

INSTITUTE OF CURRENT WORLD AFFAIRS

# **HUMAN LIFE & HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY:**

## **A YANGTZE THREE GORGES ADVENTURE**

### **Part II**

### **“Gorgeous Gorges!”**

Shanghai, China  
Summer 1994

Mr. Peter Bird Martin  
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Dear Peter,

Only after we boarded the cruise boat “East Goddess,” did I realize why Ms. Li was so enthusiastically trying to persuade me to introduce more foreign guests to take the cruise. Three-fourths of the guest cabins on the boat were empty. Only about thirty guests were on the boat. Besides the four of us, there were a tourist group from Malaysia, three journalists from Singapore, a Canadian journalist who worked for the Asian Wall Street Journal, an American couple, and a Chinese couple.

Several Chinese officials who were in charge of China’s river navigation and tourism were also aboard, along with their relatives and friends. A Chinese official told me that he already took this cruise quite a few times. He came this time to accompany his friend. Apparently, he and his friend had a free ride.

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Cheng Li is a an ICWA fellow studying the political economy of the coast of China.



*"East Goddess" – the cruise boat that took us down the Yangtze River.*

This three-deck boat has about 60 cabins with private bathrooms. The boat is equipped with a central air-conditioning system and contains an observation corridor and platform, restaurant, ball room, Karaoke bar, barber beauty, clinic, laundry, etc. The boat was nothing luxurious (unlike what Ms. Li told us), but it was clean and comfortable. I heard that there were three really luxurious cruise boats on the Yangtze river. Each of these boats has a swimming pool. There is a band playing music while guests are eating. The cruise fare is about \$1,200 per person. These three boats belong to a Sino-US joint venture and one of Deng Xiaoping's daughters runs the business, among many other businesses that she is in charge of.

"I was so glad that the folks in Guilin arranged our cruise through Ms. Li's company, not through the joint venture run by Deng's daughter," Steve said.  
We all agreed with him. We would not spend 1,200 US dollars on a 3-day

cruise, not only because it was far too expensive, even by American standard, but also because that amount of money could cover four Chinese workers' annual salaries.

I was really surprised that there were so few guests on our boat, because early June was usually peak season for the Yangtze River cruise. When I discussed this with a tour guide for the group from Malaysia, he asked me whether I heard of the incident that happened recently on the Lake of a Thousand Islands.

I of course had heard of the tragedy that occurred on the Lake of a Thousand Islands in late March of this year. The incident was in the headlines of all the major newspapers in Taiwan and Hong Kong in early April. Mainland China's newspapers also reported the incident.

The Lake of a Thousand Islands is located in Chun'an county, in western Zhejiang province. Its beautiful scenery has attracted thousands of tourists, both Chinese and foreigners, every year. On March 31, when a cruise boat, carrying 24 Taiwanese tourists along with eight crew members and tour guides, was sailing on the lake, three local young men in a motor boat boarded the cruise boat. They held hunting rifles, daggers, axes and explosives. These three robbers first ordered the Taiwanese tourists to surrender their money and belongings and then forced all the people on the boat to enter the bottom cabin. They finally ignited the explosive and set the cruise boat on fire. All thirty-two people on the boat were killed.

The three accused robbers were arrested two weeks after the incident and were executed about two months later. None of the relatives of the Taiwanese victims attended the trial, although they were invited by the Chinese authorities. Some relatives and journalists from Taiwan who investigated the incident had serious reservations with the way that the Chinese authorities handled the case. They found it suspicious that the principal criminal's elder brother was a first lieutenant in the armed forces in the area. The lieutenant intended to borrow money from his younger brother and he admitted to harboring the robbed money. But the Chinese authorities insisted that the lieutenant was not involved in the robbery and his case should be separated from the robbery case.

After the incident, the Taiwanese authorities banned travel agencies in Taiwan from organizing tourist groups to Mainland China. As a result, China's tourist business fell by about 80 percent in the second quarter of this year. In China's summer resorts such as the Yellow Mountains, luxurious hotels that used to attract many tourists from overseas were almost completely vacant.

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You may think that the Chinese authorities, especially those in charge of tourism, would be more conscientious about the safety and the quality of their tourist business after that incident. But except for the lip service they have paid on TV or newspapers, I do not see any evidence of real improvement.

During our three-day cruise on the Yangtze, for example, neither any crew member nor the tour guide told us anything about the safety of the cruise. The captain of the "East Goddess" only appeared once among the guests. He came to toast the guest passengers during our first lunch on the boat.

"Welcome to our cruise. If you have any questions, please ask my assistants." These were the *only* words that he said, and his words were slurred.

"Is he drunk?" Steve asked me.

"This is just what I want to ask," I replied.

