changed after the Cultural Revolution, which wreaked havoc on millions of mainland lives. The period came to an end in 1976 with the death of Mao Zedong (毛澤東) and the downfall of the Gang of Four.

These events dealt a severe blow to what was a leftist magazine.

This period was a turning point for not only *The Seventies* but also those in Hong Kong who had idolised Mao or romanticised the Cultural Revolution.

"In its earlier days, the magazine supported the Cultural Revolution," recalls political commentator Andy Ho.

"But after the fall of the Gang of Four, it published a piece to apologise and said it had to re-assess, and to get to know, China from scratch."

But the magazine's popularity did not falter.

It gained even more readers when it stood by an anti-Japanese campaign spearheaded by overseas Chinese students in the US in the late '70s when Japan occupied

critical voice of primarily mainland, Taiwan and local affairs.

voices

cially because Wang's writings are analytical and not suitable for newspaper readers.

But Mr Lee, who emigrated to Canada last year only to return shortly afterwards, added he lacked the strength to continue running the magazine at his age without the help of Mr Fong, who has resigned, and another key staff member, Chang Shoulin, who died last September.

Another reason was the diminished readership for serious political commentary, he said.

But some critics believe the role of *The Nineties* as a "monitor" of mainland and cross-strait affairs has waned because of the changing social, political and economic climate in recent years.

Academic and political commentator Professor Lau Siu-kai says he stopped reading the magazine a few years ago because local newspapers covered political analyses.

"As a monthly, its information can become outdated quickly," says Professor Lau, professor of sociology at Chinese University.

"Local publications also found it difficult to publish the writings of Wang, who is a Marxist."

However, Andy Ho points out *The Nineties*' image has been more objective than some local political magazines.

The weekly *Mad Dog*, for instance, is more a reflection of its publisher Wong Yuk-man's political views, he says.

"*The Nineties* caters more to an academic audience and Mr Lee analyses issues objectively, based on his own views."

"So, by its closure, you can say that Hong Kong cannot accommodate an independent that is run by intellectuals."

To Ho, however, the magazine has played more a symbolic than politically significant role in recent years.

"For many people concerned with politics, this magazine has been their inspiration," he remarked.

Trying to save past glories in Shanghai

From Page 1

"municipal preserved buildings", denoted by a brass plaque. And in the third phase, which will be implemented this year, up to 200 more buildings will be protected.

Associate professor at the College of Architecture and Urban Planning at Tongji University, Dr Wu Jiang, says originally, the Shanghai authorities intended to preserve 1,000 buildings but this was probably too ambitious.

"The most important thing is the law. It is not how many kinds of buildings you preserve, but the most important thing is the punishment."

Owners of buildings in the other two categories can only make alterations with permission of the authorities. However, the Urban Planning Bureau, responsible for enforcing the regulations, has less clout than its economic counterpart and often finds itself overruled by powerful political figures, including the mayor.

"It is not powerful enough," admits Dr Wu. "Every time we advise it, the Urban Planning Bureau always says it wants to see the background of the client. It's very difficult," he says.

Wily developers have negotiated around preservation orders - which often detail the address of the main entrance but not other streets the monument may adjoin - by destroy-

ing those parts not named. Limited staff, lack of expertise and no political clout all serve to hamper the urban planning authorities, says Dr Wu.

Dr Wu and his colleagues at Tongji University work closely with the bureau advising it of the most important buildings and detailing how they should be restored - but there is no penalty if owners ignore instructions.

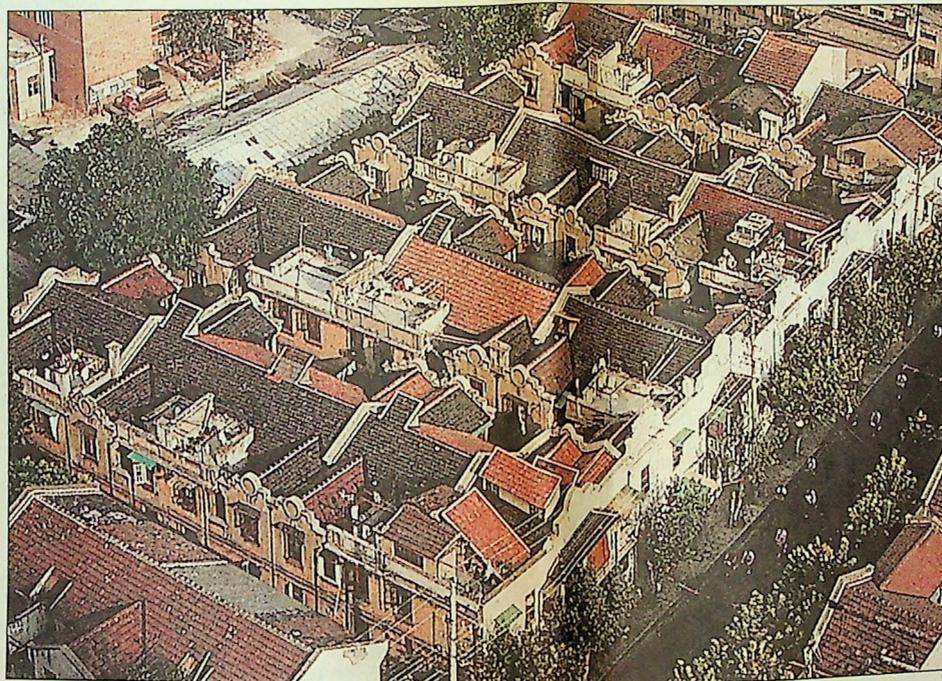
In the next few years, the Shanghai People's Congress looks set to pass local laws which will strengthen preservation and make manipulation, even by powerful politicians, unacceptable.

The inspiration behind the preservation movement decades ago was the diminutive Professor Luo Xiaowei, honorary president of the Architectural Society of Shanghai and consultant at Tongji University's College of Architecture and Urban Planning.

Changing attitudes was a struggle, she remembers.

"In the '50s, some people were asking to pull down the buildings on the Bund. Before the Cultural Revolution, a lot of people thought these buildings were left by imperialists. They said they were a sign of the imperial invasion of China."

"A lot had very hard feelings," she says of the Shanghaiese who remember Sikh policemen employed by the British to beat errant Chinese with truncheons.



The excellent construction of the Bund's buildings and China's limited resources at the time ensured the Bund's survival.

Professor Luo was involved in writing a history of Shanghai's architecture and gained support of the then vice-mayor, Ni Tianzeng, who happened to be an architect.

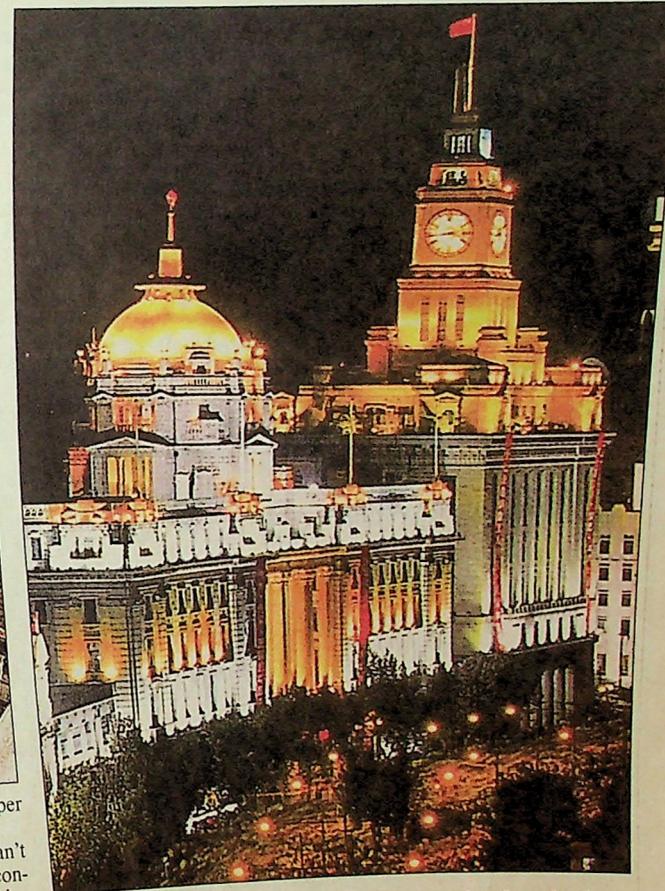
Gradually, the lobbying changed attitudes so that buildings deemed cultural relics were worthy of preservation. Today, pressures of development and people's aspirations for better living conditions will see most of old Shanghai disappear, believes Professor Luo.

But with existing and proposed

preserved buildings, about 20 per cent will be protected.

"We have too much. You can't preserve all of them. A lot of the conditions are very bad," she admits, something that makes residents embrace modern apartment blocks.

"A lot of people don't think it is as important as you do."



ILLUMINATING: Shanghai's most famous landmark, the Bund, above, by night; and an aerial view, left, of the city's lanehouses, known as *longtang* in Shanghaiese

DEKE ERH

Photography / James Whitton Delano



THREE **PERFECT** DAYS

Shanghai

By Tina Kanagaratnam / Birthplace of Chinese capitalism;
birthplace of Chinese communism. A famously European
façade; a deeply Chinese soul. A city frozen in an early 20th-
century futurists' dream rushing at warp speed toward the
millennium. Shanghai's contrasts, sharp though they may
be, embody the spirit of yin and yang: opposites coexisting
in a harmonious whole. Said Aldous Huxley of this seething
metropolis, "Nothing more intensely living can be imagined."

COMMUNISM SANITIZED OLD SHANGHAI—a heady brew of gangsters, tycoons, and revolutionaries; the Paris of the East withered like a decaying dowager. Now, as China embraces economic reform, Shanghai is back with a bang. Once more, the tallest buildings rise from Shanghai soil. What will be the world's tallest is under construction right now. Once more, she boasts the biggest: China's biggest city, Asia's biggest stock exchange. Yet Shanghai's charm lies not in modernity, but in modernity tempered with a splendid past.

To capture Shanghai, walk its broad pavements. Don't let the huge pilings and construction you see in the heart of town—the new Yanan Road elevated highway, scheduled for completion in August—deter you: pedestrian access is always provided. When you tire, metered taxis are cheap and plentiful. And bring an umbrella for the occasional April shower.

DAY ONE / Sweetly warbled birdsong floating into ① Tai Yuan Villa, a 1920s French Concession manor, gently wakes you to the glamor of old Shanghai. Fingers of light slip through tall French windows, beckoning you onto the balcony where thick magnolias (Shanghai's official flower) shiver in the breeze. Surrender to the luxurious marble bathroom, and, fresh as a

spring flower, hop into your waiting taxi.

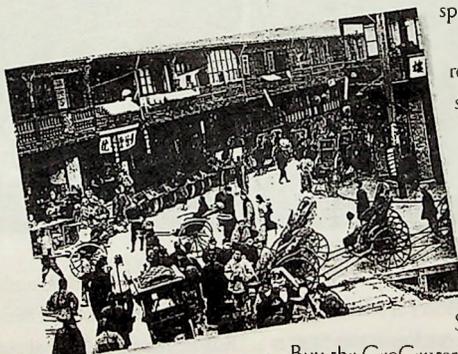
A leafy honor guard lines the short route to Shanghai's power breakfast hot spot, the ② Hilton Atrium Cafe.

Surrounded by brilliant sunlight and the adrenaline buzz of dealmaking, savor a bowl of Shanghai: *zhou* (thick rice gruel) topped with a tangy medley of preserved eggs and pickled vegetables, followed by a steamerful of classic Shanghai *xiuolongbaozi* (dumplings).

Buy the GeoCenter city map at the Hilton bookstore; then ask the doorman for a taxi to ③ Jinling Pier.

Your journey ends just shy of the pier, so walk across the well-used pedestrian bridge. To your left is the storied Bund—old Shanghai's premier address—its unbroken span of Doric columns, pitched art deco roofs, and stately domes a sepia portrait in a Kodachrome world. Across the river in Pudong, new Shanghai's premier address, the rocketlike ④ Oriental Pearl TV Tower surges above glass-and-steel powerhouses. This is Asia's tallest structure—and your destination.

On the local ferry, slip across the salt-scented Huangpu River, past chugging coal barges, handbuilt wooden fishing boats—family laundry flapping—and majestic liners. Buy a ticket at the foot of the cranberry-and-silver tower, and crowd into the



Rickshaws have given way to automobiles, and today old Shanghai's capitalist heart beats stronger than ever. Sparked by China's economic reforms, the city has reclaimed its traditional place as a hub of Asian commerce.

Three Perfect Days in Shanghai

elevator with wide-eyed tourists from all over China. The hostess whisks you "into the atmosphere," and Shanghai spreads out before you like a giant map. Promenade the 360-degree circuit with your map, locating the spots on your itinerary.

Grab a taxi outside the Pearl and traverse the Huangpu over the spider-webbed Nanpu Bridge, one of the world's biggest cable bridges. Begin a leisurely exploration of ⑥ the Bund's architectural cocktail at the Dong Feng Hotel, letting your imagination roam back to the days of *bongs*, the Western merchants who once ruled Shanghai from offices here on the Bund. Step into buildings at will, and don't miss the fine Italian mosaic in the gold-domed Shanghai Pudong Development Bank (No. 12). Take a breather in Huangpu Park. Listen up: Big Ching should be chiming the lunch hour.

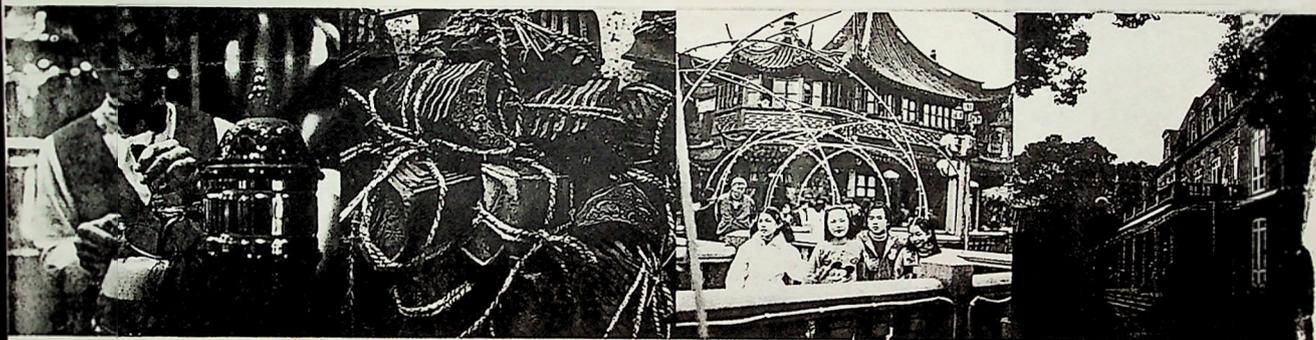
Double back to the art deco Peace Hotel (No. 20), the center of old Shanghai's social whirl, and enter a Chinese painting.

Bronze Gallery. Across the rotunda, expressive Buddhas adorn the open Sculpture Gallery. Upstairs, the museum's dazzling collection traces the evolution of Chinese porcelain.

Break for a soothing cup of green tea in the second-floor Tea Room and a foray into the museum shop. Continue on to the third-floor Chinese Painting Gallery and the Jade Gallery, where delicate jade floars on translucent stands. Silk-route coins and Shanghai foreign bank notes chronicle the evolution of money in the Coin Gallery, while rooms furnished in the Ming style bring the Furniture Gallery to life.

Returning to the urban hustle, find Jianguyin Lu on your map and follow the chirps to the ⑦ Flower and Bird Market. Delight in this lively kaleidoscope of songbirds, crickets, potted plants, fish, turtles, puppies, and kittens; then hail a taxi home.

Resplendent in evening dress, return to a romantically lit Bund for a languorous stroll. Slip into the Customs House



Above the entrance, delicately rendered phoenixes and wild-eyed dragons rise against geometric brushstrokes of celadon, gold, and red. The hotel's ⑧ Dragon and Phoenix Restaurant has spent 68 years perfecting its version of Shanghai cuisine. Take a window table and watch the sun spark the Pearl Tower as you devour crunchy eel rolled in sesame seeds, crabmeat *jiaozi*, and river-fresh steamed yellow pomfret.

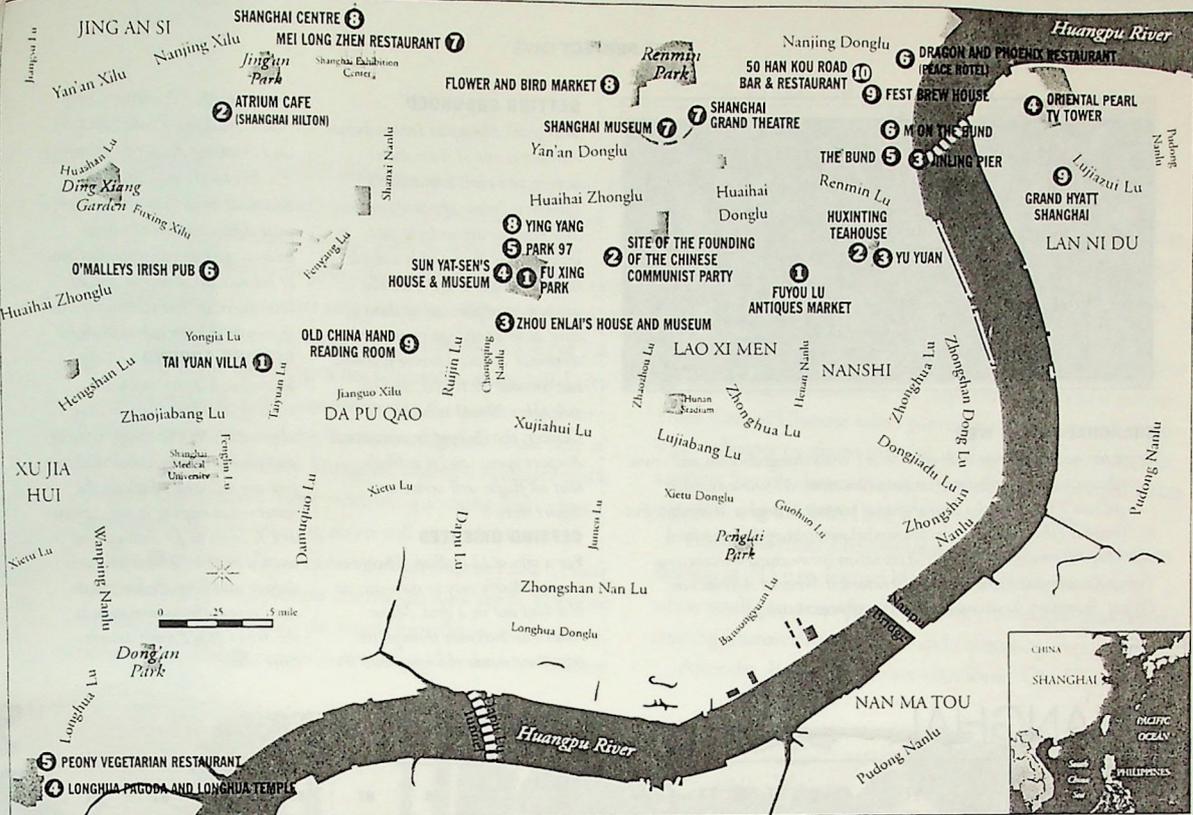
Take a postprandial walk down Nanjing Lu, "No. 1 Shopping Street," ogling the sheer variety of this consumer paradise. It's slow going, the pavement thick with Chinese tourists. Like New York's Fifth Avenue, Nanjing Lu is a mandatory pilgrimage. Relax, enjoy the street life, and in half an hour you'll reach Renmin Square.

The city's political and cultural epicenter is home to the turinistic Opera House and City Hall, but the star is the surreal, circular ⑨ Shanghai Museum. As the din of Nanjing Lu melts away, begin your journey in the softly lit Ancient Chinese

side entrance for a deliciously smooth beer at the ⑩ Fest Brew House microbrewery. Then cross over to ⑪ 50 Han Kou Road, Shanghai's "special occasion" restaurant. As candlelight dances on Indonesian antiques, savor grilled garoupa (similar to sea bass) and prawns with basil polenta—like Shanghai, 50 Han Kou specializes in East-West fusion. Sensuous cheesecake is the only way to end.

Finish your evening at the Peace Hotel bar, where the Old Jazz Band is warming up. As songs of yesteryear fill the dim bar, imagine the musicians when they—and Shanghai—were young, playing the same tunes at what was then the Cathay Hotel. Afterward, join the party on neon-blinking Nanjing Lu. Saturday nights the street is closed to traffic.

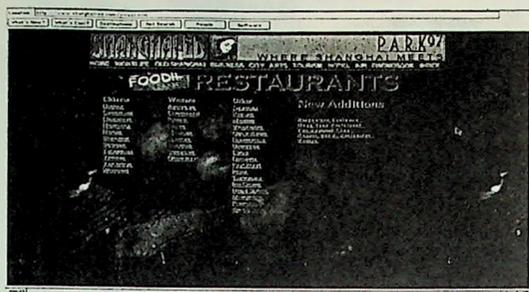
DAY TWO / Every morning, mystical China seems to emerge from an old French soldiers' camp at ⑫ Fu Xing Park. Framed by blooming azaleas, neat rows of tai chi practitioners move slowly, as if under water.



MAP © OXFORD CARTOGRAPHERS

ERH DEKE
 HEMISPHERES
 1999
 SHANGHAI

- DAY ONE / 1 TAI YUAN VILLA 160 Tai Yuan Lu, Tel: 6471-0688
 2 ATRIUM CAFE (in the Shanghai Hilton) 250 Huashan Lu, Tel: 6248-0000 3 JINLING PIER Jintong Lu and Zhongyuan Lu 4 ORIENTAL PEARL TV TOWER Lujiazui Lu, Tel: 5879-1888 5 THE BUND Zhongyuan Dongyi Lu 6 DRAGON AND PHOENIX RESTAURANT (in the Peace Hotel) 20 Nanjing Dong Lu, Eighth Floor, Tel: 6321-6888 7 SHANGHAI MUSEUM 201 Renmin Da Dao, Tel: 6372-5500
 8 FLOWER AND BIRD MARKET Jiangyin Lu and Huangpi Bei Lu 9 FEST BREW HOUSE 11 Hankou Lu, Tel: 6323-0965 10 50 HAN KOU ROAD BAR & RESTAURANT 50 Hankou Lu, Tel: 6323-8383 | DAY TWO / 1 FU XING PARK Chongqing Nan Lu and Fu Xing Zhong Lu 2 SITE OF THE FOUNDING OF THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PARTY 76 Xinye Lu, Tel: 6328-1177 3 ZHOU ENLAI'S HOUSE AND MUSEUM 73 Siman Lu, Tel: 6473-0420 4 SUN YAT-SEN'S HOUSE AND MUSEUM 7 Xiang Shan Lu, Tel: 6437-2954 5 PARK 97 2 Gao Lan Lu (in Fu Xing Park); Tel: 6318-0785 6 O'MALLEY'S IRISH PUB 42 Taopang Lu, Tel: 6437-0667 7 MEI LONG ZHEN RESTAURANT 22 Lane 1081, Nanjing Xi Lu, Tel: 6253-5353 8 SHANGHAI CENTRE 200 Yanan Dong Lu, Tel: 6279-8600 9 OLD CHINA HAND READING ROOM 27 Shaoying Lu, Tel: 6473-2526 | DAY THREE / 1 FUYOU LU ANTIQUES MARKET Corner Fangbang Zhong Lu and Henan Nan Lu 2 HUXINTING TEAHOUSE Mud-lake Pavilion, 257 Yuyuan Lu, Tel: 6373-6950 3 YU YUAN 132 Anren Jie 4 LONGHUA PAGODA AND LONGHUA TEMPLE 2853 Longhua Lu 5 PEONY VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT 2787 Longhua Lu, Tel: 6457-8041 6 M ON THE BUND 7/F, No. 5 The Bund (corner Guangdong Lu); Tel: 6350-9988 7 SHANGHAI GRAND THEATRE 300 Renmin Da Dao, Tel: 6386-8686 8 YING YANG 125 Nanchang Lu, Tel: 6431-2668 9 GRAND HYATT SHANGHAI Jin Mao Building, 177 Lujiazui Lu, Pudong; Tel: 5830-3338



SHANGHAI ON THE WEB

To get the inside story on Shanghai, there's www.shanghaiabc.com and www.shanghaiabc.com/entertainment. For the latest in entertainment, it's www.shanghaiabc.com/entertainment. There are also several special interest Shanghai Web sites: Jews in Shanghai bibliography (<http://www.esential.com/bibliog/shanghai.htm>), Shanghai International Culture Association (www.china-window.com/shanghaienglish.htm); Shanghai Historical Western Architecture Project Summary (www.wsu.edu/3080-keep/project.htm).

GETTING GROUNDED

Shanghai's Hongqiao International Airport is one of the nation's newest and runs remarkably smoothly. Ignore the taxi tours and head for the orderly, fast-moving taxi queue right outside the exit. Major hotels will also arrange transport; all of them have desks at the international terminal. A taxi downtown should cost around 50 RMB, and the ride takes 30–45 minutes. In October, the Pudong International Airport opens, and it is likely that all flights will arrive and depart there.

GETTING ORIENTED

For a city of 13 million, Shanghai is remarkably easy to navigate, as it is laid out in a grid. Major roads run east-west through the city, their name changing with the

direction: thus, Nanjing Dong (east), Nanjing Zhong (middle), and Nanjing Xi (west). Nanjing Lu divides the city, and, like Manhattan, all you need to get to your destination is the street address and the cross-street. Points of interest in Shanghai are all over the map, but nothing is more than a half-hour cab ride away.

GETTING AROUND

Shanghai is a city made for walking, but taxis are an easy alternative; they're cheap, reliable, and plentiful. You're expected to pay any tolls and what's on the meter—but tipping is not customary. It's best to get destinations written out in Chinese for taxi drivers and have the hotel doorman repeat the information to the driver (since some drivers can't read).

SHANGHAI

AVERAGE HIGH TEMP	F	67	45	47	53	65	74	81	88	87	80	72	61	51
	C	19	7	3	11	18	23	27	31	30	26	22	16	10
		YEAR	JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUN	JUL	AUG	SEPT	OCT	NOV	DEC
AVERAGE LOW TEMP	F	55	34	36	42	52	61	69	77	77	69	59	48	37
	C	12	1	2	5	11	16	20	25	25	20	15	8	2

SHANGHAI'S WEATHER

If you're lived or traveled in the southeastern United States, you should already know what to expect in Shanghai. April or May can bring the finest weather of the



year. Rain is well within the spectrum of possibilities, but there are milder and cloudier seasons. Average April highs are in the 60s, and temperatures reach the mid-70s by May.

Sticking with the comparison to the U.S. Southeast, summer in Shanghai brings heat and humidity that might make Atlanta or Washington, DC, seem comfortable. Shanghai's rainy season starts in June, when the city

averages nearly seven inches of precipitation. Rainfall in spring is usually about half that, though there can be exceptions. Summer is when tropical systems become a threat.

But don't let this city's southern latitude fool you. Shanghai has distinct seasons. In winter, when an Arctic chill expands over the Asian continent, the mercury can fall into the 20s. In spring you'll escape the extreme chill, but low clouds and fog do shroud the skies from time to time, especially in the morning.

If this trip doesn't present you with the idyllic days you were looking for, you might want to try autumn. In fall you're more likely

to see extended dry stretches. Temperatures will be pleasant then, too, with afternoon highs not straying far from the 70s.

THE WEATHER CHANNEL

 Weather information

is provided by The Weather Channel. For more Shanghai climatological details, see the Web site: www.weather.com.

CONNECTIONS

 Watch "Three Perfect Days in Shanghai" on selected westbound flights. See page 147.



MORE PERFECT DAYS

Three Perfect Days is the ideal itinerary for the busiest people on the planet. If you want to feel truly at home in a world-class city, let our writers show you

their hometowns. There are many ways to experience three perfect days. Take HEMISPHERES home; tune in to the new program on the Travel Channel (see page 99), or try the Three Perfect Days Volume One book, with 12 exciting destinations, or, to order reprints of individual articles, see page 138. Also, join us on the Web at www.hemispheresmagazine.com.

Three Perfect Days in Shanghai

Hungry? A giant bowl of slithery noodles is a block away at Danshui Lu street market's first stall. Markets are a quintessential China experience, so dive into the wild cacophony: Woven baskets brim with greens, fish splash, a woman offers you a persimmon slice, vendors sing out prices. When the market peters out at Taicang Lu, retrace your steps to 76 Xingye Lu, ② the site of the founding of the Chinese Communist Party.

The lawless French Concession was the perfect place for plotting revolution, and the charcoal-and-brick house here is the heart of revolutionary Shanghai. Thirteen delegates of the Chinese Communist Party—including a young Mao—first met here, in an airy meeting room still set with 13 teacups.

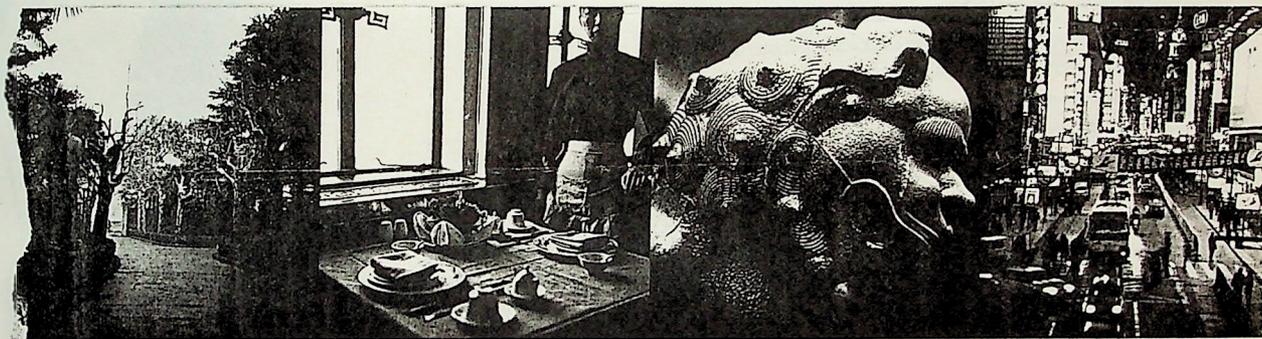
The ③ home of Zhou Enlai—foreign minister and China's best-loved leader—is a pleasant five-minute walk north. Elaborate architecture contrasts with the simple furnishings of this revolutionary base. The ④ former home of Sun Yat-sen, the Chinese

French Concession architectural beauties bloom on Huaihai, too. Duck inside the stately brick Jinjiang Hotel to see the chandeliered dining hall. Across the road, admire the Garden Hotel's beautifully restored art deco ballroom; then steal a few moments in the fountain garden.

Celebrate your day the Shanghai way—with dinner at ⑦ Mei Long Zhen, one of the city's oldest and finest restaurants. Carved Chinese wood paneling rises to meet Victorian rose wallpaper in rooms glowing with giant Chinese temple lanterns. Sample classics like shrimp with plump ginkgos, satiny eggplant, and the "Mei Long Zhen special chicken."

Watch the time: The Shanghai Acrobatics Troupe begins flipping at 7:15 p.m. It's two blocks to ⑧ Shanghai Centre, where you'll gasp at acrobats balancing champagne-glass towers, creating human diving boards, and contorting impossibly.

After the show, wind down with some "Old China Hand



Republic's first president, is a block away. His elegant Edwardian home reflects China on the brink of the modern age.

Back in Fu Xing Park, refresh yourself at the ⑤ Park 97 bistro with filtered fruit water—water with fresh cherries, grapes, or strawberries at the bottom. Then take a ride on the park's Ferris wheel for a breathtaking view of Shanghai's rooftops.

Taxi to ⑥ O'Malley's Irish Pub, a favorite "Shanghaiander" (expatriate) watering hole just minutes away. Get the latest Shanghai scoop in this vintage manor rich with polished wood booths and period lights. Then find an intimate nook and dig into upscale pub grub. Savory Irish black pudding, washed down with a Guinness, makes an ideal lunch.

After lunch, window-shop on Huaihai Lu, two blocks north. Luxury shopping palaces stud the street, but don't be too tempted by their dazzling designer duds. Shop with savvy Shanghaiese at Hua Ting Lu market (next to Maison Mode), where genuine designer labels are a fraction of the Huaihai price.

Special" tea at the ⑨ Old China Hand Reading Room, a bohemian cafe-bookstore laced with antiques. Curl up on a comfy couch while ponytailed Shanghai intellectuals, artists, and writers earnestly argue esoteric ideas into the night.

DAY THREE / Fortify yourself with tender *baozi* puffs and zhou in the Tai Yuan's elegant wood-paneled dining room before taxiing to the Old Chinese City. The tiny alleys and curved eaves still evoke the charm of the past. Push your way into the big, buzzing ⑩ Fuyou Lu Antiques Market in the five-story Chinese building on the corner of Fangbang and Henan Lu (weekends only). Join buyers dickering over antique porcelain, baskets, and Cultural Revolution mementos.

Walk three blocks north and zigzag across the Bridge of Nine Turnings (zigzagging because demons cannot turn corners) to the ⑪ Huxinting Teahouse, said to be the model for willow pattern plates. Drink in graceful willows and green tea while nibbling on *dian xiu* dumplings and pastries.

Three Perfect Days in Shanghai

Next to the teahouse is Shanghai's oldest garden. ③ Yu Yuan—the very soul of Shanghai resides here. Created three centuries before the Bund, Yu Yuan is a microcosm of the ideal Chinese world. Climb to a quiet pavilion and lose yourself in a view straight from an ancient Chinese painting.

Visually satisfied but hungry, get a taxi outside Yu Yuan for the 20-minute ride to ④ Longhua Pagoda. The ⑤ Peony Vegetarian Restaurant in the temple complex serves the vegetarian food devout Buddhists demand. Elaborate mock-meat dishes include tofu chicken bathed in mushroom soy sauce, "steamed fish," and beautifully cooked bok choy and mushrooms.

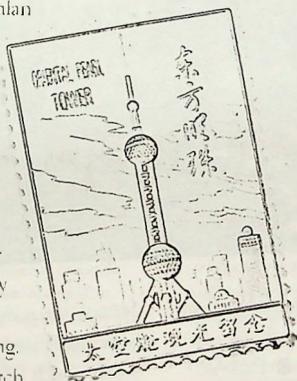
Shanghai's oldest temple is the perfect place to watch the faithful worship magnificent gilded deities through a dream-like haze of smoking joss sticks. Marvel at the 10th-century octagonal pagoda, tiny bells tinkling from its eaves. Next door, walk amongst Longhua Park's renowned peach blossoms.

Dinner reservations are at ⑥ M on the Bund—divine cuisine overlooking the finest view in all Shanghai. Dine on the balcony of the stately old Nissin Shipping Company Building, and, as you sit eye-to-eye with the city's most famous buildings, ponder the menu. Have smoked salmon, Catalan stew, or the crisp suckling pig; it's all excellent. Indulge in chef Michelle Garnaut's famous meringue *pavlova*, but don't linger. A night at the theater awaits.

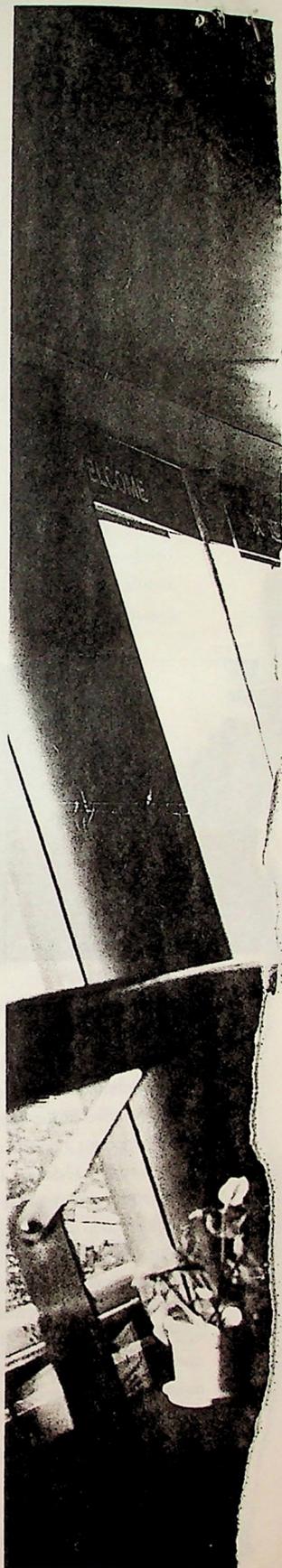
Flag down a taxi to the newly opened ⑦ Shanghai Grand Theatre, the nucleus of Shanghai's arts scene. The transparent glass building with dramatic upswept eaves combines state-of-the-art theatrical technology with classical performances of all kinds.

Afterward, switch to rock at ⑧ Ying Yang, Shanghai's hottest, coolest nightclub. Watch your image dancing in broken mirror chunks on the ceiling above the dance floor; then, as the night grows quiet, cool down in the upstairs café.

It's late, but your final night in Shanghai deserves a spectacular nightcap. Grab a cab to the glittering Jin Mao Building, rising 88 stories into the clouds. The pagoda-inspired building is home to the tallest hotel in the world, the ⑨ Grand Hyatt Shanghai, and its romantic 87th-floor bar is the perfect place to reflect on your three perfect days and enjoy the sight of Pudong's tall-taller-tallest skyscrapers burning neon in the heavens. Far below, the Pearl of the Orient, the Queen of Asia, sparkles. **END** Tina Kanagaratnam writes for newspapers and magazines around the world from her home in Shanghai.



New Shanghai's premier address is the Pudong district, where Asia's tallest structure rises over the city like a rocket ship. Just across the Huangpu River, the stately buildings of the Bund recall the city's first heyday.



Shanghai restored to modern self

THE road from the airport winds through immaculate surroundings of new western-style villas and office buildings.

Broad boulevards, orange-yellow sodium flood lights and then a ramp on to the recently completed ring road that leads into the heart of Shanghai.

It has been nearly three years since I left the city during the first age of bulldozers and cranes. There were no ring roads, just partial skyways that ended abruptly and traffic congestion so bad that even the tourists and businessmen from Bangkok complained.

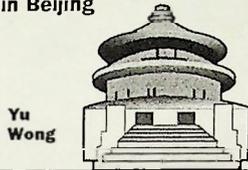
Now an endless fringe of thick red neon banisters on the new highways snakes through the night. There are even frosted, opaque plastic noise shields that rise on both sides of the road where it cuts through a residential area: a measure of privacy and quiet for the hapless victims of necessity. Even so, I can see the houses along the highway have been freshened up. Many appear renovated, at least on the outside, and restored to a former glory unknown since the 1930s and 40s.

But these quaint remnants of foreign occupation are dwarfed everywhere by the new high-rises. For those who have come to Shanghai in the past few years, including many foreign journalists who were only allowed to report from Shanghai legally scarcely two years ago, the changes seem altogether natural, if still accelerated.

After all, as the head of the Yangtze River dragon and China's declared economic spearpoint into the next millennium, Shanghai should resemble the cosmopolitan megalopolis it once was when it claimed the titles Pearl of the Orient and Paris of the East.

Yet the real changes in Shanghai have occurred in the space of three years. The rugged skyline of the Bund now must compete with the clusters of skyscrapers that have sprouted all over the city and in the adjacent Pudong economic zone. The ring roads have done much to

From our correspondent
in Beijing



Yu
Wong

alleviate bottlenecks, but they have yet to be fully completed, and the single subway line that runs from north to south does not meet demand for mass transit.

Yet compared with Beijing, Shanghai's infrastructure is light years ahead.

The ring roads in Shanghai allow high speed driving, quick entry and exit, while in Beijing many have begun calling the second and third ring roads the parking lots.

Perhaps that was because Shanghai, coming late to reform, has the advantage of learning from other cities' earlier mistakes, and because so many international investors have confidence their investments will pay off in the long run. Or maybe as one resident says, it helps to have so many former mayors and officials in the Central government. As the cab enters downtown Shanghai, I am reminded of something else.

Shanghai is like no other Chinese city because it wasn't a Chinese city. Foreigners designed the town. There is hardly anything distinctively Chinese about it, save perhaps the clothes lines hanging off French balconies.

Roman archways, capped rooftops, classical skyscraper designs straight out of an American art deco textbook — these characterise the traditional Shanghai urban landscape. Every building faces and opens on to the street, not like the enclosed courtyards of Beijing.

Maybe that orientation, that *fung shui*, creates an environment of openness and eagerness to learn from the outside world. Or maybe it is because Shanghai merely needs to renovate, not start from scratch. Shanghai, as proud residents like to say, has always been modern.

It's 'no longer a sin to be unmarried in Shanghai'

by Zhang Tingting
CD staff reporter

Being single is no longer regarded as a shame or sin in Shanghai, especially among young people.

Although the ancient conception of the Chinese people that the greatest sin of human beings is to have no children still holds on stubbornly in the minds of old people, more and more young people in this municipality are now choosing to remain single rather than getting married.

A recent sample survey shows that in the age group between 28 and 49, four out of 100 are single. And of every 15 singles, one is woman.

"I dread being looked upon as psychopathic," said a woman engineer with a radio factory. She works hard and earns much praise for the national prize inventions in the factory. She is good looking, too. But she said she was often disturbed by the curious eyes and the noses probing into her private life.

Comparatively speaking, privacy is still a new concept for the

Chinese. Learning the new term is one thing and doing accordingly is another. It simply takes time.

Those who choose to lead "a simple but absorbed life" as the singles usually put it have far more to deal with.

The most practical problem is their shelters because housing has been listed as the first of Shanghai's problems. The others are pollution and traffic.

When thousands of newly weds are still waiting for their share of the distribution of housing, it is almost a dream for a single person to get their own. And buying one is almost impossible because such accommodation costs 1,000 yuan a square metre and even a room as small as 10 square meters means something like 6 years' savings without spending a cent at all!

No wonder Yin Mingli was all smiles when she mentioned her much decorated and very feminine home. That was a gift from her understanding parents, she said. She has enough room for herself.

"The happiness, the freedom, the loneliness, the space and time for my own writings, all that I have is what I should have in life. And I feel great that I am able to do what

I want to." In the world that she created for herself, she has produced a lot of academic papers which stands her out among the lecturers of her age at the university she teaches.

She could not help laughing when she recalled some "well-conceived and responsible" elderly lady from the neighbourhood committee asked her politely and tactfully about her family plans.

The old woman just couldn't believe her ears. "I tried to explain until I found it inexplicable," said the young woman. When she lost patience, she said, "The nunneries are too small for so many people."

According to a quantitative study by a post-doctoral researcher from Beijing University, the major factors that the Chinese generally pay special attention to in choosing a spouse are age, height and marriage status while people from other cultures may focus on religion, nationality and feelings.

Young women also expect more from the opposite sex: care, understanding and common language. Yet in reality, the two sexes are going in different directions and therefore can hardly meet.

Tie Ning, a young woman writer who has aroused great interest in national literary circles with several novels, may have felt the frustration more strongly than most. "What a great disappointment and despair when I can't find men my age to talk with, not merely talk to!" she sighed. She looked up. She did find some "good men" but they all have their own families. She said she will remain single until she finds the right man, even if he is divorced, a factor that concerns many Chinese.

For many reasons, people like those mentioned here may remain single all their lives. But almost nobody claimed they would because they shared Tie's attitude.

What they crave for most at present is the respect and understanding for their own kind of life.

Sociologists attending a Sino-Japanese seminar in Beijing last October called on the society to accept these people as they are. They agreed that the single issue is the result of social advances which cost individual sacrifices. And they said that they should not only be respected for their sacrifice but also helped with their daily troubles such as housing.

家專藝工間民國中自來 演表範示作約紐在邀應

物人下筆翁莎成捏手之匠巧團一粉麵 生如栩栩魚蟲鳥花下剪人藝張一紙薄

物生活為主，故題材多為花鳥蟲魚和過年豐收等景象，構圖質樸無華，但隨著時代演進，剪

列劃農民勞村，早期以農，發展於農，千多年歷史，已有中國民間藝術，已有一

進兩國朋友，他表示為

術，讓外國人士更加了解中國，促進兩國關係

介紹這種藝術，希望透過十八天訪問

日抵滬紐約一行四人於上月廿五日

團長李梅卿說，他們和翻譯員俞雅萍一行四人

這次訪問的受禮揚。高超技藝備受讚揚。和演說，其社進行示範

在華美協進會和平和剪團家侯寶林先生

侯寶林大師

侯寶林先生在京劇中的梅蘭芳，獨步藝壇，外是「說、學、逗、唱」四項技，首先必得語言、方言的源頭。如果南方人聽不懂北方話與俚語，就難引起共鳴與幽默感。侯寶林先生登臺，不遠萬里越洋而來，亦深知此間多為粵籍同胞，方言隔閡，若不胸懷藝術，是極難施展其「絕招」的。

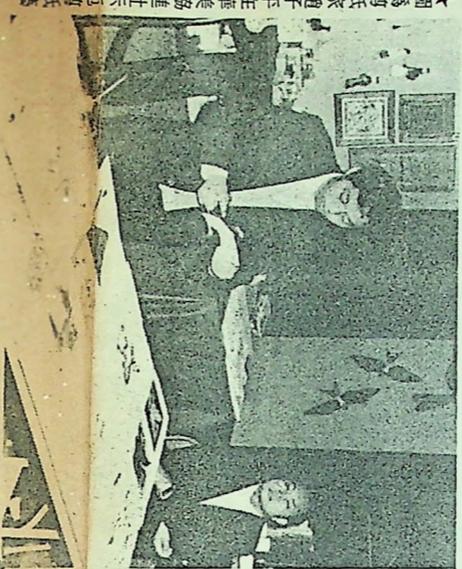
侯老早就被北大禮聘為語言學教授，且有「相聲探源」等著作，（在海外未見到該書），自個料，那趙子龍在千軍萬馬中教訓，宛如萬千大軍動地而來，亦是有所有。一老殘遊記」中行難得。聽眾官以欣賞、轉運描寫趙南說得的王小玉，更是一名家風采的心前往往捧場，侯非常傳神。講到高峰處，音如直

過南天門，在巔峰中旋轉，然後

可謂前無古人。

說書「與」相聲「界」的地位，「如京劇中的梅蘭芳，獨步藝壇，外是「說、學、逗、唱」四項技，首先必得語言、方言的源頭。如果南方人聽不懂北方話與俚語，就難引起共鳴與幽默感。侯寶林先生登臺，不遠萬里越洋而來，亦深知此間多為粵籍同胞，方言隔閡，若不胸懷藝術，是極難施展其「絕招」的。

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★圖為剪紙家趙子平在華美協進社示範剪紙藝術。

剪紙藝術的取材流於多樣化，技巧也日趨新穎，上海工藝美術研究所，方纔秀粉團的傳統，又

師王子途，既繼承北方

極之簡練，線條流動，往來胸中有物，節奏帶，是以自成一家。據趙子平表示，從事此種藝術已付出相當大的代價，除刻苦鑽研傳統的技

六次更改，歷時兩個月，他自幼愛刀叉篆刻，並將繪畫藝術溶化於剪

團離剪中，成為當代傑出的剪紙家。他的作品除取材於古代文人和佛

像外，近來更致力於塑造西方人物如愛因斯坦

至於剪紙家馮鳳閣，目前是北京美術學院和沙士比亞劇中的角色

，惟妙維肖。

深的剪紙家馮子博之子

副教授，為清末極有名

百煉而成。

不歷經反覆推敲，千推

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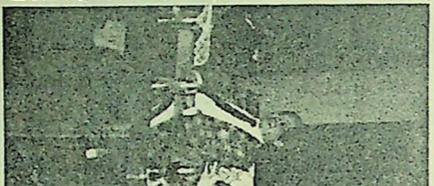
西方人物如愛因斯坦

中國十大名畫家展 前往觀賞三千餘人 部份作品已被購去

（本報紐約訊）由「東方班」主辦的「中國十大名畫家展」已於十二月四日如期閉幕。十天來前往參觀的各界人士逾三千五百人次。該班負責人劉振賢說，這是該班主辦多次畫展中，最成功的一次，吸引觀賞之人士，比歷次為高，顯示中國傳統畫藝受到很多人的關注，鑒賞能力有了很大提高。透過展會，在伯年、吳昌碩、齊白石、黃賓虹、陳師曾、徐悲鴻、傅抱石、潘天壽、張大千的作品真迹，看到了百年來中國畫的脈絡、繼承和發展，更看到這些名家所顯示的功力。

在展出期間，有多幅名家畫作已被收藏家所認購。

★成都難技剛結束在紐約訪問演出，已於六日啟程回國。中國駐美大使章文晉曾於二日接見該團，團右起：蕭朔人團長、章大使、蔡正會主席曾慶安。



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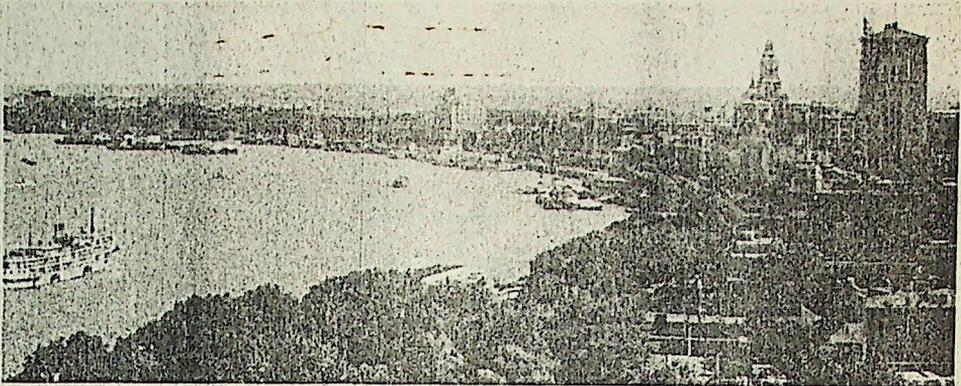
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R19 LN



No longer is Shanghai known as "Paris of the Orient." The dens of iniquity have been eliminated.

Prudish Shanghai Once A Lusty Port

By CHRISTOPHER S. WREN
New York Times

SHANGHAI — Once Shanghai ranked among the world's rowdiest ports of call, with a licentiousness that outstripped its reputation as "Paris of the Orient."

A sailor on shore leave found no lack of diversion, from gambling casinos like Delmonte's or Farren's to nightclubs and dance halls like Ciro's or Roxy's, which normally closed at 6 a.m. but would stay open later if the patrons requested it.

Sleazier sport was found in the countless dives, opium dens and brothels near the waterfront. Beggars tugged at the jackets of carousers prowling the red-light district off Fuzhou Street and sailors settled quarrels with knives in "blood alley," under the indifferent gaze of hard-eyed young prostitutes.

Muggings were commonplace. And the practice of bashing a tipsy sailor unconscious and sending him out involuntarily on another ship occurred often enough to spawn the expression "to be shanghaiad."

But Asia's most notorious dens of vice closed after the Communists took over Shanghai in 1949. Some 30,000 prostitutes were packed off for re-education and several hundred thousand opium addicts were detoxified. The old race course was razed to make way for a people's square and park, with only some bleachers left to evoke the thrill of a bet on the right horse.

Communist morality has turned Shanghai into what may well be the world's most prudish major port of call.

"If it was paradise, it was only for adventurers," said Gu Yiping, director of the Shanghai International Seamen's Club. "For other people, it was hell. Our Shanghai people suffered a lot."

Gu is responsible for entertaining sailors when they reach China's biggest port after a long voyage. His club, which was founded in 1950 as the seamen's home, works hard to provide wholesome fun.

There are cheap tickets to local operas and acrobatic shows. There are volleyball and basketball games. There are tours of local factories and communes. There are trips to the zoo. The club even hosts get-acquainted parties where arriving sailors can get to know other arriving sailors.

"Recently we sent some chefs to American ships to let them have a taste of Chinese food," said Gu, who explained that it was not easy to ferry Chinese cuisine across the harbor. The chefs, who were used to cooking with gas, were also upset to find the galleys equipped with electric stoves.

"But we solved this difficulty," Gu reported. "That was a specific demonstration of our friendship with American friends."

The seamen's club, which is housed in the elegant old Russian Consulate on the waterfront where the fetid Suzhou Creek pours into the muddy Huangpu River, hardly lacks for business.

Shanghai now handles 85 million tons of cargo a year. Last year 30,550 seamen from 85 countries sailed in on 1,135 foreign vessels, Gu said. His club tallied up 90,000 separate visits. It is now expanding by building another 12-story building next door.

Sometimes the seamen get a bit out of hand. In a brawl last August about 20 sailors demolished the ground-floor bar at the respectable Shanghai Mansions Hotel just down the street from the seamen's club. One Shanghai resident described it as a "Hollywood-style punchup" with policemen being flung through plate-glass windows when they arrived to restore order.

Municipal authorities reacted by closing down the coffee shops and bars of Shanghai's three major hotels. Now a sailor can get a drink only in the paneled bar of the seamen's club, which opens at 5 p.m. and closes at 11 p.m. The bar serves ice cream sodas and pineapple ice cream along with alcoholic beverages.

The bartenders keep a solicitous watch over their charges. "We are not capitalists," Gu said. "We don't try to make them drink too much. We want to preserve their health. We want to love and protect them. The majority of seamen understand our rules."

Gu, who was never a sailor himself, has no nostalgia for the bad old days. Today a seaman rarely gets robbed in Shanghai, he said, while "it was a common scene before liberation." He added, "I saw such rascals myself." The ban on prostitution extends even to casual fraternization between foreign seamen and local women.

SPIRITUALLY POLLUTED IN SHANGHAI

BY JOE CUOMO

"In China," said one of my students, his round smiling face going serious, "dancing made *illegal* for 30 years!" We were at a class party in a college in Shanghai, exercising the relatively new freedom to dance in the People's Republic. One of my older students recalled as a boy seeing people dance at National Day celebrations. But, he said, it was "collective dancing, in a circle. Not individual. That was not allowed." Eventually, even the collective dancing was not allowed. For him, watching a few of his classmates dance free-style to rock 'n' roll (what the Chinese call "disco") is like watching a dream. But he wouldn't get up and join in. "For me, it comes too late," he said, with a laugh and a sigh. "I am now an old man." He was 43.

Out on the dance floor—actually a patch of floor in the tiny nondescript dining room reserved for "foreign experts"—a few of the younger students, all female, all in their early twenties, were trying out some steps. Blouses buttoned up to the neck, backs stiff, they moved self-consciously. But one woman,

wearing semi-high heels and a touch of lipstick, was slinking and whirling. She was the most "Western" in the group, the only one who wore makeup, the only one who owned any American cassettes, the only one who'd ever heard of Madonna. I called her Material Girl. Two years earlier, during the Campaign Against Spiritual Pollution, she would have had to hide her heels and her cassettes in the closet. Fifteen years ago, her closet would have been searched.

Material Girl is a member of the first post-Mao generation. Barely out of the womb when the Cultural Revolution began and only ten years old when it ended, she has a different view of that Maoist holocaust of the late sixties and early seventies. For her, it is a vague, unpleasant childhood memory. But for most people in China, those years linger like a nightmare. Homes were watched, neighbors imprisoned; parents were paraded through streets wearing dunce caps, and pelted with stones. Anyone in any way connected to the West (a degree from a British college, a relative in

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the United States, high heels in the closet) was branded a "white expert," interrogated relentlessly, brutalized till they "confessed." Millions were pointlessly slaughtered or driven to suicide.

Most of my students came of age in this environment. Their schools were shut down, their books taken away; they were "sent to the countryside," a euphemism for Mao's lunatic program during the Cultural Revolution that uprooted tens of millions of teenagers, forced them out of their homes, away from their families, and into the remote, barren backcountry where they remained, amid squalor, for five to ten years. It was the Chinese equivalent of sending a generation to Siberia.

So at our little party, the first many of these students had ever attended, it was not surprising that Material Girl was having trouble coaxing her classmates onto the dance floor. She had been successful with a few of the younger women by literally pulling them up by the elbow. But the older ones laughed with embarrassment, shook their heads, and clung to their chairs. An uncomfortable lull fell over the party. The men were sitting silently on one side of the room, the women on the other. I felt as though I were in junior high again and everyone wanted to play spin the bottle, but no one wanted to start.

Then the dean, one of the few professors at this college who had recently studied abroad—and among the Chinese today, this is quite a distinction—asked Heather, my wife, to dance. (Actually, Heather and I weren't married at the time, but for reasons I'll get to later, we let everyone assume we were.) The party picked up. Someone popped in another one of our cassettes, and the room filled with the propulsive throb of Talking Heads. I was dancing "disco" with Material Girl. The dean was waltzing with Heather.

Everyone was watching the dean dance, smiling and nodding in approval. That dean is sure light on his feet, they seemed to be thinking. People started talking again, and one student, a slight, studious fellow in his mid-thirties, crossed the dance floor to get to the table with all the food. I wheeled away from Material Girl, picked up his hand, and as a joke, swung it. He didn't let go. He wanted to try to dance. There was a moment when our eyes met, and I could see him trembling. He might as well have been standing on the edge of a cliff.

I could hear Material Girl laughing, but the man holding my hand was laughing, too. And I was laughing. We were dancing—he was dancing—American-style, rock 'n' roll, "disco." And he was holding on to me as if at any moment the floor might open up and swallow him. He was a man trying to shed 36 years of Chinese history by raising his feet and swinging his arms. Later he told me, "I never do this thing before." And I tried to recall what song was playing for his first dance. It was "Burning Down the House."

Finally, some of the other students joined in. Even Mr. X from the *Wai Ban*, the foreign-affairs office (a principal function of which is to keep tabs on foreign guests: "Where you go today, Joe?"), was up there in his stiffly pressed, blue Mao suit, raising one foot and deliberately placing it farther from the other. His arms were bent chest-high, like a child's imitation of wings. This is glasnost in post-Mao China: a bureaucrat learning to dance.

China, under Deng Xiaoping, is changing. But the changes are more superficial than most Americans are led to believe. Even though the Chinese are now allowed to dance, their freedoms are still severely limited. The state is everyone's big daddy, and it doesn't allow any back talk. Here it is illegal to publicly denounce an official policy. It is illegal to start a political party or demonstrate for democracy. (Several thousand students who did

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A girl said, "I have been
Zhang Hang's
girlfriend for four years. He has
had his way with me.
Now that he is famous, he has
tried to break it off
without saying good-bye.
I want him to tell why."

just that early last year have already been barred from ever attending graduate school or going abroad. In fact, *all* graduating seniors are being punished: They have been ordered to work for at least one year at the "grass-roots level"—in other words, they are being "sent to the countryside.")

Heather and I taught in Shanghai for five months, from mid-1985 to early 1986. It was a period between "campaigns"—between the Campaign Against Spiritual Pollution and last year's Campaign Against Bourgeois Liberty—a period described by the distinguished *Far Eastern Economic Review* as "the height of post-Mao glasnost." We were there to witness the People's Republic at its best, its most open, since the days just after its inception in 1949.

For us, one of the symbols of that openness was the music we heard—not just the imports from Japan and Hong Kong, or the old American pop tunes (one girl told me her favorite singer was "Page Patti"), but the locally produced stuff. There was one song in particular we kept hearing. We would be walking through maze after maze of narrow streets

packed with shoulder-high homes—homes with no glass in the windows, no mortar between the bricks; homes with no phones, no indoor plumbing, no paint, no pictures on the walls; homes with only buckets for toilets and cans for stoves; homes with blackened, ancient furniture but big color TVs—and we would hear it. Everywhere that same, strangely familiar song: John Denver's "Country Roads," rendered by a local Shanghai singer, a guy in his early twenties named Zhang Hang, China's first homegrown rock star.

We didn't know it at the time, but Zhang Hang, the first singer ever to sell over a million cassettes in the P.R.C., had recently been "criticized" in two Shanghai newspapers. Getting criticized is not the same as getting reviewed. It's officialese for a state vendetta. It's like waking up with a horse head in your bed, only you can't run to Eliot Ness or Rudolph Giuliani for protection. There's no one who can save you from the Party except the Party itself. An unsettling surrealism permeates such criticisms, one which only intensifies when the state's specific beef is translated from the Chinese.

"Recently," begins the first of two articles attacking the renderer of John Denver, "I went to Cultural Square to watch a performance by guitar player Zhang Hang. Since then, I have felt sick. That man took his guitar, knelt in a corner of the stage with his hand on his belly, and screamed at the top of his lungs. It looked painful. At the time, I thought he was having an appendicitis attack. But when the audience applauded, I realized this was the way he played his guitar. As members of a state artistic group, and a propaganda front under the leadership of the Party, we can never act this way."

Substitute "Christian" for "state" and "Christ" for "Party," and it reads like James Watt talking about the Beach Boys. In America, the Beach Boys got an apology; but in China, this is serious.

The second criticism, appearing a week later, is even more severe, more personal, and much more surreal. It sounds like Rona Barrett on acid: "One evening in late May of this year, a performance at Cultural Square was about to begin. Suddenly a girl rushed backstage and said, 'I have been a girlfriend of So-and-so for four years. He has had his way with me. Now that he is famous, he has tried to break it off without saying good-bye. I want him to tell why.' The actors and leaders were very surprised—another girlfriend! Because half a year ago, So-and-so had been very intimate with a different girl, and recently he had behaved very casually with Lady Y. Now, who was So-and-so's real girlfriend?"

In the next paragraph, we learn that Girl C in the home of Girl B had declared, "with tears in her eyes," that she was So-and-so's girlfriend, and that he had "played her" (had sex with her) several times. Of course, So-and-so denied it. But then, "Girl B discovered a note on Mr. So-



"I don't like the looks of this."

and-so from Girl A. So B took him to A and forced him to tell the truth. At that time, Girl A had been pregnant for more than 40 days. In the presence of B, So-and-so had to admit that A had been his girlfriend. Moments later, he asked B to see that his heart, his true love, was with her. One morning while B was still in bed, So-and-so went to her and treated her like a beast [had sex with her]. The girl entreated him tearfully never to change his heart again. . . ."

The article goes on like this, taking inventory of So-and-so's intimacies with Girl A, Girl B, Girl C, and Lady Y. Then it shifts gear and describes how he had been officially fired from his factory job (before he won a prestigious guitar competition, catapulting him to stardom). After six months of probation, he was reclassified as "job waiting" (socialist newspeak for unemployed). So-and-so is also criticized for playing hooky from the factory job; of having "played" yet another girl (who receives no alphabetical pseudonym); and when finally famous, of not showing up for a concert. All through the longish article, we never once hear a direct reference to Zhang Hang. It isn't necessary. Virtually everyone in Shanghai knows whose head is on the block.

These accusations, silly though they may seem, are so serious that Zhang Hang's father, reputedly a high-ranking local Party official, took it upon himself to respond in a letter to a third Shanghai newspaper. Here's Zhang Senior's version of his son's love affairs: "I can tell you Zhang Hang has never had any relationship with Lady Y or Girl C. . . . Girl A is Zhang Hang's classmate. I have always treated her as my daughter. Later, her parents firmly opposed their relationship, so they broke it off. Then Zhang Hang became acquainted with Girl B through a matchmaker. She stuck to him closely. Zhang Hang was very confused, because he still loved Girl A. Later, he finally solidified the relationship with Girl B. After that, for several years, he changed his mind several times, sometimes to A, sometimes to B. But never two at the same time. . . ."

Actually this version seems to loosely correspond to the lighthearted romantic dilemma described in one of Zhang Hang's biggest hits, "Chidao" ("Too Late"), perhaps the single most popular cut in the history of Chinese rock 'n' roll. In the song, Zhang sings, "You come to me with a smile / You bring me trouble / Because in my heart I already have a lover / Ow! She got there earlier than you / She's tender and lovely / She's beautiful and natural / When one day you have a lover in your heart / You will know how I feel / Love should be true and cannot be shared / Ow! I have to say I'm sorry."

But Zhang's father reveals more than this. "Of the sexual relationship between Zhang Hang and Girl B," he writes, "I cannot assure you. Maybe there was one. As to Girl A, there must have been. Zhang

Hang cohabited with her for a certain period in Nan Shi District. As for the abortions [alleged in criticism No. 2], I can assure you they never happened." Even though father is defending son, he has acknowledged the commission of a crime: premarital sex. His letter is only an attempt to limit the scope of the transgression (By the way, Zhang Hang didn't have the option of *marital* sex: By law, couples have to wait to wed until their combined ages are 50.)

Of course, the point to be made here is this: What business is it of the state if and when consenting adults consent? But accompanying Zhang Senior's letter in this same newspaper is a third criticism, confirming all the accusations made previously and adding a few more (i.e., Lady Y and Zhang Hang "often stayed in hotels together. They always walked with their arms around each other, both backstage and in public, and displayed other overly intimate behavior").

He was holding on to me
as if at any moment the floor
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by raising his
feet and swinging his arms.

As I say, Heather and I didn't know any of this at the time. All we knew was that there was some guy singing in a distinctly Chinese voice, ". . . take me home to the place I belong / West Virginia, mountain mama. . ." And we had to have his cassette. Luckily we did get one—about a month before it was officially (and permanently) banned.

Out of view of the Wai Ban and Mr. X, Heather and I became close with a man who happened to be familiar with the local music scene. He was one of the few people we met outside the college who spoke any English. "You want I take you place where real Chinese go?" he said to us one day. "I take you to real Chinese dance hall, one foreigners never see." We were interested. So much of China is off-limits. Foreigners always get the guided tour. "When you go back to America," he continued, "you can write about it. You can tell about the *real* China. But," he added, "don't use my name."

When I asked him to make up a name for himself, our friend seemed puzzled, even though I knew he understood what I was saying. It was as if he had never

been asked to define himself in his own terms. Finally he blinked, smiled an embarrassed smile, and inclining his head to one side, said, "Tom."

The next time we saw Tom, we discovered he was having trouble finding a dance hall that would admit us. "I try several," he said, waving his hand like a tiny karate chop, "but each one say it is not allowed. I ask what policy is this. They just say, no foreigners." Tom laughed uncomfortably and slapped the back of one hand into the other. "But," he added, "I can try another dance hall. Someone my sister know. Back door." China is so thick with bureaucracy, it's as if an entire nation were run by the post office. To get anything done, you need connections, *guanxi*, a "back door."

The following Saturday night we met downtown. Tom was noticeably excited, but all he said was, "Quickly!" and we followed him down the block and onto a bus. "Sorry to go hurriedly," he said, "but must meet 'back door.'" So we were on our way. It was a short ride, but the bus was soon packed and bouncing wildly through a potholed road. A woman carrying her child by the ankles, its back to her stomach, pushed brusquely past us. The child, as is common even in the cities, was wearing split britches, open from navel to spine. The woman squatted deftly at the top of the side-exit steps, pulled the child's ankles apart, and as the bus pitched, the kid peed.

Tom inclined his head. "Maybe they are from the countryside," he said. "Maybe these people not real Shanghainese." Kids were always pissing in the streets of Shanghai, but Tom was the kind of guy who would get embarrassed for his neighbors.

We got off somewhere in the west section of town and walked. The local air usually reeked of factory coal and field manure, and that night was no exception. (Some days the scent was so strong we'd stop to check our shoes.) We turned onto a dark side road. In the distance, we could make out a dimly lit patch of asphalt with a few people standing outside an iron gate. "It is better I go to gate alone," said Tom. "Maybe someone see you, cause trouble, no tickets." We hid behind a tree. Here we were, in the shadows like two spies in a bad movie, and all we wanted was to get into a dance.

When Tom finally signaled for us, he was standing with someone we took to be his sister's friend, and this guy was talking casually with an old Mao-suited guard at the gate. We smiled at the guard and walked in. On the other side, there was a huge complex of buildings, and we walked toward one that appeared completely unlit. Inside, it was so dark I couldn't see my feet. We had scaled an impossibly narrow staircase before Tom told us it was too early to go to the dance. "Maybe with too little people," he said, "you attract much attention." We were going to wait in his friend's apartment un-

side a freight elevator. Upstairs, we found ourselves in a huge old room dotted with stout columns. It looked like a loft in SoHo.

Patrons poured in from a corridor to one side of the stage. Tom's friend disappeared, then returned with a kind-faced old cadre in a gray Mao cap and baggy pants and jacket. The cadre smiled, shook our hands, and said in Chinese that he was happy to meet us. Then he said something else I couldn't understand, and Tom interpreted: "He say you are first non-Chinese ever to enter this dance hall." The room had been a dance hall until the early 1950s, but it had been closed for three decades. Now it was a roller rink by day, dance hall by night. Later, Tom told me that when I wrote my article it would be better not to mention the name of the place. "Maybe make trouble for this cadre and for my band friend."

The band members took the stage, all of them dressed in green military-style uniforms worn in nonmilitary fashion: buttons open at the neck, cuffs rolled up, sneakers. At first I imagined this to be some sort of defiant gesture on their part, the kind of ironic statement an American band might have made in the mid-sixties. But when I asked Tom about it, all he could do was laugh. The boys in the band were simply wearing the clothes they wore to work every day: their postal uniforms. "They play in band for part-time job, only to earn extra pay," Tom said. "Not to worry. It is the usual situation. This band considered one of better dance-hall bands, this hall one of better halls."

Suddenly, trombone, trumpet, and sax blared out a tinny, cacophonous tune. It took me a full minute to realize that it was "Roll Out the Barrel." The crowd around us shuffled into couples and began twirling in two-steps and tangos and waltzes. The dance floor was packed. There were old couples, in drab blue or gray, who had probably danced here in the early 1950s. But most of the hall belonged to the post-Mao generation—women in pressed bell-bottoms and men decked out in the local tough-guy attire, the Zhang Hang look: black leather jacket, black stovepipes, black Cuban heels, V-necked sweater, tie, and permed (as opposed to straight) hair. Locally, these guys are known as "hooligans," but they reminded me of what we used to call "hitters." Both groups sport the same tough-guy props: back-pocket comb, sunglasses, and cigarette at acute angle to lip.

In New York in the 1950s, a hitter went to a dance to get laid or start a fight. But Chinese hooligans only appear violent. As for sex in Shanghai, the most cosmopolitan city in the People's Republic, men and women rarely touch in public. But people of the same sex do. (In any street, it's fairly common to see women with their arms around women, men holding hands with men.) So at the dance hall, these hooligans—leather jackets, stovepipes, cigarettes, and all—were

waltzing with each other. They were entwined, literally cheek to cheek, rhapsodically twirling and twirling and twirling to "Edel-weiss, edel-weiss . . ." until 9.30 when the place closed up.

After a soda, Tom waltzed Heather around the floor, teaching her a three-step. When she sat down again, half a dozen hooligans glided over to ask her up. "Dance?" they said. "Disco?" For many of them, she was probably the first Westerner they'd ever seen: blond, blue-eyed, big-breasted. Everyone in the place, even the older married couples, seemed to be waltzing our way to get a gander. Sometimes I'd turn around in my seat to find half the room gaping at us.

Tom didn't mind the people staring (and after several months in Shanghai, we were used to it). But he did get upset when the hooligans asked Heather to dance. "These not good guys," he said. "It is not usual to ask to dance someone who is stranger to you. Most Chinese will con-

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sider it an insult."

Tom was in his early thirties, an engineer in a local factory, and unmarried. As far as I could tell, he rarely dated, but was certainly interested in women. "In China," he said, "to meet the girlfriend is very troublesome. We must first be introduced." For a man simply to pick up a woman at a dance is "very unusual; maybe I never heard of it." Relationships between the sexes are arranged, either by friends and family, or by a matchmaker. As for couples sleeping together, it is "unthinkable." Only a small minority would "attempt such thing, and they will be already engaged."

I remember looking at Tom and seeing a man under a great biological strain. The way he stood, tentatively, on the balls of his feet, it was as if a giant bedspring were coiled inside of him.

When the band took a break, a cassette, probably an import from Hong Kong, was piped into the room. The music was fast, faster than anything we'd heard that evening. It was something like rock 'n' roll, and it was something Heather and I could finally dance to. So we went out on the floor. But as soon as we started

dancing, half the hooligans in the place surrounded us, dancing with us, imitating each move we made. Some 30 or 40 guys and a handful of women kicked and flailed in a tight ring around us. The faster we danced, the faster they danced. If we twirled, they twirled. If we jumped, they jumped. They were shouting, "Disco!" "American!" "Hello!" The whole place seemed to be kicking up its heels. We were laughing out loud—me, Heather, the hooligans—whirling and shaking and rocking, dancing faster and faster and faster, until the music stopped mid-song.

I looked around, as if to say, "What's up?" But the hooligans just smiled knowingly, planted themselves in various postures of cool, and whipped out their numerous packs of cigarettes, each of which was suddenly thrust before us. This was the usual neighborly gesture, and although Heather and I don't smoke, we knew we were cornered into accepting at least a couple of butts. For some reason, to turn down a cigarette in China is considered a genuine snub. It's like refusing to eat at an Italian wedding.

Finally we made our way through the leather-jacketed crowd and found Tom. "Who turned the music off?" I asked him. "Maybe it is not this," he said quickly. "Maybe when tape copied, song end like this. No more tape."

I had been mistaken about the band and its uniforms, but I was skeptical about this explanation of the tape going dead. During the rest of the band's considerable break, no music at all was piped back into the room. Later, Tom disappeared to check it out. When he returned, he looked sullen. "The head cadre stop tape," he said. "He think maybe there will come a riot. He think the dancing too wild." Tom's hand chopped furiously at the air. "I think," he said, narrowing his eyes, "I think this only have one purpose: to make the man become like the child."

On another Saturday night, we again met Tom downtown and again followed him onto a bus. This time we were headed for a Shanghai "coffeehouse," a nightclub with a band. When we got off the bus, there was a short walk to a large, columned building that looked like an old municipal courthouse. We entered a marble lobby, then descended a wide staircase. At the end of a corridor, a battered, blue-cotton quilt was draped over a doorway. When Tom pulled it aside, he revealed a honky-tonk out of a John Wayne movie. Ropes of rising cigarette smoke knotted on the ceiling of the small hall. Hooligans sprawled in their seats and hollered at their friends across the room, cursing at an empty stage. Here the hooligans seemed more raucous, more ornery than they did at the dance hall. Maybe it was because they weren't waltzing with one another.

At the door stood a man in a padded blue hat with earflaps extended like wings. His weathered face smiling and

til everything was well under way.

Tom's friend was a successful actor. His apartment was a bleak cement box just big enough for two beds, a desk, and an aisle of floor so short the four of us couldn't stand in it at the same time. "He is lucky," Tom said. "He only share his living place with another person. In Shanghai, it is usual for whole family—that mean the parents, the grandparents, the little children—everyone to share only one room." After we had been offered tea and seated on the beds, there was an awkward silence until Tom's friend said something in Chinese. "He wants to know," said Tom, "if you will like to see some pictures of his film."

The photographs he showed us displayed our young host in colorful dynastic dress, assuming imperial poses, on horseback, with sword, attended by similarly costumed women in traditional Chinese whiteface. Then he flipped the page in his album and the actors were in black and white, in their street clothes, five of them with their arms interlocked, slightly out of focus, smiling. "This girl," said Tom, "she have been an actress but she is now—how you say? Ah!" He seemed pleased at having found the right expression, then annoyed with himself for being pleased. "This is a tragic girl," Tom said solemnly. "She commit suicide."

A student had once told me that in China there are two things a man looks

for in a woman: a relative high up in the Party, or a relative living in the United States. I'd thought he was joking. But then Tom told me the story of the actress in the photograph. She was a woman with family in America. Her boyfriend, who wanted to "study abroad" (often a guise for escaping the P.R.C. permanently), urged her to write to these relations. The girl did so selflessly, requesting sponsorship not for herself but for the man she loved. Her relatives, however, replied that they were unwilling to accommodate the boy, even if he became her husband. When the girl told him the news, he left her. "At this time," said Tom, "she end her young life."

We looked at a few more photographs in silence; then Tom announced that it was time. After winding back down the dark, narrow staircase, we headed toward a building that reminded me of a Catholic parish auditorium, the kind of place that held dances when I was 15—wire mesh on the windows, cafeteria tables at the door, cigarette smoke in the hallway, colored lights splashing onto the sidewalk. The music was as loud as it might have been in Queens.

As we got up to the door, Tom and his friend were met by a cadre, probably the Party secretary responsible for that work unit. (In China, every enterprise, from shop to school, is divided into work units, and every work unit is assigned a Party

cadre who watches over that unit's "correctness.") The cadre was smoking a cigarette, shaking his head and talking in circles. After each exchange, no matter what Tom or his friend said, the cadre would repeat the same phrase: "*Wai guo ren, bu ke yi*"—"Foreigners, can't do it."

The cadre didn't say this in a mean-spirited or snotty or officious way. He simply said it the way a postal employee might have said that a registered letter had been lost. When I approached him myself, he said it again. He also said "I'm sorry" in Chinese, but there was less of an apology in his voice than resignation. He was a bureaucrat stuck in a bureaucracy as big as a black hole. Listlessly, he threw up his hands.

As we walked away, Tom shook his head slowly. His eyes were almost teary with indignation. "This is China," he said, his hand taking short slices at the air. "This is the *real* China."

A week later Tom was ready to try again. He had another "back door," a friend in a dance-hall band. This time, when we met downtown, we walked until we reached a department store. Inside the store, Tom's musician friend appeared and escorted us quickly past the counters to an alcove in the back. He pulled aside a heavy blue-cotton quilt hanging from the ceiling, and there was a band, complete with instrument cases, standing in-



From the makers of
Jack Daniel's...

toothless, he was buried in a floor-length quilted coat. Another man in a short jacket, who carried himself like a manager or a maitre d', appeared at our side. He conversed with Tom, then shifted toward us, his hands clasped chest-high in a gesture of greeting. He pivoted, took off across the hall, and we followed him. The hooligans turned their attention from the empty stage and gaped at us.

The man in the short jacket whisked us up to the front table, shooed several people out of their seats, and pulled out our chairs for us. We tried to protest the special treatment, but short jacket wouldn't hear of it. In China, Americans are treated the way I imagine GIs were treated in France at the end of World War II. And in this coffeehouse, it was as if we were Ronnie and Nancy Reagan. Even the performers backstage were popping their heads out to sneak a peek.

While we were being seated, Tom was talking with someone near the stage. "My friend say you are first Westerners ever come here," Tom told me when he returned. "Maybe everyone think you are big potato."

At a nearby table several men sat bearlike, wrapped in huge Army-green overcoats. One of them shouted, "How are you?" and everyone at the table collapsed in laughter. "Hello!" another shouted, and his friends snickered and nearly pushed him out of his seat. Like

most Chinese, this was all the English they knew. Tom was getting irritated. "These guys bad quality," he said. "These guys hooligans, but also free-market vendors, no education, no skill, no manners. They just sell something like tea eggs [eggs boiled in tea]. Make a lot of money, but no job really. They just job waiting."

About a month before Tom took us to this coffeehouse, a newspaper had published another "criticism" of Zhang Hang. In it, the singer was accused not only of philandering, but of exploiting his own job-waiting status. According to the article, a man with Zhang's reputation as a troublemaker would not ordinarily have been given a chance to enter the prestigious guitar competition that launched his career. But a few small-time Party secretaries had thought his inclusion would "fill in some holes" in their propaganda work: It would show that even an unemployed youth had a future in the People's Republic. Zhang, the article alleged, took advantage of the situation. Every time he performed, he defiantly introduced himself as job waiting. And the audience went wild.

It would be no surprise if many of the hooligan vendors identified with Zhang Hang. As a group, they, like Zhang, are officially unemployed (although they work, they belong to no work unit), and like Zhang, they are cultural rebels who have placed profit and pleasure before

the Party. In the newly authorized free markets (street bazaars where countryside peasants sell produce and job-waiting youths sell everything from tea eggs to dog-fur coats), vendors can make money and keep it, as much as 300 or 400 yuan a month. That's four or five times the fixed (though guaranteed) salary of a doctor, lawyer, teacher, street sweeper, or virtually anyone else in the country, all of whom receive pretty much the same unchangeable pay (when I was there, about 25 U.S. dollars a month).

In this same article, Zhang Hang is criticized for having gradually upped his concert fee from ten to 500 yuan. "In order to meet the requirements of someone seeking stimulation, in order to make himself more money, Zhang Hang's pretty voice changed. Onstage he tumbled and threw his guitar in the air and swung the microphone and told jokes. . . . But almost no one dared to stand up and criticize this brand of bad trend." At the end of the article the author asks, rhetorically, why this has come to pass: "Is it because in the golden glow of profit, socialist ideology and morality have darkened?" (By the way, Zhang's one and only cassette is entitled *There's More Than One Way to Make It.*)

Like Zhang Hang, the hooligan vendors are unmarried, in their early twenties, and they have yuan to burn. They are China's yuppies: young, urban un-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

To the drinkers of Jack Daniel's.

Our very own, very special
recipe for sippin' Jack Daniel's
in the summertime.

JACK DANIEL'S LYNCHBURG LEMONADE

1 Part Jack Daniel's
1 Part Sweet & Sour Mix
1 Part Triple Sec
4 Parts Sprite®
Add ice and stir.
Garnish with lemon slices
and cherries.

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-85 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by
Jack Daniel Distillers, Lem Motlow, Proprietors, Route 1, Lynchburg, (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352



SHANGHAI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

professionals, with as much money in their pockets as a Wall Street arbitrageur. The Chinese economy, however, provides very few ways to dispose of disposable income. So they come to the coffeehouses almost every night. According to Tom, they go to one coffeehouse for a week or so, get tired of that; go to a second for another week, get tired of that; go to a third, get tired of that; and start all over again at the first. The hooligan vendors are the coffeehouse regulars.

At 7:00, a band appeared and started up. It was the same band I had seen in the dance hall—trumpet, trombone, sax, and all. They even began their set with the same cacophonous version of "Roll Out the Barrel." But here in the coffeehouse, the band was used as backup for a series of singers. It was a showcase. The first singer was a slender young woman who appeared just after "Roll Out the Barrel." She pranced daintily back and forth across the lip of the stage, and she sang in earnest, in English, "You are my some sign, my only some sign / You make me happy when skies are gray . . ." Then halfway through her act, her voice failed. And the hooligans pounced.

They catcalled, they jeered, they screamed out crude obscenities. They

sounded as juiced up as any frontier hood in a saloon on payday. But what were these tough guys, in all their hedonistic glory, imbibing in their Chinese honky-tonk? Well, they weren't drinking red-eye (liquor is off-limits). A few were drinking coffee. But most, in their leather jackets and Army-green greatcoats, sat before tall art-deco goblets quaffing pink ice-cream sodas. So much for the Wild West. (Remember, all the coffeehouses and dance halls are state-run.)

The singer, by this time, was in tears. She bolted offstage before finishing her song. There was an awkward silence before the band kicked up its tinny beat again. Then the next singer emerged to perform a song that he introduced (for our benefit) in broken English as a song from Taiwan. It was about a child who gets a new electric toy, and who is so fascinated by the toy's marvels that he forgets to go to school. It went over big with the free-market vendors. Most of them had dropped out, too: There's more money in tea eggs than Ph.D.'s.

After a set of about 20 minutes, a third singer, a woman, walked onstage dressed in boots, a heavy sweater, and a wool skirt. The place went nuts. The hooligans screamed in Chinese: "Hey, baby, what're you trying to prove! Yo, sweetie, it's cold outside! Hey, didn't you notice it's cold outside?" This heckling came in high, rising voices laced with

sexual innuendo and obscenity—all because she was wearing a skirt, a plaid knee-high wool skirt.

Well, it was cold outside. And inside. I was wearing long johns and sweatpants under my corduroys, and four layers of shirts and sweaters under my down jacket—and I was still cold. I could see my breath. In China, in the southern half of the country, anywhere south of the Yangtze River, there is no indoor heat, no running hot water. Even when there's snow on the ground, the entire city of Shanghai, the largest city in Asia, offers no relief from the cold. (The only exceptions are the rooms of outsiders like me. Foreign experts in our university had two hours of heat in the morning, two in the evening.) People wear the same clothes indoors as they wear outdoors. When we visited friends, they kept hot water bottles in their laps. When they went out, many wore white surgical masks to ward off the wind. In winter, chill blains bloom on the faces of children. Women, like men, wear as many as seven layers of pants—it's too cold for anything else.

But this woman was wearing a skirt. Yet when the hooligans started in on her, she, unlike the first singer, maintained her composure. She just started to sing. She sang a song by Deng Li Jun, once the most popular pop singer in China and Zhang Hang's musical predecessor. Unlike Zhang, however, Deng Li Jun isn't

mainland born. She's Taiwanese and living in Hong Kong. Her cassettes had been banned during the 1983-84 Campaign Against Spiritual Pollution, and some two years later, when we were in Shanghai, her music was still unobtainable in stores. (Tom was a fan; he had a friend who brought her tapes back for him from Hong Kong.)

The song the coffeehouse singer chose was a typical Deng Li Jun ballad, with fairly routine lyrics, at least by Western standards, about a heart remaining true despite torment: "The rain won't stop and neither will my love . . ." Although the woman in the wool skirt sang with sincerity, her voice was nothing special. But as soon as she started the ballad, the hooligans heckling her quieted down. In fact, a genuine hush fell over the place. It was as if we were at a ball game and someone had started singing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

I guess the irony here is in the reason the state offers for banning this sort of music. Tom told me that, during the last campaign, he had read a criticism of "such love songs" (Deng Li Jun was not mentioned by name). The article claimed that these songs distracted workers from their work. The irony, of course, is that the people who come to listen to this music night after night, and pay good money to the state-owned coffeehouses, are the free-market vendors, peddlers who bust ass as many as 16 hours a day, seven days a week, just to make enough money to afford to listen to love songs.

Another reason given for banning particular songs or plays or novels is that they promote "pessimism." (Many of Deng Li Jun's songs dwell on the pain of unrequited love.) Pessimism apparently contradicts the utopia at the end of the Marxist rainbow. Instead, art and music are required to be socially positive. The cruel irony, again, is that the more the criticisms continue—the more the government squeezes people and ideas—the faster the first post-Mao generation grows as embittered and cynical as all the generations "liberated" before it.

On December 1, 1985, I remember walking along a main road in downtown Shanghai, and passing by a thick crowd surrounding a glass-encased poster. Curious, I got in closer. On the poster were a few paragraphs in Chinese and two photographs of a young man in handcuffs. It was Zhang Hang. I recognized him from the cover of his cassette. He had been arrested on November 11.

When it's translated, the first paragraph of the poster sounds very familiar: "One evening in May of 1985, a performance at Cultural Square was about to begin. Suddenly a girl rushed backstage and said, 'I have been Zhang Hang's girlfriend for four years. He has had his way with me. Now that he is famous, he has tried to break it off without saying good-bye. I want him to tell why.' His colleagues were very surprised—another

girlfriend! Because half a year ago, Zhang Hang had been very intimate with a different girl, and recently he behaved very casually with Lady Y. How many girlfriends does Zhang Hang have?"

It is virtually the same paragraph that began criticism No. 2, which appeared in mid-July. The difference here is that Zhang Hang's name has replaced So-and-so's. It is as if his arrest were certain from the start, from the time those first two criticisms appeared four months earlier. The headline on the poster reads: "Look at the Backstage and Behind-the-Scenes Behavior of This Guitar Singer!" And the last paragraph begins: "Socialist law can never allow such a hooligan to be at large."

There is a sense of timing in all this, a feeling of a grander scheme of things: About a month before Zhang's arrest, the Party boss who had engineered the Campaign Against Spiritual Pollution announced that since that campaign had ended, new spiritual pollutants had reared their ugly heads. "We have new problems now," he said, "for example, dirty magazines, sex videos, and propaganda for capitalist democracy and liberty." Forget the apparent non sequitur for a moment, and you have a foreshadowing of the 1987 Campaign Against Bourgeois Liberty. You also have a foreshadowing of Zhang's arrest, and of the closing, in the weeks after that arrest, of 84 of Shanghai's 136 dance halls for "bad management and unacceptable performances."

Many of these dance halls have since been reopened, but my sources tell me that today Zhang Hang remains in jail. He was convicted of "seducing and philandering with many women under the guise of courting them." He got three years.

When I was in Beijing, I met an American woman who worked as a translator in the highest echelons of the Communist state. Like many Americans who come to China to work for the Party, she had apparently been infatuated with revolution and the notion of a new society under Marxism. But gradually, she was becoming disillusioned. At an exclusive state function with several members of the Standing Committee in attendance, she overheard a minister, one of the most powerful men in the People's Republic, queried by a foreign diplomat about China's "open door" policy. The foreign diplomat wanted to know whether the new openness brought with it anything the Party might find objectionable.

"We have opened the window," the minister replied. "And when one opens the window, one feels a cool breeze and fresh air." (The minister here was referring to the Western technology pouring into China.) "But," he continued, "along with that fresh air comes a little dirt and some insects. This, however, is no reason to close the window," he observed. "From time to time, we must simply sweep up the dirt and kill the insects." □

SHANGHAI LEISURE

Chicken makes new nest

by Zhang Tingting
CD staff reporter

The record sales of American Kentucky Fried Chicken in Beijing may be good reason for an ambitious expansion plan in Shanghai.

The Shanghai Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation Ltd purposely chose December 8 to open its first business in Dongfeng Hotel along the Bund, an auspicious date in Chinese tradition, indicating a common hope of both Chinese and American investors to sweep to great success by next year.

"We'll open 10 in all by the end of 1990. And we hope to locate them in downtown Nanjing Road and Huaihai Road," said Roger Wang, vice-president of Hong Kong-based Chia Tai Group of Companies, which is responsible for supplying most of the chickens needed.

However, the road to success will not be so smooth in many eyes.

"Everybody looks so confident but I just don't know how," said Tess Johnston from the US Consulate General.