"I hope that his assistants are not like him," Steve said.

On the second day of our cruise, we temporarily changed to a small boat to explore the "Lesser Three Gorges" in Wushan county along the Daning River. It was difficult to navigate on the river, which is famous for its turbulent rapids and numerous submerged rocks. But we did not even know where to get a life jacket in case of an emergency.

Only after a Singapore journalist expressed her anxiety to a crewman, did he show us where life jackets were stored.

"We are foreign guests here in China, and we are usually better taken care of than ordinary Chinese," the Singapore journalist said to me. "I'm concerned about what kind of safety protection that ordinary Chinese received on the job and in their life."

The Singapore journalist's concern is valid. According to the figures that were recently released by the Chinese government, industrial accidents that killed at least three people numbered 317 in the country during the first half of this year, with the death toll rising to 2,051. These two figures were respectively 40.2 and 38.1 percent more than the same period last year. The increase in industrial accidents, as the Chinese authorities admitted, was the "result of some managers pursuing production at the expense of safety." The slack implementation of regulations on work safety also contributed to the increase in accidents (China Daily, August 3, 1994, p. 4).

"Some people apparently don't know which is more valuable, money or human life," another Singapore journalist commented.

"Of course money is more valuable than human life here in China," a Chinese passenger said sarcastically. "Let me tell you a real story that happened in Guangdong this summer. A newly-wed young man helped to install an expensive Japanese-made air conditioner in a restaurant. During the installation, he fell with the air conditioner from the third floor where the restaurant was located. The young man was killed and the air conditioner was completely damaged. The victim's wife received 4,000 yuan (\$480) from her husband's company as compensation. But the owner of the restaurant wanted the widow to pay 8,000 yuan to the restaurant because the air conditioner was worth that amount of money."

"Which is more valuable, a 4,000 yuan Chinese life or an 8,000 yuan Japanese-made air conditioner?" the Chinese passenger repeated his question.

I could sense his sadness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The American couple on the cruise boat were from Springfield, Missouri. Both were in their early-60s.

"Is this your first time in China?" I greeted them with a routine question.

"No, it's my husband's second time, and my third," the woman answered my question and introduced herself and her husband to me. Her name is Mary Slater Penry.

Mary told me that her husband is a retired minister and she is a social worker in a local organization. Mary spoke very slowly. The way she talked to a stranger suggested to me that she is a well-educated and warm-hearted woman. For some reason, when I first saw her, Mary immediately reminded me of two of my best friends in the United States: Mrs. Mildred Kalmus and Mrs. Sally Carman. The former is a secretary of the Department of Politics at Princeton and the latter is Staff Assistant for the Levitt Public Affairs Center at Hamilton. They are the brilliant women who would be distinguished professors or college presidents if they were born in a different time. Although they do not receive the awards they deserve or the positions they should have, they have a positive attitude towards their work and are always available to help others. Mary seemed like them, I thought.



*Mr. and Mrs. Penry, the American couple on the cruise boat, are from Springfield, Missouri. Mary was born in Nantong, a small city in the lower reaches of the Yangtze River in the 1930s, while her father was a missionary doctor in the city. She is a brilliant woman who has a lot of touching stories to tell – most of them are based on her life experience, e.g. an American little girl's attachment to her Chinese nanny.*

"Do you come to China as missionaries?" I asked.

"No, we don't," Mary answered. "But my father did, though a half century ago."

"Your father came to China?"

"Yes, actually I was born in Nantong, a small city at the lower reaches of the Yangtze River. My father was a medical doctor of the American missionary team

that was stationed in the city in the 1930s. My parents lived in China for almost ten years during which my brother and I were born."

"How many years did you stay in China?" I asked.

"Eight," Mary answered. "Our family had a Chinese *Ayi* (阿姨, nanny). Because both of my parents were very busy with their medical and missionary work, my brother and I were actually brought up by the *Ayi*."

"Did you speak Chinese?"

"Yes, I of course did. I spoke like a native Chinese. I played with the children of *Ayi* and dressed like a Chinese girl. When I was seven, my parents sent me to an elementary school for the Chinese children rather than the school for foreign boys and girls."

"Do you still remember Chinese?"

"Unfortunately, I forgot the Chinese language completely except some children's songs that *Ayi* taught me."

"Really?" I found her story very interesting.

"My family left China when the Japanese came to occupy Nantong in the late 1930s," Mary continued her story. "My family returned to the United States where we settled down in the mid-west. It was hard for both my brother and me to adjust to our lives in the US. We felt we were treated like aliens. But we didn't want to be different. We wanted to be 'normal' like other American children. We threw out the Chinese clothes that we wore in Nantong and dressed like mid-west American children."