Shanghai is after all a dynamic place boasting of various styles of cuisine brought together by immigrants from all parts of the country.

For chickens alone, there are different styles of cooking: Soya chicken, tea chicken, wine chicken, roasted chicken, just to mention a few.

together with porridge made with the soup, cooked by Xiaoshaoxing Chicken Restaurant located on the famous food street Yunnan Road have never ever lost magnetism in local citizens for the past decade.

Statistics show that the monthly sales volumes from July exceeded 700,000 yuan, up 35 to 45 per cent over the same periods last year. This is almost a miracle when the city's catering trade is suffering a drastic decline in the wake of the June event in Beijing and the current nationwide economic crisis.

"I just like the taste and atmosphere. And I feel I am able to enjoy myself the way I like," said a regular patron who claimed having not yet tasted the newly imported Kentucky fried chicken.

Hearing about the convenient fast food, he said he may go and have a try but would prefer taking his time in tasting.

"That's the difference between the Chinese and American ways of thinking," was quoted from the chicken restaurant manager Wang Jianping. He is right.

For most people in most time, eating is a big entertainment. They never grudge time tasting different dishes they treat and love, sipping wine at the same time accompanied by background music.

Wang's business starts at six in the morning and lasts till eleven at night. "We would have turned out more profits if there was more dining space or they (customers) could be faster," the manager said.

"The chicken meat is particularly delicious and you have to take time to enjoy yourself to the full," said the intoxicated patron. To his knowledge, only chickens killed on the premises are tasty.

According to the manager, the daily consumption of 400 to 500

free-range chickens instead of battery-raised are killed soon before they are cooked for several minutes in boiling water. The meat is therefore tight and fresh. And much of the trick remains in the mysterious sauce handed down from the man who devised the recipe, Xiaoshaoxing.

Even the general manager of the American Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation, said the manager, could not resist the temptation and asked him to open a chain of restaurants in the States.

However, the Chinese way of eating as a cultural code carries more message to the common people. It is wealth, prestige and power.

In this sense, the American fast food, so to speak, is not about to control the local market. It has brought American values, their way of thinking and their fast pace of life.

Up till now, the metropolitan citizens have showed their long cherished interest in things new and appropriate as they always do.

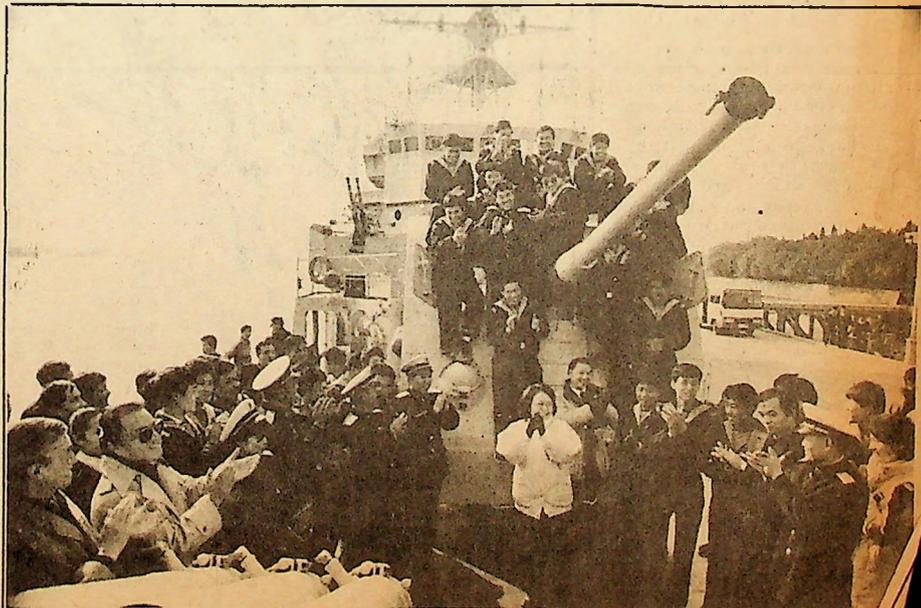
The daily sales volume for the first few days averaged 10,000 yuan, "a good beginning" as Public Relations manager Cao Tinghong said of the Shanghai Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation Ltd.

However, the business is not without risk.

Tess Johnston, who is considered a senior advisor on Shanghai after five years' life here, was much concerned about the acceptability of the price. Although fried chickens are cheapest and most convenient in America, a 12-yuan simple meal as such is beyond the general budget. "How can they expect people to come more than once?" she wondered.

At the moment, the monthly pay for local employees averages 200 yuan, fewer than 20 meals with the old man with glasses and a grey moustache.

According to information available, the daily transient population in Shanghai almost reaches two million, while the number of citizens exceeds 12 million.



Art troupes from the city are busy these days giving performances on warships and camps to send their New Year greetings to servicemen. Xinhua photo by Yang F

"SHANGHAI BREEZES" by Wm. Safire

(BEGIN TEXT)

SHANGHAI, CHINA -- ON A FOGGY MORNING ABOUT A DOZEN YEARS AGO, PASSENGERS ON A FLYING JALOPY WERE TOLD THAT BEIJING WAS SOCKED IN AND THE PILOT HAD BEEN DIVERTED TO SHANGHAI. WE LANDED AT A DESERTED AIRFIELD; NO PLANES WERE EXPECTED AT SHANGHAI THAT MORNING, AND NOBODY ON THE GROUND QUITE KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH A PLANELoad OF TRANSIENTS. HUNGRY AND DISCONSOLATE, WE SAT IN A BARREN WAITING ROOM, A HANDFUL OF WESTERNERS STRANDED IN A COMMUNIST WASTELAND.

THEN AN AGED, BENT CHINESE WOMAN, MUTTERING TO HERSELF, CAME BUSTLING ONTO THE DREARY SCENE WITH A LARGE TRAY HOLDING BOWLS OF NOODLES. NOT YOUR ORDINARY NOODLES, BUT A WONDERFUL SHANGHAI BREAKFAST WITH CHUNKS OF CHICKEN AND AN EXOTIC GREEN VEGETABLE IN A BROTH DOMINATED BY WIDE, SLIPPERY, HANDMADE NOODLES.

I CAN TASTE THAT MAGIC BOWL OF NOODLES TODAY, IN MY MIND'S TASTEBUDS, AS I OVERLOOK A CITY OF 13 MILLION FROM THE 37TH FLOOR OF THE SHANGHAI HILTON, HAVING JUST ORDERED A WAFFLE WITH VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP FOR BREAKFAST, WHILE WATCHING A LIVE SATELLITE TELECAST OF THE "NBC NIGHTLY NEWS."

TOURIST CHINA AIN'T THE SAME. IN THE 70S, YOU COULD COUNT ON UNRELIEVED MUSTINESS, UNCOMPREHENDING TELEPHONE OPERATORS AND STARK WHITE DINING ROOMS WITH WESTERN GUESTS STRICTLY SEGREGATED; DRAINS IN

BY RUBBER STOPPERS ATTACHED TO

SIDE

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80S IS CARRYING CHINA'S REFORMS INTO THE 21ST CENTURY. HIGH-RISE HOTEL AND CONVENTION COMPLEXES CREATE NEW SKYLINES. THE MUSTINESS HAS BEEN REPLACED BY THE SMELL OF METAL POLISH, BECAUSE PROUD NEW MANAGERS OF THESE HALF-OCCUPIED GLASS AND CHROME PALACES LIVE IN TERROR OF TARNISH; THE WELL-TRAINED YOUNG HELP EAGERLY AND COURTEOUSLY ADDRESS EVEN JAPANESE VISITORS IN ENGLISH. THEY ALL WANT TO MAKE YOU FEEL AT HOME, AS IF HOME WERE NOT THE PLACE YOU WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM.

SOME THINGS HAVE NOT CHANGED: OFF THE TOURIST TRACK, THE REAL CHINA EXISTS IN ALL ITS BRAVERY AND SQUALOR. OUTSIDE THE TRAVELERS' COEDON, THE DEAD HAND OF COMMUNISM STIFLES DISSENT JUST AS IT DID IN THE 70S.

BUT THE SENSE OF REPRESSION IS NOT THE SAME EVERYWHERE. LET'S USE TWO CONTRASTING CITIES TO ILLUSTRATE THE FORCES GOING HEAD TO HEAD IN CHINA TODAY.

SHANGHAI IS TO BEIJING AS NEW YORK IS TO WASHINGTON: BIGGER, MORE COLORFUL AND COSMOPOLITAN, ITS PEOPLE MORE OUTSPOKEN AND SASSY, RESENTFUL AT HAVING TO PAY TAXES TO PRETTIFY THE PARASITIC CAPITAL BUT WARILY RESPECTFUL OF ITS GREATER POWER.

SHANGHAI IS A REAL CITY, UNPLANNED, WITH TRAFFIC-CLOGGED NARROW STREETS AND NO STATE SECURITY GOONS TAILING RESIDENT FOREIGN REPORTERS; BEIJING IS LAID OUT TO RULE, MAJESTIC IN ITS WIDE BOULEVARDS, CONSCIOUS OF HISTORY IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY AND TIANANMEN, THE NATIONAL CENTER OF CONTROL AND CORRUPTION. POLITICAL BEIJING HUSTLES; BUSINESSLIKE SHANGHAI BUSTLES.

BEIJING, PERMEATED BY A FEAR OF CHAOS IF A BILLION PEOPLE BREAK LOOSE, REPRESENTS THE STIFF SPIRIT OF ORDER. SHANGHAI, WHICH DID NOT SHOOT ITS PROTESTERS LAST SUMMER AND DOES NOT JOIN IN THE JAMMING OF THE VOICE OF AMERICA TODAY, STANDS FOR THE SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE THAT FLOURISHES IN A FREER ATMOSPHERE.

WE CANNOT CARRY THIS ANALOGY TOO FAR; SHANGHAI WAS THE HOTBED OF MADIST RADICALISM THAT WAS DEFEATED BY DENGIST REFORMERS. BUT THE POINT IS VALID: THE FARTHER YOU GET FROM THE SOCIALIST CENTER, THE MORE CHINA BECOMES CHINESE.

SHANGHAI IS TO BEIJING AS NEW YORK IS TO WASHINGTON:
SHANGHAI'S MAYOR, ZHU RONGJI, ALTHOUGH A FRIEND OF
BEIJING'S FEARSOME LI PENG, BEARS A CURIOUS RESEMBLANCE TO
FORMER NEW YORK MAYOR ED KOCH. WHEN I TRIED TO SET HIM UP
WITH AN OPENING SOFTBALL QUESTION AT A DINNER LAST WEEK,
ZHU RESPONDED WITH A BIT OF POLITICO-MEDIA WISDOM THAT
DESERVES ADAGE STATUS: "A SOFTBALL QUESTION IS USUALLY
FOLLOWED BY A HARDBALL QUESTION." THE MAN IS WRYLY HIP AND
SLYLY PRACTICAL; WILL HIS ILK, WHO COULD ATTRACT FOREIGN
INVESTMENT, RUN CHINA AFTER THE GREAT FUNERAL?

NOT EVEN A PERIPATETIC BIGFOOT KNOWS FOR SURE. CHINA
COULD GO COMPLETELY TOTALITARIAN, OR BREAK COMPLETELY FREE,
OR MUDDLE DOWN THE MIDDLE UNTIL THE BEIJING WAY OR THE
SHANGHAI STYLE EMERGED TRIUMPHANT.

BUT I CAN CONJURE A VISION. THE STULTIFYING
OCTOGENARIANS ARE GONE; THE POLITBURD IS MEETING IN THE
FORBIDDEN CITY; THE OPPOSING FORCES ARE IN DEAD-LOCK,
GETTING HUNGRY AND IRRITABLE. SUDDENLY, THIS AGED, BENT
CHINESE WOMAN, MUTTERING TO HERSELF, APPEARS WITH A MAGIC
BOWL OF SHANGHAI NOODLES...

(END TEXT)

THE SOCIALIST CENTER, THE MORE CHINA BECOMES CHINESE.

Mayor helps solve house problem

A Hong Kong businessman who paid out \$55,000 for an apartment in Shanghai was having nothing but trouble on the home front until the city mayor came to his rescue.

When the businessman, identified only as Mr Wu by the Shanghai-based Wenhui Daily, arrived in the city to collect the keys to his new apartment, he found he could neither cook nor take a shower there because there was no gas or running water.

Mr Wu paid for the three-room apartment early last year and the agreement he signed said he could move in to his new home on December 31 last year, according to the paper.

In late September, he received a letter from the city's housing department which said the gas supply to his apartment would be connected by the end of that month

and that he should bring any appliances which needed installing to Shanghai immediately.

Abandoning his work in Hong Kong, Mr Wu and his wife flew straight to Shanghai with 100 kilograms of appliances for installation.

On their arrival, they found to their dismay that the question of installation had still not been settled with the gas company.

And nobody seemed to know when the installation work would take place.

They had to pack their appliances in boxes and leave them with their relatives to await further news.

The date for the hand-over of the apartment came and went, and the couple got no new information about the apartment until this March. They were told to go to

Shanghai immediately as their new home was now ready.

It wasn't. Piles of bricks and stones lay scattered around, the scaffolding was still in place, the cement floor was covered in dust, the kitchen cupboard wouldn't close, there were cracks in the bathroom door...

The couple's relatives told them, "All the buildings are like this. You'd better spend some money decorating it yourselves."

But Mr Wu and his wife were running out of time and patience and they decided to write a letter of complaint to mayor Zhu Rongji instead.

The mayor ordered an investigation into Mr Wu's case and officials from the city's Jing'an District, where the apartment is located, apologized for all the problems and

said they would be solved "very soon."

Sadly, Mr Wu's case is by no means uncommon. Many apartments have been built in Shanghai in recent years for overseas Chinese and their relatives — and the city's housing department has received many letters of complaint from irate buyers.

The major complaints centered on problems with the gas supply, air conditioning and telephone installation, the paper said.

The good news is that the city authorities are now taking action to combat substandard construction in response to the complaints.

Some experts have called for better co-ordinated supervisory systems by government departments, builders and the city's estate administration bureau.

(CD News)

seaports. In size it increased from 270,000 to more than 4,000,000. Although during this period the dividing boundary between the foreign and Chinese areas was merely a line down the middle of a wide street, the Chinese on their side of that line during the first ninety years of juxtaposition did not learn even the rudiments of sanitation, much less the rudiments of competent and honest civic administration.

The Japanese were the people of the Far East who furnished the world with the modern miracle of evolution and adaptation. In 1864 Japan was still being torn by a disastrous civil war, and the last of the shoguns was still on his feet and fighting. Thirty years later Japan was able to defeat huge China in war. Forty years later, in 1904, Japan was engaged in a gigantic war with czarist Russia, from which she emerged the victor and as the only first-class Asiatic power. When China's history is written, half a century from now, it will have to be recorded that although her contact with the outside world was begun more than a century before Commodore Perry's fleet forced open the doors of Japan, there was still no forty-year period prior to that beginning in 1925 when China made even one fifth of the progress that Japan made between 1864 and 1904.

Fortunately two books exist today which give vivid and unchallenged word pictures of Shanghai at intervals of forty-two years. The oldest of these two books is *Three Years Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China*, by Robert Fortune, and the more recent of the two in question is *Travels in the Middle Kingdom*, written by Major General James Harrison Wilson, U.S.A. Fortune visited Shanghai in 1843, the year it was opened to foreign trade and settlement. Wilson's first visit to Shanghai occurred in 1885. The former wrote:

Shanghai is the most northerly of the five ports at which foreigners are now permitted to trade with the Chinese. Its population is estimated at 270,000. It is situated about 100 miles in a northwest direction from the island of Chusan. The city stands on the bank of a fine river, about 12 miles from the point where it joins the celebrated Yangtze Kiang, or "Child of the Ocean." The Shanghai River, as it is generally called by foreigners, is as wide at Shanghai as the Thames at London Bridge.

It changes in size!
This was Fortune's error. At London Bridge the Thames is not quite nine hundred feet across. The Shanghai River, as Fortune called it, now the Whangpoo, is 1,405 feet wide at low tide at the point on the Bund where the International Settlement and French Concession boundaries meet. But to return to the city as Fortune saw it in the year 1843:

Its main channel is deep, and easily navigated when known, but the river abounds in long mud-banks, dangerous to large foreign vessels unless they happen to go up with a fair wind, and manage to get a good pilot on board at the entrance of the river. . . .

The city of Shanghai is surrounded with high walls and ramparts built upon the same plan as all other Chinese fortifications of this kind. The circumference of the walls is about three and a half miles, and the greater part of the inside is densely studded with houses; the suburbs, particularly all along the side of the river, are very extensive. . . .

Shanghai is by far the most important station for foreign trade on the coast of China, and is consequently attracting a large share of public attention. No other town with which I am acquainted possesses such advantages: it is the great gate—the principal entrance, in fact—to the Chinese Empire. In going up the river towards the town, a forest of masts meets the eye, and shows at once that it is a place of vast native trade. Junks come here from all parts of the coast, not only from the southern provinces, but also from Shantung and Peechelee: there are also a considerable number annually from Singapore and the Malay Islands.

The convenience of inland transit is also unrivalled in any part of the world. The country, being as it were the valley of the Yangtze Kiang, is one vast plain, intersected by many beautiful rivers, and these again joined and crossed by canals, many of them nearly natural, and others stupendous works of art. Owing to the level nature of the country, the tide ebbs and flows a great distance inland, thus assisting the natives in the transmission of their exports to Shanghai, or their imports to the most distant parts of the country.

The port of Shanghai swarms with boats of all sizes, employed in this inland traffic; and the traveler continually meets them, and gets a glimpse of their sails over the land, at every step of his progress in the interior. Since the port has been opened these boats bring down large quantities of tea and silk to supply the wants of our merchants who have established themselves here, and return loaded with the manufactures of Europe and America, which they have taken in exchange. Our plain cotton goods are most in demand amongst the Chinese, because they can dye them in their own peculiar style, and fit them for the tastes of the people.

Fortune then devoted considerable space to a weighing of Shanghai's chances for dominating the export markets for tea and silk, and then summarized as follows:

Taking, therefore, all these facts into consideration—the proximity of Shanghai to the large towns of Hangchow, Soo-chow, and the ancient capital

Lone film relives Shanghai's glory

SHANGHAI threw open its doors last April to Hongkong director Leong Po-chih, his cast, including international stars John Lone and Adrian Pasdar, and crew. It was a chance for the city to relive its glorious, cosmopolitan past, if only on celluloid.

Leong, working with production house Fu Ngai and the Shanghai Film Studio, went to the Chinese port to shoot *Shanghai 1920*, his first English-language film since *Ping Pong* in 1985.

Shanghai 1920, which tells the story of the friendship between an American boy and a Chinese street urchin and their rise to power and wealth, will have its world premiere on Friday at a charity gala in the Convention and Exhibition Centre to raise funds for the Hongkong Cancer Fund. Lone has flown in specially for the event and to promote the film, which will go on general release in the territory next week.

Shot totally on location in Shanghai, the film involved prolonged stays in the city for its director, who chalked up a residency of six months to complete the film. The experience convinced him he could easily adapt to conditions in any other city in the world, he said.

"During the filming of *Shanghai 1920*, I found the city so beautiful, but it was also inconvenient in many ways. The whole environment was very different from Hongkong," he said.

"At first, I was quite afraid that I couldn't stand living in the city for such a long time, but soon I discovered there was no big differ-

Cover Story

Shanghai 1920, starring John Lone, has its world premiere in Hongkong this week. AMBROSE AW and SUZANNE MIAO report.



Leong Po-chih: had to adapt his ways.

ence for me, whether I was living in Hongkong or Shanghai."

Shanghai 1920 is set in the early 20th century, when the city was a hotbed of international drug-selling and when the opium trade created powerful triads and made enemies of friends.

"When I was thinking about the script, I noticed there were a lot of similarities between Shanghai before the Communist Party took over mainland China and the present situation in Hongkong - unstable and chaotic, with some people making their fortune but some fleeing to other countries. I thought it would very interesting to make a film about that era," Leong said.

He had no intention of basing the film on an historical figure - though some believe the story is based on the life of one of Shanghai's most famous drug lords, To Yuet-sung.

"I wanted to make a fictional film," said Leong, who nevertheless was not surprised at the conclusions people jumped to concerning the characters in the film. "I prefer people consider me a storyteller first. It could get very dangerous to make a film which hides a secret meaning."

As the film was a co-production with the Shanghai Film Studio, the crew was made up of many different nationalities: American, Dutch and Chinese from Hongkong and the mainland.

"This was the most complex group I'd ever worked with, and their operational styles were quite different. In order to make the filming run smoothly, we needed to compromise with each other," he said.

Leong hails from an unusual background. Born in London in 1939, he attended the London Film School and the University of Exeter, trained at the BBC as a film editor and then came to Hongkong in 1967 to set up a film unit for TVB. In his time there, he produced more than 10 programmes a week before leaving in 1969 to set up his advertising production company.

His debut feature was 1976's *Jumping Ash*, which heralded a new school of young film-makers who were later termed the "New Wave" of local cinema.

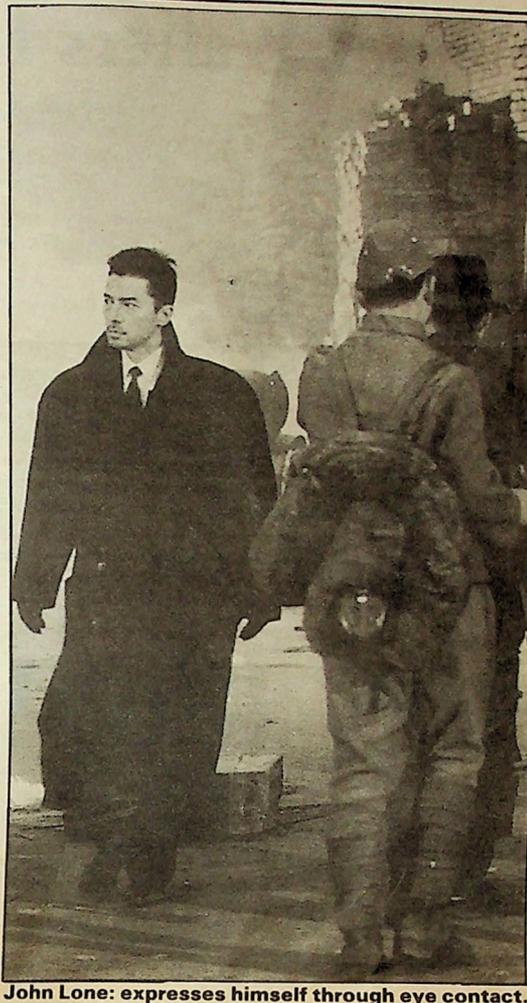
It was these years of varied experiences which Leong

brought to *Shanghai 1920*, and enabled him to compare the vastly different acting styles of his leading men.

"John is a very professional actor who expresses himself wonderfully through eye contact - it's probably due to the Chinese opera training he received at an early age. Adrian, on the other hand, tends to be more relaxed, and he uses body movements to express himself," said Leong.

"I would talk to the cast and the crew about what I wanted to shoot and then discuss it all with them. I wanted them to understand exactly what I wanted to shoot and I would like to listen to them if they had any queries. We discovered many new ideas during these discussions."

"I found this two-way communication process very useful because everybody knew what was going on and would not miss anything - I believe that is why the shoot ran so smoothly."



John Lone: expresses himself through eye contact.



Shanghai street scene: the city is beautiful but inconvenient, says Leong.

"His bowing is so uniquely effortless, his finger work so economical and deft, his phrasing so subtle, so supple and sweet ..."

- South China Morning Post



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- Prokofiev Sonata in D for Solo Violin, Op. 115
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In search of a Shanghai childhood

When, after nearly half a century, his father returned to China, Paul Gander went with him to help find what survived of his past

WHEN WE discovered that our guide for the city called himself "Lucky Frank", we took it to be a good omen. Despite his turned-up jacket collar, the Pacific-rim American of his chat and the nervous laugh which punctuated it, he was less of a Lucky Luciano than a good-luck charm. What's more, he knew things about Shanghai that a map would never tell us.

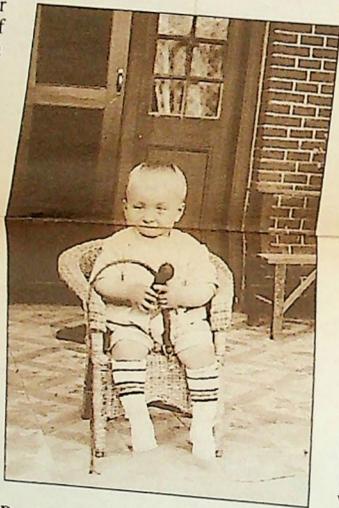
With a philosophy that summed itself up in his much-repeated "With Lucky Frank, no problem!", he seemed to bounce along the surface of life showing no more than professional interest in anything. But even he appeared genuinely intrigued by my father's determination to find a past he had left behind there half a century earlier. Here was a tourist who had not only pored over maps of pre- and post-war Shanghai to try and re-locate his two former homes, but had re-learned his Mandarin.

It was to be an adventure for my father, but not only for him. He had taken five members of the family with him, and for us it meant a privileged glimpse into his past. The adventure began with a drive into a city which had exploded in size and changed radically. We crossed what had been the International Settlement and the French Concession — choice cuts of Shanghai once carved out for foreigners.

Our first stop was the Bund, the main road through the docks. It was here — on this river of traffic running alongside the real river of the Huangpo — that my grandfather had worked in the Customs House. The building is still standing and now houses a bank.

We were firmly in *Empire of the Sun* country now, and began our Spielbergian plunge backwards with an attempt to picture the Secretary to the Coast Inspector who was our grandfather arriving there in his Ford V8, late for work as always, having dropped off the rabble in the back at various schools.

Striking out towards the city centre in search of one of those schools, we must have made an odd spectacle for the Sunday morning crowds of Chinese: a straggling band of West-



Derek Gander as a boy, on the veranda of his Shanghai home — now that of Mr Shen

erners. Kate, our youngest sister, came in for special attention. Not many 11-year-olds with long fair hair find their way to Shanghai, and by the end of our stay enough hands had patted her head and run through her hair to last her a lifetime.

Only a few blocks and we were in front of the ex-Cathedral School for boys, now a local government office. Despite the loss of a spire on the chapel tower, there was no mistaking the place where my father had fought with other boys, been thrown out of lessons and, on a fateful day in 1942, been summoned with the rest of his family and the allied community by the occupying Japanese.

Unlike the boy Jim in JG Ballard's *Empire of the Sun*, my father was never separated from his parents. While for them the whole episode was a nightmare, with four children in tow and only uncertainty ahead, internment remained an adventure for him and many of his peers. Their first prison camp was in the north, near Peking, but when guerrilla activity threatened the PoWs' safety, they were moved south again. He spent the rest of the time until August 1945 in a camp in Pudong, across the river from the Bund.

But back inside the school gate, we were asking if we could have a look round the grounds. The doorman — a blue-capped Mao lookalike — apparently had nothing to offer us but a broad grin. "Mei you", he kept repeating — sorry, can't help you. So using our numbers to the best advantage, some of us kept him and his henchmen occupied with the main diversionary ploy, while the rest fanned out around the building.

Leaving that incongruous public-school architecture behind us, our crocodile set off in the direction of Nanjing Road — Shanghai's Oxford Street. By now our father was a grey-white head of hair bobbing 50 yards ahead in a sea of black. He was off following a scent that only he recognised; for the rest of us there was real potential for getting comprehensively lost.

Keeping up as best we could, our main obstacle to progress was the bikes. Wherever we went in China, our guides seemed keen to impress upon us the exact number of bikes in each metropolis. In Shanghai, we were informed, there are 8 million. I soon lost count, but if you add those that were coming at us from both sides at each junction to the number chained up and spanning the pavements like tank traps, that must be a fair estimate.

To my growing list of bike-facts I was able to add a few bike-observations of my own:

- (1) They never stop for pedestrians, either because they don't have brakes, or because the brake blocks are too expensive to burn up over such trifles;
- (2) They never have lights, probably for similar reasons;
- (3) Bike lanes quite often take up most of the width of a road, leaving only the area around the central dotted line for motor vehicles to jostle over. Usually this involves driving straight at the oncoming car or bus and then swerving, if there is room, at the last minute.

Nanjing Road on a Sunday afternoon seems to be an exception to this last rule. Cars and buses still tilt at each other along the middle, but where on any other street there

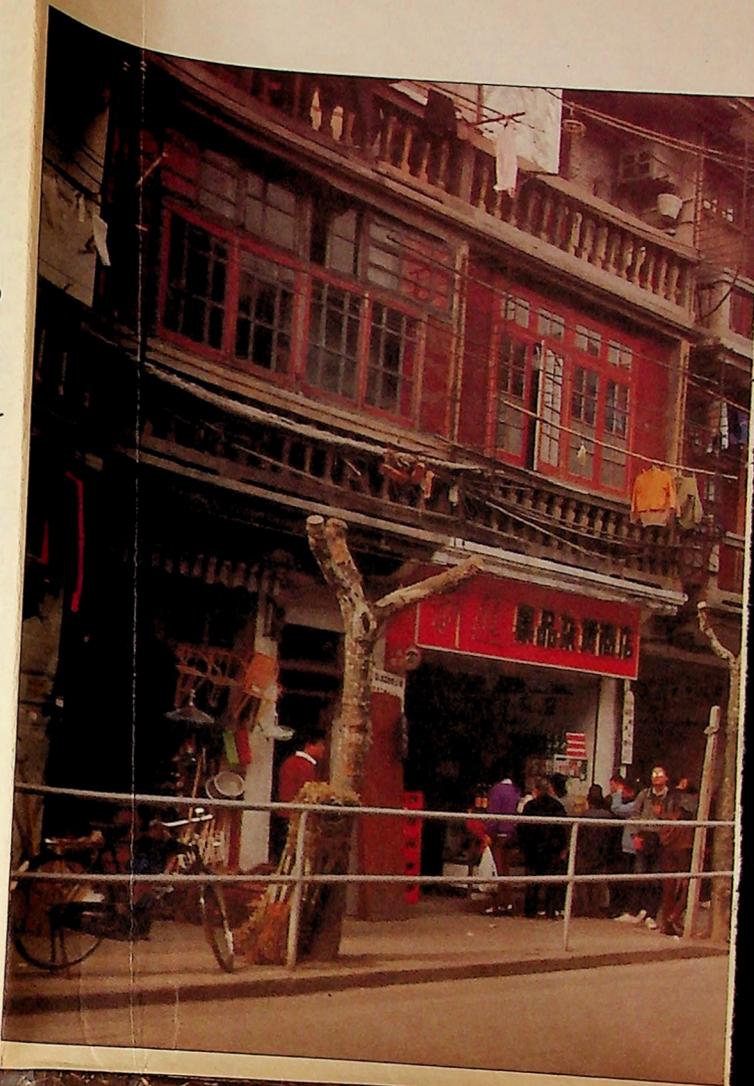
would be bikes, here there are people. "In rush-hour time in one square metre there are sometimes 13 feet. It's very squeezed." Frank's words came back to me: technically it wasn't the rush hour, but now I knew what he meant.

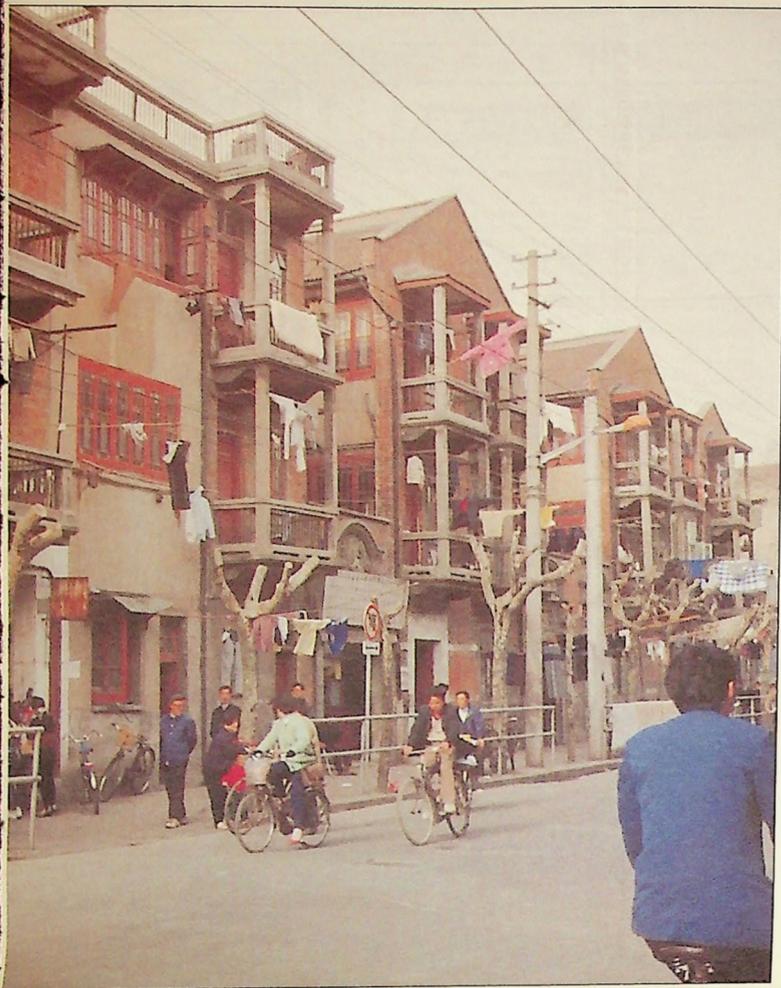
I didn't count heads, but most of Shanghai's 13 million souls seemed to be there, each cutting his or her own swath with the same determination as the earlier cyclists. When, I wondered, would the results of the official one-family, one-child policy, with all its incentives, begin to be felt in China?

Tired with the walk — a bit like

trying to tread water in a Jacuzzi — Kate and her mother decided to beat a retreat to the hotel. By then we were off the main road, on a corner which had evidently not seen a taxi in years. Parked on the pavement, and eyeing us with avid interest, was a raggedly dressed pensioner astride a motorised rickshaw.

Only once the negotiations over the fare were completed and the two of them wedged into the box at the back did we notice something odd about the chauffeur. But by then one of his two wooden legs had kicked-started the machine, and they were off. Kate, an *aficionado* of video





Memories are made of this. Top left: a street scene in modern Shanghai. Above: guardians of a Neighbourhood Committee near the site of the house that has now vanished. Far left: my father (right) with Mr Shen and the house we rediscovered. Left: some Youth Pioneers rehearse their welcome in front of Mr Shen's. Right: the entrance to what used to be the Cathedral School



games, was to discover what it is like to be whisked through one of those mazes with someone else's hands on the controls. They were zigzagged through the traffic, scraped past buses and trucks, only to be dropped off at the wrong hotel.

Meanwhile, we set about trying to find one of the old family houses: the last home before home became a prison camp. It was, we supposed, in among the streets of the old French Concession, not far from our hotel.

We had more to contend with than the 50-year-old memories of a 13-year-old schoolboy ("Surely the roads were wider than that?"). A

whole *Who's Who* of street names — avenue Joffre, rue Lafayette and avenue du roi Albert — had been blotted out. So too had the street numbering system. Though this Shanghai was anything but deserted, we began to understand how Ballard's boy-hero had felt wandering through the Concession — with the difference that he had at least known where he was going.

That was rue Lafayette: my father used to cycle that way to school. This was rue Massenet, so we were close. But round that corner, where we had hoped for a fossilised residential area from the Thirties, we found in-

stead an unrelenting stretch of modern wall. At the only break in it, a sign was set — LAVATORY in English and Chinese. It was like a slap in the face.

Our disappointment was only slightly lessened by the discovery that behind the wall, and covering the entire area where the house might have been, was a hospital. Still, it was, as one of us suggested, a better sort of public convenience to blot out the past with.

We drowned our sorrows in jazz and Tsingtao beer at the Peace Hotel — one of Shanghai's anachronisms, which has survived all types of cultur-

al evolution and revolution. Tables of foreigners still sit listening to the six-piece Old Jazz Band — said to be the same Henry Wu and the Syncopators who set the place alight in the Twenties, though they didn't look quite that old.

The sight of the first couples taking shyly to the dance floor revived more memories of the camp. The slow foxtrot had never been my father's dance; that had always been the quickstep. This was in the days when he had helped to entertain fellow prisoners — him with his mouth organ, and two accomplices with a violin and a bass drum which had

been fashioned from an old suitcase.

There was still one address left on our checklist. Until 1937 the family had lived in the International Settlement, off the Yu Yuan Road. The next morning the taxi driver's face was a picture of scepticism as he dropped us off. A swift translation would have read: "No way are you where you think you are, and you cannot possibly want to be here."

We were where we thought, but we had few expectations: we weren't going to feel let down a second time. Slowly, as we saw more and more buildings that seemed to have survived the half-century, our hopes grew. Scarcely believing it, we found ourselves following the correct sequence of numbers. That's the one: lane number 1136. At the bottom of the cul-de-sac, flag- and flower-waving Youth Pioneers were rehearsing a routine to a brass band playing the "Internationale", ready for the arrival of some party dignitary. As my father approached the house, the welcoming concert was a happy coincidence.

The doorbell was answered by a maid — a throwback to the days when the servants' quarters were as full as the main house. We were welcomed by Mr Shen, who had lived in the house since the Forties and, it struck us immediately, had changed almost nothing over the years. The furniture, the light fittings and electrics looked like museum pieces. The red-brown paintwork, though clean and highly polished, had never been retouched, even where it was worn away completely.

Mr Shen spoke excellent and at times florid English. Hearing our story, he remarked. "But your father must be an octogenarian!" No, I assured him, he's only er... in his sixties. "Ooh-la-la!" he exclaimed. That turned out to be his catchphrase for expressing surprise, which we traced back to the time when he taught French in Shanghai's Foreign Language Institute.

Every inch of the house and garden was picked over for memories. Yes, my father remembered having broken the window on the upstairs landing. And there's the garage — bricked up now, with the chauffeur's room above and the ghost of the V8 below. The garden is better tended now than in the days when it was cluttered with his brother's caged squirrels, chipmunks, snakes and an affectionate gibbon which used to drape itself round their father's shoulders like a cloak.

Over a cup of the stuff, Mr Shen told us how he used to export green tea to North Africa, had worked for European engineering companies in Shanghai and, of course, had taught. It was as if this sort of encounter was an everyday occurrence. My father was equally relaxed by this time, despite having found a pair of dentures grinning at him from the bottom of the bathroom basin — and even tipped into French. "Ooh-la-la!" exclaimed Mr Shen.

Back at the hotel, Frank clearly did not share our sense of triumph. The trouble with lucky people is that they take good fortune for granted. Perhaps the rest of my father's childhood was arranging itself neatly in his mind into a series of Shanghai holidays for the future. "Here's my card. Look me up next time you're here. OK? No problem."

TRAVEL IN CHINA: page 43

TRAVEL

Film park focuses on history

By Wang Ningjun

I HAD the haunting feeling I was visiting a dead city when I walked through a maze of time-worn houses at a secluded site in Pudong (East Shanghai) last Saturday.

The sky was leaden and the ground wet. Footsteps echoed ominously off the surrounding walls. For a moment I thought of the tragic city of Pompeii.

This "city" of houses in the style of old Shanghai is actually the Donghai Filming Park. Construction started in 1990 and the park now has 140 houses, a winding canal, seven bridges and two temples.

This instant city is relatively unknown to most Shanghaiese, but it has attracted film and TV producers from Britain, Japan, Taiwan, Singapore and Hong Kong.

Last December Gong Li, the famed Chinese actress who starred in *Red Sorghum*, *Ju Dou*, *Raise the Red Lantern*, and *Qiu Qu's Law-suit*, stayed there for 10 days to shoot a film about painter Pan Yuliang.

The British film, *The Young Indiana Jones' Chronicles*, was also filmed there, not to mention numerous Chinese films and TV shows.

The park is now open to tourists. For 8 yuan you can take pictures wherever you like and watch the shooting of a film. If you are lucky that day, you may encounter your favourite stars.



LIBERATION: Actors play PLA soldiers marching into Shanghai in 1949.

photos/Qi Ming

The park is a museum of architectural reproductions. It has a rich collection of typical southern houses. There are even sites modeled on Zhouzhuang, a small town near Shanghai which is crisscrossed by canals.

These reproductions sometimes have pieces of old houses that were torn down to make room for new construction.

The roads and bridges are all made of cement and painted to look like stone.

There are no trees in the old town section so the settings are easier to manipulate the settings.

There is also a poor village made of a dozen mud houses with straw roofs.

Wang Baojing, director of the park, said the park plans to keep growing and total investment will reach 300 million yuan (\$52.6 million). Investment now stands at 20 million (\$3.5 million).

"What you have seen is only a small part of a world-class paradise," said Wang, pointing to a blueprint.

"The whole park will cover 70 hectares with scenery from all over the world," he said excitedly.

Planned landscapes include ancient palaces from Xi'an, Ming (1368-1644) and Qing (1644-1911) dynasty streets, bamboo dwellings, Dali pagodas from Yunnan, Mongolian grasslands, tropical jungles, European streets, churches, the Arch of Triumph in Paris and a future world.

"This year we are going to dig a lake and make a hill," Wang said.

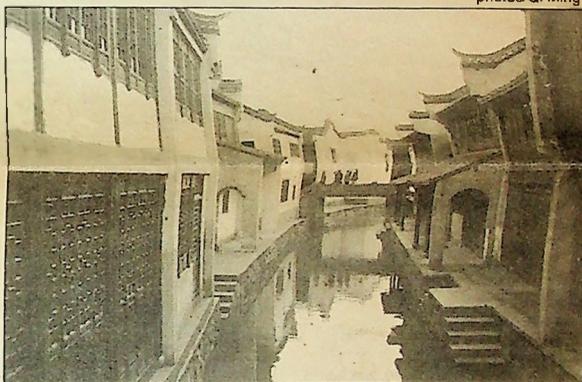
"On the hill we will build the caves of Yan'an, the Cliff Temple and the Dunhuang Grottoes," he said. "It'll take three years to complete the lake."

He said an island in the lake will be dotted with Japanese houses and shrines. But some American businessmen, after seeing the plan, want to lease the island and make a tourist resort.

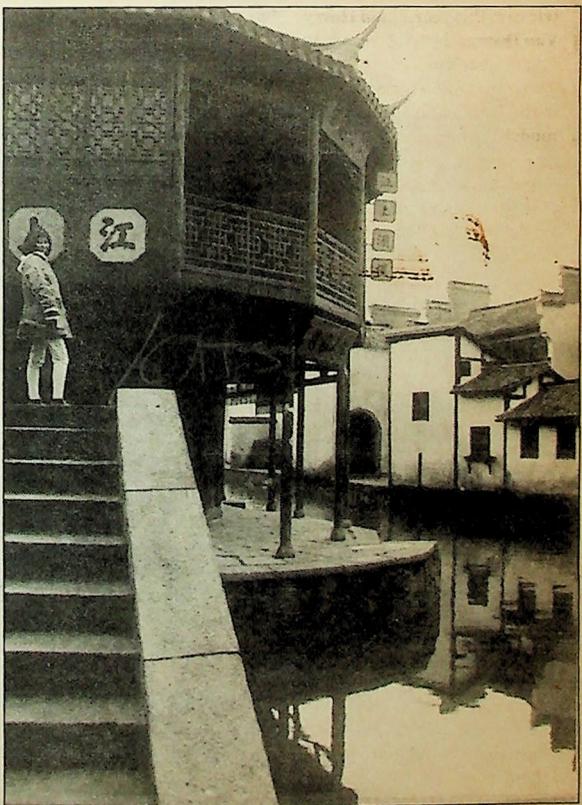
The park now has one hotel with 40 rooms.

In the evening you can either take a walk along the beach or watch the filming of a TV show inside the huge studio, the size of a stadium.

Transportation to the park takes about one hour and 40 minutes by car. But the trip is interesting as you can enjoy the changing scenery and farmers' modern homes.



NEW OLD TOWN: The park recreates a southern village.



SHANGHAI STAR Weather

Hefei	1-8 C°	Nanjing	1-8 C°
Friday		Friday	
Suzhou	2-8 C°	Shanghai	2-8 C°
Friday		Friday	
Hangzhou	2-8 C°	Fuzhou	6-9 C°
Friday		Friday	

	Saturday	Sunday
Shanghai	6-9C°	5-10C°
Nanjing	5-10C°	5-9C°
Hefei	5-10C°	5-9C°
Hangzhou	5-9C°	5-10C°
Fuzhou	7-10C°	7-10C°
Suzhou	6-9C°	5-10C°

The cold weather will continue next week when it will be mostly clear with a chance of drizzle.

LIFESTYLE

Bound up with the past

photo/Zhang Yaozhi

STANDING in Yang Shaorong's home it is painful, not a pleasure, to imagine the patter of tiny feet.

For the antiques and handicrafts dealer collects the beautifully embroidered shoes for "sancun jinlian", the bound feet of feudal China.

Years ago I read the novel "Sancun Jinlian" by the famous writer Feng jicai which takes its name from the length (sancun, or three cun, about 1.3 inches) of the tiny feet (jinlian means golden lotus, one of their synonyms).

In the story about a family in the Qing Dynasty the smaller the feet of women, the higher their status.

The many minute descriptions of the embroidered shoes made a deep impression on me and I can still recall some of the details.

However, when Yang Shaorong showed me his collection of around 300 pairs of such shoes, I was astonished.

Most of the shoes are no longer than my hand and the smallest hardly bigger than my palm, about 3.5 inches long.

I cannot imagine how the owners of these shoes bound their feet and walked on them, or the pain they endured.

Yang said the beginning of the collection was quite clear. One

By Wu Zheng

the emperor's favour because of her especially small and beautiful feet. Gradually, the popularity of the style of her shoes spread but extremes crept in.

Girls as young as six or seven were forced to bind feet with strips of cloth and all the bones were deformed.

Girls with natural feet were regarded as a disgrace and could not find husbands.

Once I had shaken off my horror, I was astonished by the exceptional needlework of these shoes.

Nearly all are satin covered with embroidery. In some, even the lining and soles are embroidered. No two pairs of shoes in Yang's collection are the same — different styles, colours and patterns. Some even have high heels.

"The exquisiteness of the shoes represented the wealth of the husband," said Yang.

Yang explained that feet were regarded as erotic in feudal society. Only the husband had the right to see and touch them.

Yang, a middle-aged man, runs a private business dealing in antiques and handicrafts.

His shoe fetish began 10 years ago when he purchased a pair of small exquisite shoes from farmers and put them out on his stalls in



SMALL SHOE LOVER: Yang Shaorong appreciates his exquisite collection at his home.

Dongtai Road in the city.

The shoes aroused great interest and later he saw them displayed in a folk exhibition.

This gave him the idea of collecting the shoes himself. He started with his mothers' shoes but most of his purchases are from little villages in Zhejiang, Jiangsu and Anhui provinces, costing between

20 and 50 yuan a pair although his latest acquisition cost him 1,000 yuan.

"It took me much time and energy to collect in those unknown villages," recalled Yang, holding out a shoe stuffed with camphor balls wrapped in tissue.

The shoes he has collected are mostly from the Qing Dynasty,

with some of the early Republic of China (1912-1949), when the vile custom gradually withered away.

"Now it is harder and harder for me to collect," said Yang. "There's little left and the price goes higher and higher."

Now Yang has turned his home, at No 21, Lane 193, Zhaojiabang Road into a museum you can visit

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BRIEFS

Fossil exhibit

A MONTH-LONG exhibition of rare bird fossils opened yesterday at the Geology Museum of China. About 100 rare bird fossils, including *Confuciusornis* and *Protarchacopteryx*, are on exhibit. A *Sinosauropeteryx* prima fossil, discovered last year and thought to be the earliest predecessor of birds by some Chinese ornithologists, is being shown in public for the first time. The fossils were all unearthed in the western section of Liaoning Province, a place expected by ornithologists to help identify the origin of birds and how they evolved.

Postal smugglers

ANTI-CORRUPTION authorities in Kunming, capital of Southwest China's Yunnan Province, uncovered the smuggling of more than 3.1 million yuan (\$373,500) worth of foreign cigarettes, China News Service reported.

Pearl River to shine like new

By Xu Dashan

GUANGZHOU — Cleaning up the polluted Pearl River will be a key task this year for Guangdong Province.

The South China province will tackle the job systematically and "in a comprehensive way," said Guangdong's deputy governor, Zhang Gaoli, during a recent visit to the river.

Areas along the river will be turned into economic and tourism belts linked by convenient transportation, he said.

Industrial development and a growing population have turned

the previously sweet-water "mother river" into a dark and stinking one. Floating rubbish is visible everywhere.

Guangdong residents are no longer proud of the Pearl River where once they swam and fished.

The province is determined to clean the river water and bring the environment back to its former pristine state.

"The Guangzhou government has to invest 100-plus million yuan (\$12 million) annually to prevent the river environment from further worsening," said Liu Zijun, administrative head of Guangzhou's Pearl River envi-

ronmental sanitation team.

His team is responsible for collecting floating garbage on the river.

"We collect 10 to 20 tons of garbage every day," he said, adding his men have hauled desks and sofas out of the murky water.

Environmental awareness has ebbed as living standards improved, he said.

Liu said his team collected 20,035 tons of garbage last year, five times the 4,000 tons plucked from the river in 1995.

Guangzhou's municipal government increased investment to 4.6

million yuan (\$554,000) last year from 1.2 million yuan (\$144,000) in 1995, so Liu's team can buy more boats and hire more workers.

"Guangzhou is expected to earmark 5 million yuan (\$602,400) this year," Liu said.

But he said it was not a good idea to pour more money just to maintain the environment's present condition.

"More efficient measures are required towards local residents," he said. "We should educate our people when they are still children."

A regulation to protect the river's general environment is necessary.

Liu said the local people's congress and Guangzhou officials have discussed the issue for several years.

Liu complained his team has no power to stop anyone from tossing garbage into the Pearl River.

"The city needs a more powerful administrative department to oversee the issue," he suggested.

Liu predicted the Pearl River will need at least 1 billion yuan (\$120 million) to return to its former cleanliness.

Doctor to teenagers: Switch off blinking TV

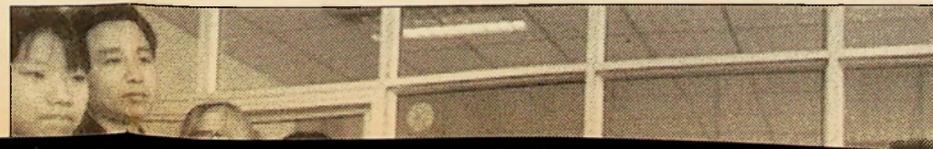
TOO much TV causes juvenile rapid blink syndrome, an increasingly prevalent eye disease in Chinese cities, doctors have discovered.

Wang Yinqi, deputy director of the Henan Provincial Institute of Ophthalmology, said patients would blink more than 12 times a minute during the chronic occurrence of the disease.

Attributing it to TV, doctors of the institute dubbed the disease "juvenile rapid blink syndrome."

Wang said hospitals in his city have received increasing numbers of children who have con-

Rural contracts flourishing in



James Lilley fuels anti-China hysteria

SOME pro-Taiwan forces in the United States have launched verbal attacks against China, capitalizing on rumours fabricated by some judicial and intelligence officials with the US Government that China was involved in the "political donation" dispute and attempted to "buy policy influence."

James Lilley, a former US ambassador to China, is a particularly active participant among those stirring up anti-China sentiments. He stands out as one of the leading rumour-mongers. In an article published in the Washington Times on March 17, he slanders the Chinese Government, saying it poured a huge sum of money into the US election, and undertaken economic espionage activities.

The former US official viciously

attacked, by name, some of China's diplomats working in the US and even clamoured that China should be given a "lesson."

The Chinese Government has strongly criticized the ill-motivated, anti-China words as groundless. But James Lilley, who seems to think that rumours, if repeated often enough, are believed, has capitalized on the anti-China rubbish.

Lilley's disgusting performance cannot but arouse righteous indignation among people who care for and support the development of Sino-US relations.

Why is James Lilley so hostile toward China and the Chinese people? We can get the answer from a glimpse of his past.

Lilley, now director of the In-

stitute for Global Chinese Affairs at the University of Maryland, used to be in close contact with Taiwan authorities during his stay there.

Lilley was the US ambassador to China in the late 1980s. Given that background, he should act to improve Sino-US relations.

But instead, he dashed into the arms of the Taiwan authorities as soon as he stepped down, and briskly shuttled between the United States and Taiwan to serve as the mouthpiece of the Taiwan authorities in the United States.

Lilley, under the cloak of former US ambassador to China, busied himself defaming China, undermining Sino-US ties, and fawning over the anti-China and pro-Taiwan forces in the United States.

He publicly preached "two Chinas" and "one China, one Taiwan" and masterminds Taiwan's scheme to return to the international arena. But his moves are despised by all people concerned about Sino-US relations.

It is no coincidence that James Lilley rushed out into the open at this moment to fuel the flame of anti-China hysteria. Behind his actions is a profound political background.

As the initiator of the Five Principles of Peaceful Coexistence, China always respects the sovereignty of other countries and has never interfered with other nations' internal affairs. China resolutely opposes any attempts to poke its nose into other nations' domestic affairs.

However, the Taiwan authorities, James Lilley and his like

are "masters" of money diplomacy.

It is still clearly remembered that as early as the 1950s, the Taiwan authorities spared no money to support US congressmen and politicians to form the "China lobby."

After the establishment of diplomatic relationship between China and the United States, Taiwan authorities refused to acknowledge the improvement in Sino-US relations and poured more money into the United States.

With the money, they lured a handful of people to advertise "two Chinas" or "one China, one Taiwan" in Washington, making the "Taiwan lobby" a "champion" in the United States capital.

It has long been an open secret in Washington that James Lilley

himself is one of those who have been supported financially by the Taiwan authorities into barking for Taiwan.

Recently, it came to light that the Taiwan authorities have been carrying on money politics in the United States.

As a cover up, some people quickly tried to divert the negative publicity to the Chinese mainland.

James Lilley is a stereotype of these people whose groundless attacks on China not only aim to defame the image of China, to abort the progress in Sino-US relations, but also to cover up their scandalous business with the Taiwan authorities.

James Lilley and others like him jumped onto the stage and their performance also gave a

lesson to those who care for Sino-US relations. The lesson was that there are always a few people with hateful sentiments in dark corners attempting to block progress in Sino-US relations.

No sooner is there a sign of disturbance than they will jump to the fore and try, leaving no stone unturned, to turn back the wheel of history. But Sino-US relations will, in the long run, become better, because it is the strong will of both the peoples to decide in the basic interests of two countries, and hence it is impossible for any anti-China force to thwart it.

No matter what James Lilley and his like do, they are doomed to end in complete failure, like an ant trying to stop a chariot.

(Xinhua)

NEWS: INTERNATIONAL

Shanghai's new rich hire the old poor as servants

Workers shed by state enterprises are finding new jobs in the homes of the middle class, writes James Harding

When Zhang Youming and his wife leave for work this morning, their maid, Mrs Peng, will start cleaning up. "She does everything," says Mr Zhang, a well-to-do, young Shanghai professional, listing the standard chores as washing dishes, making the bed, doing the laundry, buying food, cooking meals and keeping clean.

Domestic staff may still be common in much of post-colonial Asia, but housekeepers, maids and dailies are relatively new in today's China. His parents are not comfortable with the idea of a housekeeper and are happy to take care of themselves in their retirement, says Mr Zhang, but he and his wife, like many others, "can afford it and as we both go to work and are very busy, we need someone to wash clothes and clean the apartment."

In Shanghai, household help has become almost a standard feature in an

increasing number of wealthy, white-collar homes - a development which signals changing attitudes towards service in China as well as the importance of a growing informal economy that is helping to take the strain of transition.

Many of the women who choose to work in other people's homes - typically taking Yn5.5 (66 US cents) an hour as a part-time housekeeper or Yn850 (\$100) a month plus meals for live-in help - have been made redundant or pushed into early retirement by China's troubled state industries.

Qiu Dexing, a middle-aged woman, was put off at one of Shanghai's many loss-making textile factories and went from one dead-end job to another until she started picking up work as a daily help.

"Most people like me are laid off from state companies. People used to look down on maids, but redundant

workers need to earn money and being a maid is just a job and a job that needs to be done in society," she says. Housekeepers and cleaners are in great demand, she adds, from "people who work in companies such as banks and securities brokerages as well as self-employed businessmen. They are so busy in their work, they are getting richer and richer. Many people now have salaries of several thousand yuan."

The income gap is widening in China. The Gini coefficient, a common measure of income inequality, has grown from a low 28.8 in 1981 to 38.8 in 1995, according to the World Bank.

Economists judge the growth of the informal economy, or the so-called channels of "grey income", as crucially important to social stability as incomes grow apart and as the number of unemployed increases while China presses ahead with state enterprise reform.

Steven Xu, economist at Standard Chartered Bank, says China is an economy in transition. "They have to get rid of the dead wood and that is proving even more difficult than they expected. Unemployment is going to be a huge problem and how do you solve

that without a grey economy?"

Urban unemployment is officially registered at just under 4 per cent, but even government officials acknowledge that the real jobless rate may be five times that figure and growing. Even President Jiang Zemin has acknowledged that streamlining state industry through a mixture of mergers and bankruptcies could prove painful. "It will cause temporary difficulties on the part of the workers," he told a recent Communist party congress.

Working class women are bearing much of the brunt of the pressure on jobs - in some factories in Shanghai, for example, the retirement age for women has been brought down to 45 and redundancy rates among female employees remain higher than among men.

As more middle-aged Shanghaiese women have sought domestic employment, perceptions have changed, says Mrs Qiu. "Maids have a long history in Shanghai. Before 1949 it was quite common, but afterwards to be a maid was to be considered a servant, so few women would take such a job - only girls off the farms who came in from the country. But that is changing.

people's ideas of a maid is changing. They think of it just as a job."

Nevertheless, she admits, there is still a lingering stigma attached to domestic service. The Communist revolution of 1949 sought to draw a line under the dissolute lifestyle of pre-war Shanghai, characterised as it was by drinking, dinner parties and domestic servants. Mao's China was, above all, intended to be egalitarian, pulling down the landlord class and raising high the proletariat.

But Mrs Qiu says the growing income gap and the increasing number of maids sit comfortably beside the principle of socialist equality: "In the past, people thought maids were not equal to their employers, but now we think these are just different kinds of jobs. They work for a company. I work in the home. They are different jobs, but we are still equal."

In the 1980s, a few foreigners living in Shanghai and the city's high-ranking officials all had domestic help of some form or other - generally referred to in Chinese as an *ayi*, which literally means "auntie", but is a catch-all term to address older women and

female staff with both familiarity and respect. But in the 1990s in Shanghai, as the economy has grown on average by 14 per cent per year, cleaners and helpers have spread into the homes of the middle classes.

It is almost impossible to calculate the growth of the industry in Shanghai, which remains predominantly informal and unofficial. Most *ayi* are not tied to any official organisation, but cut private deals with their employers and get paid in cash.

But as good a measure as any is the expansion of the few official housekeepers' work units - for example, the Domestic Service Team of Yangpu District, north-east Shanghai, started with 20 housekeepers in October last year and today has more than 600 registered members.

Many more housekeepers come from provinces such as Anhui, one of the poorest areas in central China, to seek work and send money to families back home. Mr Zhang's *ayi* comes from Sichuan in western China. Appropriately enough, she comes from Guanghan, the hometown of Deng Xiaoping, the architect of China's economic transition.

Microsoft in plan for India software base

Mark Nicholson
New Delhi and
Taylor in London

which has had compound annual growth rates averaging 52 per cent since 1990 and now employs 160,000 people.

Last year India's software exports climbed to over \$1bn

Nine out of ten companies in national survey say qualified workers are in short supply

US manufacturers see huge skill shortage

By Nancy Dunne
in Washington

Nearly nine out of 10 US manufacturers are reporting shortages of qualified workers, and a growing gap has emerged between job requirements in the high technology economy and the skills available, the Association of Manufacturers

technology because the available workers lacked the necessary skills.

Some 60 per cent of manufacturers said their employees lacked basic competence in mathematics and 55 per cent found serious deficiencies in workers' basic writing and comprehension

and foreign competitors - particularly in Europe - that are addressing their structural problems and poised for high growth in coming years," said Earnie Deavenport, chairman of the association.

The association said 60 per cent of the employees reported workers' inability to arrive

encourage employees to take on more responsibility.

Mr Deavenport said the change had been "a major change" in employment in the

economists' predictions yes-
Adrienne Roberts
from Washington.
retail sales - to
to a 10.7 per cent
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goods fell 0.1 per cent
the cost of crude ma
rose 4 per cent.
to a 10.7 per cent
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Ad posters reflect glamour of 1930s Shanghai

By **Chiyo Sugiama**

Daily Yomiuri Staff Writer

Although their true purpose is to push products, advertising posters often reflect a society's values and vices.

Posters are an old but effective advertising tool. Posters today that feature popular entertainers are regularly swiped from subway trains.

In recent years, museums in Japan have been collecting advertising posters, which are now being appreciated for their artistry, for exhibitions.

At the Yokohama Portside Gallery, 80 posters are being displayed in an exhibition titled "The 1930s Art Posters in Shanghai." The show is the first of its kind in Japan.

Shanghai—known as the Paris of the East before the Second Sino-Japanese War broke out in 1937—was the first Chinese port to trade with the West, and it long dominated the nation's commerce and culture. It was also the most decadent and sophisticated city in China, and the most open to Western culture.

The posters on display are mainly advertisements for consumer products. Most feature one or two attractive women, with the product or company name appearing at the edge or in the background of the poster. Many of the ads feature the same women. Unlike Japanese posters from the same era, which generally featured geisha, "the (Chinese) posters depicted popular actresses or beauties in high society," said Yukihiro Tabata, the Tokyo Gallery

operator who organized the show.

Painted by well-known Chinese artists, the women in the posters sport short, wavy hair—a Western influence—and wear glamorous Chinese- or Western-style dresses, the latter suggesting that they were liberated and chic. Some of the posters were used to advertise several different products, which probably meant that the art work was produced independently and sold to different companies.

Many of the posters advertise cigarettes and feature beautiful models in provocative poses. The ads often relied on seduction, with women in bathing suits or revealing their breasts behind bamboo blinds. In most cases, the posters bear no relation to the product being sold.

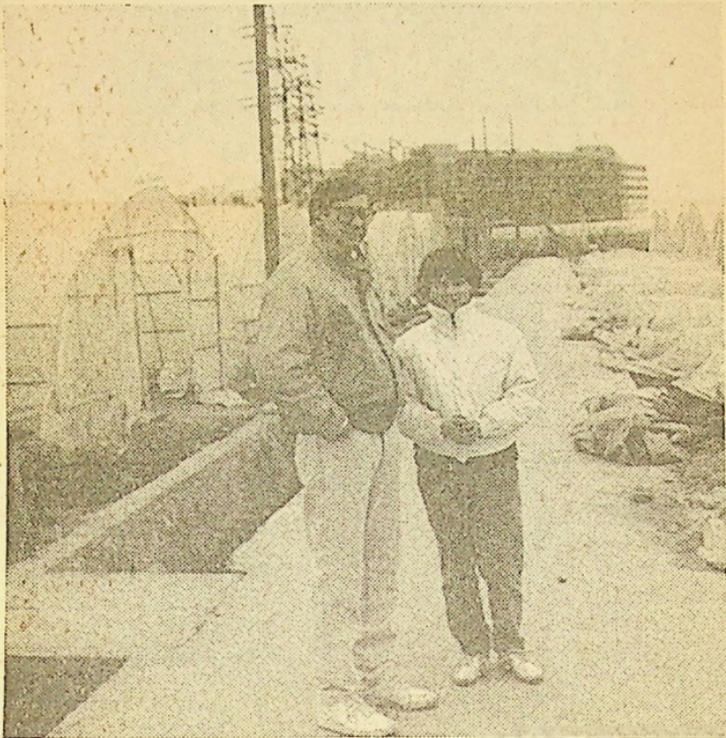
The exhibit continues until Jan. 22. For information, call (045) 461-3033.

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Foreign Journal



BY STEVEN MUFSON—THE WASHINGTON POST

Jesse Long, who wants to grow a better vegetable in Shanghai, stands with wife Skye amid greenhouses and construction on farm.

Long's March in China

By Steven Mufson
Washington Post Foreign Service

SHANGHAI

After six years of haggling with local bureaucrats, a gangly American with a vegetable patch on the outskirts on Shanghai sat down and wrote a Dear Deng letter.

"Dear Mr. Chairman," Jesse Long began his letter to China's supreme leader Deng Xiaoping last February. "It is difficult to differentiate between the old landlords of the past and these local snails, who move about their karaoke projects in sleek, expensive automobiles."

To overcome the enemies of his quest to produce a better head of lettuce, and to protect his \$500,000 investment, Long—who came to China in 1988 as a businessman and later turned to farming—appealed for Deng's help. And to the surprise of Long—and the shock and dismay of some local officials—help arrived.

Whether Deng himself read the letter is not clear. Long also sent copies to China's economic policymaker, Zhu Rongji, and Shanghai's city hall. But within a few months, Long became the most ardently

sorption. Long sent Shanghai soil samples to the University of Minnesota's soil testing lab and on their advice used 80 percent dried pig manure spiked with chemical fertilizers, to better balance nutrients.

Persuading Chinese officials to let him try this was another matter. First he had to conduct tests with the Shanghai Soil and Fertilizer Station. Over 2½ years, he tried his fertilizer with 371 different vegetables, from chicory to cantaloupe, from endive to carrots.

Next, Long had to find a plot of land—also not a simple matter. He made an agreement with the village of Liuli, in the Pudong section of Shanghai. Its appeal: 30,000 people and 100,000 pigs. Long's idea was to grow vegetables for big hotels while making fertilizer on the side. In September 1992, he leased a plot, supposedly for five years.

It lasted just five months. Long was kicked off his farm to make room for a city hall and a school. The city hall was never built, and part of the land became a garbage dump.

Then Liuli's vice mayor negotiated to lease Long another loca-

Long became the most ardently courted of China's 800 million farmers. A team of reporters from the official New China News Agency interviewed him. Shanghai's vice mayor visited his vegetable farm. A Shanghai newspaper headline beseeched, "Long, Don't Go." National television has produced a five-minute feature on his farm, and Shanghai television also has chronicled his trials.

One newspaper marveled that this "blue-eyed, big-nose foreigner" grew "tomatoes even sweeter than watermelon" and "carrots as graceful as the finger of a lovely lady."

"I don't know whether the old man read my letter," Long said, "but someone up there did."

Now development officials from Pudong, a one-time rural area that is rapidly being turned into Shanghai's industrial zone, have offered Long a bigger plot of land and assistance with his business. And a local official who harassed him and tried to collect money for a poorly constructed farmhouse has gone to jail. "He could get the bullet," Long said.

Today, on top of his wife's piano, sits a framed newspaper photo of Deng beneath the headline: "Dare to Experiment."

The story of Jesse Long is a small parable in the tale of China's rapid economic development. In China's rush to modernize, an epic struggle is taking place between industry and agriculture as well as between foreign investors and local officials with newfound powers.

"I've suffered every indignity that can happen to a company," Long said, brandishing a long metal pipe he began using to protect his vegetable patch.

When Long came to China in 1988, it wasn't to grow vegetables. His previous business was running a home decorating products company based in Minneapolis and developing "business systems" for companies such as RCA and Textron. Hoping to make some money, "start life again" and leave behind an "awful" divorce, he sold U.S. television picture-tube technology in China.

When business virtually halted after the Chinese government's 1989 crackdown on democracy p demonstrators at Tiananmen Square, Long went into farming. His idea: to pioneer custom-blend fertilizer for Chinese farms.

Long, then 45, had never tilled anything bigger than a flower garden. But he hit the books at the U.S. Department of Agriculture's research center in Beltsville, Md.

Most Chinese farmers use raw pig manure as fertilizer, a process that can clog the soil's nutrient ab-

tion, but at the signing ceremony the town's agriculture official balked. The deal fell apart. The official later opened a car repair business, a tree nursery and a restaurant on the site, Long said.

Then a local enterprise stepped in. It offered to lease Long 40 mu—about 6½ acres. The land was once cultivated by "team three" of the Aidong commune, whose experienced vegetable farmers still work for Long. But when Long showed up, the farm was only 38½ mu. Two weeks later, the collective announced it was taking back 12 more mu for new buildings.

Long was caught in one of the world's hottest land plays. Shanghai is turning Pudong, the eastern bank of the Huangpu River, into a major industrial zone. In two years, it has been predicted, the amount of Pudong office space will grow from virtually zero to more than 6 million square feet.

In the frenzy, local officials are busy wheeling and dealing. As Long tried to hang onto his plot, new construction crept closer and closer. Just beyond his greenhouses lie new apartment buildings, a new police training center, a chemical factory and new high-rise factory buildings, crowding in on all sides.

Soon Long became mired in a dispute over greenhouses the enterprise had promised to build and over a farmhouse. With the roof in treacherously bad shape and the walls cracking, Long refused to pay in full. Threats were exchanged. Local officials refused to give him legal invoices he needed to make sales. By the end of last June, Long was in despair and his Chinese wife, Skye, in tears.

Then Shanghai Vice Mayor Meng Jianzhu showed up with television cameras in tow. Brushing aside the pleas of local officials, Meng bestowed his blessings on Long's venture. The enterprise leader was jailed and accused of stealing \$35,000.

"Everything is face in China," Long said, using the local phrase for respect. "If a high official comes to give you face, he's saying the government approves of what you're doing."

Now he is trying to choose a new site in Pudong, but this time he has a lot of choice. Moreover, he has been asked to join the Chinese People's Political Consultative Congress for Pudong, the first foreigner to receive such an invitation.

Long, who does not speak Chinese, doesn't know whether the government will provide a translator for him. But, he said, "I don't care. I'll just sit there and smile."

ideas refuse to recognize that producing for the market is an innate characteristic of a socialist economy. Instead, they regard commodity production as

The fact that different enterprises and trades compare and vie with each other in setting wage standards and issuing bonuses regardless of actual performance,

we should bring the change of ideological concepts into prominence to inspire all citizens to devote themselves to the cause of reform.

Shanghai's top fashion tips

As people's living standards improve steadily, young workers in Shanghai are seeking a more colourful life style. Ten fashion trends they tend to follow in their daily lives were listed in the newspaper China Youth News.

Buying and sending flowers: This used to be a thing that only happened in films, but now it has become a fashion for young workers in Shanghai. It is very common for them to send bunches of flowers on special occasions. On the Eve of Spring Festival last year, many of those rushing to buy flowers costing about 10 yuan were young workers.

Drinking coffee: This has replaced tea as a routine drink for the young workers to give to their

guests. As a result, coffee sets can hardly be found in the markets because they sell so quickly. Cafes have become popular places for young people to get together.

Collecting: More and more youngsters are interested in collections ranging from name-brand trade marks to used letter envelopes, match boxes and even antiques. Though these are often expensive they think it worth while because their collections should increase in value.

Hanging scrolls: When young workers decorate their new homes, they like to buy several expensive scrolls of calligraphy and paintings to put on their walls. This used to be a hobby only followed by intellectuals and artists. When one

young couple chose items for their new room, they decided to buy a 100-yuan flower-and-bird painting instead of an electric fan.

Dining out: Young people, on the day they receive their wages, like to invite friends to dine out.

Wearing unisex clothes: There is a tendency for fashionable people to wear the clothes of the opposite sex. Some girls like to wear boys' clothes, boys like to grow their hair long and wear colourful garments.

Female beauty: Before social functions, young women like to go to beauty parlours and it is now very common for young women to use cosmetics.

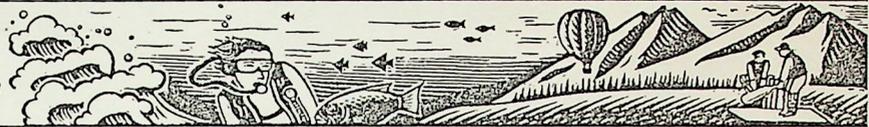
Buying lottery tickets: Whenever a bank or a corporation issues lottery tickets or shares, young workers rush to buy them.

Taking taxis: Many young workers in Shanghai take taxis to save time. They even go out to picnics in taxis.

Smoking foreign cigarettes: It is thought smart to smoke foreign brands, even though they are expensive.

China Daily

WEEKEND JOURNAL


 CH-Li Pleasures
 CH-Stephen
 Au.S.S.
 Simple Pleasures in Shanghai 11/28-29/97

 BY SHEILA MELVIN
 SHANGHAI

The ability to appreciate the simple pleasures in life has never been a quality that most Chinese would attribute to the Shanghaiese. On the contrary, the Chinese stereotype of their Shanghaiese compatriots is that they're motivated solely by money and face, and will stop at nothing to cut a deal that benefits them. While this is certainly unfair, most objective observers will admit that the business of Shanghai is business.

But with their city's dramatic transformation into a modern metropolis well under way, many Shanghaiese are deciding there is more to life than work and are making the time to savor such small joys of life as fashion, flowers, tea and wine. And to guide them in their enjoyment, some are turning to a book called "Sketches of Idle Pleasure" that was written more than 300 years ago.

"Sketches of Idle Pleasure" can best be described as a sort of Qing Dynasty version of "Martha Stewart's Living." It is divided into eight sections on such topics as plants and flowers, food and drink, physical appearance and fashion, architecture and interior design, health and medicine, and curio collecting. On a recent visit to half a dozen Shanghai bookstores that carry classical works, "Sketches of Idle Pleasure" was sold out in all but one. The print runs on such a book are not big, but clerks in several stores said they had a hard time keeping "Sketches" in stock.

"People want to learn how to live," explained a clerk at the Ancient Books Store. "And the book is very well written."

The author of "Sketches" was a man

named Li Yu. Born in the waning years of the Ming Dynasty, Li served briefly as a minor official but quit his position around the time the Manchus invaded China and established the Qing Dynasty in 1644. Obligated to find another way to earn a living, he turned to writing essays, Chinese Opera librettos, theater criticism and novels. His best-known novel is a work of semi-satirical erotic fiction called "The Carnal Prayer Mat," which is totally banned in China, but available in the United States in two different English translations, on audio tape, and even in a film version called "Sex and Zen."

Li Yu was never a wealthy man, but what he lacked in financial resources, he made up for in confidence. Thus, even while he bemoans his own penury, he advises readers of "Sketches" on the respective merits of wine cups made of gold, silver, rhinoceros horn, ivory and antique porcelain. (An antique porcelain cup is best because it is beautiful, doesn't change the aroma or flavor of the wine, and is easily broken but irreplaceable, so it's most precious.) Of course, most modern Shanghaiese have even less use for such advice than Li did. But as a man of comparatively humble means himself, Li also offers guidance to those who desire to live beautifully on a budget.

So, while Li was a grand epicure who wrote extensively on the preparation of gourmet cuisine, he also prized simplicity and purity in cooking. He writes, for instance, that the best way to cook rice is to gather dew from wild roses or cassia flowers and add this to the boiling rice water at the last minute. Meat, in his view, should be consumed not based on its flavor, texture, or rar-

ity, but on the basis of the animal's relation to human beings. Dogs and cows should never be eaten, cows because they plow the fields and dogs because they warn men when robbers are coming.

Li Yu had strong ideas on fashion, which of course is one pleasure of living for which the Shanghaiese are already renowned. In Li's opinion, "The important thing about women's dress is not exquisite material but cleanliness, not gorgeous beauty but elegance, not that it accords with her family standing but that it accords with her face." If a woman insists on wearing bright, rich patterns that do not suit her, but show that she is wealthy, then she has allowed her clothing to become the enemy of her face.

Li was such a devout gardener that he sometimes required himself—and his family—to skimp on food so he could afford new plants. In "Sketches," however, he concerns himself less with the care of trees, plants and flowers than with their respective natures and the ways in which people can appreciate them. He points out, for instance, that "the planting of trees is not just to please the eyes but to please the ears as well." Willows are thus special because they have long branches that harbor birds and sway in the wind, filling the air with music.

Li no doubt would be pleased that raising plants is a popular pastime in modern Shanghai. In its effort to "greenify" the city, the Shanghai government has even launched a "balcony project" to encourage its citizens to grow more plants in public view. However, Li would probably spare no wrath for Shanghai yuppies who buy expensive plants, such as

bonsai, in order to impress. To cater to this phenomenon, one florist has even begun to rent out plants by the month; for a mere \$84 per year, the renter gets a different bonsai and two pots of seasonal flowers each month, with the plants guaranteed to be worth four to five times the rental fee.

Like any self-respecting literati, Li was also a connoisseur of tea. While few modern Shanghaiese are up to his level—with one sip, Li could name not only the kind of tea, but the source of the water in which it was brewed—tea shops are proliferating in Shanghai and proprietors report that it is common for local tea lovers to spend several thousand renminbi on a kilogram of tea. Li also wrote about wines in "Sketches," though the wines of his day were grain- and rice-based spirits while the wines that are popular in modern Shanghai are grape wines, especially reds. It is hard to say what Li would make of the current custom in which grape wines have become the toasting drink, to be drunk bottoms up at banquets, oftentimes mixed with soda. (The rule for this is red wine mixes with Sprite, white wine mixes with Coke.)

There are many guides to beautiful living in Shanghai other than "Sketches." Chinese magazines such as Connoisseur, Better Life, Shanghai Style and the Chinese edition of Elle are available on newsstands around the city. However, as Shanghaiese aesthetes recognize, when it comes to caliber of writing, quality of advice and sheer entertainment value, there are few modern publications that can match Li Yu's "Sketches of Idle Pleasure."

MS. MELVIN IS A SHANGHAI-BASED WRITER.

CHINA

The fortunes of a family tell the story of a revolution

The class of '49

By Lynn Pan in Shanghai

A visitor to China today comes upon a revolution that is now 40 years old. The life of every man and woman he sees is the story of that revolution encapsulated. What follows is the précis of the fortunes of a single family, the Raos. It may illustrate, if not explain, what it was to live through those decades in Shanghai.

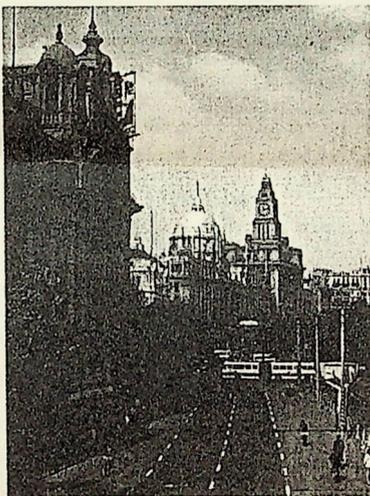
Shanghai did not fall in apocalypse. You would hardly have known that the People's Liberation Army had taken over the city if you hadn't heard it on the radio; or seen the soldiers, shy little country boys in sneakers and straw sandals, gawping at the grand European-style buildings or sleeping in neat rows on the pavements. By 28 May 1949, the three-day "battle for Shanghai" was over. Rao Wei, 12 years old at the time, had no particular reason to fear an interruption to the treat his grandfather had promised him, an afternoon at the Grand Theatre watching *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*.

Grandfather was a cultured old gentleman who, after he had built up one of the city's largest property fortunes, devoted himself to his Song and Ming paintings and rare editions. A particularly scabrous brother of his had taken to his heels for Hongkong with his concubine at the first sign of communist victory, leaving his wife and son, Rao Ming, in Shanghai. But grandfather, who had learned his nationalism as a student in Japan, thought it only right to give communism a try.

The turn that the family fortunes took under Shanghai's new masters was dramatic but not instantaneous. First came expropriation; but at the outset the family lost only their land, not their houses. And it was not until the 1956 Transition to Socialism — when industry, commerce, and even petty trade were brought under public or "joint" ownership — that the Raos were dispossessed of all their assets. On 1 January 1956, the Shanghai Municipal Real Estate Company took over all their properties, valuing a two-storey house they owned on Yanan Road West, for example, at the bargain-basement price of Rmb 396.43 (US\$106 at today's prices), and undertaking to pay them a fixed annual dividend of Rmb 19.82 (5%) on their share of the property for a period of seven years. Like other capitalists, the Raos had seen their income tumble at an annual rate of 11% over the previous six years.

They also saw their living space reduced to a third of what it had been. The party, working through the lane committee, commandeered two of the three wings of the family mansion and converted them into a police station and staff quarters for the municipal tax department. In the remaining wing lived the two grandparents, Rao Wei and his sister Renren, Rao Wei's father Rao Hannian and his wife, Rao Wei's maiden Great Aunt Rao Songjun, cousin Rao Ming and his mother, and two maidservants.

Rao Hannian was director of finance at what was once a family enterprise, a chemicals factory (now under state management)



A city transformed by revolution.

producing chiefly toothpaste. Since skilled socialist managers were hard to find, Rao Hannian remained at his job, though at no point was he assured that he could live down his capitalist past by cooperating with the new government. This message was driven home in 1952, when the party launched its first big terror campaign against Shanghai's bourgeois businessmen, the Five Anti Movement. Locked up in their factories, Shanghai businessmen were squeezed until all their money spilled out for the state to sop up. Those who cracked under the pressure threw themselves off the tallest buildings on Nanking Road, Shanghai's main shopping thoroughfare.

After nearly three weeks of writing confessions, Rao Hannian was ready to tell his

interrogators whatever they wanted to hear. To make doubly sure that he would do this, a "work team" from the factory fetched Rao Wei from school to get him to talk his father into making a clean breast of his sins. Later the press would write of the patriotic, national capitalists who answered the call of the party to redeem their exploitative pasts.

For capitalists (though not for writers and intellectuals), a grace period followed. In 1958, Rao Wei left the Huadong Athletics College and became a baseball and wrestling coach, earning Rmb 48.50 a month, a graduate's salary (most workers earned Rmb 50). That year the family home lost its iron front gates to the backyard furnaces, the most emblematic of the hare-brained schemes of the Great Leap Forward. With gates, hinges, and railings gone, Shanghai suffered a sharp increase in thefts, robberies, and hooliganism. Meanwhile, everybody worked at fever pitch to catapult China from socialism to communism and to overtake Britain in steel production. Rao Hannian practically lived at the factory, where, to save time, staff washed themselves once a week instead of once a day.

Then the "bad years" of 1959-61 were upon them. The Raos ate pig's feed, the large-leaved Taihu cabbage, and went around feeling hungry. Rao Hannian's salary had fallen from over Rmb 800 in 1949 to Rmb 359. By this time, Renren had graduated from university with a degree in chemistry and was assigned a technician's job at a glass factory. Highly intelligent and able, she might have gone far had her life chances not been spoiled by her capitalist class origin; for while the bourgeois label was not as bad as that of landlord, rich peasant, counter-revolutionary, bad element, or rightist, it was bad enough. Come the Cultural Revolution, and it would be added to the other five as the Sixth Black Type.

For the Rao family, the Cultural Revolution began in earnest on 1 September 1966, when Red Guards from the toothpaste factory came to ransack their house. These were presently joined by Red Guards from the Shanghai Embroidery Company, the employer of Rao Wei's mother. Grandfather having died, the handscrolls and rare books were kept in the room of Great Aunt Songjun, who was a painter in her own right, attached to the Shanghai Painting Institute.

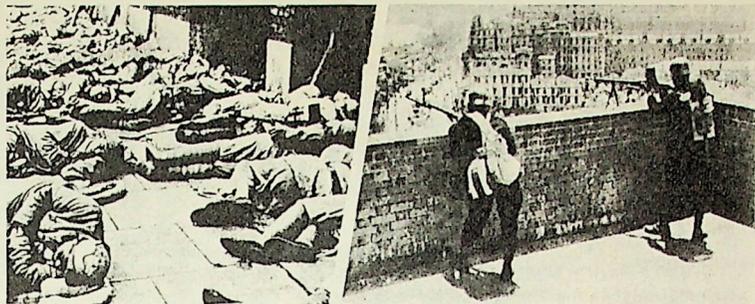
It was she who decided that if the house was going to be pillaged, it had better be pillaged by the Red Guards of the painting institute, and who picked up a phone to send for them. They came, and promptly sealed the house against further plunder. A week later, four specialists from the Shanghai Museum arrived and spent five full days working over the art collection. Removing all the stuff took four trucks and eight man-hours. The Raos were handed a receipt for crates but no inventory.

Except for Rao Songjun, all managed to escape physical violence. Great Aunt Songjun said she had tripped when asked about the great gash across her face, but behind closed doors, and in a whisper, she told of brutal thrashings with a leather strap. Her grandmother too might have been badly punished by a band of Peking Red Guards (some came to Shanghai to stiffen the local revolutionary ranks) if Rao Wei had not fought back, exercising the prowess with which his athletics training had endowed him. At a momentary night before, he had peered through a crack in his grandfather's grave, a hole consecrated by the Red Guards and now filled up with dirty rainwater, the tombstone littered about it in broken shards.

There was mayhem wherever he looked. Violence was widespread and random, as the Red Guards fought faction. Shanghai fashion took a beating, as Red Guards fell upon pedestrians in the streets, scissors at the ready, to slit open drain-pipes, to cut off hair, and to snip off the toes of winkle-pickers. At home, the Raos were forced out of their rooms and shoved into what used to be the servants' quarters. At work, hours were spent reading the three famous essays by Chairman Mao: *Serve the People*, *In Memory of Norman Bethune*, and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*. As befits the dubious class label, both Rao Wei and Renren were assigned manual work. Their father, his monthly wage reduced to Rmb 2, spent the next nine years fitting caps to workers and tubes of toothpaste. For the first time since 1949, it was hard to make ends meet.

Paradoxically, the disruptions left some people free to indulge in leisure activities. In the vernacular such people were called *hao pai*, the Carefree Clique. That term was used of Renren, who took sick leave for months on end, staying at home to play mahjong with her friends. To get a doctor's certificate, she would call at the hospital now and then with a sample of urine to which she will have added a dash of egg white or a droplet of blood from a cut finger. Mahjong sets having disappeared from Shanghai, combined packs of playing cards were pressed into service.

And so the years passed. In 1970 both Rao Wei and Renren got married, neither enjoying an improvement in status by marrying true-red proletarians. Then president Richard Nixon came to visit China. Hemophilia this occasioned in the West



The Red Army rests from battle and the nationalists defend in vain.

put Rao Ming's father — now a prosperous businessman dividing his time between California and Taipei — in mind of the wife and son he had abandoned in Shanghai. He sent an emissary to look them up, triggering off a disaster for the family.

Taking the visitor for a Kuomintang spy, the Shanghai authorities made Rao Ming's life an utter misery, hounding the poor man until he was brought to the brink of suicide. Rao Wei hid the rope with which his cousin had been on the verge of hanging himself, in case Rao Ming thought to try again.

It was another 10 years before life began to look up. Officially, times had changed since the fall of the Gang of Four in 1976, but Rao Wei only began to believe it in 1981, when, under the policy of rehabilitation and restitution, portions of the possessions seized in the house raids were returned to their owners. Rao Wei visited all three of the warehouses (two of them churches) where these articles — everything from old Bing Crosby records to copies of Shakespeare's plays — were stacked. Of the priceless art collection, the family managed to reclaim only a handful of carved seals. Token compensation was paid for some of the lost items: Rmb 2 for Rao Hannian's Longines watch, Rmb 40 for a GEC fridge, Rmb 90 per tael of gold (the market rate was Rmb 450), and so on.

What did make a difference was the party's pledge to end "class struggle," the pitting of one section of society against another under the "blood pedigree doctrine," the idea that "if the father's a hero, the son's a good chap/If the father's a reactionary, the son's a bad egg." As part of the repudiation of "class struggle," one of Hu Yaobang's projects as party general secretary was to weed out some of the "black materials" filed in people's secret dossiers.

Rao Hannian got back a self-criticism he wrote in 1971, a four-page document in which he thanked the Red Guards for ransacking his house and the party for bringing him to his senses. His pre-1966 salary was restored to him; and after he was made a delegate to the District People's Congress, the lane committee chairwoman, who used to hiss

"Bloodsucker" at him whenever she passed him on the stairs, now said solicitously: "Mind the step."

Had "class struggle" prevailed, neither Rao Wei nor Renren, deemed natural "enemies" by virtue of their bourgeois background, could aspire to good jobs. Now class labels were no longer cast in stone. Rao Wei's wage was raised to Rmb 97, Renren's to over Rmb 300. Reforms aimed at introducing elements of the market into socialism divided society into winners and losers anew. A factory that has to pay its way cannot afford to put redness before expertness.

Those previously marginalised, like Renren, now came into their own. When the glass factory decided to install a new plant, Renren was the one they sent to Europe and the US to talk to the French, German, and American exporters into transferring their technology. Her skills in much demand, she has been offered a Rmb 580-per-month job with a Fujian private enterprise to which she has been acting as a part-time consultant.

Rao Wei, on the other hand, finds it hard to identify with either the gainers or the losers. The opportunism around him, grown ever more extreme with the steep rise in the cost of living, seems somehow improper to him. His sister told him that that was because the years of communist brainwashing had got to him. She herself would like nothing better than that her son, now awaiting a student visa to Canada, should get to know all about stockmarkets.

No one doubts that her son is headed for yuppiedom. Once he is abroad, he will not return to Shanghai except as a holder of a foreign passport. Rao Wei, too, would like his children to leave — not necessarily to prosper, but simply to escape what he calls the "hopelessness of China." A few weeks before the 40th anniversary of the founding of the people's republic, he was asked by a foreign visitor to name the accomplishments of the regime that came to power in 1949. He found it hard to think of any. "Is that because you are bourgeois?" the visitor asked.

"No," he said. "Look around you. At the end of the day, who are the biggest losers in Shanghai? The biggest losers are the industrial proletariat, people who once heard they were the salt of the earth."

Shanghai plans to abolish chamber pots — in grand style

City's public loos proving a convenience for residents in more ways than one

THEY are made of marble, glass and granite, and though there is a small admission fee, they have become favourite neighbourhood hangouts.

New hotels? Nightclubs? No, they are Shanghai's new public toilets — part of the commercial city's campaign to abolish the chamber pot.

The Shanghai government — feeling flush — has invested nearly US\$1 million (S\$1.4 million) to build "hotel-grade" public toilets that resemble European villas, glitzy bars and even office buildings.

"We care about toilet culture," says Mr Cui Yuzhen, 47, deputy director of the Jing An district sanitation department.

"The mayor of Shanghai decided we should do something to solve real problems for the people of Shanghai.

"Only 60 per cent of families have indoor plumbing now, but by the year 2000, we will have ended the era of the chamber pot."

Residents without indoor plumbing use elaborately decorated but utilitarian "horse cans" that must be emptied and cleaned each morning — or, until recently, they visited old-style public toilets where patrons straddled a narrow gutter running through the facility.

Now they can skip straight to the new corner loo.

"This place is like a

bar," says Madam Li Tianying, 46, the washroom attendant perched on a stool behind a marble counter at one such establishment.

She could just as well be dispensing shots of whiskey to the neighbours gathered around the counter, instead of squares of coarse toilet paper.

"It's clean, and everyone you know comes by sooner or later."

She greets a neighbour emerging from the stalls and hands the woman a green hot-water bottle the latter had left at the desk; it disappears quickly into the many layers beneath her quilted winter jacket.

A retired teacher comes in out of the cold to do his daily exercises. There is not much room left — the anteroom is already filled with Madam Li's friends from the neighbourhood who have spent the morning there, chatting.

"It's nicer here than at my house," says Mr Gao Shunkang, a worker who was just laid off from his job at a costume factory.

He is happy not to have to use the "horse can" anymore and he says his mother is just as happy not to have to empty it.

"These new toilets represent the changing face of Shanghai," he says.

None more so than the newly redecorated three-story public washroom in Nanyang Street in the cen-



tre of the city.

The government has voted it China's Best Public Toilet, and its proprietor, Madam Du Rongfeng, 42, bowled over the competition to become Shanghai's Model Toilet Worker.

Sanitation delegations from all over the country visited it to take pictures and notes so they could build replicas of it in their home provinces.

"Would you like to see the karaoke lounge?" Madam Du asks as she stops mopping the glistening tile floor to describe the facilities under her management.

She begins the tour on the ground floor, pointing out proudly the mosaic-tiled entrance, the wheelchair ramp, the automatic hand dryer and the air conditioning.

The crowning glory, on

the top storey, is the conference room, with leather couches and a large-screen video/karaoke player.

"We rent this room to outside companies for their meetings, but it's also a nice place for the street sweepers to gather after they've finished their work," she says. — LAT-WP

Dog fur coats the latest winter

*PFS228 05/31/94

(FS) THE BIG CITY OF SHANGHAI SHINES AS CHINA'S ECONOMIC JEWEL
(The Washington Post 05/30/94 Paul Blustein article) (1680)

(Following FS Material Not for Publication)

Shanghai -- Percy Chu's eyes glisten as he recalls Shanghai in the decades before the 1949 communist revolution, when it was "the Paris of the East," pulsating with Jazz Age energy. It was Asia's most cosmopolitan city, a hub of free-wheeling capitalism, high intrigue, bacchanalian night life and brazen crime.

Chu, 95, was a prominent banker in those days. Among his prized mementos is a 1940 newspaper clipping reporting his abduction by an armed gang so audacious that its extortion letters bore a return address. "I survived," Chu said. "I've survived a lot of things."

Now heady times are returning to Shanghai and the city's old capitalists such as Chu are gaining a new lease on their pre-revolutionary way of life.

After four decades of stagnation and decay under communism, Shanghai is bidding to regain the glory it once enjoyed as a center of international finance and trade. The city's rulers are wooing foreign investors and spending massive amounts on public works in an effort to build a glittering nexus of commerce on old Shanghai's faded ruins. They aim for the city to rival Asia's modern urban jewels such as Hong Kong and Singapore within the next two decades.

The endeavor underscores the extraordinary sense of hope and progress engendered by China's explosive growth as its economy converts from state planning to free enterprise. Given Shanghai's dreadful overcrowding and antiquated infrastructure -- the majority of homes still lack flush toilets -- the city's aspirations are ambitious to say the least. But the atmosphere of rejuvenation has aroused the capitalistic spirits for which Shanghai used to be famous, fueling one of the most spectacular boons in China's reform era.

Members of Shanghai's old money elite are back in clover. Chu, for example, belongs to an organization of elderly Shanghainese stripped of their assets during the communist era and brutally bullied by Mao Zedong's Red Guards. The group, using money that had been repatriated by the authorities, recently helped launch a construction company, shares in which have soared on the Shanghai stock exchange.

Chinese companies that left Shanghai after 1949 are streaming back with an eye to tapping its burgeoning markets and employing China's best-educated work force at wage levels that are rock-bottom by world standards.

Chung Shing Textile Co., whose founder fled Shanghai for Taiwan, has formed a joint venture with the Shanghai apparel factory it had owned before the plant was nationalized by the communists. The Sincere department store chain of Hong Kong, whose flagship store on Shanghai's Nanking Road also was nationalized, opened a glitzy store last year a few doors from the site of the old one.

Multinational companies from the United States, Europe and Japan are also pouring billions of dollars a year into offices, factories, bank branches, chemical plants and distribution facilities. Among them: AT&T Corp., Bristol

Myers Squibb Co., Citibank, Morgan Stanley & Co., Volkswagen AG, Unilever, Toshiba Corp., Matsushita Electric Industrial Co. and Hitachi Ltd.

"Two years ago we had 54 members," said Diane Long, president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai. "Now there's 313 -- I mean, there were 313 a week ago." The number is rising so fast, she said, "I don't know what it is today."

Shanghai's comeback is emerging as a key test of China's ability to shed its communist fetters and create a modern market economy. The city of 13 million, China's largest, encompasses nearly all of the nation's most troublesome economic problems -- poor transportation and distribution systems, inefficient state enterprises, poorly defined property rights and imperious bureaucracy.

The Chinese leadership under Deng Xiaoping, aware that a successful renaissance in Shanghai would send the strongest possible signal of the nation's advancement, is treating the city as an important showcase of economic reform, a major change from the 1980s, when Shanghai was held in check.

Tax laws have been changed to entice foreign-funded ventures, and \$17 billion worth of infrastructure projects is nearing completion, including power generation plants, waste water treatment facilities and a two bridges over the Huangpu River, connecting the city's western and eastern segments for the first time. A second group of projects is underway, including a new airport, subway, road system and ocean container terminal.

Seldom, if ever, has so bold a venture in urban renewal been launched in a city where history echoes so clamorously.

Shanghai attained its international fame as the result of some particularly shameful excesses on the part of Western imperial powers. In the 1840s colonists from Britain, France and the United States, including many opium traders, carved out sections of the city exempt from Chinese law, with exclusive parks and gentlemen's clubs. A notorious sign, forbidding access to dogs and Chinese, was erected at the entrance to a park in the British zone.

Hundreds of international banks and trading houses set up shop in Shanghai, with the most prestigious occupying stately European-style buildings on the Bund, the famous riverfront boulevard. European refugees fleeing Bolshevism and Nazism flooded in by the tens of thousands during the era between the two world wars, as did Chinese refugees fleeing civil strife and the Japanese invasion.

While Shanghai's high society thronged to cabarets, tea dances and greyhound races, its vast underclass endured slave labor, opium addiction and starvation. Prostitution was rampant, and dope-dealing gangsters such as Du Yuesheng ("Big-Eared Du") and Huang Jinrong ("Pockmarked Huang") worked hand-in-glove with the colonial authorities to maintain order.

The communists rid the city of its most sordid blight, and Shanghai became a bastion of ultra-leftist zealotry during Mao's reign. But now the Maoist legacy weighs heavily on the city.

Years of neglect left an infrastructure designed for a population a fraction of Shanghai's size. A taxi ride on the city's narrow streets almost invariably ends up stalled behind packs of bicycle riders oblivious to the

din of horns. Traffic is so bad that visitors arriving by plane from Beijing about a two-hour flight -- often spend more time driving from the airport to their destinations than in the air. Most families sleep three to a room in tiny, dilapidated apartments, sharing kitchen facilities with two or three other families.

Nearly 3 million Shanghainese work for state-owned enterprises, many of them money-losing dinosaurs, and the authorities dare not allow the extensive layoffs that would enhance efficiency. Foreigners complain that bureaucrats, eager to fill municipal coffers, are demanding absurdly high amounts for property leases, a development that is threatening to cool investors' enthusiasm.

"People are balking and rightly so," said Norman Givant, an American lawyer based in Shanghai. "I had a Texas investor who, for a 50-year lease on a piece of industrial property, was told he would have to pay twice what he would have had to pay for outright ownership on prime industrial land in Houston."

Yet Shanghai's development goals, which once evoked widespread skepticism, are no longer the object of derision.

"Three years ago, I would have been rather reserved," said Annick de Kermadec-Bentzmann, manager of the Shanghai office of the Banque Nationale de Paris. "Today, when you look at what's going on, you have to admit, it's quite surprising. It's not just a fantasy."

The most dramatic development is taking place in a section of the city on the eastern bank of the Huangpu River, which remained mostly farmland and villages while the western bank urbanized. This uncluttered area, named Pudong, gives the city's planners an important advantage because extensive construction can proceed without disrupting normal business, as it would on the western bank.

Nearly 2,000 foreign-funded ventures are either completed or underway in Pudong, including a giant department store backed by the Hong Kong-based retailer Yaohan; a spandex-manufacturing venture bankrolled by DuPont Co.; and an air-conditioner factory established by Japan's Sharp Corp. Officials predict that by 1995 the new area's skyline will boast 100 high-rise buildings, including a financial center that will house the country's main stock exchange, commodities exchanges and currency trading operations.

Meanwhile, authorities are striving to lease some of the Bund's most prominent buildings on the western bank of the Huangpu River to their original occupants, such as Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank, American International Group and Banque Indosuez.

The asking prices are steep and the buildings' interiors tend to be decrepit and ill-suited for modern financial institutions. But some of the firms are clearly tempted by the prospect of reoccupying such symbolically significant premises in a city determined to become a leading financial capital.

Shanghai is once again radiating the sort of energy that stimulates and attracts some of the world's sharpest talent. Consider the story told by Vera Shen, a member of the city's old aristocracy.

During the Cultural Revolution from 1966 to 1976, Shen was forced to educate her teen-age children at home because the Red Guards terrorized teachers as

"reactionaries" and effectively shut down the schools. "There weren't even textbooks during that time," she said. "We had to borrow every textbook we could find from friends."

After the Cultural Revolution, her son, Shen Ju, passed a university entrance exam. He applied to the University of California at Berkeley, which first told him that it could not accept a student lacking a formal middle school education. But he persisted, gained admission and graduated with honors in engineering. He became a U.S. citizen and went to work for a Silicon Valley semiconductor company. Haunted by memories of the Cultural Revolution and appalled by the 1989 massacre in Beijing's Tiananmen Square, he decided to turn his back on the land of his birth.

But Shen said her son "now feels there are so many opportunities here," and, at age 39, he is coming back because his company is establishing a Chinese venture.

The venture, Shen beamed happily, will be based in Shanghai.

(Preceding FS Material Not for Publication)

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Januar 1997 Nr. 1

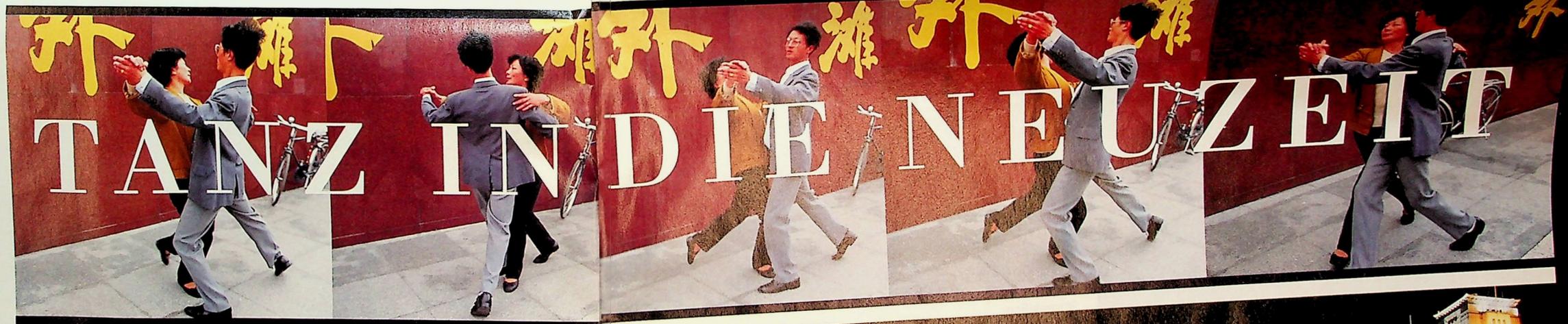


«Reich zu werden ist ebrenhaft.» Mit dieser revolutionären Parole wurde der Maoismus endgültig begraben. Und Shanghai, einst Paris des Ostens genannt, boomt – mit all den Dingen, die einst verboten waren: exklusive Boutiquen und Beauty-Salons, Tanzschulen und Discos, Banken und Börsen. Eine neu reiche Elite probt den Luxus.

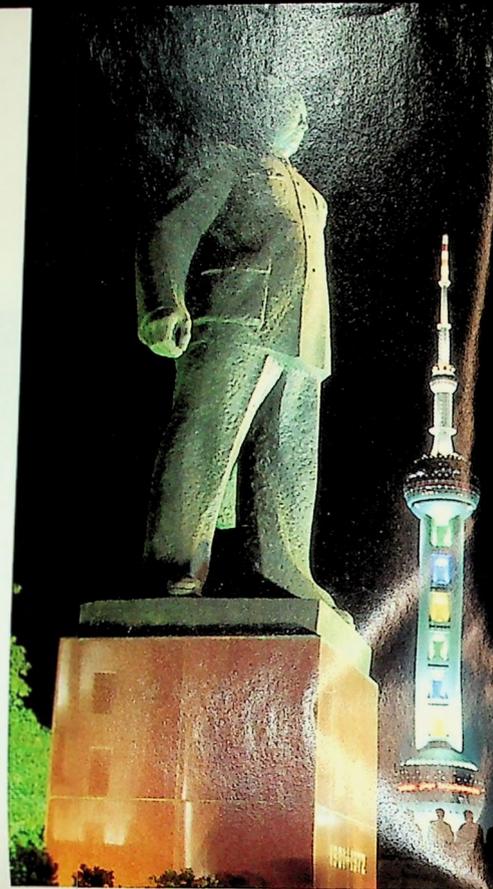
Text: Liz Hiller Fotos: Peter Geller

Sieben Uhr morgens in Shanghai. Die rote Morgensonne steigt auf über dem Huang-Pu-Fluß im Osten der Stadt. Auf der Uferpromenade, dem „Bund“, mit ihren klassizistischen Hochhäusern heute noch ein geschlossenes Ensemble europäisch-amerikanischer Gründerarchitektur, tanzt Herr Zhang mit einer Partnerin. Musik schrillt aus dem Kassettenspieler. Walzermelodien: „Wiener Blut“, „An der schönen, blauen Donau“. Mit viel Gefühl bewegt sich der Mann in diesem Rundtanz, der hier Ballroom Dancing genannt wird. Herr Zhang ist Bankangestellter, jung und flott gekleidet. Er tanzt hier jeden Morgen von 7 Uhr bis 7.45 Uhr. Dann schwingt er sich auf sein Fahrrad, fährt zu seiner Bank, um wie gewöhnlich ausländische Devisen gegen chinesische Yuan einzutauschen. „Tanzen ist nicht nur ein Ausdruck der Lebensfreude“, sagt Herr Huang, ein alter Herr in grauem Jogginganzug und schwarzen Turnschuhen, der sich ebenfalls im Dreivierteltakt bewegt. „Tanz am Morgen ist für uns eine politische Manifestation. Sinnbild der Liberalisierung.“ Herr Huang ist 85. Dennoch ist er wie fast jeder in dieser 16-Millionen-Metropole an der chinesischen Ostküste, seit sechs Uhr in Bewegung – zum täglichen Turnprogramm nach Marschmusik: „Stars and Stripes Forever“, „Semper Fidelis“ und der „Raderzky-Marsch“. Zackige Klänge vom einstigen Klassenfeind! Auch hier sind musikalische Tabus gefallen, ganz Shanghai turnt bis sieben Uhr und tanzt bis acht Uhr. Zwei Stunden Bewegung vor der Arbeit. Erst seit zwei Jahren darf überhaupt getanzt werden. Der Tanz galt auch im privaten Kreis, wie Lippenstift und Wangenrot, als verwerfliches Zeichen bourgeoiser Dekadenz. Das chinesische Wirtschaftswunder hat im Lande eine Mittelschicht entstehen lassen, die im Zeitrafftempo alles nach-

holt, was damals versäumt wurde. Herr Huang war Lehrer für Mandarin- und Kanto-chinesisch. Er wurde geboren, als noch ein Kaiser aus der Qing-Dynastie regierte, er hat die französischen und englischen Kolonialherren, die japanischen Besatzer, den Kommunismus und Maos Kulturrevolution überlebt. Auch die „Roten Garden“, die auf den Straßen, wo jetzt getanzt wird, mit Trommeln und Gongs, Prügeln und Fäusten herrschten und alle nach ihrer brutalen Musik tanzen ließen. Jetzt, nach der schrittweisen Einführung einer Arbeitslosen- und einer gesetzlichen Rentenversicherung, bekommt Herr Huang 700 Yuan monatlich (ca. 115 DM). „Damit bin ich glücklich“, sagt er, umfaßt die nächststehende Frau mit rotgeschminktem Kirschmund und tanzt weiter.



Die Spannungen zwischen der diktatorischen Macht der kommunistischen Führung und dem wachsenden Freiheitsdrang bleibt das zentrale Problem dieses Riesenlandes. Am 2. Juli 1996, dem 75. Gründungstag der KP Chinas, forderte Parteichef Jiang Zemin (früherer Bürgermeister von Shanghai) die Mitglieder auf, „den sozialistischen Idealen treu zu bleiben



Nanshi, das Chinesenviertel, bei Sonnenuntergang (Foto oben). Was noch vor zwei Jahren streng verboten war, ist heute Volkssport: Jeden Morgen zwischen



sieben und acht tanzen Herr Zhang und mit ihm Millionen andere auf den Straßen gefühlvolle Walzer nach lauter Musik aus dem Rekordern, bevor

man zur Arbeit fährt (Fotos Mitte). Die Uferpromenade, „der Bund“, mit ihren klassizistischen Hochhäusern (Foto unten). Hier haben heute die einstigen kapitalistischen Klassenfeinde ihren Sitz: die Niederlassungen aller internationalen Banken



und der marxistischen Theorie wieder mehr Geltung zu verschaffen". Die Parteifunktionäre warnte Jiang vor „Korruption, Eigennutz und Verbrechen“. Deng Xiaoping wurde als Staatsführer 1976 nach Maos Tod der Architekt des neuen China. Damals begann er mit der Öffnungspolitik, und 1978 führte er die Privatwirtschaft ein. Der Boom, der daraufhin entstand, wandelte auch die offizielle Parteilinie. Doch die allmähliche Demokratisierung gefährdet den Herrschaftsanspruch der Genossen. Noch gibt es keine freie Presse, keine unabhängige Justiz, die Skandale aufdecken und verfolgen würde. „Reich zu werden ist ehrenhaft“, sagte 1992 der greise KP-Patriarch Deng Xiaoping. Das war der Weckruf für Shanghai. „Die Perle des Pazifiks“ wurde das Aushängeschild Chinas, das nun auf dem Sprung ist, die ihm zustehende Rolle als Weltmacht zurückzuerobern. Das jährliche Wirtschaftswachstum des Landes liegt bei elf Prozent, und China verfügt damit nach den USA und Japan über das drittgrößte Wirtschaftspotential der Welt. Eine gigantische Aufbauleistung hat den Lebensstandard in den letzten Jahren dramatisch verändert. Viele sagen, daß Shanghai in spätestens zehn Jahren Hongkong als wichtigstes Wirtschaftszentrum abgelöst haben wird. Zwar verkünden überall in der Stadt Fahnen die neue Version des chinesischen Sozialismus: „Wir lieben unser Vaterland. Wir arbeiten, um unser Land groß und reich zu machen.“

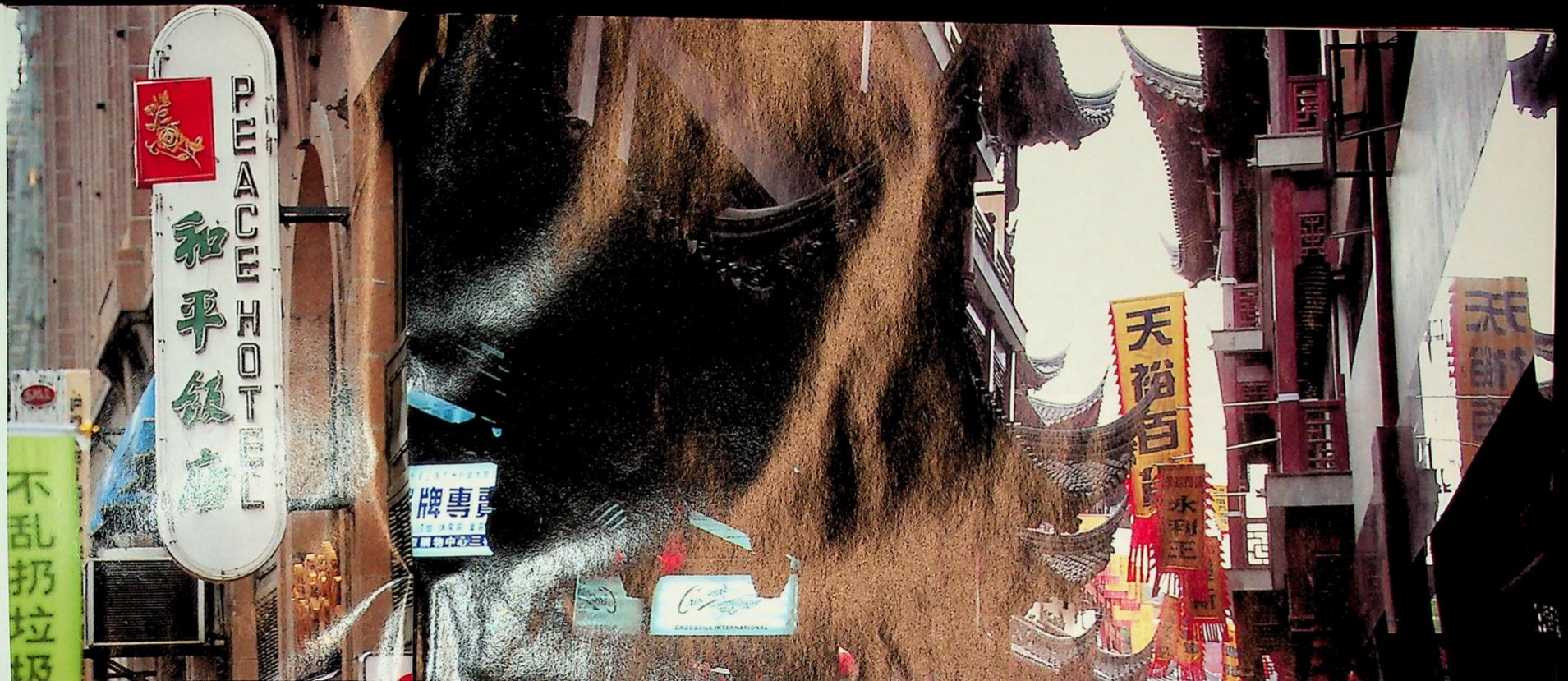
„Aber auch die Kommunisten von früher haben sich geändert. Sie denken vor allem an sich.“ Das erzählen die alten Männer am „Bund“, die dort Picknick machen und nicht mehr aus Reisschalen, sondern aus Pappkartons Kentucky Fried Chicken essen. Sie erzählen auch, daß es in Shanghai 200 000 US-Dollar-Millionäre geben soll. Wo kommt das viele Geld her? Wer verdient es, und wer gibt es aus? 28 der weltweit größten Unternehmen

und 15 internationale Banken haben sich hier niedergelassen. Das Volkswagenwerk und Shanghai vereinbarten vor vier Jahren das erste größere Joint-venture Chinas im Ausland. Inzwischen sind bereits über 500 000 VW-Shanghai-Autos vom Band gelaufen und haben dazu beigetragen, daß es im Wirtschaftsboom der Stadt zeitweise Steigerungsraten von dreißig Prozent jährlich gegeben hat. Pepsi, Sony, Coca-Cola, Xerox, Mitsubishi haben Produktionsstätten im Industriegebiet nahe der City errichtet, und über hundert Makler sehen hier riesige Chancen. Einer von ihnen, Patrick Jin (Chinesen, die im internationalen Business arbeiten, geben sich gern englische Vornamen), Manager der ehrwürdigen Londoner Immobilienfirma Richard Ellis, betreut gerade eines der aufwendigsten Projekte im eleganten Xuhui District. „4 000 US-Dollar kostet der Quadratmeter einer Wohnung“, sagt er. „Im ganzen hat das Haus 144 Apartments. Die größte Wohnung hat 191 Quadratmeter und die kleinste 161.“ (Eine Durchschnittsfamilie verfügt über acht bis zehn Quadratmeter Wohnraum.) Wer besitzt so viel Geld, um sich eine solche Wohnung mit Fensterrahmen aus Marmor und vergoldeten Wasserhähnen kaufen zu können? Mister Jin lacht. „Natürlich Chinesen. Vor allem ‚Überseechinesen‘ aus Taiwan, Indonesien, Malaysia und Hongkong. Aber auch Chinesen aus Shanghai.“ Denn auch hier gibt es viel Geld, sehr viel Geld. Und das ganz legal? Mr. Jin lacht wieder, ein bißchen spöttisch: „Wir nennen das Black Market.“ Mit Geld geht auch hier fast alles.

Siebenhundert Landarbeiter werkeln am Bau hier in Tag- und Nachtschichten. Sie verdienen monatlich 500 Yuan, das sind ca. 100 DM, haben freies Essen und schlafen in Plattenbauten nahe der Baustelle. Dieses Proletariat, das aus dem Landesinneren stammt, hat von dem Boom der Kü-



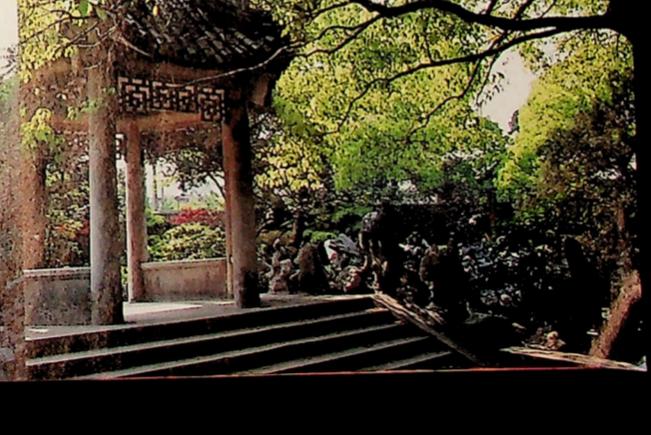
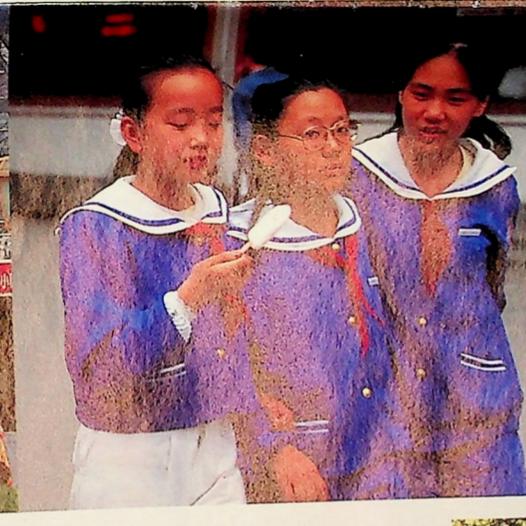
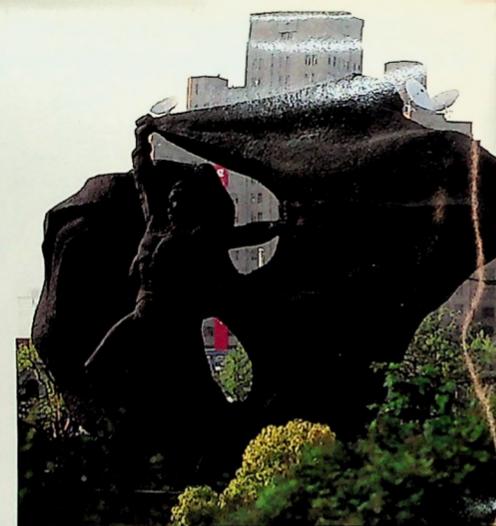
Immobilien-Manager Patrick Jin vor der Baustelle des luxuriösesten Apartmenthauses im eleganten Xuhui District



Das Peace Hotel, am sogenannten Bund gelegen und in den dreißiger Jahren erbaut. Der Bund ist Shanghais Prachtmeile, wo heute in den alten Kolonialpalästen Geldinstitute residieren (Foto oben)

Shopping-Center im Nanshi-Viertel. In den alten Stadtteilen von Shanghai geht es noch relativ ruhig zu (Foto oben). Moderne chinesische Skulptur auf dem „Platz des Volkes“; Nanjing Lu zur

Rush-hour: Töchter wohlhabender Eltern tragen College-Uniformen; Lampions und reichverzierte Holzhäuser kennzeichnen die Einkaufsstraße im Chinesenviertel (Fotos Mitte, v. l.). Lotusblumen, Pavillons, Miniaturbogen und Bambuswäldchen im Yu-Yuan-Garten; einst für den Ming-Kaiser Wanli erbaut, ist er heute Vergnügungspark (u. v. l.)

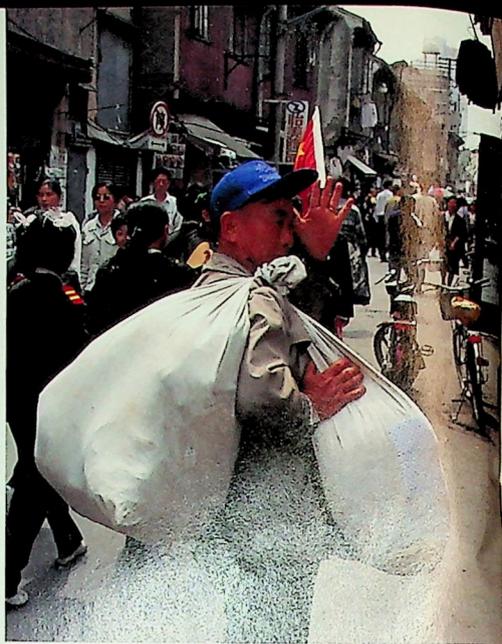




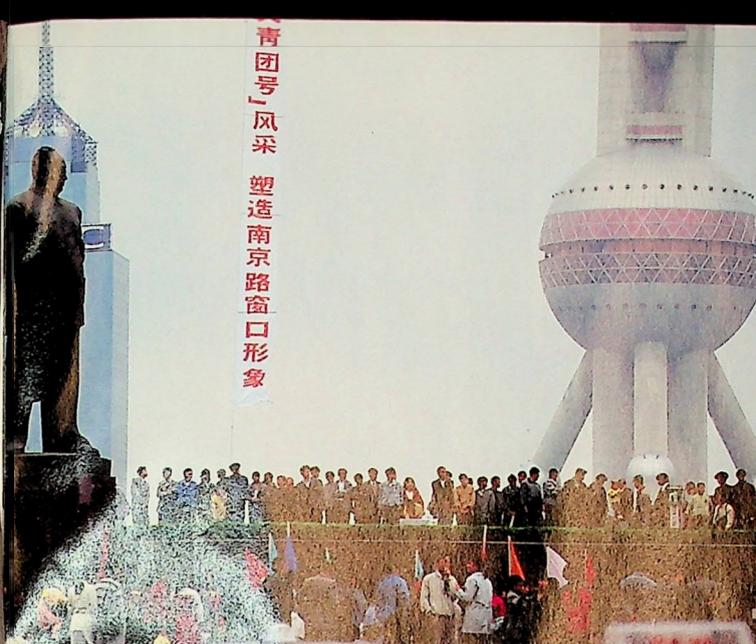
Bao Yifeng, Assistant Manager des exklusiven Gentlemen's Club, ist ein lebendes Beispiel für Chinas junge Elite

stenregionen nicht viel gewonnen. Gelegentlich durchbrechen randalierende Bauern die Idylle dieses plötzlichen Wohlstandes, genug Zündstoff für eine neue Revolution. Der Boden, auf dem der Luxusbau steht, gehört nach wie vor dem Staat. Siebzig Jahre dürfen Privatleute darin wohnen, und fünfzig Jahre haben Büros und offizielle Stellen hier Wohnrecht. Und danach? Patrick Jin zuckt mit den Schultern. „Wer denkt in dem jetzigen Rausch des Aufbruchs daran, was in fünfzig oder siebzig Jahren sein wird?“ Unweit dieses Hauses, in der Heng Shan Road, öffnete Anfang Januar 1977 ein besonders elegantes, dreistöckiges Etablissement seine Türen: der erste internationale Club in Shanghai, der Gentlemen's Club, kurz G's Club genannt. Wer Mitglied werden will, muß 2000 US-Dollar Aufnahmegebühr zahlen. Dafür kann er hier in der Halle, die als Vorbild das Foyer eines Grandhotels aus den dreißiger Jahren hat, zwischen Marmorsäulen und unter Kristall-Lüstern seine Freunde empfangen, um anschließend vielleicht in dem großen Garten Tee oder einige Cocktails zu trinken und ein bisschen Krocket zu spielen. Im zweiten und dritten Stock befinden sich Bankett- und Speiseräume, und der Health Club lockt mit dem größten Swim-

mingpool der ganzen Stadt. Das Personal wurde von Karl Lagerfeld stilvoll gekleidet. Bao Yifeng, Assistant Manager dieses exklusiven Clubs, meint kühl, großer Luxus sei in Shanghai eben sehr gefragt. „Reiche Leute sind gern unter sich, außerdem ist hier für ihre Sicherheit bestens gesorgt.“ Mitglieder sind Chinesen, aber auch Europäer. Bao ist 23 Jahre alt und einer dieser jungen Shanghai-Yuppies zwischen achtzehn und dreißig, die in internationalen Unternehmen arbeiten, bis zu 3000 Yuan (ca. 600 DM) im Monat verdienen und so zu den Großverdienern dieser Stadt gehören. (72 Prozent aller Chinesen in Shanghai verdienen nicht mehr als 1000 Yuan monatlich, ca. 200 DM.) Diese junge, konsumfrohe Elite gibt vierzig Prozent ihres Gehalts für Kleidung, Walkman, Handy oder Fahrräder aus. Wer auf sich hält, fährt einen italienischen Renner für 9000 Yuan (ca. 1800 DM). Bao hat auf einer Business School studiert, Englisch, Mandarin, Kantochinesisch und Japanisch gelernt und dann in einem der großen Hotels im Verkaufmanagement gearbeitet, um den Sprung in eine internationale Firma zu schaffen. Hermès-Krawatten, Armani-Anzüge, Omega-Uhren gehören zu seinem Selbstverständnis. Baos größtes Erlebnis während des Studi-



Neben einer reichen Aufsteigerschicht in Designerkleidung und mit dem obligatorischen Handy gibt es nach wie vor traditionelle lastenschleppende Kulis



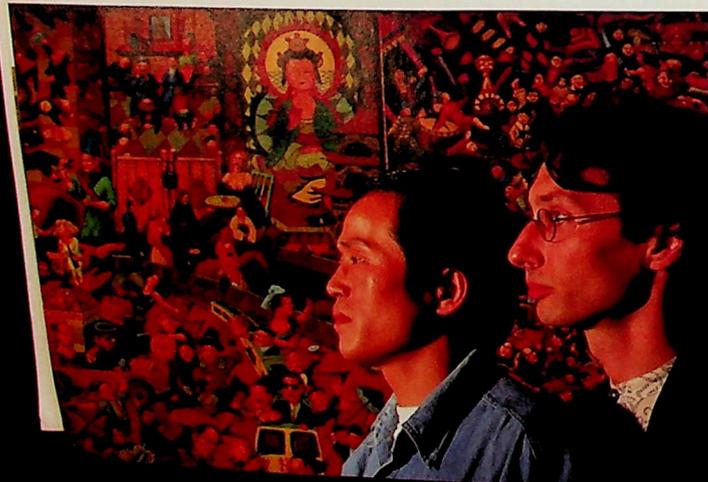
Shanghais Antwort auf den Eiffelturm: der 468 Meter hohe Fernsehturm, „Orientalische Perle“ genannt. Symbol für einen schwindelerregenden Boom der letzten Jahre



Das Leichtmotorrad mit schnittigem Beifahrerwagen gehört zum Yuppie-Image. Nach der staatlich verordneten Prüderie wollen Shanghais Youngsters das Leben in vollen Zügen genießen



Der Maler Pu Jie mit dem Kunsthändler Lorenz Helbling vor seinem Gemälde „Die Hochzeit“ in seinem acht Quadratmeter großen Atelier. Rechts: „1000 Chinesen und ich“, das Bild wurde für 10000 US-Dollar verkauft





Professor Qu Xin Yue, Chef der Computer-Abteilung an der internationalen Business Universität in Shanghai, mit seinem Sohn James. Den Wohlstand verdankt er seinem wirtschaftlichen Know-how

ums war ein zweiwöchiger Aufenthalt in London und Paris, Städte, deren noble Stille ihn faszinierte. Vermutlich dachte er dabei an die Staus und das Gewimmel in Shanghai, der Stadt, die nie zur Ruhe kommt, die Tag und Nacht in Bewegung ist. Ein 24-Stunden-Betrieb mit 250 000 ununterbrochen hupenden Taxen, sieben Millionen Fahrrädern, 400 000 Autos, davon 600 der Marke Mercedes S (mit 150 Prozent Luxussteuer belegt), Lastkaren, Bussen, die die Straßen verstopfen oder im Eiltempo sechs- und achtspurig über die beiden gewaltigen Hängebrücken fahren. 100 000 Menschen mußten für dieses Projekt umgesiedelt werden Und das ist die Kehrseite der Reform. Acht Millionen Quadratmeter Wohnfläche wurden in den letzten vier Jahren aus Shanghais Boden gestampft. 1997 sollen nochmals 70 000 Menschen aus ihren zweistöckigen, baufälligen Wohnhäusern umgesiedelt werden. 20 000 dieser engen, düsteren Behausungen wurden bisher abgerissen, ausgeschachtet und neu gebaut. Jetzt gibt es 5 000 Baustellen, auf denen 600 Hochhäuser und Wolkenkratzer von 70 Metern Höhe entstehen werden. Jeder fünfte Baukran der Welt steht in Shanghai. Der zweite Flughafen ist geplant. 18 Kilometer U-Bahn wurden im April 1995 eröffnet. 160 weitere Ki-

lometer sollen folgen. Links des Flusses Huang Pu entsteht das neue Shanghai: Pudong, ein riesiges Wohn- und Industriegebiet, in dem sich über viele Kilometer Lagerhäuser, Fabriken, Arbeitersiedlungen und neue Firmensitze ausdehnen. Und mitten in diesem Häusergewirr erhebt sich, neben den verspiegelten Fassaden des High-Tech-Turms des japanischen NEC-Konzerns, eine Riesenkugel von 468 Metern Höhe, der Fernsehturm, hier „Orientalische Perle“ genannt. An dieser Entwicklung sind Investoren aus aller Welt beteiligt. Rund 800 Milliarden US-Dollar beträgt das Investitionsvolumen, das in diesen Moloch fließt. Das alles hat ein Ziel: spätestens 2010 will Shanghai Asiens mächtigste Handelsstadt sein.

Wer Ehrgeiz hat, paukt Englisch, die Sprache des kapitalistischen Erzeindes, um ihn morgen wirtschaftlich besiegen zu können. Zwar nutzen ausländische Investoren gern die billigen chinesischen Arbeitskräfte, doch die Regierung verlangt von ihnen stets das beste und modernste Know-how, um so schnell wie möglich die Produktion in eigene Hände übernehmen zu können. Alle Joint-ventures gehen spätestens nach dreißig Jahren in chinesischen Besitz über.

Aber im Süden der Stadt gibt es

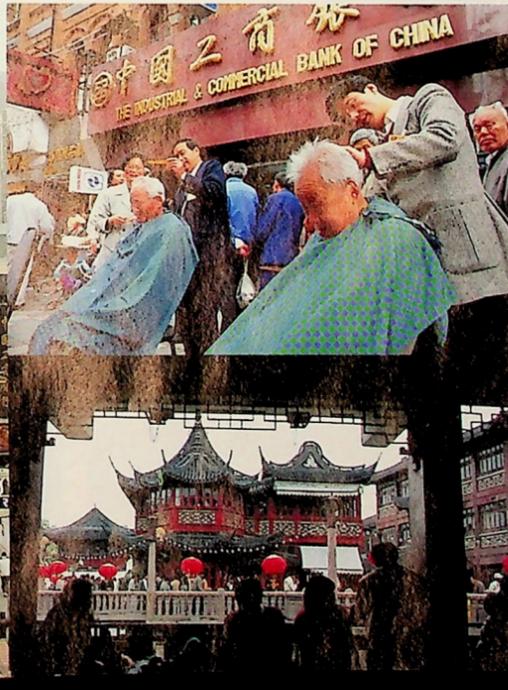
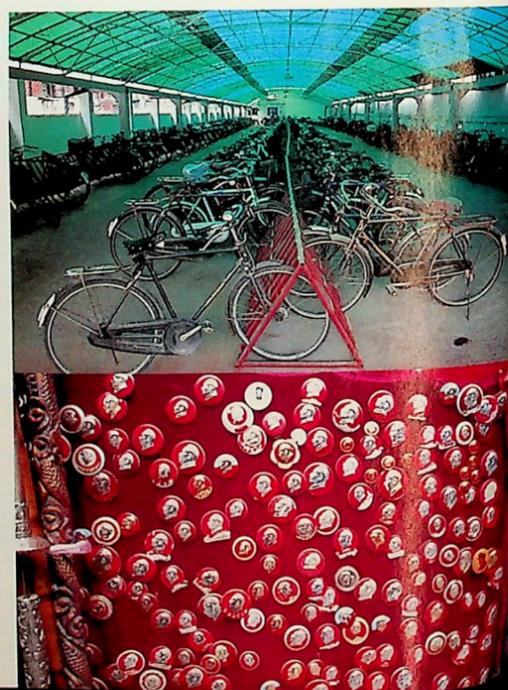
Fangmin, eine junge Business-Chinesin, ist Repräsentantin einer Schweizer Bank und will hoch hinaus. Hier auf dem Dach des alten Peace Hotel



Foto oben: „Die umgefallene Revolution“ nennt Chinas berühmtester Maler Chen Yifei dieses Gemälde, das er 1973, in der Mao-Zeit, gemalt hat

Fotos unten, von links: Riesige Radparkplätze stehen für Chinas Verkehrsmittel Nummer eins zur Verfügung. Mao-Plaketten auf dem Flohmarkt. Auf der Nobelmeile Nanjing Lu. Sonntags

werden dort alten Leuten gratis die Haare geschneitten und wird Blutdruck gemessen. Zum Huxingting-Teehaus führt eine Brücke mit neun Kurven, und im Shopping-Center nebenan gibt es einfach alles zu kaufen





In Shanghai gibt es heute die elegantesten und schicksten Frauen Chinas. Priscilla Chin unterhält einen Haute-Couture-Salon, der ausschließlich Maßkleidung anfertigt. Eine Filiale betreibt sie in Hongkong

noch das alte Shanghai. Nanshi, das Chinesenviertel. Ein Labyrinth enger Gassen führt in die Vergangenheit. Ein- oder zweistöckige, enge, holzverkleidete Häuser. Verlängerter Wohn- und Schlafraum ist die Straße. Dort wird das Essen vorbereitet, mit dem Nachbarn geschwätzt, dort wird auf Liegen geschlafen. Auch Handwerker und Verkäufer haben ihre Werkstatt und ihren Gemüsestand im Freien. Wie lange noch? Lieber würden sie weiterhin mit mehreren Familien eine gemeinsame Kochstelle im Freien benutzen, bei Hitze oder Kälte, sagen die hier lebenden Chinesen, als daß sie in eine dieser Hochhauswohnungen ziehen. Auch wenn sie so schöne Namen wie „Heimstatt für glückliche Menschen“ oder „Goldener Palast“ haben. Mitten in diesem Häuser- und Gassengewirr ein Einkaufs- und Shopping-Center im alten chinesischen Stil. Im Huxingting-Teehaus, das in diesem Center liegt, einem früheren Tempel, erholen sich die Chinesen vom Lärm der Stadt bei grünem Tee, der mit Wachteleiern und kandierten Pflau-

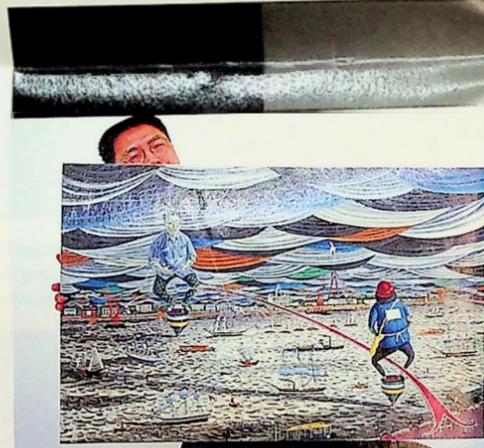
men serviert wird. Gleich daneben ist der Yu-Yuan-Garten, der in der zweiten Hälfte des 16. Jahrhunderts mit künstlichen Seen, Miniaturbogen, Pavillons und Bambuswäldchen für den Ming-Kaiser Wanli erbaut wurde. Jeden Samstag finden in Shanghai rund hundert Hochzeiten statt, und sie werden gern in den Restaurants dieses Viertels gefeiert. Die Organisation einer Hochzeit übernimmt eine der rund 200 Hochzeitsagenturen. Für 8 000 Yuan (ca. DM 1 600) wird das weiße Hochzeitsdreß mit Blumenstrauß und Schleier geliehen, Make-up inklusive, ebenso der Smoking. In dem Preis enthalten sind auch das Essen und ein Videofilm zur Erinnerung an das schönste Fest einer Chinesin, denn nun kann sie endlich aus der 18-Quadratmeter-Wohnung, die sie mit Eltern und Geschwistern teilen mußte, ausziehen und mit ihrem Mann in einem Acht-Quadratmeter-„Appartement“ glücklich sein und irgendwann das eine Kind kriegen, das die Regierung erlaubt. Abtreibungen und Sterilisation sind legal.

Fangmin, eine der jungen Business-Chinesinnen, repräsentiert in Shanghai eine Schweizer Bank. 1994 wurde Chinas Foreign Exchange Trading Center in Shanghai eröffnet. Shanghai besitzt die größte Aktienbörse Chinas und drei Warenbörsen. Eine neue Aktienbörse soll 1997 eröffnet werden. Sie wird zweimal so groß wie die Hongkongs und dreimal so groß wie die Tokios sein. Handelsdelegationen aus aller Welt geben sich die Klinke in die Hand, das Terrain zu sondieren.

Nirgends ist der Wandel so offensichtlich wie in der Nanjing Lu, neben der exklusiveren Huai-Hai-Lu die größte Einkaufsstraße Shanghais. Hier reiht sich zehn Kilometer lang eine exklusive Boutique an die andere; mit dem Angebot an Designerwaren dürfte auch der verwöhnteste Westler zufried-



Bild oben: TV für alle – auf der Straße. Luxus, Beauty und Lebensfreude: Die junge Elite probt den Wohlstand. Bild rechts: Die Riesenuhr der Firma



Omega zeigt den Menschen in Shanghai, was die Stunde geschlagen hat. Bild unten: Kunst ist in. Professor Liu Da Hong hatte auf einer international beachteten

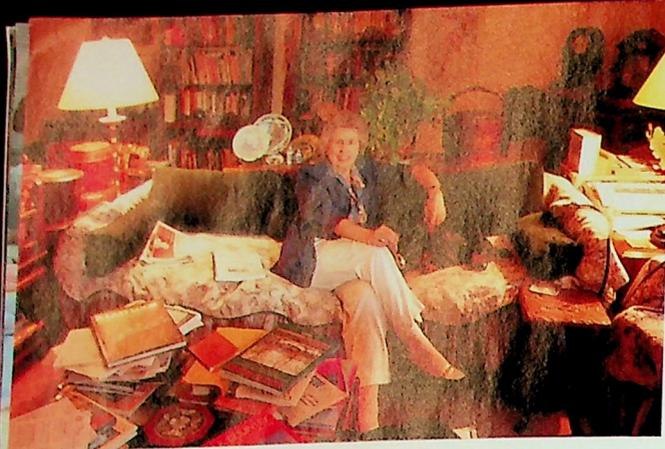


Kunstaussstellung in Bonn großen Erfolg mit sieben Paneelen „Mao übernimmt Hongkong“; hier mit zwei seiner Gemälde, „Shanghai früher und heute“ (links) und die „Huan-Hai-Straße“ in Shanghai (rechts)



Liu Fang ist der Movie-star, den alle lieben. Sie lebt in Shanghai, hat drei Jahre die Filmakademie besucht und hat nun eine Fernsehserie abgedreht, die auch in Deutschland ausgestrahlt wird





Tess Johnston, rechte Hand des amerikanischen Generalkonsuls in Shanghai, lebt seit zehn Jahren hier und versucht mit Fotobänden die Geschichte der chinesischen Architektur lebendig zu halten

den sein. Obwohl einige der großen chinesischen Kaufhäuser noch in staatlicher Hand sind, entscheiden sie in eigener Verantwortung über Preise, Wareneinkäufe und über die Reinvestition der Gewinne. Auf die völlige Liberalisierung, den Tag X, wie es in Shanghai heißt, wartet Mike Bruhn, Chef des Auktionshauses Sotheby's. Er ist Amerikaner, Spezialist für Bronzen, spricht perfekt Chinesisch und lebt in Shanghai, um Kontakte zu knüpfen und sich chinesische Auktionsgepflogenheiten anzueignen. Denn bisher dürfen nur Chinesen Auktionen veranstalten. Import und Export sind zur Zeit für ihn noch uninteressant. „Beim Import gibt es hier Probleme mit Transport und Versicherung. Und Export findet auch noch nicht statt, denn es dürfen nur Antiquitäten China verlassen, die nach 1796 entstanden sind. Und die haben für Sammler keinen Wert.“ Und was interessiert reiche Chinesen? „Autos, Waschmaschinen, Stereoanlagen, TV. Auf Auktionen alte Uhren von Piaget, Boucheron, Cartier und feinste Jade, die wahrscheinlich alte, ehemals reiche Familien irgendwie gerettet haben.“ Wie Mike Bruhn geht es Lillian Zhu Ren-Ming, der Shanghai-er Chefin von Christie's International. Sie wartet ebenfalls sehnsüchtig auf den Tag X. Stolz erzählt sie, daß sie trotz großer Marktschwierigkeiten bei den „Überseechinesen“ Erfolg mit amerikanischer Pop-art, vor allem Andy Warhol, hatte. Was in den sechziger Jahren aus New York kam, kommt in Ostasien jetzt aus Shanghai. „Maos freche Erben“, heißt der moderne Maltrend, humorvoll, witzig, mit viel Phantasie. Ein Beweis, wie sehr sich das Land geändert hat. Liu Da Hong (34), Professor an der Hochschule für Malerei, darf die Studenten nun lehren, was unter Mao verboten war. „Ich kann den Traum meiner Lehrer verwirklichen.“ Bis Maos Tod (1976) gab es keine

moderne (dekadente) Malerei, und danach kümmerte sich in Shanghai niemand um Kunst. Erst 1993 organisierte der Hongkonger Galerist Schoeni im China Club in Hongkong (siehe auch Wohnungsreportage Seite 170) eine Ausstellung mit 33 Gemälden Liu Da Hongs. Ein Riesenerfolg: 30 Bilder wurden verkauft. Dazu Liu: „Die Gemälde zeigen ein ganz neues Bild von China, sie zeigen Alltagsszenen und werden deshalb in der ganzen Welt verstanden.“ Diese Malerei hat im Kunsthandel so eingeschlagen, daß ein Bild von Liu Da Hong heute 10 000 bis 15 000 US-Dollar kostet. Was macht er mit dem Geld? „Ich möchte einen Paß haben, damit ich einmal nach New York kann, um mir dort die Kunstszene anzusehen, und ein kleines, aber eigenes Haus.“ Ein weiterer Aufsteiger in der Shanghai-er Malszene ist Pu Jie (37). Auch seine Bilder, die das moderne Leben der vielen kleinen chinesischen „Ameisen“ zeigen, kosten um die 10 000 US-Dollar. Für seinen Erfolg sorgt Lorenz Helbling (38), geborener Schweizer, in seiner Galerie Shang Art. Er studierte Kunstgeschichte und Sinologie an der Fudan-Universität in Shanghai und ist der einzige Kunsthändler für „Modern Chinese Art“ in Shanghai.

Schon immer galt Shanghai als die Ideenschmiede Chinas, sowohl im politischen als auch im künstlerischen Bereich. Peking war stets nur Verwaltungsmetropole. Von diesem unruhigen Geist profitiert die Stadt, die einst als „Paris Asiens“ gepriesen wurde, noch immer. Und es wurde ihr leicht, an die zerrissenen kulturellen Fäden von einst wieder anzuknüpfen.

Als der bedeutendste Maler der Neuzeit gilt Chen Yifei (44). Schon unter Mao errang er mit seinen patriotischen Bildern Anerkennung. Später spezialisierte er sich auf die Darstellung von Musik- und Tanzgruppen, Land-



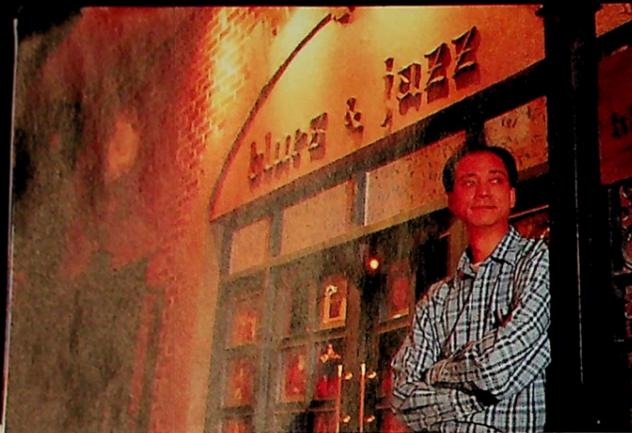
Foto oben: Mike Bruhn, Sotheby's Mann in Shanghai, und Frau Chen Pei Feng im neubauten Shanghai-Museum. Chen Pei Feng ist

Direktorin und weltbekannt als Expertin für chinesische Bronzen. Im Hintergrund das berühmte Werk „Tausend Buddhas“ aus Stein und Stahl aus dem Jahre 557 n. Chr.

Fotos unten: Nur ein Kind darf sich eine Familie leisten; die glückliche Braut im geliehenen Hochzeitskleid; Paketpost wird häufig mit dem Dreirad zugestellt; Lippenstift und Nagellack sind der Renner



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In der Si Nan Road hat Lin Dong Fu ein Feinschmeckerlokal eröffnet. Das Geld dafür verdiente er als Synchronsprecher in amerikanischen Filmen. Denn er hat, was selten bei Chinesen ist, eine tiefe Stimme

schaften und Menschen aus dem chinesischen Hinterland und aus Tibet. 1983 wurde ein New Yorker Kunsthändler auf ihn aufmerksam, und bei seiner ersten Ausstellung, im Brooklyn Museum 1983, wurde sein Gemälde „Viewing History From My Space“ für 390 000 US-Dollar verkauft. Tendenz steigend. Chen Yifei, der einzige asiatische Künstler, der in der angesehenen Marlborough Gallery in London vertreten wird, ist heute ein reicher Mann. Ein Mercedes samt Chauffeur, ein Atelier in Shanghai und eines in New York sind für ihn fast selbstverständliche Statussymbole eines Arrivierten. „Vielleicht gehe ich in die Geschichte ein“, sagt er lächelnd. „Ich werde in eigener Produktion und Regie einen Film drehen. Er soll eine Hommage an mein geliebtes Shanghai sein, das damals für viele eine letzte Zufluchtsstätte bot.“ Hier entstand 1939 der Stadtteil „Klein-Wien“, in dem bis zu 30 000 jüdische Flüchtlinge aus Mitteleuropa lebten. Denn bis 1941 war Shanghai einer der letzten Emigrationshäfen, wo weder Einreisevisa noch Vermögensnachweise verlangt wurden. Was erhofft nun ein chinesischer „Weltmann“ wie Chen Yifei von der Zukunft? „Daß die Menschen sich wieder auf ihre Wurzeln besinnen, nicht nur den Reichtum suchen, sondern wieder ihr Gleichgewicht zwischen Ying und Yang finden mögen.“

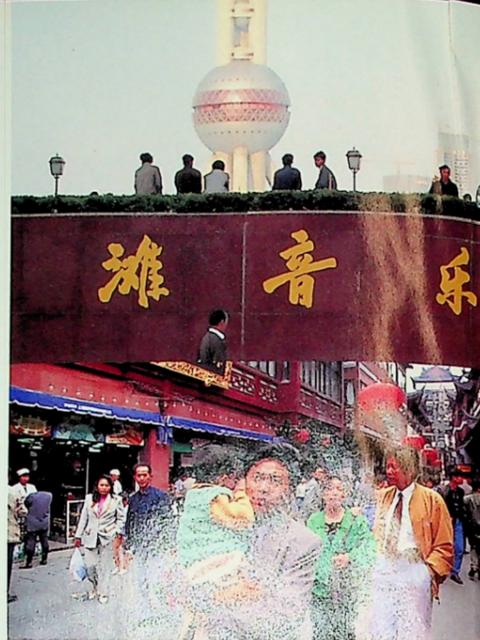
Ein Monument der Neuzeit ist der supermoderne Rundbau auf dem „Platz des Volkes“, das Shanghai-Museum, das im Dezember 1996 eröffnet wurde. Zur Zeit der Kulturrevolution (1965–69) wurde hier von der „Roten Garde“ Maos Parole „Der Ostwind ist stärker als der Westwind“ blutig und barbarisch in die Tat umgesetzt. Jetzt sind hier 120 000 Gegenstände aus Bronze oder Keramik und Kalligraphien ausgestellt. Manche, die der Zerstörung entgingen, sind über 6000

Jahre alt. Diese einmalige Sammlung ist nicht nur eine der schönsten, sondern gehört auch zu den wichtigsten Kulturdenkmälern der Welt.

Professor Qu Xin Yue, Chef der Computerabteilung an der Internationalen Business-Universität in Shanghai, gehört ebenfalls zu der neuen Intelligenzija dieser Stadt. Er wohnt im repräsentativen Stadtteil Ya Jie Village, eine Anlage aus Betonbauten, jeweils sieben Stockwerke hoch, die für Angestellte der verschiedenen Universitäten gebaut wurde. Er verdient monatlich 2000 Yuan (ca. 500 Mark), die 30-Quadratmeter-Wohnung für seine Familie, Frau und zwei erwachsene Söhne, erhält er unentgeltlich als Dienstwohnung – ein Zeichen für den hohen Prestigewert, den alle Wirtschaftsfachleute genießen. Seine Frau arbeitet als Buchhändlerin, die beiden Söhne James und Qu Xin Hua studieren. Wie in fast allen Shanghai-Wohnungen steht auf einem Spitzendeckchen eine Porzellanfigur, Cai Shen Ye, der Gott des Geldes und des Wohlstands. Der Professor und seine Frau genießen die Privilegien, die sie erhielten. Fragen nach der Kulturrevolution oder den täglichen Hinrichtungen von Kriminellen, aber auch politischen Häftlingen, von denen man in den Zeitungen liest, übergeht er mit einem liebenswürdigen Lächeln. Auch das Problem der Menschenrechte wird meistens als unangebrachte Einmischung in innere Angelegenheiten betrachtet. Die neuen Chinesen sind selbstbewußt und gestatten Fremden nur höchst selten Kritik.

Shanghai, die westlichste der Städte Chinas, schickt sich an, die alten Metropolen zu entthronen – mit chinesischem Ausdauer, westlichem Know-how und der neu aufkommenden unbändigen Lebenslust.

Bitte beachten Sie auch die Seite 176.



Der neue Fernsehturm schwebt als Symbol der Zukunft über der Altstadt. Konsumrausch in Boom-town: Alle internationalen Nobelparken



sind hier vertreten. Die schöne Ru-Bei Ying hat vier Jahre an der Universität das neue Fach „Touristik“ studiert. Jetzt ist sie Managerin eines eleganten chinesischen Restaurants in



Shanghai. Sie ist der Inbegriff der neuen Erfolgsfrau, die die Möglichkeiten der Liberalisierung genutzt hat.



Foto unten: Kleine Ruhepause im idyllischen Yu-Yuan-Garten



EXPERIMENT OPER

MADAME: Ihre neueste CD heißt „Short Operas“. Sie wurde eingespielt mit Solisten des United Philharmonic Orchestra Budapest, diversen Rockmusikern sowie Sängern wie Gianna Nannini, Helen Schneider, der Mezzosopranistin Nidia Palacios, dem renommierten Baßbariton Kurt Moll und dem von Pavarotti geförderten Tenor Andrea Bocelli. Servieren Sie mit Ihren „Kurzopern“ schwere Kost in leichtverdaulichen Häppchen?

Schoener: Es ist ein Plädoyer gegen die Langeweile in Opern! Im Klartext heißt das: dreißig Minuten, Pause, nochmals dreißig Minuten – und Schluß.

M: Was war der Anstoß zu den Opern im Light-Format?

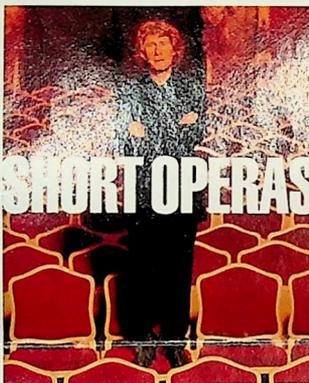
S: Ich war erster Geiger an der Münchner Kammeroper und später dort Chefdirigent. Dabei fiel mir auf, daß zahllose Menschen während der Aufführungen schliefen – und da dachte ich mir, es müßte doch möglich sein, bei einer kurzen Oper so viel Spannung zu erzeugen, daß es nicht zu Ermüdungserscheinungen kommt. Das war die Grundidee.

M: Hat der immense Publikumserfolg der Musicals Ihre Idee forciert?

S: Nein. Ich mag keine Musicals. Ich habe mir zwar viele angesehen, weiß aber nicht, was die Leute daran finden. Ich halte Musicals jedenfalls für langweilig! Die Ausstattung ist toll, doch die musikalischen Einfälle sind sehr reduziert. „Evita“ zum Beispiel hat wirklich nur dieses eine einzige Thema. Und das wird den Besuchern so lange eingehämmert, bis sie es nicht mehr aus ihrem Kopf herausbekommen.

Auch wenn man mit seinem Namen spontan nichts verbindet – jeder hat schon etwas von ihm gehört:

Eberhard Schoener



Der Komponist Jahrgang 1939, hat die Musik zu rund 400 Filmen geschrieben, von »Ansichten eines Clowns« bis zu TV-Serien wie »Der Alte«, »Derrick« und »Das Erbe der Guldenburgs«. Sein jüngstes Werk legt er jetzt auf CD vor:

»Short Operas«.

M: Musicals sind eine amerikanische Erfindung. Europäer kommen von der Oper oder Operette.

S: Deshalb habe ich mir gesagt: Wir haben die wunderbarsten Opernhäuser der Welt, die besten Orchester, nur im Grunde keine Literatur. Da herrscht ein totales Vakuum. Was ist denn in den vergangenen zwanzig Jahren diesbezüglich noch gekommen? Da wird immer irgend etwas

für viel, viel Geld hochgestemmt. Avantgarde, zeitgenössische Oper nennt man das dann. Es wird zwei-, dreimal abgespielt, die Besucher bleiben weg, und fort mit dem Stück.

M: Erklären Sie die zeitgenössische Oper also für tot?

S: Ja. Die Avantgarde hat vierzig Jahre lang probiert, das Publikum zu erreichen. Sie hat es nicht geschafft, und zwar aus einem einfachen Grund: Sie besitzt keine Sinnlichkeit! Das ist Kopfmusik, konstruierte Musik. Das Orchester will dergleichen nicht spielen. Die Sänger wollen es nicht singen. Das Publikum will es nicht hören. Alle Versuche des Feuilletons, das Ding dennoch am Leben zu erhalten, haben nicht funktioniert! Das hat zunächst nichts mit der Musik selbst zu tun, denn die hat meiner Meinung nach sogar etwas sehr Lehrreiches, nur ist das akademisch. Mich interessiert dergleichen aber nicht. Ich möchte Musik sinnlich machen!

M: Wie soll sinnliche Musik klingen?

S: Zunächst einmal – und das, glaube ich, hat die Klassik noch nicht erkannt – muß man wieder zur Tonalität zurückkehren! Tonalität ist gleichbedeutend mit Melodie. Melodien zu schreiben hat dabei nichts mit Sentimentalität oder heiler Welt zu tun. Und nach all meinen Erfahrungen sind Melodie und Energie das Wichtigste in der Musik!

M: Ist die Definition von Sinnlichkeit aber nicht von Person zu Person unterschiedlich?

S: Sinnlichkeit ist etwas Faßbares, hat mit direktem Empfinden zu tun. Selbst wenn ich dabei in die Nähe des

AGENDA *LIFESTYLE*

Oasis of food and warmth in a park

The 97 Group's Shanghai venture has turned an empty shell into a welcoming place, writes **Fionnuala McHugh**

DECOR

Until April this year, interior designer Elaine Jamieson of Drum Design, originally of Glasgow, had never been to China. Then she was asked to fly to Shanghai to look at the building which was about to become the 97 Group's first mainland venture.

Six months of toil and a steep learning curve later, Park 97 officially opened on October 22 and last night the group celebrated its 15th year in business with a gala evening on its newest property at which, naturally, 97 guests from Hong Kong mixed with 97 guests from Shanghai.

Ms Jamieson had already created two of the group's interiors, at Petticoat Lane and The Pavilion, but Park 97 is a different concept. For a start, it is in a park which was built in 1909 in what used to be the old French Concession and is surrounded by space and greenery - two qualities not normally associated with Hong Kong.

The group took over the ground floor of the park authority's building which was built in the 1960s and is neither charming nor graceful.

"It's a very, very unremarkable four-storey, free-standing building," as Ms Jamieson puts it.

the rear leading into a private room for 10. The restaurant's sole source of lighting is 10 fittings in the sleek, narrowed shape of folded lanterns, made by Ms Jamieson's brother William, a silversmith and custom metal-worker based in Hong Kong.

They are the same shape, although softened by golden silk shades, as the brass lanterns at the building's entrance.

The chairs, with their pleated effects in chenille and satin, pick up the theme of lush greenery. "I wanted to play with texture and have a form of consistency throughout," explains the designer.

The cafe area, which takes up most of the available space, was originally dominated by two square columns. Ms Jamieson liked the undercurrent of drama ("We never have that sense of volume in Hong Kong") so she increased the columns to four, made them oval and added a mirrored ceiling.

The dramatic effect is considerably enhanced



"I think part of it had been a Chinese restaurant but when we got it, it was a totally empty shell."

It was also a large empty shell covering 6,000 square feet which is about 13 times bigger than either Petticoat Lane or The Pavilion. (In fact, its ladies' powder room alone is about the same size as The Pavilion.)

Ms Jamieson wanted to make the best use of the building's high ceilings and the fact it had an enormous fountain, surrounded by rosebeds, at the front. So she lined the facade with French windows.

"We made them so they could be opened for summer evenings, hung them with gold velvet drapes and painted the exterior Spanish red, which is a deep ox-blood colour and very striking. It had to glow, to look really inviting from the park."

The original plan for the interior was that it would be a Shanghai sister to Post 97 – that is, it would be the sort of casual place where people dropped in to eat, have a drink, or drape themselves over a newspaper and coffee all morning.

The shape of the building dictated an addition to this vision, however. There was an extended area to the left of the building which even had its own entrance and has now been designated a restaurant for fine dining.

"We wanted something sophisticated with warm, honey tones – somewhere more elegant than the cafe area – where people could go for a special meal but which didn't look like a typical hotel dining room," Ms Jamieson says.

There are also huge sliding panels at

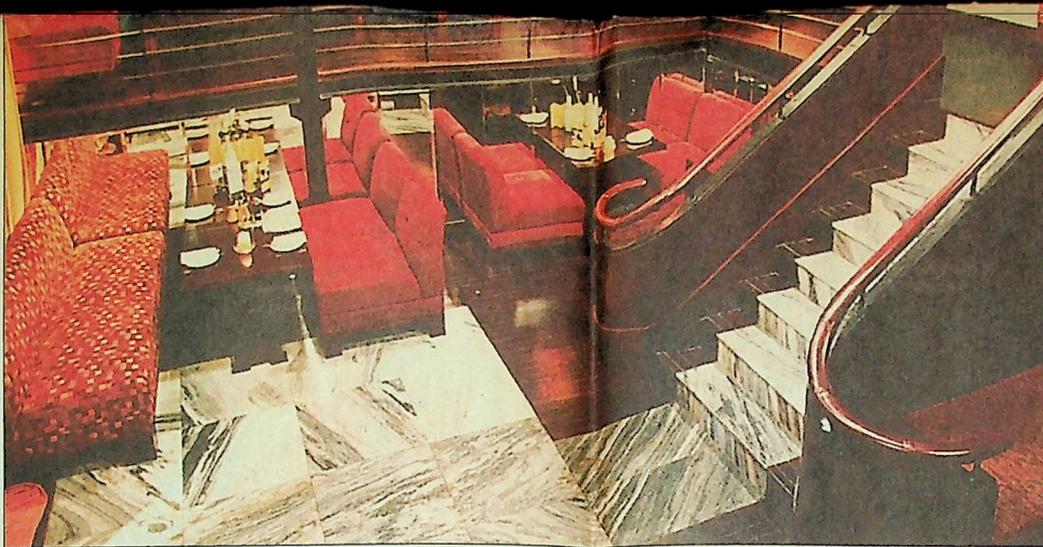
by a vast (7.5 metres by 1.6 metres) mural of a well-endowed and naked young woman who completely dominates one wall. She was based on a Spanish portrait, and was painted by a young Shanghai artist in such a way that her face is not recognisably that of any one nationality.

Ms Jamieson does not believe that diners' appetites will be impaired by the curvaceous vision. "When you're sitting there, it's so big you don't see the whole picture, it's just the glowing texture of the paint. Everyone loves it."

This appears to be true: the mural's voluptuousness inspired approving comments from the elderly men in the park playing cards.

"One of the old guys came up and said: 'You're opening up a brothel? Good! You'll make lots of money,'" Ms Jamieson recalls, grinning.

She was determined to avoid the 1930s retro look which is being flogged to death in Shanghai's burgeoning bars and clubs.



STYLISH SETTING: rich fabrics for formal dining, main; the chic Ultra Late Lounge, far left; and casual dining in the glass-ceilinged cafe, left

"I completely stayed away from that, although somehow there is a suggestion of Art Deco in some of the details. And, strangely enough, it does feel Chinese which was never the intent."

"I'd never been to China before but when I went to the Yu Yuan Gardens in Shanghai, for example, I saw an old house and around the balcony there were these little curving ledges which were seats. And I developed that idea with three banquettes set into the windows of the cafe, each with aubergine cushions."

Right at the back of the cafe, there is

further cushioned comfort in the Ultra Late Lounge which has its own mezzanine level. "Because we're way out in this park, it's not like Lan Kwai Fong where everyone bar-hops every 10 minutes. So the 97 Group wanted to provide a venue where you can fine-dine or have a light meal or have a lounge atmosphere or do all three under the same roof," Ms Jamieson says.

"The lounge has really jewel-like colours and more gold lampshades and a turquoise wall. It has a dimmer, more seductive feel where people can watch what's happening in the bar and cafe areas."

All of the furniture in Park 97 was made in Guangzhou and the contractors – Welland Contracting Company – are based in Shanghai. "They gave us 101 per cent support. We'd never have been able to do it in the time constraint. It's a funny coincidence actually. The company is run by a Hong Kong guy called Francis Yum and we bumped into him on the plane on that first trip in April. He recognised Nichole Garnaut [the 97 Group's managing director] and came to say hello and that's how it started."

Would she do it again? "I'd love to do

more work in China," Ms Jamieson enthused. "It was a very, very rewarding experience."

She is already investigating mainland possibilities but, meanwhile, this week her latest project with the 97 Group – El Pomposo, a tapas bar next to The Pavilion – is scheduled to open for business.

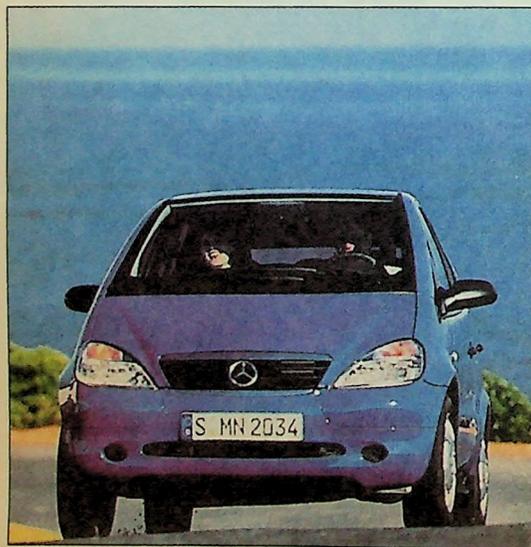
It is another tiny concept in that narrow, lively lane but it shares a similar vision with its big relative in Shanghai.

"We don't want to do what you'd expect," the designer says.

"And I like things to make an impact."

Safety worries have galvanised Mercedes into modifying its new small car, writes **Jeff Heselwood**

Baby Benz plays safe after tripping up



EYE-OPENER: the new Mercedes has its faults

MOTORING

Mercedes-Benz was mortified: *Teknikens Vaerld*, a Swedish magazine, had managed to put a Mercedes A-class – the so-called "Baby Benz" – on its roof. The Swedish motoring writers were involved in what they term the "moose test", where a car was put through its paces on a slalom course designed to avoid a fictitious two-tonne animal suddenly appearing out of the forest (as apparently they often do).

Most cars passed the test with flying colours; the Mercedes did not.

For Mercedes-Benz, committed to safety throughout its range, it was unthinkable its new small car was anything but near-perfect.

The manufacturer believes the cause of the roll was a soft-wall Goodyear tyre which allowed the wheel rim to dig in and tip the A-class over. It has since withdrawn the Goodyears from its original equipment list. It is also now fitting the once-optional stability control system, or ESP, as standard. This system corrects skids and slides, and stabilises the car in a split second.

The A-class was launched at the Geneva

motor show earlier this year to great acclaim, immediately raising questions about its unique construction. It had a sandwich floor – effectively a false bottom to the car – to provide strength in the event of an accident. It also had an engine/transmission unit designed to slide beneath the floor upon impact, thereby protecting the car's occupants.

Ingo Kallina, Mercedes' head of safety, said there was no substitute for size in a collision; that a big car would always be safer than a small one. But for a small car, the new A-class was probably the safest in the world. Until now.

It should be noted the moose test is an extreme one which is unlikely to ever be replicated in normal driving.

Jurgen Schrempp, chairman of the board of management of Daimler-Benz, Mercedes' parent company, admitted there were deficiencies in the A-class, but that they would be addressed. "That the A-class has shown a weakness in extreme test conditions is something nobody regrets more than we do," he said. "Our engineers have devoted all their energy, day and night, to the search for the optimal solution. And we've found it."

Deliveries of the A-class are suspended

while modifications are made at the company's Rastatt plant in Germany. When production resumes, the cars will have new stabiliser-tuning on the front and rear axles, a lower body, tyres with new dimensions and the ESP system fitted. It is expected to take about 12 weeks for the changes to be made by the plant and its suppliers, while cars already delivered will be retro-fitted with the ESP system, free of charge.

Mercedes-Benz is confident the fitting of ESP and the change in specification of the tyres will allow the A-class to pass the moose accident test without difficulty.

Daimler-Benz expects the planned conversions and the interrupted delivery of cars to cut 1997 operating profit by about 100 million deutschmarks (HK\$439 million), while for 1998 the delay in increasing production plus the inclusion of ESP as standard equipment will cost nearly 200 million marks.

On a more positive note, the A-class recently received a Golden Steering Wheel award from Germany's *Bild Am Sonntag*. It would be a great shame if the moose test were to ultimately detract from what is assuredly a great small car.

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BRIEFS

Working skills

SHANGHAI University has issued "second-level skilled worker" certificates to 1,101 of its students in a move to enhance their practical skills. The Shanghai-based university launched a course on engineering in 1986 with the aim of directing students' attention to the learning of practical skills. According to the curriculum, in addition to book learning, a student taking the course has to take part in some 400 hours of production each year, and receive vocational training according to standards set by the State.

Certificates granted so far include those in metallurgy, mechanical work, and electrical engineering.

Gerlach honoured

SHANGHAI — A memorial service was held here on Tuesday for Talitha A. Gerlach, once a close friend of the late honorary president of China, Soong Ching Ling. Gerlach died on February 12 at the age of 99. Chinese President Jiang Zemin, Shanghai Mayor Huang Ju and other senior officials sent wreaths or telegrams of condolence to the service. Gerlach was born in Pittsburgh in the US in 1896, and came to China in 1926. She made great contributions to China's welfare and education. In 1987 she became the first foreigner to obtain permanent residence in Shanghai.

Anchor woman

ZHONG Rui, one of the most popular anchorwomen with China National Radio (CNR), yesterday celebrated the 35th anniversary of her broadcasting career. The 6:30 morning news programme of CNR, of which she has been a hostess for 15 years, is the standard breakfast programme for millions of Chinese. Zhong has been on the radio since 1958. She has also worked on the Stage and in the film industry.

Life / People

Shanghai's breakfast sing-song

by Tang Weizhong

Every morning at the stroke of five, the silence around Shanghai's Xuhui District Workers' Club is broken with a dawn chorus. But the melodies are something more than the chirp of city sparrows — they come from a host of birds prized for their song.

The men who bring them to the club courtyard sit together drinking tea, and encourage their pets to sing more lustily. As morning progresses, their laughter mingles with the music.

Most of the bird-lovers are regulars — members of the Xuhui Bird Raising Association, set up in 1981 to enable bird fans to get together and exchange tips on their hobby.

At the moment, according to the club's director Huang Kaiyang, 56, there are 150 formal members and many more who occasionally join in. Most are retired elderly men, for whom the club is an important weapon against loneliness.

Its oldest member, Zhong Caizhi, is 82 years old, and says he would have died long ago had it not been for bird-raising. Since his wife died four years ago, he was plagued with ailments, and with no children to look after him, became increasingly miserable. But since he joined the club, he has been getting up at four every morning to drink tea and eat pastries with his fellow bird-fans.

"My birds have been with me for a long time now, and they understand me," said Zhong. "Whenever I'm feeling down, they cheer me up with their singing. And all my ailments have disappeared."

For Zhong, the psychological benefits from raising birds probably come from the social contact as much as from the birds themselves. But for 62-year-old Song Zhikang, his birds helped him to kick the habit of smoking.

Song took up bird-raising in 1982, but it was not long before two of his birds died. "I used to feed them by hand, and it turned out it was the nicotine on my fingers that killed them," he said. "I was shocked to think of the harm I was doing, and gave up immediately."

Song is now the proud owner of 17 beautiful birds, and has recovered from the pneumonia which had been brought on by his heavy smoking.



Bird lovers at an early morning get-together. China Daily photo by Wang Wenlan

The club's membership is not confined to the elderly. Its youngest member is 23-year-old Shi Fengting, a building worker who prefers bird-raising to disco dancing. "It's the best way I know to beat fatigue after a hard day's work," he said.

The most popular species for bird-raisers is the *Huamei*, a large brown songbird with particularly attractive white eyebrows which curve over its eyes. Its song is beautiful and it can be trained to

imitate other sounds, like the bark of a dog, the quack of a duck, or the murmur of a stream.

Between April and July, young *Huamei* appear on the three bird markets in Shanghai, and the bird-keepers buy new ones to raise. A chick costs between three and five yuan, but a fully-grown bird with a good voice can fetch more than 100 yuan.

"But our purpose in raising birds is not to make money," stressed Huang. "Our chief aim is entertainment and pleasure."

Bird-raising in China can be traced back to the Han Dynasty (206-220 BC). At that time it was popular only in the imperial palace. It was not until Liberation that the hobby passed from being the prerogative of high-ranking officials to ordinary people.

During the "cultural revolution" bird fans were criticized for having a bourgeois lifestyle, but now that bird-raising has become accepted again there are more than 20,000 bird-keepers in Shanghai alone.

Silence sparks speech

by Li Zhao

Mao Xiqing won first prize for a one-minute speech at a recent youth public speaking contest in Xifeng, Inner Mongolia Autonomous Region.

He announced the topic of his speech as "discipline and time," and his rich voice and graceful manner instantly drew the audience's attention.

But after these opening remarks, he suddenly vanished from the platform. The audience began to fidget and complain.

After half a minute, Mao returned to the irritated audience. "If you can't sit still for half a minute, you certainly won't understand what I have to say about time and discipline!" he said.

Stunned for a moment, the audience burst into thunderous applause.

BRIDGE:

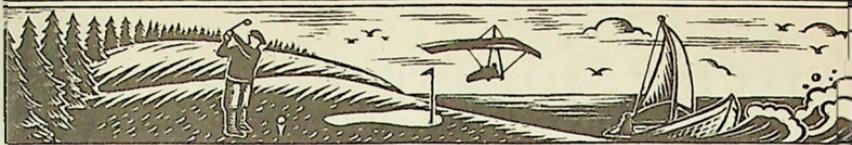
Oswald Jacoby and Jack

The heart 10 was covered by dummy's jack, the queen from East and the ace. As declarer rattled off four top clubs and four top diamonds, both defenders had to think. South was 4-4 in the minors and had at least one heart. He had fewer than four spades or he would have raised his partner. How many did he hold in each major?

- NORTH
- ♠ 10 8 4 3
- ♥ K J
- ♦ A K Q 5
- ♣ A Q J

...speech Contest in English

WSJ 1/30/98



Shanghai's Cabaret Craze Draws on a Glamorous History

By DAVID TOTTERDELL

SHANGHAI



It's a chilly, smoggy Shanghai winter night, but inside the art deco walls of the Paramount Theatre a scene of decadence and excess unfolds.

Wrapped in feather boas and spangled bathing costumes, a row of bare-legged dancing girls struts to the blare of popular music. Suited businessmen with girlfriends and mistresses on their arms strut through the Egyptian theme foyer, packed with gilded Sphinxes and pyramids.

Read any book about the roaring days of Shanghai and the text drips with references to nightclubs bristling with femmes fatales from foreign climes (often White Russians), svelte Shanghainese sing-song girls, hoods, flunkeys, bimbos, broads and bodyguards. Well, as the cliché goes, the more things change the more they stay the same.

Shanghai is two years into a cabaret revival. Always on the lookout for entertainment and a forum to display wealth, this commercial city's wealthy began frequenting newly opened cabarets at bars and nightclubs with names like Caesar's, Jurassic Pub and the Golden Age. The common feature is young women in a variety of revealing outfits moving to music. As for the singers, most of whom lip-synch popular songs, their looks, not their talent, is the main attraction.

The clubs are aware of their antecedents, and play the nostalgia card to the hilt. To bring things back to the '20s with a feel of authenticity, the Gap, on Maoming Road, introduced a nightly "model show," featuring what its promoters say is the latest designer fashions. OK, so the kitsch has been updated in places: The club borrows design elements from the Hard Rock Cafe (a Red Flag limousine impaled above the entrance), Planet Hollywood (the restaurant is filled with movie posters) and an Italian pizzeria (red-checked tablecloths). But the layout is vintage nightclub, with tables that recede from a stage, a mezzanine floor, private rooms and vestibules. It's a favorite with overseas Chinese and their local second wives.

The Paramount captures the old era somewhat better because it survived from that age. On the corner of Yuyuan Road and Huashan Road, the building is a masterpiece of art deco architecture, with an elegant vertical facade featuring carved heroic figures. The Egyptian

theme at the entrance also survived the excesses of the Cultural Revolution intact. Inside the club itself terraces lead down to a sprung dance floor-cum-stage area. At the very back, patrons can recline in plush scalloped booths that are recessed into the back wall for privacy. The other levels are more exposed, featuring tables and chairs.

A Mr. Zhou, who says he is an assistant manager, is proud of the club's heritage. And its girls. The foyer is full of them, giggling and flirting. He says most of the girls, who aren't employed by the club, will sit and dance with a customer for only about 100 yuan (\$12). Though hostesses aren't technically allowed to be employed by clubs, rumors are flying in China these days that hostess clubs are about to be legalized.

One young lady, who declined to give her name, said she comes to the Paramount for the money and the carefree lifestyle. She can stay out all night, dancing and enjoying the drinks her admirers provide, and earn three or four times what she could in her former job. Plus she has time to go shopping for bargains when everyone else is at work. In status-conscious Shanghai, looks are everything. Koko, another of the girls, says of course she wants to look good—how else is she going to attract a husband?

As in the old days, the Chinese ladies have competition in the form of young Russian girls on the prowl for dance partners. Just like 70 years ago, they are attracted by the bright lights and opportunities of China's wealthiest city. The numbers are smaller, however; just five Russians now dance at the Paramount, whereas Shanghai was once home to as many as 10,000 refugees from the Bolshevik revolution.

Some of Shanghai's new cabarets focus more on the present than the past. At the Golden Age International Business Men's Club, on the corner of Huaihai Road and Shanxi Road, in the heart of the retail district, the pricing and decor is altogether modern. After paying a minimum cover charge of 330 yuan (US\$40), one is escorted into a Cotton Club-type seating arrangement on the edge of a stage. There also are small private rooms, beginning at 2,500 yuan and progressing steadily to 8,000 yuan. A bevy of young hostesses, wearing off-the-shoulder, white satin cocktail dresses—some in the design of wedding dresses—pour drinks for patrons, most of whom are Chinese, either local or overseas.

MR. TOTTERDELL IS A SHANGHAI-BASED WRITER.

The Home Forum.

A Strong, Young Internee in Shanghai

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."
William Shakespeare

TWO days earlier, the Japanese commandant had harangued us that World War II would continue for a long time; that we would remain prisoners; that the Allies were losing. Now we were riding a donkey cart to freedom, one of the first families to leave the internment camp.

I remember our going to a large hotel in

the Bund, the main thoroughfare in Shanghai, and being the only customers in the dining room that evening. How vast the room seemed with all its empty tables covered in white linen. The waiters smiled at us, happy to see free foreigners.

We had been interned for 2-1/2 years. My father, a businessman, had been captured first in Hong Kong at the time of Pearl Harbor. No word of his whereabouts reached my mother for several months. My mother, who had previously led a carefree

social life, turned to her Bible. She was alone, with the care of three young daughters and a house full of servants to manage. She dismissed all the servants. Only our faithful nurse, Mary, and the coolie refused to leave, regardless of pay.

My mother, who had never before been called upon to make so much as a cup of tea, rolled up her sleeves, and with Mary at her side, stepped into the kitchen.

Our house was on the outskirts of Shanghai. The paved road ended a quarter

of a mile away, and we were surrounded by small Chinese villages and paddy fields. Concerned friends begged my mother to leave the house. We could stay with them, they said.

Japanese soldiers were billeted not far from where we lived, and their hostility, previously reserved only for the Chinese, was now openly directed at Westerners. We were called enemy nationals and had to wear armbands.

Banks were closed. Cars were commandeered. All of our furniture was stickered; it could be neither moved nor sold. My mother did not want to leave our home. Supported by her prayers, she felt we were protected. Although other families were pestered by soldiers walking in at all times of the day or night, putting their feet up on the furniture, and demanding food and drink, we were not disturbed.

After about nine months, my father, along with other residents of Shanghai, was allowed to return home. Shanghai had status as an international settlement, but that did not prevent our eventual internment by the Japanese.

It took a long time to round up the thousands of foreigners considered enemies. When our turn came, my father was well-prepared by his earlier experience. We were allowed to take in what we wanted, and he hired a truck to carry beds, clothes, and food.

The saddest part for me was kissing Mary goodbye. (She was

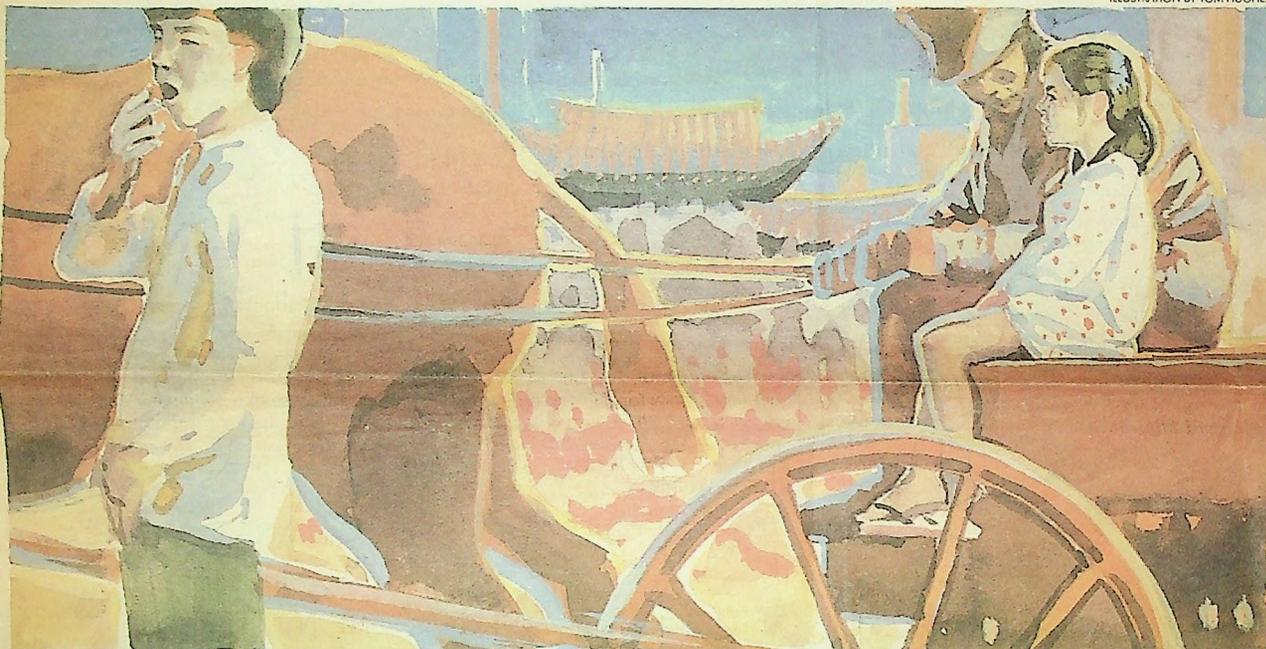


ILLUSTRATION BY TOM HUGHES

The Return of the Wonderful Wind-Up

ODD, come to think of it. We still use (or I do, anyway) the expression "It goes like clockwork" in a positive sense. Meaning, it goes really well. With definite reliability.

I suppose kids these days do encounter the occasional toy that winds up? Mostly, though, there is little doubt that battery power is as taken for granted by children as all the other inventions of the electronic revolution. They don't give it a thought - why would they? - when it comes to dolls crying and fluttering their eyelashes or dump trucks careering across the carpet in a collision course with the cat. They just work. All you have to do is press a button or something. Probably most of these children believe the cat's strangely primeval dream-snufflings are battery-operated too.

A news report today tells of a man who has invented a new kind of radio for those parts of the globe known as third-world countries. Everyone knows that radio remains a crucial means of communication to many people, but what has not been recognized sufficiently is that very often radios cannot be used because of the cost of new batteries. So Trevor Baylis, British inventor, has come up with what, surprisingly, is a "first" - a clockwork radio.

Mr. Baylis is undoubtedly of a generation that, in childhood, wound up its toy trains, racing cars, and even such metal toy figures as footballers, railway porters, or even the "changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace" - all of them motorized most satisfactorily by clockwork.

I wonder if he did not also, like me, have a childhood punctuated at daily intervals by the sound of his

The pond, stirred by wind -
your face speaking to me
through silences

John Cuno

dad winding up the various clocks in the house? A happy, comfortably predictable ritual of sounds that seemed to occur after I had gone to bed and was just dozing off. Sounds that seemed as natural as birdsong at dawn.

Gramophones (as they were known) were also wind-up machines. Baylis will certainly appreciate fully the wonder of turning a key to power up a mechanism.

He may well recall it as also being a kind of pleasurable minor skill: the at-first easy turning becoming tighter and tighter until it cannot be turned any more without endangering the springs; the sense of empowering something's movements by this simple manual process. But he will also know that clockwork has two great assets. It is free. And a child can do it.

The new clockwork transistor radio - a fascinating blend of yesterday and today, of nostalgia and modernity - shows, once more, that our new technologies do not of necessity make our old ones redundant. The radio is to go on the market in September, according to the London Times. The same article says that it "provides 40 minutes' listening from 20 seconds' winding." The report, ah, winds up by saying that Baylis and his business partner, Christopher Staines, have a "wealth" of follow-up ideas such as clockwork "calculators, torches, and portable telephones."

"Hold on a moment" - you can just imagine saying to someone, halfway through that international call - "my phone just needs winding up ... crrrrrk, crrrrk, crrrk, crk, ck.... Right. Excuse me. You were saying?"

Christopher Andreae

1973 - PRC Ltr.

PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA

CANTON * SHANGHAI * NANKING & PEKING

Country Visit - February 8-22, 1973

[Handwritten signature]

by

GEORGE C. LEE

Mainland China is impressive in many ways, but like other countries in this world there is always the good as well as the bad, depending on your political beliefs, social outlook and personal desires.

On my initial visit to the People's Republic of China, I was most impressed with the people. The 750 million population of the Chinese mainland is unsurpassed anywhere in the world as raw material for economic development. I found the Chinese to be extremely hardworkers, durable, very frugal, and quick to learn. They appeared to be the most ingenious people on earth in making to do with very little and in gaining small pleasures out of an extremely hard life. Eighty percent of its people live in rural areas and are engaged in most cases with back-breaking work in farming, construction, and transport. It is a fact of life to see men and women engaged in hard-labor at least 12 hours per day under very primitive working conditions. I said to myself if I had to work under these conditions I would have a total physical breakdown within 6 hours and would end up applying for permanent disability!

Being an American and not invited by the Communist Government, I was very surprised to be granted a special visa for this 15 day Cultural Tour of Canton, Shanghai, Nanking & Peking.

I've always had a desire to visit Mao's country not only because I'm Chinese-American but also to satisfy my curiosity to visit a place where one is not freely welcomed. It all started during the visit of my sister and brother-in-law (Mr. & Mrs. Harvey E. King, Portland) in Hong Kong during Chinese New Year. On Chinese New Year eve day we decided to apply for a visa at the China Travel Service in Hong Kong. Since I obviously look Chinese, the clerk told me to go the Kowloon office where they interview overseas Chinese. I was thoroughly questioned because my US Passport has

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a visa for Taiwan. He studied my passport for quite sometime and very reluctantly gave me an application to complete. Was asked to return in the afternoon with the completed application and three small photos for additional interviewing. During the second 45 minute interview, the man made it clear to me that very few Americans were allowed to visit China at this time without an invitation from Mao's government and to date no American banker has been approved. He did indicate that a Chinese-American had a better chance than a white American. Immediately I thought this guy was prejudice! After the second extensive interview the man asked me to come back in five days since the next four days were public holidays in Hong Kong for Chinese New Year's. He said that the application had to be sent to Canton for approval.

Returned to the Kowloon office of China Travel Service after Chinese New Year's and was told that a 90-day special visa for the People's Republic of China has been granted for a Cultural visit. I was also told that I must leave for Canton the following morning at 6:45 a.m. by train.

The 92 mile train ride from Hong Kong to Canton, China was quite unique and different. Each year tens of thousands non-skilled laborers and amahs from Hong Kong get permission to visit relatives in Canton during the Chinese New Year season. They are so loaded down with huge baskets of food, live chicken and ducks, clothes and other items, they have to carry it by balancing on each end of a 5 foot bamboo pole and then put it over their shoulders. That morning, thousands of people took the same train and in order to get all their personal belongings on board they had to open the train window and shovel it in. The sight would be a great scene for a Hollywood spectacular! I nearly became permanently disabled by the bamboo poles attacking the more sensitive part of my body! It was quite apparent that I was not part of the 'in' group since I didn't carry along a couple of live chickens, dried fish, etc. on the bamboo poles. I was so out of place with this group of travellers that I looked like a white American among one hundred blacks with my London Fog raincoat and one dark Samsonite luggage!!

Crossing the border into China was a total change from Hong Kong. Immediately you notice the Red flags; a huge picture of Chairman Mao; and the many red and white billboards with quotations from Chairman Mao. You are greeted by a Communist soldier who directs you to a room for more intensive interviewing. My troubles began when I was interviewed by a young, tough, smart-ass soldier. The Communist soldier first highly criticized me for not fluently speaking, reading and writing Mandarin. I told him I can speak and understand Cantonese but he still thought I was a disgrace to the Chinese race. In a very sharp tone of voice he continued to question my US Passport, Taiwan Visa, my life history since grade school, my US Military status and my job with a US bank. Here again, I was told that US bankers were not granted visa to visit China. I assured him that I was not on official bank business. He was not convinced, so the questioning continued. Later, I was taken into another room where my one suitcase, Pan Am flight bag with my camera, etc. and my physical body was totally and thoroughly checked by this rude and nasty soldier. At this point, I thought sure I was going to be rejected and sent back to Hong Kong, but I was determined to visit China so I kept my cool.

This soldier with the help of a fellow comrade took almost one hour to completely go through my personal belongs. They unfolded my clean shirts and threw them on the floor, checked the lining of my suit, checked all my underwears, dumped out everything in my shaving kit and took great pleasure in squeezing out toothpaste, shaving cream and after-shave lotion. In addition, they threw out everything in my wallet and looked over every credit card, address and Hong Kong dollars. During this humiliation, I kept telling myself to keep my cool. At the end, I was told to stand up empty all my pockets and to drop my pants to see if I was hiding anything in my underwear. I told him I didn't have anything worth hiding! After this long ordeal, the 4,300 mile trip through Mainland China was quite unique, educational and a fabulous experience.

CANTON, CHINA

The train ride from the border to Canton takes one and half hours through some of the most beautiful farmland and villages. The rice paddies and vegetable fields were very neatly planted. The only farm equipment and machinery were large water buffaloes pulling primitive garden tools. Thousands of Chinese were working very hard digging ditches for irrigation, harvesting vegetables or planting new crops. Saw another area where dozens of ladies were chipping away in the coal fields and then carrying heavy loads for several blocks without stopping. Since there is no rest room facilities in the farms it was a very common sight to see dozens of workers making their 'deposits' on the open fields. I was seriously told later that human fertilizer was the difference in either two or three crops per year in Southern China.

Canton is the city of over four million people and is the capital of Kwungtung province. It appears that everyone owns a bicycle and during rush hours there is a bad bicycle traffic problem. One would think that without automobiles, there wouldn't be a pollution problem, but unfortunately the people must burn coal for cooking and heating.

One of the biggest highlights of the trip was a personal experience in locating my aunt (my mother's-brother's wife) which I have never seen before. My mother hadn't seen her in 50 years since leaving China for USA. After several hours of looking, we finally found her in a small village in Canton. My aunt trembled with emotion and happiness as my sister, brother-in-law and I identified ourselves. Inside her tiny living quarters was a picture of my mother and sisters. I was very depressed with the typical living conditions. Five people, plus a live chicken, lived in this tiny hut no larger than a 12' x 15' carpet. It had one electrical outlet and a toilet that was only a hole in the ground. As yet there is no refrigeration in the villages. In spite of all this, the people appeared happy, looked healthy and they didn't complain. Believe me, this was no Benson Hotel!

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My cousin has been working at the railroads for 17 years and is making 60 Yuan (US\$29.80) per month. He works 12 hours per day and has only 3 days off per month. The total cost of his rent and utilities is approximately US\$8.00 each month. His wife also has to work but her income is only 40 Yuan (US\$19.90).

Medical care in China is considered excellent. People from all over Asia come to Canton for specialized medical care. The local people pay only 1 Yuan (49¢) per doctor visit. Major surgery, plus hospital room and services never cost more than US\$9.00. Had an opportunity to visit a hospital in Canton and was able to see four people being treated by acupuncture. Dr. Chen of the Acupuncture clinic was considered one of the very best in China. The Chinese people have been believers of acupuncture for hundreds of years and apparently with great results. Purchased an acupuncture body and needles for self-treatment.

Canton has beautiful spacious parks, a zoo with 4 large Pandas and the famous Mao Museum.

SHANGHAI

Took a four-engine Russian built jet aircraft from Canton to Shanghai which takes 1 hour 35 minutes. The large aircraft has first, second and third class seating. First class is reserved for high officials and invited guests. Second is very comfortable with plenty of legroom, but third class was ridiculous. It was so small and tight anyone over six years old would have a blood clot in five minutes. The stewardess on board were extremely simple. They wore baggy blue pants about four sizes too large, an army green jacket, no make-up, and hair done in pigtails. They also wore green military tennis shoes. They had about as much sex appeal as an uncooked fish from the Pearl River! I'm sure they didn't get hustled by the male passengers. There is no meal service in-flight. All that is served is gallons of Chinese tea, and fruits. In fact, the flight from Peking to Canton takes about 4 hours but about halfway they land the plane so that everyone has to get off to have lunch at the airport restaurant. After lunch we continue our flight to Canton. In China, a person cannot freely

purchase an airline ticket. They must get prior approval⁶ from the government and give reason for travelling. This also applies to embassy people that we met.

Shanghai is now officially the largest city in the world with a population of nearly 11 million Chinese. It was once the most swinging city in China until the Communist takeover. Here in Shanghai we were able to visit factories, and schools.

It was most interesting to see beautiful designed silk material being made. The working condition in this dress factory was quite crowded, bitterly cold, and very poor lighting. The average salary was US\$15.00 per month, with one day off every ten days.

Visited a commune school where children from 18 months to 14 years of age attend. Although I'm sure we were shown the best of China, I was still impressed with the Chinese school system. From 18 months of age you are taught to worship Chairman Mao. Everything that is said and done in China is for Chairman Mao. The young school children sang Mao songs for us, danced, and was treated to a concert from the school orchestra. Some of the subjects taught at the school for both girls and boys were electrical repair, making transistor radios (future competition for the Japanese!), barbering and beauty care, art and painting, music, drama, Morse codes, and the art of handling a gun. It was a bit frightened to see how well young children were able to handle a rifle and gun.

After the visit to the schools we were able to visit freely the living complex of this commune of 17,500 people. Chose to visit the living quarters of a young man who was fortunate to have his own room about 9' x 12' in size. Previously he had shared the same room with his grandfather for several years. This three small room complex was shared by two families. This included a community bathroom and a tiny kitchen which I'm sure the rats would refuse to occupy. The young man's room was neatly cluttered with a picture of Mao and several books written by Mao. He is a merchant seaman (but lives at home) and earns US\$19.00 per month. His rent and utilities is only US\$4.00 each month. There is no heat but somehow these tough Chinese can survive the bitter 18° temperature of Shanghai. *Heaven!*

A visit to the Shanghai Industrial Exhibition is a center where new products of Shanghai industry are displayed and new techniques exchanged. It consists of displays for electric machinery, metallurgy, chemical industry, textile and handicrafts. I questioned the domestic usage of these advance machinery and was told by the director that these products are for exports only.

NANKING

Took a six hour train ride from Shanghai to Nanking. This provided an opportunity to see more of the beautiful country side. The train was comfortable but was not heated and the temperature outside was below freezing. I'm sure I was the coldest Chinese in China!

Nanking is truly a beautiful city of less than 2 million people. The pride of the city is the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge - the largest modern bridge designed and built by China's own effort. This structure is said to be a great victory of Mao Tse Tung Thought and of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. It is a double-deck, double track rail and highway bridge, where fewer than 200 automobiles and six trains cross each day. A total waste of money.

A visit to the Dr. Sun Yat Seng Memorial Park, Ming Dynasty Park, the Pagodas is well worth the time.

PEKING

From Nanking to Peking it took 17 hours by train covering over 900 miles. Peking is the second largest city in China with nearly 8 million people. It is by far the most modern and historical city. To date, Peking has 33 foreign embassies, all living in well-guarded compounds. The living quarters for embassy staff are all large, modern and all identical. Had lunch with the wife of a Kuwait embassy staff official and was informed that most of her food comes from Hong Kong by train.

Peking has many famous and interesting sights. Some of the more interesting places would be the Forbidden City, Imperial Palace Museum,

Summer Palace, Great Wall of the People (Nixon's and Kissinger's hangout) and Ming Dynasty Palace.

The most unforgettable sight was seeing in person on a clear cold day the awesome Great Wall of China. This magnificent super-human accomplishment is over 3,500 miles long of solid rock. It is truly an unbelievable sight and well worth the trip to China.

In Peking, I was fortunate to have a young graduate of Peking University who was the English speaking guide. This young lady and I were able to express freely our opinions and observation of China and U.S.A. Before answering each of my question she had to consult with her fellow comrade. They expressed that:

1. China likes the American people but not the government policies relating to war;
2. China and U.S.A. can develop substantial trade on a gradual basis in the technical and scientific field; but they definitely do not want to adopt the western way of life;
3. There will be eventually one China and Taiwan will be ruled under Peking government. This will be accomplished not by war but through negotiation;
4. More Americans will be allowed to visit Mainland China in the near future (1-2 years) as soon as more tourist facilities are completed.
5. Comrade Liu would like very much to visit America but questioned the high crime rate.

Chairman Mao is everywhere in China. Everywhere you go (even in toilets) there is a color picture of Mao and several of his quotations. The people of China literally worship this man. The sincere dedication to Chairman Mao is frightening. I asked Comrade Liu what will happen to China when Mao dies? She said the people are prepared to live by his thoughts forever and also the beliefs of Marx and Lenin.

After five days in Peking I flew back to Canton for my return to Hong Kong. I was detained in Canton for two days until I was cleared by the Communist police to leave the country. Was told that this was strictly routine.

One thing I must mention should anyone visit China in the next couple of years is not to expect nice hotel accommodation. I have never stayed in such uncomfortable conditions. Hot water is available only a few hours per day (usually when I'm out touring), no heat in the evenings (below freezing weather), in Canton, room service is provided by a couple of rats running around in the room, and the plumbing is unbelievable! Bring your own soap, Kleenex and most importantly, bring toilet paper. The toilet paper provided in the hotels is comparable to a corrugated wrapping paper! In addition, be patient, adjust rapidly to the environment and maintain a sense of humor.

In conclusion, the 15-day Cultural Tour to the People's Republic of China was unique, exciting, very educational, and a fabulous experience. I learned and observed communism in action (which is not all bad) but I now realize the full value of being a free American. No truer words have been written than - 'America the Beautiful!'

George Lee

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TAGS: MRRP, SOCI, CH
SUBJ: LIFE IN THE BIG CITY

1. INTRODUCTION: THIS PAPER BY POLITICAL OFFICER LARRY ROBINSON EXPANDS ON A BRIEFING PAPER PREPARED FOR AMBASSADOR LORD IN JANUARY 1986, AND IS DESIGNED TO ASSIST THE DEPARTMENT IN PREPARING BRIEFING MATERIALS FOR THE SECRETARY'S VISIT TO CHINA. IT TAKES A LOOK AT THE QUALITY OF LIFE FOR SHANGHAI'S 12 MILLION RESIDENTS, BOTH OBJECTIVELY AND AS THEY PERCEIVE IT.

2. SUMMARY: BUILT UP BY FOREIGNERS, SHANGHAI IS VIEWED BY OTHER CHINESE WITH A MIXTURE OF AWE AND SUSPICION. UNDENIABLY THE GREATEST CITY IN CHINA, IT IS SOMEHOW NOT TRULY CHINESE. FOR THREE DECADES AFTER 1949, THE NATIONAL LEADERSHIP SOUGHT TO REDUCE SHANGHAI'S ECONOMIC DOMINANCE BY SHIFTING INDUSTRIES AND WORKERS TO NEW INDUSTRIAL CENTERS AND MILKING SHANGHAI'S PROFITS TO FINANCE DEVELOPMENT ELSEWHERE. MORE RECENTLY, THE CITY HAS BEEN ORDERED TO REGAIN ITS EARLIER POSITION AS AN INTERNATIONAL METROPOLIS. ACCOMPLISHING THIS TASK WILL BE DIFFICULT. THE MUNICIPAL BUREAUCRACY IS ENORMOUS, WELL ENTRENCHED, AND SUSPICIOUS OF CHANGE. MOREOVER, THE CITY'S INFRASTRUCTURE HAS BEEN NEGLECTED FOR DECADES, AND IS ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE.

3. PHYSICALLY, SHANGHAI IS UNINTERESTING. THE ENVIRONS ARE FERTILE BUT FLAT, AND THERE ARE NO GREAT CULTURAL OR HISTORIC MONUMENTS. THE CITY'S AESTHETIC APPEAL TO WESTERNERS IS MOSTLY LOST ON ITS INHABITANTS. WHAT THEY SEE IS A DECAYING OLD CITY SURROUNDED BY DISMAL SUBURBS. SIMILARLY, WHILE SHANGHAI'S CLIMATE IS GENERALLY MODERATE, THE LACK OF HEATING AND AIR CONDITIONING MAKES BOTH WINTER AND SUMMER HARD TO BEAR.

4. TRADITIONALLY, SHANGHAISE HAVE WORRIED ABOUT FOUR BASIC NECESSITIES: CLOTHING, FOOD, HOUSING AND TRANSPORT. THE FIRST TWO ARE LARGELY SOLVED, BUT HOUSING IS INCREDIBLY TIGHT AND TRANSPORTATION AT A NEAR STANDSTILL. THESE TWO CRISES EXACERBATE ALL THE CITY'S OTHER PROBLEMS, AND NEITHER WILL BE SOLVED SOON. IN ADDITION, SEVERAL NEVER WORRIES ARE OF GROWING IMPORTANCE: POLLUTION AND PUBLIC HEALTH, SHODDY QUALITY, POOR COMMUNICATIONS, ENERGY SHORTAGES, CRIME, AND INFLATION. IRONICALLY, ALL THESE ARE IN SOME DEGREE BY-PRODUCTS OF INCREASING PROSPERITY.

5. WITH ALL THESE PROBLEMS, WHY DOES SHANGHAI REMAIN

ATTRACTIVE? PART OF THE ANSWER IS ECONOMIC: WAGES ARE RELATIVELY HIGH AND BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES GOOD. AMENITIES SUCH AS SHOPPING, SCHOOLS AND HOSPITALS ADD TO THE CITY'S ALLURE. AT LEAST AS IMPORTANT, THOUGH, ARE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTORS. WITH ITS VAST RANGE OF CULTURAL, INTELLECTUAL, ENTERTAINMENT AND RECREATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES, AS WELL AS ITS UNMISTAKABLE BIG-CITY FEEL, SHANGHAI IS AN EXCITING PLACE TO LIVE. THERE IS A UNIVERSAL ASSUMPTION THAT, WITH A FEW OBVIOUS EXCEPTIONS LIKE HOUSING, THINGS ARE ALWAYS BETTER IN SHANGHAI. FINALLY, SHANGHAISE SHARE WITH NEW YORKERS AND LONDONERS AN INABILITY TO IMAGINE TRULY LIVING ANYWHERE ELSE. END SUMMARY.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL BACKGROUND:

6. LIKE SINGAPORE AND HONG KONG, SHANGHAI GREW UP AS A FOREIGN-RULED CITY WITH CHINESE INHABITANTS. ITS APOGEE FROM THE 1890'S TO THE 1930'S COINCIDED WITH THE NAJIR OF CHINESE NATIONAL PRIDE, AND THE IDEA OF SHANGHAI IS LINKED HISTORICALLY IN THE CHINESE CONSCIOUSNESS WITH CORRUPTION AND FOREIGN DOMINATION. THE RESULT HAS BEEN AN INTERESTING LOVE-HATE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN SHANGHAI AND THE REST OF THE COUNTRY. OTHER CHINESE REGARD SHANGHAI AS EXOTIC AND COSMOPOLITAN; VISITING HERE IS ALMOST LIKE GOING ABROAD. SHANGHAISE ARE CONSIDERED CHINA'S CLEVEREST BUSINESSMEN AND BEST WORKERS, BUT SOMEHOW "NOT LIKE THE REST OF US CHINESE." SUSPICION OF SHANGHAI WAS VERY STRONG AMONG THE PEASANT ORGANIZERS WHO, UNDER MAO'S LEADERSHIP, TOOK OVER THE COMMUNIST PARTY AFTER ITS URBAN PROLETARIAT-BASED STRATEGY COLLAPSED. WHEN THEY TOOK CONTROL IN BEIJING AFTER 1949, THIS GROUP OF PARTY LEADERS MADE AN EFFORT TO REDUCE SHANGHAI'S ECONOMIC DOMINANCE BY TRANSFERRING HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF SKILLED WORKERS, AND SEVERAL COMPLETE FACTORIES, TO NEW INDUSTRIAL CENTERS. BUT AT

THE SAME TIME, THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT FOUND ITSELF HEAVILY DEPENDENT ON SHANGHAI'S ESTABLISHED INDUSTRIES, BOTH FOR PRODUCTS AND FOR PROFITS. THE RESPONSE, FROM THE MID 1950'S TO THE LATE 1970'S, WAS TO USE SHANGHAI'S INCOME TO FINANCE DEVELOPMENT EVERYWHERE ELSE IN THE COUNTRY, RETURNING TO THE CITY ONLY SUCH FUNDS AS WERE NEEDED TO SPUR PRODUCTION. AS CHINA BEGAN TO OPEN UP IN THE EARLY 1980'S, THIS POLICY WAS REVISED. A 1985 STATE COUNCIL DOCUMENT ORDERED SHANGHAI TO BECOME A MODERN, MULTI-FUNCTIONAL, COSMOPOLITAN CENTER, AND HU YAOBANG SAID THE CITY SHOULD REGAIN ITS ROLE AS THE "NUMBER ONE METROPOLIS IN EAST ASIA."

7. THIS WILL BE AN EXCEPTIONALLY DIFFICULT TASK. FIRST, SHANGHAI'S BASIC INFRASTRUCTURE, STARVED OF EVEN MINIMAL MAINTENANCE FUNDING, PROGRESSIVELY DECAYED AS THE POPULATION SOARED. THE CITY'S GAS, WATER, AND SEWAGE SYSTEMS WERE AMONG THE MOST ADVANCED IN THE WORLD WHEN INSTALLED IN THE 1930'S; NOW THEY ARE ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE. THE SITUATION IS BEGINNING TO IMPROVE, AS FUNDS FOR NEW INFRASTRUCTURE FOLLOW RECOGNITION OF SHANGHAI'S IMPORTANCE AS A HUB FOR THE WHOLE COUNTRY, BUT MASSIVE INFUSIONS OF CAPITAL WILL BE NEEDED. AT THE SAME TIME, THESE FUNDS ARE NEEDED TO RENOVATE THE CITY'S INDUSTRIAL BASE: HALF OF SHANGHAI'S INDUSTRIAL EQUIPMENT DATES FROM THE 1930'S AND 1940'S, ANOTHER THIRD FROM THE 1950'S. AND RENOVATION OF ANY KIND IS RENDERED STILL MORE DIFFICULT BY THE CITY'S OVERCROWDING. SHANGHAI'S URBAN AREA OF 140 SQUARE KILOMETERS CONTAINS OVER 2000 FACTORIES AND 5 MILLION INHABITANTS, MAKING IT THREE TIMES AS CROWDED AS TOKYO.

8. SECOND, THE CITY'S SIZE AND COMPLEXITY, AND MULTIPLE CHANNELS OF COMMUNICATION AND CONTROL, HAVE PRODUCED A MONSTROSITY OF LOCAL BUREAUCRACY: HUGE, ARROGANT, AND AS WELL ENTRENCHED AS THE FRENCH AT VERDUN. NOTHING IS ACCOMPLISHED HERE IN A STRAIGHTFORWARD, EXPEDITIOUS MANNER. THROUGH A VAST NETWORK OF CONNECTIONS, NEARLY EVERY UNIT AT EVERY LEVEL HAS A DISPROPORTIONATE ABILITY TO BLOCK ANY INITIATIVE THAT IMPINGES

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ON ITS INTERESTS. THUS SHANGHAI'S HUATING SHERATON, STARTED AT THE SAME TIME AS BEIJING'S GREAT WALL, OPENED THREE YEARS LATER; SITE CLEARANCE FOR THE TELECOMMUNICATIONS BUILDING TOOK TEN YEARS; AND THE MAYOR HAD TO TAKE PERSONAL CHARGE OF WORK ON THE LONG-OVERDUE NEW RAILWAY STATION. WITHIN THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT AND PARTY ORGANIZATIONS, IDEOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS SEEM TO BE LESS RELEVANT THAN THOSE OF BUREAUCRATIC POWER, PERQUISITES, AND THE OCCASIONAL TOUCH OF GRAFT.

PHYSICAL FACTORS:

9. APART FROM ITS WATERWAYS, THE TERRAIN OF SHANGHAI IS BORING. THE ENTIRE MUNICIPAL AREA, WHICH STRETCHES SOME 60 MILES NORTH TO SOUTH AND 40 EAST TO WEST, HAS ONLY A FEW SMALL HILLS, AND NO ATTRACTIVE SEASCAPES. THUS, UNLIKE MANY CHINESE CITIES, THERE IS LITTLE SENSE HERE OF BEING PART OF A NATURAL ENVIRONMENT. SIMILARLY, SHANGHAI HAS NO IMPORTANT MONUMENTS TO CHINA'S ANCIENT GLORY, NO GREAT TEMPLES OR PALACES OR TOMBS. TO WESTERNERS, THE CITY HAS A HIGHLY EVOCATIVE CHARM, COMPOUNDED OF ITS BLEND OF OCCIDENT AND ORIENT, THE PRESERVATION OF ITS EDWARDIAN-ERA ARCHITECTURE, AND A SENSE OF STEPPING BACK FIFTY YEARS IN TIME. ALL OF THIS IS LOST ON THE CHINESE. TO THE EXTENT THEY REGARD SHANGHAI FAVORABLY, THEY DO SO FOR ITS MODERNITY; THERE IS LITTLE NOSTALGIA FOR THE COLONIAL ERA. GIVEN ENOUGH MONEY, MOST SHANGHAISE WOULD GLADLY TEAR DOWN THE OLD MANSIONS AND PUT UP SKYSCRAPERS. WHAT THEY SEE HERE IS NOT A STately CITY THAT HAS AGED GRACEFULLY, BUT AN OLD GREY METROPOLIS ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE, SURROUNDED BY NEVER BUT EQUALLY DISMAL SUBURBS.

10. FOREIGNERS' AND RESIDENTS' IMPRESSIONS DIVERGE EVEN MORE SHARPLY CONCERNING THE WEATHER. OBJECTIVELY, SHANGHAI'S CLIMATE IS QUITE MODERATE, BUT THIS IS NOT HOW THE RESIDENTS SEE IT. NATIONAL POLICY AND LIMITED ENERGY PRECLUDE ANY HEATING OR AIR CONDITIONING, EXCEPT WHERE REQUIRED FOR FOREIGNERS AND DELICATE INSTRUMENTS. THUS MOST SHANGHAISE SHIVER THROUGH FIVE MONTHS OF WINTER, THEN STEAM THROUGH FOUR MONTHS OF SUMMER.

TRADITIONAL CONCERNS:

11. SHANGHAISE SUM UP THE BASIC NECESSITIES OF LIFE AS YI (CLOTHING), SHI (FOOD), ZHU (HOUSING), AND XING (TRANSPORTATION). ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN THESE FOUR AREAS HAVE BEEN VERY UNEVEN:

-- CLOTHING. THIS PROBLEM, AN ACUTE ONE AS LITTLE AS TWO DECADES AGO, HAS LARGELY FADED FROM PUBLIC CONSCIOUSNESS. SHANGHAI IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF CLOTHING AND TEXTILES, AND ITS PEOPLE ARE THE BEST APPARELED IN CHINA. FEW IF ANY LACK ADEQUATE CLOTHING, AND A REMARKABLE NUMBER ARE HIGHLY FASHION CONSCIOUS. HONG KONG STYLES, DESIGNER JEANS AND FUR COATS ARE FREQUENT SIGHTS ON NANJING AND HUAI HAI ROADS.

-- FOOD. SHANGHAISE ARE STILL CONCERNED ABOUT FOOD, BUT THE EMPHASIS IS SHIFTING FROM QUANTITY TO QUALITY AND PRICE. SUPPLIES ARE GENERALLY AMPLE, THOUGH SOME SHORTAGES DEVELOP AROUND FESTIVAL TIMES. IN THE FREE MARKETS, THE QUANTITY, QUALITY, VARIETY AND PRICE OF FOODSTUFFS ARE ALL RISING. MOST SHANGHAISE APPRECIATE THE QUALITATIVE IMPROVEMENTS, BUT STILL COMPLAIN VOLUBLY ABOUT HIGHER COSTS.

-- HOUSING. SHANGHAI'S HOUSING CRISIS, AMONG THE WORST IN THE WORLD, CONSTITUTES THE GREATEST HEADACHE FOR SHANGHAI LEADERS. AVERAGE FLOOR SPACE PER PERSON IN THE CENTRAL CITY IS ONLY 4.9 SQUARE METERS, AND SOME 40,000 FAMILIES HAVE LESS THAN 2 SQUARE METERS PER PERSON (COMPARED WITH UP TO 20 SQUARE METERS IN THE SHANGHAI COUNTRYSIDE). OVER HALF A MILLION HOMES HAVE THREE GENERATIONS SHARING A ROOM, AND 300,000 COUPLES ARE DELAYING MARRIAGE UNTIL THEY CAN FIND ACCOMMODATION. A FAMILY OF FOUR

WITH MORE THAN 20 SQUARE METERS MAY NOT EVEN APPLY FOR BETTER HOUSING.

WORSE YET, ENTIRE BUILDINGS, PARTICULARLY ACROSS THE HUANGPU RIVER IN THE EASTERN SUBURBS, STAND VACANT. IN MANY CASES, THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY NEGLECTED TO ARRANGE IN ADVANCE FOR ELECTRICITY, SEWAGE, GAS, ROADS, TELEPHONES OR OTHER UTILITIES. (ARRANGING EACH OF THESE REQUIRES ALLOCATING A NUMBER OF APARTMENTS TO THE DEPARTMENT CONCERNED.) IN OTHER CASES, FLATS ARE HELD VACANT FOR RETIRED CADRES, DEMOBILIZED SOLDIERS, AND OTHER SPECIAL GROUPS. BUREAUCRATIC DELAYS AND INFIGHTING IN ASSIGNING HOUSING LEAVES OTHERS VACANT. FINALLY, MANY PEOPLE SIMPLY ARE UNWILLING TO MOVE TO THE SUBURBS, AWAY FROM THE SHOPPING AND OTHER AMENITIES OF DOWNTOWN SHANGHAI. BY ONE COUNT, SHANGHAI HAS OVER 400,000 SQUARE METERS OF EMPTY HOUSING, ENOUGH FOR 20,000 FAMILIES.

THE GREATEST SINGLE IMPEDIMENT TO GETTING ANYTHING BUILT IN SHANGHAI IS THE DIFFICULTY OF DISPLACING ANY RESIDENTS. USING THEIR UNITS FOR LEVERAGE, AND WORKING THROUGH THE OLD BOY NETWORK, RESIDENTS OF CONDEMNED HOUSING USUALLY HOLD OUT FOR IMMEDIATE REHOUSING IN MUCH BETTER QUARTERS IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD.

THE LAST TWO YEARS HAVE SEEN SOME IMPROVEMENT. SHANGHAI NOW BUILDS MORE HOUSING EACH YEAR THAN DURING THE ENTIRE CULTURAL REVOLUTION. MAYOR JIANG LAST YEAR ORDERED 10,000 VACANT APARTMENTS ASSIGNED IMMEDIATELY OR SOLD OFF. AT DOZENS OF OFFICIAL AND INFORMAL HOUSING EXCHANGES, PEOPLE CAN TRADE APARTMENTS OR JOBS TO REDUCE COMMUTING TIME. PRIVATE RENTALS AND CASH SALES HAVE RESUMED ON A LIMITED SCALE. BUT AS THE CITY'S COMMUNIST PARTY SECRETARY ADMITS, THE ONLY LONG-TERM SOLUTION TO THE HOUSING CRISIS IS TO RAISE RENTS DRASTICALLY.

-- TRANSPORTATION. THIS IS SHANGHAI'S OTHER MAJOR CRISIS AREA. SHANGHAI HAS ONLY 2.2 SQUARE METERS OF ROAD PER PERSON, COMPARED TO 6 IN BEIJING AND OVER 20 IN THE U.S. MOREOVER, ALMOST 10 PERCENT OF THIS ROAD AREA IS BLOCKED BY VENDORS' STALLS. AS A RESULT, THE AVERAGE SPEED OF BUSES DOWNTOWN IS ONLY 15 KM PER HOUR, DOWN FROM 25 THIRTY YEARS AGO. EVEN WITH ONE BUS EVERY 20 SECONDS ON SOME THOROUGHFARES, DAILY COMMUTING TIMES OF UP TO FIVE HOURS ARE COMMON. DURING PEAK HOURS, BUS LOADING REACHES 12 RIDERS PER SQUARE METER. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO FIT 12 PAIRS OF SHOES INTO ONE SQUARE METER, SO AT ANY GIVEN TIME SOME THOUSANDS OF FEET CANNOT TOUCH THE FLOOR. VEHICLES SHARE THE NARROW STREETS WITH SOME 3 MILLION BICYCLES, AND WITH PEDESTRIAN TRAFFIC AS HEAVY AS 100,000 PER HOUR ON SOME ROADS. ALONG WITH THE TRAFFIC JAMS COME ACCIDENTS, WHICH ALREADY KILL MORE THAN 800 A YEAR. TRANSPORTATION AND HOUSING CRISES ARE MUTUALLY REINFORCING: PEOPLE REFUSE TO MOVE TO THE SUBURBS BECAUSE OF COMMUTING PROBLEMS, AND REFUSE TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES TO MAKE WAY FOR NEW ROADS. NEW BRIDGES, TUNNELS, AND A SUBWAY SYSTEM NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION WILL EASE THE TRANSPORTATION CRISIS, BUT NOT FOR SEVERAL MORE YEARS. MEANWHILE, THE PROBLEM WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY WORSEN, AS PROSPERITY BRINGS MORE BICYCLES AND CARS INTO THE STREETS.

NEW WORRIES:

12. AS SOME OF THE OLD PROBLEMS MOVE TOWARD RESOLUTION, A NEW SET OF WORRIES CROPS UP. SOME CONDITIONS ARE OBJECTIVELY WORSENING, WHILE OTHERS ARE SIMPLY PERCEIVED AS MORE CRITICAL THAN THEY WERE WHEN STARVATION AND FREEZING WERE REAL POSSIBILITIES. IRONICALLY, ALL OF THEM HAVE BEEN EXACERBATED BY THE CITY'S GROWING ECONOMIC PROSPERITY.

-- POLLUTION AND HEALTH. SHANGHAI'S AIR IS DEADLY, AND ITS WATER WORSE. THANKS TO THE BAN ON HEATING, SHANGHAI'S AIR LACKS THE SOFT COAL AROMA OF NORTHERN CITIES, BUT ANYTHING LEFT OUTSIDE FOR A FEW HOURS IS COVERED WITH A FILM OF GREASY SOOT. RESIDENTS OF ONE SUBURBAN INDUSTRIAL TOWN FOUND THEIR EXPOSED

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Department of State

TELEGRAM

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METAL CORRODING, THE CEMENT DISSOLVING ON THEIR WALLS, AND THEIR LIFE EXPECTANCY CUT 12 YEARS. CARBON MONOXIDE IN THE ONE TUNNEL UNDER THE HUANGPU RIVER IS FAR ABOVE THE DANGER LEVEL.

SHANGHAI'S WATER INTAKES ARE DOWNSTREAM FROM SEVERAL MAJOR INDUSTRIAL COMPLEXES. LEAKAGE FROM ANCIENT SEWER PIPES INTO FRESH WATER CONDUITS ADDS TO THE HEPATITIS AND DYSENTERY RATES, THOUGH MOST PEOPLE DRINK ONLY BOILED WATER. THE WATER FROM ONE PUMPING STATION WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN 100 TIMES THE SAFE LEVEL OF SULPHUR DIOXIDE. WASTE DISPOSAL IS AN EQUALLY MASSIVE PROBLEM. THE DOWNTOWN AREA'S SEWAGE SYSTEM HAS ENJOYED ONLY MINIMAL MAINTENANCE SINCE LIBERATION, AND IS NEAR DISINTEGRATION. ONLY 20.6 PERCENT OF SHANGHAI'S SEWAGE IS TREATED. IN 1985 THE CITY NEARLY SANK BENEATH A MOUNTAIN OF WATERMELON RINDS, AND GARBAGE COLLECTORS WERE ATTACKED BY IRATE CITIZENS.

NOISE IS ALSO A PROBLEM: ONE SURVEY NEAR PEOPLE'S PARK SHOWED THAT THE AVERAGE VEHICLE SOUNDED ITS HORN ONCE EVERY 1.3 SECONDS. NOISE LEVELS IN MOST RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOODS EXCEED 65 DECIBELS, AND TOP A PAINFUL 98 DECIBELS IN A THIRD OF THE CITY'S FACTORIES.

FINALLY, BECAUSE OF OVERCROWDING, POOR SANITATION, AND LACK OF HEATING, NEARLY EVERYONE SUFFERS FROM UPPER RESPIRATORY ILLMENTS ALL WINTER LONG. ON STREETS WHERE CAR HORNS ARE BANNED, THE LOUDEST SOUND IS PEDESTRIANS HAWKING, SPITTING AND COUGHING. NOT SURPRISINGLY, SHANGHAI'S CANCER RATES, WHICH HAVE MORE THAN DOUBLED IN THE LAST DECADE, ARE THE HIGHEST IN CHINA FOR ALL FORMS EXCEPT LUNG CANCER, WHERE WE RANK SECOND TO SHENYANG.

-- COMMUNICATIONS. SHANGHAI ADDED ONLY 48,000 TELEPHONES BETWEEN 1958 AND 1978, AND ONE THIRD OF THE CURRENT 201,000 LINES WERE INSTALLED IN THE 1930'S. ONLY 4 PERCENT OF SHANGHAI'S HOUSEHOLDS HAVE PHONES, AND THE WAITING LIST IS EFFECTIVELY ENDLESS. EQUIPMENT IS ANCIENT AND UNRELIABLE: A CALLER HAS ONLY A 38 PERCENT CHANCE OF REACHING THE NUMBER HE DIALS. LONG DISTANCE CALLS ARE WORSE: ONE MUST OFTEN WAIT IN THE POST OFFICE FIVE HOURS OR MORE.

-- QUALITY. AS BASIC NEEDS ARE SATISFIED, SHANGHAI'S MORE AFFLUENT RESIDENTS ARE BEGINNING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE LOW QUALITY OF MOST AVAILABLE GOODS, AND WE ARE BEGINNING TO SEE THE PHENOMENON OF ESCALATING PRICES FOR SCARCE TOP-QUALITY GOODS COEXISTING WITH A GLUT OF INFERIOR PRODUCTS. AT THE SAME TIME, SHANGHAI'S OWN PRODUCTS ARE LOSING THEIR REPUTATION FOR QUALITY, SO THE VITAL FLOW OF CONSUMER MONEY INTO THE CITY IS IN DANGER.

-- CORRUPTION AND CRIME. THE LEVEL OF CRIME IN SHANGHAI IS LOW BY WESTERN STANDARDS, BUT EASILY THE HIGHEST IN CHINA. WHILE THE OVERALL RATE HAS DROPPED 55 PERCENT SINCE 1963, CERTAIN CATEGORIES OF CRIME THAT ATTRACT PUBLIC INDIGNATION -- PARTICULARLY THEFT AND OFFICIAL CORRUPTION -- ARE ON THE UPSWING. OLDER BUREAUCRATS ASCRIBE RISING CRIME RATES TO THE GROWTH OF PRIVATE BUSINESS, WHILE THE MAN IN THE STREET TENDS TO BLAME THE PARTY HACKS.

-- PRICES. THIS HAS BEEN PERHAPS THE MOST SENSITIVE SINGLE ISSUE OVER THE LAST TWO YEARS. DECADES OF RIGID CONTROLS HAVE CONDITIONED THE CHINESE TO PRICE STABILITY; THOSE WITH LONGER MEMORIES RECALL THE RUNAWAY INFLATION THAT HELPED BRING DOWN THE NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT. WHILE NATIONAL AND LOCAL LEADERS INSIST THAT INCOMES HAVE BEEN RISING FASTER THAN PRICES, THIS IS NOT A WIDELY SHARED PERCEPTION. PEOPLE FOCUS ONLY ON PRICES THAT HAVE SHOT UP (LIKE VEGETABLES), WHILE IGNORING THOSE THAT

REMAIN STABLE (LIKE RENTS). IN DISCUSSING FOOD PRICES, THEY

ALSO IGNORE THE BETTER VALUE PROVIDED BY HIGHER QUALITY PRODUCTS. SIMILARLY, WAGE INCREASES LIKE PRICE RISES HAVE BEEN UNEVENLY DISTRIBUTED, AND EMPLOYEES IN SOME CATEGORIES (ESPECIALLY INTELLECTUALS) HAVE SEEN THEIR REAL INCOMES ERODED.

POSITIVE FEATURES:

13. WITH ALL THESE PROBLEMS, WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO LIVE IN SHANGHAI? IN FACT, THE CITY'S POPULATION IS STILL GROWING. TENS OF THOUSANDS OF FORMER SHANGHAISE, RUSTICATED DURING THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION, ARE STILL TRYING TO RETURN. AND THE CITY HAS A HUGE FLOATING POPULATION, PERHAPS OVER A MILLION AND A HALF, MANY OF WHOM ARE IN FACT PERMANENT RESIDENTS WITHOUT REGISTRATION PERMITS.

14. THERE ARE SOME OBJECTIVE REASONS FOR THIS PHENOMENON. WHILE SOME INCOMES HAVE ERODED, AVERAGE WAGES HERE ARE STILL THE HIGHEST IN CHINA. EVERY FAMILY HAS AT LEAST ONE TELEVISION AND ELECTRIC FAN, WHILE PERHAPS HALF OWN REFRIGERATORS AND WASHING MACHINES. DOING BUSINESS IN SHANGHAI IS NOT EASY, BUT ENTREPRENEURS FROM ALL OVER CHINA STILL PERCEIVE THE POSSIBILITY OF HIGH PROFITS AND UNLIMITED GROWTH. FOR CONSUMERS, SHANGHAI OFFERS THE BEST SHOPPING IN CHINA, WITH WIDE VARIETIES, REASONABLE PRICES AND NO RATIONING. FOOD, ON WHICH SHANGHAISE SPEND OVER HALF THEIR INCOMES, IS VARIED AND PLENTIFUL. RESTAURANTS OFFER DISHES FROM EVERY PART OF CHINA AT PRICES MOST CAN AFFORD. MOREOVER, SHANGHAI RESIDENTS ENJOY THE BEST EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM AND HEALTH CARE NETWORK IN THE COUNTRY.

15. PROBABLY MORE IMPORTANT ARE A NUMBER OF CULTURAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTORS. SHANGHAI OFFERS THE NATION'S WIDEST RANGE OF CULTURAL EVENTS, FOR EVERY TASTE AND EDUCATIONAL LEVEL, FROM BEIJING AND SHAOXING OPERA TO BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES TO POPULAR FILMS. AMATEUR ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC GROUPS NUMBER OVER 2000, WITH OVER 100,000 PARTICIPANTS. READERS CAN CHOOSE AMONG THE 40 NEWSPAPERS, 400 MAGAZINES, AND 3800 BOOK TITLES PUBLISHED HERE ANNUALLY. ADD TO THIS THE UNMISTAKABLE, STIMULATING ATMOSPHERE OF A GREAT CITY, AND THE MIXTURE IS ADDICTIVE. AFTER SHANGHAI, ALMOST ANYWHERE ELSE IN CHINA SEEMS DULL BY COMPARISON. GUANGZHOU AND SHENZHEN HAVE CHARMS FOR BUSINESSMEN AND SYBARITES, AND BEIJING OFFERS THE BEST LIFE FOR DIPLOMATS AND HIGH CADRES, BUT FOR OTHER CHINESE THERE IS NOTHING TO COMPARE WITH SHANGHAI.

16. ULTIMATELY, SHANGHAI'S ATTRACTIVENESS RESTS MAINLY ON TWO ASSUMPTIONS THAT ARE SELDOM SPOKEN BUT EVER-PRESENT. ONE, SHARED BY MOST CHINESE, IS THE ASSUMPTION THAT THINGS ARE ALWAYS BETTER IN SHANGHAI, EVEN WITH ITS HOUSING, TRANSPORTATION AND POLLUTION PROBLEMS. THE OTHER ASSUMPTION IS MORE PARTICULAR TO SHANGHAI RESIDENTS. LIKE THE NATIVES OF SEVERAL OTHER GREAT CITIES -- NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, LONDON AND PARIS AMONG THEM -- THE TRUE SHANGHAISE SIMPLY CANNOT CONCEIVE OF LIFE (AS OPPOSED TO MERE EXISTENCE) ANYWHERE ELSE. BROOKS

UNCLASSIFIED

3 July 1989

Dear Tess:

Many thanks for your letter of 5 June. You're right: the events in China have been dreadful, and I'm aching to be there. Several times in May I found myself pacing my house or office like a caged cat, maddened by the frustration of being so far on the periphery. I did a stint on the task force, but couldn't go on regularly because INR is understaffed and I'm already doing two jobs.

But all that will change in about a week, when I move downstairs to the China Desk. It wasn't my first choice for an assignment, but I'm glad now that I got it. Basically, I think my portfolio will be internal political affairs; can't get much more interesting than that. After two years there, probably back to China. I'm angling for CG Chengdu, but the right job in Hong Kong or Beijing would be fine.

Congratulations on engineering such an early return to Shanghai; that's delightful news. You'll certainly find it much changed, though at this point one can't be sure in just what ways. Most of the expats we knew will be gone, and some of our Chinese friends may be in hiding or in jail. The intellectual climate that blossomed in mid-decade will certainly have closed in again, but overall I would expect Shanghai to have a relatively easy time of things under General Secretary Jiang. China will be desperate for money (even more than usual), and trying its best to lure foreign business back.

The Desk has assured me that there should be money to send me out to China TDY, most likely early in the new fiscal year. Needless to say, I would spend as much time as possible in Shanghai. Before then, assuming you get some time in Washington for consultations, please get in touch. Can't give you any phone numbers at the moment; I don't know which office I'll have, and we're moving house soon. Marian started working for British Aerospace at Dulles in May, making the commute from Annapolis unworkable, so we're about to make an offer on a townhouse in Arlington.

Enclosed, as requested, is a copy of "Life in the Big City." I kept it unclassified, figuring it would be a good handout for visitors. Hence the journalistic interest. I haven't read Bright Shining Lie yet, but will definitely do so on your recommendation. Strange to think that Vietnam may be emerging from its long nightmare just as China plunges back into one.

Hope to see you soon.

All the best,

DINNER
TO SAY FAREWELL TO THE MORANS, AND CATHERINE
TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1996
AT SEVEN O'CLOCK
AT THE RESIDENCE

Mr. & Mrs. Earmon Moran

Sgt. & Mrs. Vojin Marjanovich

Mr. & Mrs. Nick Ferro

Mrs. Lisa Smith

Ms. Laura Hon

Hosts: Consul General & Mrs. Joseph J. Borich

TOTAL: 10

PLUS SA CHANGE, PLUS LA MEME CHOSE - Twelve years ago today your Historical Editor traveled to Beijing to experience Chinese National Day, BIGtime, and wrote this article upon her return. Thought you might enjoy knowing about...

"Guo Qing" in Beijing, October 1, 1984

-- China at 35 --

"Beijing had never looked so good. Instead of the gray, windswept streets and overcast skies I had always found, the city sparkled. Lamp posts on the main parade route were surrounded by a rainbow of potted plants. Bunting and flags were in abundance and all the major buildings were outlined in lights. There were numerous public drinking fountains and there were 'convenience stations' for the paraders: many buckets surrounded by black bunting, knee- to shoulder-high. (I wish I could have photographed the colorful legs of the costumed minorities who visited the WC located just beneath our hotel window.) The shops were plentifully stocked, the people smiling, obviously proud of their city and their country. Beijing was ready for the big parade, marking the 35th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China.

"Beginning precisely at 10:00 a.m., the festivities were kicked off by Deng Xiaoping reviewing the troops. Standing erect in an open "Red Flag" limousine he slowly drove by the ranks of the military who lined the parade route. He greeted each formation with a salute, which they returned with a shouted greeting. Despite his short stature (he's about five feet tall) he appeared almost regal, looking more like sixty than his nearly eighty years.

"After Deng returned to the reviewing stand the parade began. First came the military units and their weapons in wonderfully precise formations. The troops, both male and female and representing all the services, wore stout boots and goose-stepped as they passed the reviewing stand--reminding me of all the military parades in all the communist countries I have ever seen. There were the usual tanks, APCs, and rockets as long as freight cars. Overhead a flyover of bombers and fighters was totally obscured by the Beijing morning fog/smog; on the ground we got only the roar.

"Then came some 20,000 people of all ages, representing every conceivable facet of contemporary life in China: minority groups, factory workers, peasants, Olympic gold medalists, on and on, carrying flowers, waving flags, twirling streamers of paper or silk, singing or moving in complicated marching maneuvers. Then came the floats: a Mandarin's barge, full of Tang Dynasty clad ladies, moving through waves consisting of a wide blue silk canopy rolling over the heads of those holding it below; a factory belching smoke where happy workers toiled; a pastoral scene featuring live sheep and happy peasants; Olympic gymnasts performing intricate maneuvers beneath a tower on which the medalists displayed their gold medals and winning smiles; dragons tossing their heads and rolling their lighted eyes.

"As human waves in rainbow colors passed the reviewing stand they released thousands of balloons, which floated lazily away over the bright tiled roofs of the Forbidden City. Alas, we missed the releasing of the large flock of pigeons which were supposed to wheel over the parade route (But fly they did--causing CBS news to query its Beijing correspondent, "what is significance of sparrows?")

"The Chinese obviously set out to give the world a dazzling spectacle of what thirty years of communism has given to China. It also, ironically, seems to have marked the end of the old isolationist era. It will be interesting to see what Deng's revolutionary new economic plans and 'opening to the west' does for China in the next thirty years."

SHANGHAI,

They recently broke ground for Shanghai's first skyscraper, and that's not all that's up to date in the biggest and, increasingly, the brashest city of awakening China.

At the Jing Jiang Hotel where Jimmy Carter last month, you can dance to disco down on the famous old Bund (waterfront). You can even buy an automobile off the floor of China's first dealership open to the masses — if you've got the money.

And those who do have — the capitalists who were dispossessed after the Communist takeover in 1949 — have been restored their fortunes and invited to go back into business under socialist auspices. One of the millionaires was included in the official party welcoming former president Carter to Shanghai.

No less remarkable in a land so recently gripped by the drabest Marxist orthodoxy, the YM-YWCA is back in business, too, and mass baptisms are periodically conducted in the seven reopened Christian churches. On a Sunday afternoon you can walk into Peoples Park and hear senior citizens reminisce, in English, about the old days when they worked with National City Bank or Texaco. Contacts between Chinese and foreigners are frequent and seemingly fearless.

Compared to the Shanghai of only five years ago, at least, "everything's like a dream," as Rodgers and Hammerstein wrote of Kansas City, "it's better than a magic lantern show."

Especially in the new TV service at the Jing Jiang (Beautiful River) Hotel in the former French Concession. American, British and Hong Kong productions are screened afternoons and evenings in each room for a daily fee of \$2.50 — all the way from British spy thrillers to a Hollywood potboiler called "Cycling South" about three men on Harley-Davidsons and their adventures with a succession of women, explicitly depicted. Those Chinese who can gain entry to the big hotel, which is officially for overseas visitors, are avid viewers. For fanatically puritan China, they've definitely gone about as far as they can go.

That view may clash with frequently published regrets about the vanished glory of an earlier Shanghai. Until World War II, it was the most cosmopolitan city in Asia, a cultural Acropolis in the same league with Paris and Berlin. And it's true that the handsome Victorian mansions of long-gone expatriate businessmen have been carved up into teeming apartment houses and the once-imposing corporate palaces along the Bund are dingily decaying in their new role as warrens for the local bureaucracy. Today's Shanghai Philharmonic isn't even a match for the Peking Orchestra and the theater is barely a shadow of its dynamic past.

That particular Shanghai, however,

Sleeping giant awakens to modern world

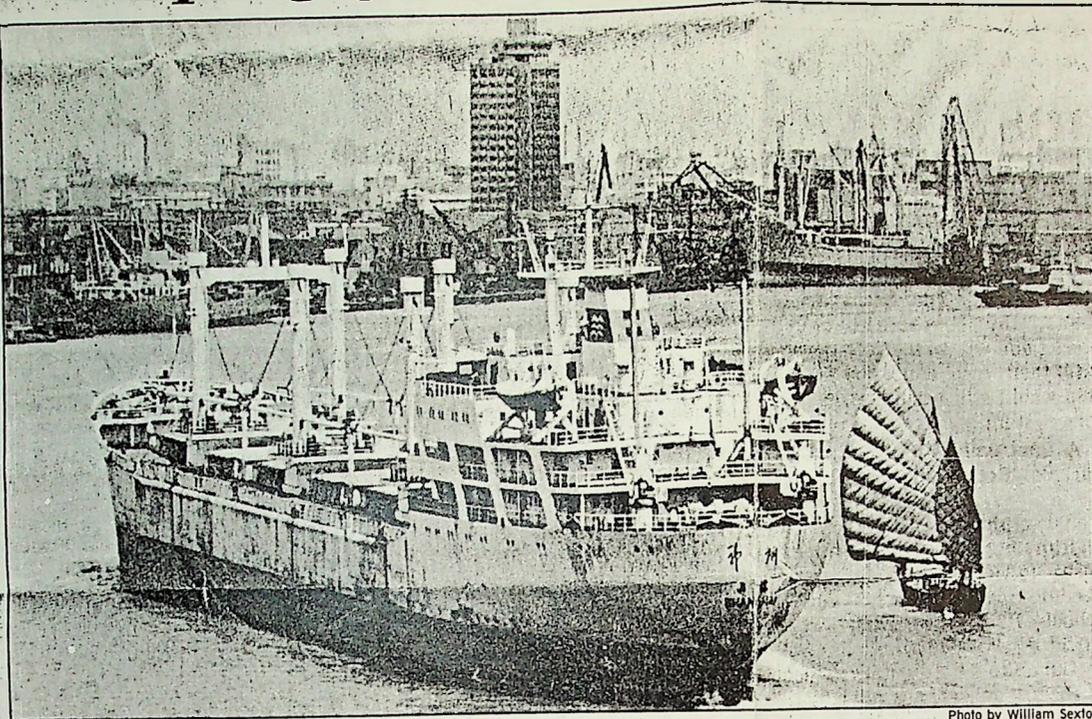


Photo by William Sexton

An ancient junk passes a modern, Chinese-built bulk carrier, bearing the name of its home port

was a city of Europeans. It died when the colonial era ended. The survivor is a city of Chinese. What's remarkable is that despite the upheavals of war and revolution and expropriation, topped by the best efforts of the Cultural Revolution architects — the four leaders of the Gang of Four all originated here — the aggressive, un-Chinese spirit of Shanghai's European colonizers seems reincarnated in today's Chinese modernizers. The surviving entrepreneurial instinct and managerial verve of the Sanhaining (people of Shanghai, in the local dialect) are increasingly among China's most important resources.

"Shanghai runs the biggest and most efficient light manufacturing and textile industry in China," the official Xinhua News Agency noted earlier this year. "Its labor productivity per capita is 70 percent higher than the national average." In fact, with barely 1 percent of China's population (about 12 million out of 1 billion) the municipality produces nearly half the country's consumer goods and a seventh of its exports.

Now it has a new product: exporting managerial talent to the rest of China. Xinhua reported that in 1980, more than 1,000 Sanhaining managers and technicians had been dispatched as consultants to 20 of China's 27 provinces, and this year the program is expanding. Shanghai reaps a double

benefit: Many of the consultants were approaching or past retirement age and their departure makes way for new blood. This project, unlike the forced rustication of millions of high school graduates during the Cultural Revolution, is voluntary.

Ultimately what distinguishes energetic Shanghai from the seemingly lethargic remainder of China is the impact of exposure here to individualistic western ideas during the century after British warships seized the swampy site in 1840 and the city began rising. Now those ideas will be spread into top management at the same time Shanghai's myriad institutions of higher education implant them in youth. The political ramifications could be more significant than the economic.

The picture is certainly not one of unrelieved achievement. As the cultural Revolution's lawless repression ebbed away, the level of ordinary crime has escalated sharply. People here talk like New Yorkers about going out at night. On the main Nanjing Road shopping strip on a recent afternoon a thoughtful young Chinese approached a tourist whose billfold was visible from a hip pocket and urgently motioned for him to protect it from pickpockets. In another evidence that Shanghai's aspirations are higher than its accomplishments, two shabbily dressed boys about 10 or 12 panhandled foreigners leaving the morning

service at a downtown Protestant church.

Unemployment is serious among youth — aggravated, according to Chen Dengping of the Municipal Foreign Affairs Bureau, by the unwillingness of many high school graduates to accept the relatively menial service jobs offered by government programs. Removing the ban on individual enterprise apparently hasn't helped; other sources said 95 percent of the re-emerging individual entrepreneurs are older people.

As for pre-war Shanghai's cultural verve, that may be lost for all time. Peking is increasingly the center of creative arts, if only because cultural policy is determined at the highest level and Peking is the capital. Attempts by young playwrights to reassert the Shanghai stage two years ago were quickly squelched. Some people believe the leadership's unwillingness to tolerate experimentation in the arts is a political gesture to old-time Maoists who are having to swallow a very stiff dose of experimentation in the economy. In any case, it does make for dull evenings after the dynamic day in Shanghai business and industry.

Forced-draft growth has also left the city an environmental disaster, its waters blackened by industrial waste and its air full of chemicals. Chou

Chin, deputy chief engineer of the Municipal Planning Institute in charge of environmental controls, says his job often seems impossible "but we are determined to improve things, slowly but surely."

The new telecommunications tower, due for completion in 1984, won't help Chou's task. At 368 feet it is not quite one-third the height of New York's World Trade Center, but the base will swallow up four acres of the last open space downtown, the former British race track (now Peoples Square).

proportions in the area.

Chou, incidentally, is living evidence of apparent recovery from the excesses of Mao Tse-tung's last years. On weekdays he holds a highly sensitive post in the Communist municipal government. On Sundays he serves as an usher and translator for foreign visitors at the downtown Mo-An Christian Church, Shanghai's biggest. It only reopened its doors last year after being converted into a public school during the 1966-1976 Cultural Revolution.

WILLIAM SEXTON

(Sexton is Peking correspondent for Newsday, the Long Island newspaper.)

Briefs

Chamber Forms In China

PEKING (AP) — American businessmen announced yesterday they have formed a chamber of commerce in China, the first in China or any Communist country.

The announcement of an "American Chamber of Commerce" was given to foreign businessmen and journalists who were invited to join. It came on a letterhead signed by Richard Kask of General Electric Co., chamber president.

The announcement said the chamber was formed in Peking Nov. 10 by representatives of U.S. firms. It said they decided a Peking-based organization of U.S. firms "would be a useful forum for the promotion of U.S.-China trade and for collection and expression of views from our community to the Chinese, the U.S. government and the American public."

From Daily Record
Nov. 18, 1981

Same!

LIFE IN THE BIG CITY

Summary

Built up by foreigners, Shanghai is viewed by other Chinese with a mixture of awe and suspicion. Undeniably the greatest city in China, it is somehow not truly Chinese. For three decades after 1949, the national leadership sought to reduce Shanghai's economic dominance by shifting industries and workers to new industrial centers and milking Shanghai's profits to finance development elsewhere. More recently, the city has been ordered to regain its earlier position as an international metropolis. Accomplishing this task will be difficult. The municipal bureaucracy is enormous, well entrenched, and suspicious of change. Moreover, the city's infrastructure has been neglected for decades, and is on the verge of collapse.

Physically, Shanghai is uninteresting. The environs are fertile but flat, and there are no great cultural or historic monuments. The city's aesthetic appeal to Westerners is mostly lost on its inhabitants. What they see is a decaying old city surrounded by dismal suburbs. Similarly, while Shanghai's climate is generally moderate, the lack of heating and air conditioning makes both winter and summer hard to bear.

Traditionally, Shanghaians have worried about four basic necessities: clothing, food, housing and transport. The first two are largely solved, but housing is incredibly tight and transportation at a near standstill. These two crises exacerbate all the city's other problems, and neither will be solved soon. In addition, several newer worries are of growing importance: pollution and public health, shoddy quality, poor communications, crime, and inflation. Ironically, all these are in some degree by-products of increasing prosperity.

With all these problems, why does Shanghai remain attractive? Part of the answer is economic: wages are relatively high and business opportunities good. Amenities such as shopping, schools and hospitals add to the city's allure. At least as important, though, are psychological factors. With its vast range of cultural, intellectual, entertainment and recreational opportunities, as well as its unmistakable big-city feel, Shanghai is an exciting place to live. There is a universal assumption that, with a few obvious exceptions like housing, things are always better in Shanghai. Finally, Shanghaians share with New Yorkers and Londoners an inability to imagine truly living anywhere else.

after year, they all get to know each other, they grow to recognize the musicians, and, if they perceive particular talent in one, they can always make inquiries and perhaps find ways to help him or her (like most music students, China's too are poor and struggling). This is philanthropy that pays you back in spades; you not only sponsor young talent but you get the pleasure of listening to them perform and improve, knowing that by helping them you played a small part in their improvement. (Incidentally, that's why we sneakily listed this particular category next to the Philanthropist one; it is our favorite, and most rewarding, charity.)

Historical and Political Background

Like Singapore and Hong Kong, Shanghai grew up as a foreign-ruled city with Chinese inhabitants. Its apogee from the 1890s to the 1930s coincided with the nadir of Chinese national pride, and the idea of Shanghai is linked historically in the Chinese consciousness with corruption and foreign domination. The result has been an interesting love-hate relationship between Shanghai and the rest of the country. Other Chinese regard Shanghai as exotic and cosmopolitan; visiting here is almost like going abroad. Shanghainese are considered China's smartest businessmen and best workers, but somehow "not like the rest of us Chinese." Suspicion of Shanghai was very strong among the peasant organizers who, under Mao's leadership, took over the Communist Party after its urban proletariat-based strategy collapsed. When they took control in Beijing after 1949, this group of Party leaders tried to reduce Shanghai's economic dominance by transferring hundreds of thousands of skilled workers, and several complete factories, to new industrial centers. But at the same time, the central government found itself heavily dependent on Shanghai's established industries, both for products and for profits. The response, from the mid 1950s to the late 1970s, was to use Shanghai's income to finance development everywhere else in the country, returning to the city only such funds as were needed to spur production. As China began to open up in the early 1980s, this policy was revised. A 1985 State Council document ordered Shanghai to become a modern, multi-functional, cosmopolitan center, and Hu Yaobang said the city should regain its role as the "number one metropolis in East Asia."

This will be an exceptionally difficult task. First, Shanghai's basic infrastructure, starved of even minimal maintenance funding, progressively decayed as the population soared. The city's gas, water, and sewage systems were among the most advanced in the world when installed in the 1930s; now they are on the verge of collapse. The situation is beginning to improve, as funds for new infrastructure follow recognition of Shanghai's importance as a hub for the whole country, but massive infusions of capital will be needed. At the same time, these funds are needed to renovate the city's industrial base: half of Shanghai's industrial equipment dates from the 1930s and 1940s, another third from the 1950s. And renovation of any kind is rendered still more difficult by the city's overcrowding. Shanghai's urban area of 140 square kilometers contains over 8000 factories and six million inhabitants, making it three times as crowded as Tokyo.

Second, the city's size and complexity, and multiple channels of communication and control, have produced a monstrosity of local bureaucracy: huge, arrogant, and as well entrenched as the

French at Verdun. Nothing is accomplished here in a straightforward, expeditious manner. Through a vast network of connections, nearly every unit at every level has a disproportionate ability to block any initiative that impinges on its interests. Thus Shanghai's Huating Sheraton, started at the same time as Beijing's Great Wall, opened three years later; site clearance for the Telecommunications Building took ten years; and the mayor had to take personal charge of work on the long-overdue new railway station. Within the Municipal Government and Party organizations, ideological considerations seem to be less relevant than those of bureaucratic power, perquisites, and the occasional touch of graft.

Physical Factors

Apart from its waterways, the terrain of Shanghai is boring. The entire municipal area, which stretches some 60 miles north to south and 40 east to west, has only a few small hills, and no attractive seascapes. Thus, unlike many Chinese cities, there is little sense here of being part of a natural environment. Similarly, Shanghai has no important monuments to China's ancient glory, no great temples or palaces or tombs. To Westerners, the city has a highly evocative charm, compounded of its blend of Occident and Orient, the preservation of its Edwardian-era architecture, and a sense of stepping back fifty years in time. All of this is lost on the Chinese. To the extent they regard Shanghai favorably, they do so for its modernity; there is little nostalgia for the colonial era. Given enough money, most Shanghainese would gladly tear down the old mansions and put up skyscrapers. What they see here is not a stately city that has aged gracefully, but an old grey metropolis on the verge of collapse, surrounded by newer but equally dismal suburbs.

Foreigners' and residents' impressions diverge even more sharply concerning the weather. Objectively, Shanghai's climate is quite moderate, but this is not how the residents see it. National policy and limited energy preclude any heating or air conditioning, except where required for foreigners and delicate instruments. Thus most Shanghainese shiver through five months of winter, then steam through four months of summer.

Traditional Concerns

Shanghainese sum up the basic necessities of life as Yi (clothing), Shi (food), Zhu (housing), and Xing (transportation). Accomplishments in these four areas have been uneven:

Clothing. This problem, an acute one as little as two decades ago, has largely faded from public consciousness. Shanghai is one of the world's largest producers of clothing and textiles, and its people are the best appareled in China. Few if any lack adequate clothing, and a remarkable number are highly fashion conscious. Hong Kong styles, designer jeans and fur coats are frequent sights on Nanjing and Huai Hai Roads.

"Nine Years in America" or, "You've Come a Long Way, Baby"

Summary: On the evening of March 16 Congenoff attended the invitation-only opening ceremony of "Nine Years in America," a mixed media art exhibition and performance, the likes of which had not been seen in Shanghai. Running throughout the art, novel reading and avant-garde movies presented during the evening was overt eroticism, with undertones of lesbianism. The fact that the performance was attended by the cream of Shanghai's cultural pace-setters, none of whom seemed the least bit offended by the material presented, is a revelation of how far China has come. End summary.

On March 16, Congenoff attended the opening ceremony of "Nine Years in America," a mix media art, film, literature exhibition, organized by (former Chinacits, now Amcits) Anchee Min, Sy Jiang and Joan Chen, and showing at the Shanghai Centre from March 16 to 20. The event was sponsored by Shanghai TV, the Creative Arts Centre of Shanghai and the Shanghai Centre. Several weeks of publicity blitz had preceded this opening, and the audience was large and overwhelmingly youthful. Among it was the cream of Shanghai's art world, with a liberal sprinkling of TV actresses, leading publishers, editors and photographers. The event was by invitation only; Congenoff's was courtesy of a mutual Chinese friend and she spotted no other westerners.

The star of the evening was touted to be Hollywood film star Joan Chen, a Shanghai success story. (Congenoff recalls the flurry of excitement in the consular section when she applied for her visitor's visa here in 1982.) The audience was eagerly awaiting her appearance, some bearing elaborate flower bouquets; however, Ms. Chen was a no-show, supposedly due to filming commitments in Beijing.

But Ms. Chen's co-stars, watercolor artist Sy Jiang and his wife Anchee Min, did not let her absence detract from the show. The real star of the evening was clearly Ms. Min, whose contributions were manifold: oil paintings, photography, a slide show with commentary, readings from her novel, and several short films.

The exhibition of paintings opened in the traditional manner. The artists arrived fashionably late and were introduced by a manager of the Shanghai Centre. After a few remarks they did some autographing and received flowers while the audience filed into the theatre for more visual presentations.

"Psychological Landscapes" -- Blotches, Body Parts and Mao Buttons

Mr. Jiang started the show with a short slide presentation and explanations of the "psychological landscapes" of his freeform paintings (swirls, ink blotches, dismembered body parts). Ms. Min

then took over the dais and presented the first of over two hours worth of her works: a slide show of her photographs of Joan Chen--whom she introduced as her close friend.

The first slide was a portrait of Ms. Chen weighed down with a red flag and hundreds of Mao buttons. The significance? Both women had been Red Guards during the Cultural Revolution and Chairman Mao had made a lasting impression on them. There followed more slides of Ms. Chen, many of them artistic nude shots. Ms. Min gave a running commentary of when and where the pictures were taken; most were in Ms. Chen's home and many were unabashedly erotic.

The "Me" Generation Strikes Again -----

The next short movie clip was of Ms. Min receiving adulation for one of her accomplishments -- the brief introduction in Chinese by her did not leave the Congenoff time to figure out precisely which one. This film consisted mostly of scenes of enthusiastically clapping audiences interspersed with shots of Ms. Min graciously accepting the homage. In this film everyone was fully clothed.

Not so for the next one, called "All of the Lost", the plot of which consisted mostly of fuzzy shots of a young female (probably Ms. Min) in a flowing gown twirling in slow circles. This then metamorphosed into two females -- one in a flowing gown and one nude. Ms. Min explained that one was the body, one the spirit. All this was accompanied by high-pitched electronic music, mostly on one note.

Pornography or Art? -----

Relief then hove in sight in the form of a reading by Ms. Min from her newly published book -- which she modestly mentioned as being published in 80 countries. She read a five minute excerpt, first in English, then in Chinese. Congenoff cannot verify the Chinese version, but the English offered a heavily sensual and/or mildly pornographic -- at least by Chinese standards -- story of two young lovers surrounded by people behind bushes busily engaged in self-abuse (a more blunt term was actually used). Congenoff heard several gasps in addition to her own. The episode was told in the first person with Ms. Min obviously relishing her role as the lusty heroine.

With the merciful fade-out scene, hope of respite revived yet again with the announcement of the next film, "A Letter to Home." This was billed as a montage of life in the United States. However the first few minutes were composed almost exclusively of the camera following Ms. Min as she walked down a long, presumably American, street. This was followed by a loving

introduction of her (female) roommate and "best friend" (after Joan Chen?) in their messy flat -- complete with two ferrets. The scenario was made marginally more lively by shots of Prince in concert and of some androgynous figure partially disrobing in a bedroom -- all shot out of focus and interspersed with flashes of squiggly colors and accompanied by mind-blowing electronic music. (The ferrets were definitely the best part of the film.)

Hope abandoned, Congenoff hunkered down for the next film, the title of which she missed due to sensory overload. It started out much in the same manner as the last. After the first flash of color and screech of electronic music, Congenoff's synapses snapped and she fled the scene. A quick glance as she sped up the aisle revealed most of the audience entranced -- or at least still in place.

This is "America?"

Distressed at not persevering to round-out her report on this riveting evening, Congenoff the next day called a Chinese friend (a young woman) to see how it all turned out -- and to gauge audience reaction, including any signs that the material was considered offensive -- or even questionable. Apparently not. The performance went on yet another hour after Congenoff's departure. There was a final film on the life of Joan Chen, followed by a thirty minute Q&A session in which there were "many many questions" from the Chinese audience. The contact queried Congenoff as to how she had liked the program, but did not rise to the bait when Congenoff mentioned that it was rather "daring" in her opinion.

Comment: Perhaps Congenoff's reaction is simply that of a conservative older woman (who has spent most of the past twelve years in Shanghai) confronting New China -- certainly the audience was more tolerant than she. Were they simply dazzled by the freedom of these "Chinese" artists not only to do these daring things in America but to show them off in China?

It is hard to evaluate whether the audience picked up the homosexual undertones but certainly the nudity was unambiguous. Perhaps the audience was displaying tolerant curiosity because the performance was "modern" and "American." (Congenoff heard several comments which applied those adjectives.) When later discussing the performance with a Congen language teacher, the latter opined that such license was only possible because the performance was not open to the general public. In any case, the Shanghainese have clearly come a long way since that memorable occasion in 1982 when for the first time a female singer appeared on stage in a conservative skirt rather than the traditional Mao suit with trousers -- and the audience gasped. This time it was the Congenoff who gasped. This may be the trend of the future.

FINIS

Ret. to Ass

RETIREMENT

Retirement in the world's last great Communist country— or how I got a home in Shanghai, China, for US\$9,000

US\$1 equals 8.3 renminbi

Next year, at the age of 62, I will start getting Social Security. But I know that I cannot live comfortably in the United States on my Social Security income alone.

That's no problem, because I am going to retire to Shanghai, China.

Why retire to Shanghai?

Several years ago, I started an import business with my first wife, who was Chinese. I soon became well-acquainted with the city. Since I was raised in a society that spoke only evil of communism, I was surprised to find many good qualities about Chinese society.

One thing I like is the old-fashioned way of life. People don't just talk about family values; they practice them. Older people are highly respected. For this reason alone, China is worth considering for your retirement.

For example, I brought my 79-year-old mother to Shanghai for a visit. Now she is ready to move here! She says she has never been treated so graciously in her life. "Life in Shanghai is like it was in the United States 75 years ago," she claims.

A safe city

Another thing I like about China is its low crime rate. When my 11-year-old daughter visited, I felt safer for her in Shanghai than I ever did in San Francisco.

I also brought my 16-year-old grandson to Shanghai. He traveled around the city by himself with directions written in Chinese to show to taxi and bus drivers. I did not worry about him, and he thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Friendly residents

Unfortunately, my first wife died before we could make our

home in Shanghai. Still, I wanted to go ahead with my plans to retire there, so I continued to make frequent trips to the city.

To make friends more easily, I hired interpreters. (Previously, my wife had translated for me.) So, although I speak no Mandarin, I now have many friends in Shanghai. These new friends helped me find my new home there.

What NOT to buy

In deciding what and where to buy in Shanghai, I considered many factors. Naturally, the most important was cost.

Shanghai is one of the world's largest cities, with a population of 22 million, broken into 10 districts with urban and rural areas. I could have paid as much as US\$135,000 for a luxurious condominium downtown with guarded gates and other such amenities or as much as US\$80,000 for a detached condominium home in a rural area.

Both types of homes are new units that are very Westernized and very modern, but they have no distinctive character or style.

My new US\$9,000 house

I like the country, so I decided that I wanted to live in a rural area. However, I wanted a more authentically Chinese home than either of the condominiums I mentioned and didn't want to spend US\$80,000.

I started asking my Chinese friends for help. With their assistance, I was able to find and purchase an 1,800-square-foot, two-story duplex for just US\$5,000.

Don't let the word "duplex" fool you. My unit was built by a son for his parents and other relatives. The parent half of the duplex is approximately 1,200 square feet with a small courtyard.

The house was basically a shell when I bought it, but, with 18-inch-thick concrete walls and a typically Chinese tile roof, it has a lot of character. The floors have new tiles. The bedroom and part of the living-dining area are carpeted.

I need to put in a septic tank (we have public water), a modern bathroom, and a new kitchen. I also have to put up new wallpaper and finish the inside decor.

I plan to remodel a large room downstairs for a Chinese husband and wife who will work for me. They are also retired, and the husband speaks English.

The total remodeling cost will only be about US\$4,000. So, in effect, I will get an 1,800-square-foot modern home for US\$9,000!

Low-cost living

I pay no property tax. My utilities run approximately \$8 per month.

Make friends at the Peace Hotel

To get the best possible deal on a retirement home in China, you will need help from Chinese friends. The best place to go to make friends when you first get to Shanghai is the old Peace Hotel. In the lobby bar, you will meet fellow expatriates and well-to-do local Chinese people. Hire an interpreter if you need one and start asking questions. —D.R.

The low cost of getting around

Taxis are relatively inexpensive in Shanghai. You will pay US\$3 to US\$4 for a 20-minute ride. I got used to taking taxis wherever I went. But from my new neighborhood, I can take a train to the commercial areas. Even if I go downtown every day, I expect to pay only about US\$22 a month for transportation. —D.R.

From the Communist government, I lease approximately 1.5 acres of garden property in the front of my home for US\$14 per year.

Since the average wage for a Chinese worker is around US\$100 per month, I am quite rich. In China, on a Social Security check alone, you can be "independently wealthy."

A major expense

Unfortunately, it will cost about US\$1,000 to have my telephone installed. I also want to add a satellite TV system.

But for the most part, I don't intend to spend a lot of time talking on the phone or watching television. I plan to write, visit, travel, garden, and just generally enjoy my later years. I have recently remarried and look forward to living with my new wife in China. I know I will also have many visitors from the United States. Look me up the next time you're in this part of the world.

by Donald Ragan

Tax benefits of Communism

No one pays property taxes in China. That's one of the benefits of communism. So no matter how much you pay for your retirement home, you will not pay a penny in property taxes! —D.R.

Mellow bureaucrats

One writer stated that she had a bad experience dealing with Chinese bureaucrats. (See "Life in Beijing: a search for the middle way," in our December 1995 issue.) But I find them mellow compared with bureaucrats in the United States. I've had virtually no problems. —D.R.

SHOPPING SUGGESTIONS
IN THE VICINITY OF THE PORTMAN HOTEL

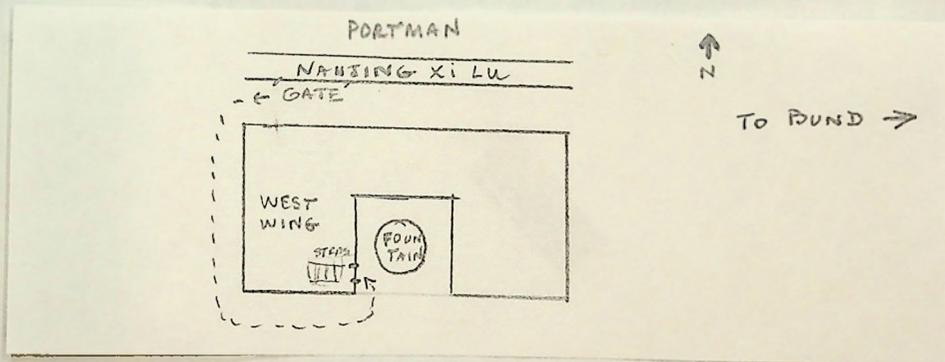
The following locations are either walkable, or within an easy fifteen-minute taxi ride.

PORTMAN HOTEL ARCADE SHOPS.

On two floors stretching both left and right from the Portman Hotel's main entrance are a series of specialty shops, including those selling books, jewelry, antiques, arts and crafts, clothing, and assorted gift items. To the right there are also branches of Hong Kong's Wellcome Supermarket and Watson's Drug Store, both of which stock standard western-manufactured foodstuffs, drugs and toiletries. As in hotel arcades all over the world, the prices are considerably higher than on the local market, but offsetting is the advantage of good quality and easy availability.

SHANGHAI EXHIBITION HALL, 1000 Yan An Lu, upstairs in West Wing. (This is the building with the steeple directly in front of the Portman Hotel.)

Lots concentrated in a small area, especially clothing (incl. cashmere sweaters) and jewelry not available elsewhere. Prices lower than Portman's. Two minutes from front door of Hotel. See diagram.



NANJING XI LU SHOPS/STORES.

The Portman Hotel is located on this street, a long one leading all the way to the waterfront (or "Bund", which is world-famous). If you start walking eastward, i.e., left as you exit the Hotel, shops and department stores line both sides of the street. Prices vary but are far lower than in western-oriented shops. Disadvantages are the crowds and often a lack of English-speaking store personnel. For the adventuresome, however, it can be a very interesting experience (but watch out for pickpockets!). (FYI: Walking briskly you can reach the Bund in about 45 minutes.)

THE SHANGHAI ANTIQUE AND CURIO STORE, 218-226 Guangdong Lu.

One-stop shopping for anyone interested in antiques. Located near the Bund, it can be combined with sightseeing. Taxis easily available in the area. Clerks speak English. Credit cards accepted.

CG: Was this the place you visited at

Ma Qiao? JONATHAN KARP

yes

Traveller's Tales

Buses start rolling into Qizhong village each day shortly after breakfast. They're not there to take residents off to jobs at township enterprises or at the gleaming joint ventures that dot the highway from neighbouring Shanghai. Nor are they for children; the elementary school is a quick hop across the village road.

These buses are bringing Chinese tourists to see what local officials call a model village. Diehard Maoist ideologues might question: a model for whom, a new Chinese landed gentry? Qizhong's spacious stucco and tile two-storey homes, fenced-in yards and landscaped walkways stand in stark contrast to the villages that surround it and make up Ma Qiao township.

"We get 1,000 visitors a day," says ebullient local trade union head Xie Jicai. Imagine 10 million people visiting Shanghai daily. It would be the same burden that 1,200-strong Qizhong bears. By mid-morning, tour buses command the single-lane road from Ma Qiao's new reception hall, forcing farm vehicles and delivery trucks on to the gravel shoulders. In Qizhong, the coaches clog the village's main — and only — street. How many other rural communities can boast bumper-to-bumper traffic?

Once disgorged, the passengers file in an orderly yet eager manner towards the village gate as if it was the entrance to an amusement park. Inside Qizhong's "Magic Kingdom," the decorum breaks down as the visitors fan out to indulge their fantasies in Shanghai suburbia and perhaps learn a lesson in China's rural reform.

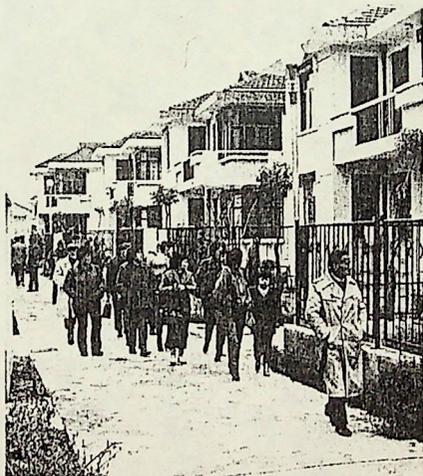
The peep show begins. With brazen disregard for this new concept of private property, gawking visitors swarm the residences. They walk freely through cottage gates, mount the stone porches and press their faces against window panes to glimpse the interiors. The tourists repeat this house-to-house search until they realise the homes are virtually identical.

Chinese villagers have traditionally enjoyed more living space than urbanites, but the difference between Qizhong and Shanghai is staggering. In China's largest city, over 300,000 families live in cell-like homes of less than 4 m² per person, or 12 m² for mother, father and only child. The municipal government hopes eventually to increase the minimum size of flats to double that figure. Some 80% of Qizhong families, on the other hand, have been re-

located from one- and two-storey farm houses to the modern, 200-m² villas.

A former collective, Ma Qiao township began privatising land in 1982 and has since divested itself of 60% of the agricultural land, where rice, wheat and oil seed is grown. Unlike other rural privatisations, the Ma Qiao authorities wanted to retain a hand in housing policy. So the township planned the Qizhong villas rather than giving residents a free hand to build by themselves. Each home costs between Rmb 70,000 (US\$12,844) and Rmb 150,000 depending on the model — years of savings even for relatively rich villagers, whose per capita income is more than double the national rural average. To help close the gap, Ma Qiao township offers low-interest mortgages of up to Rmb 30,000.

Trade union official Xie demurred at suggestions that Qizhong might provoke



Qizhong's 'magic kingdom' for farmers.

jealousy among the armies of less-fortunate tourists. A Shanghai Foreign Affairs Department escort scoffed, overlooking the fact that he was as rubber-necked as anyone during a stroll through the village. He ventured a weak comparison with Pudong, an industrial development zone east of Shanghai. "When Pudong was started, Shanghai people used to say: 'We'd rather have a bed in the west part of the city than a house in the east part.'"

But the escort could not hide for long his own incredulity at Qizhong's vision of the farmer's life. His resolve started to break down when he learned that these country homes came with luxuries like

cable television. Even he cast a sceptical glance as Xie denied a slide towards bourgeois liberalisation.

There was no time to discuss such concepts as the emergence of a leisure class, Xie suggested, for the village's new sports complex beckoned. On the way, Xie took a detour through the school. These are heady days for Qizhong. Among the 1,000 tourists one day in February were paramount leader Deng Xiaoping and President Yang Shangkun.

What was Deng's impression, the valued opinion of the man who unleashed these reforms on the countryside? Deng had noted, one teacher recalled proudly, that the school was the first he had seen in China to have a swimming pool.

Xie could not remember what Deng had thought of the recreation centre, where construction of an indoor pool is about to begin. The complex appeared off limits to regular tourists but was an essential stop for party officials who arrived in sedans with curtains. Inside the guarded gate stood the pride of Qizhong — four beautiful tennis courts and a grandstand for spectators. How many villagers play? "Currently, not that many," Xie conceded without a note of irony. On to the fitness centre, equipped with weight machines and a "stair-master" climbing machine, the latest craze in Western health clubs. Villagers were able to use the room for Rmb 2 an hour. It looked unused.

These facilities were to be the nucleus of a future farmer's holiday village, Xie explained. He pointed across an irrigation canal to some shabby houses and cultivated fields beyond, soon to be transformed into a race track for horses.

The Foreign Affairs Department escort was shaking his head in disbelief, searching for a justification for such creature comforts within the ideological bounds of his communist upbringing. Exasperated, he said:

"When I was young, we were taught that anything designed to make your life more comfortable was capitalism. Later we were told the difference between capitalism and socialism was that one was a market economy and the other was a planned economy. Then the government began stressing that capitalism uses planning as well and that socialism can take advantage of the market. The latest stage is that whatever improves your life is socialism. You see, it is very confusing." ■