"I never forget the humiliation that I experienced during the first day of my first semester in an American school. A teacher said to the entire class: 'The little girl from China stand up, please.'"

"My gosh," I couldn't help saying.

"I stood up and all the students in the class looked at me. I still could not understand why the teacher did that. Curiosity? Maybe. I cried when I got home that day. I told my parents that I would never ever speak in Chinese again."

"I now, of course, regret my childish decision then. Foreign children or American children with foreign experience in today's America probably do not feel embarrassed by foreign backgrounds. But this happened almost a half century ago."

"I understand how you felt then," I told Mary.

"I tried very hard to forget everything that was associated with China or the Chinese," Mary continued. "But in the bottom of my heart, I really missed *Ayi* and her children on the 'other end of the earth.'"

"My father returned to China again in the early 1940s, during the Second World War. That time he worked as a medical doctor in the US Air Force. He was stationed in Chongqing for two years. When he returned home, my father told us that he didn't have a chance to visit Nantong, although he did see *Ayi*."

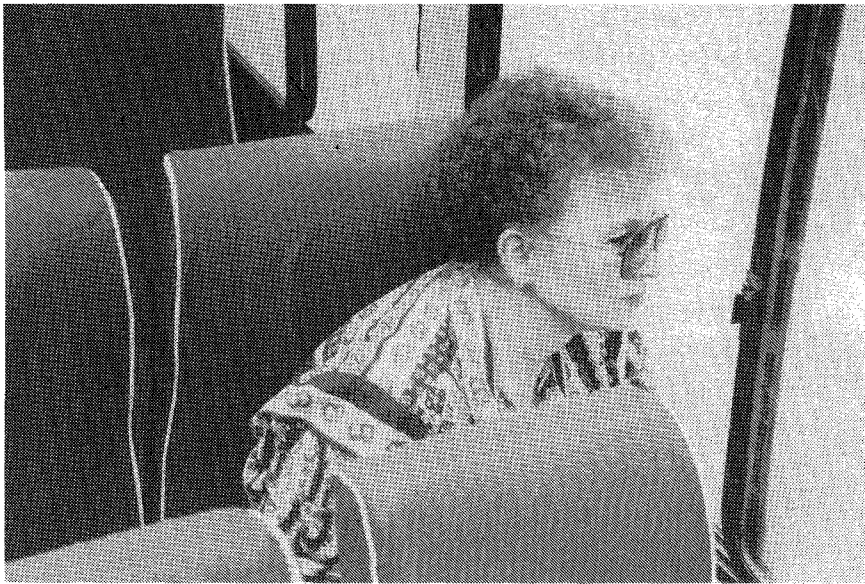
"How could it be possible?" I asked.

"This was precisely what we asked him," Mary explained. "When he was about to leave China, my father asked a pilot of a military helicopter to do a favor for him. The pilot and my father flew over Nantong to look at the place that *Ayi* lived. My

father said that he did see *Ayi*, though from a far distance. None of us believed what my father said. But in 1991, when I visited *Ayi* in Nantong, she told me that she saw my father in a helicopter waving to her on 'a shining day about forty years ago.'"

"Is it true?" I couldn't believe what I heard.

"Yes, absolutely," Mary said calmly.



*While looking at the Yangtze River, Mary is deep in thought. She is not even distracted by the camera flash as I take this photo. "I grew up drinking the water of the Yangtze River," Mary later said to me. "I am concerned about the future of the people in this land. Their happiness as well as their difficulties are also mine."*

"Is *Ayi* still alive?" I asked.

"Yes," Mr. Penry joined our conversation. "We are going to see her after the cruise. *Ayi* is over ninety years old now, but still in good health."

"As I just said, I saw her in 1991. I also saw her daughters, the playmates in my girlhood days, who had already become grandmothers like myself. Our reunion was a very touching moment."

"I can imagine," to tell the truth, I was also moved as I heard this story.

"Many people in Nantong knew our story," Mary said. "The journalists for local newspapers and television reported our reunion. We were warmly welcomed wherever we went in the city during that trip."

"I felt like the husband of the Queen of Great Britain," Mary's husband added.



"Was it difficult for you to find them after losing contact for decades?" I asked.

"Yes," Mary replied. "I spent several years looking for them in the mid-1980s, when China finally opened its door for foreigners. Some institutions also helped us look for them. *Ayi's* family moved several times during those years."

"Did *Ayi* and her family suffer during that time?"

"Yes, *Ayi* was persecuted during the Cultural Revolution because of her close relationship with us, an American missionary family."

"I always felt responsible for the suffering that *Ayi* and her family went through during this terrible period."

"It's not your fault," I said to Mary.

"I know, but they suffered a lot," Mary said calmly, though I could feel the strong emotion underneath her narration.

"I told *Ayi* in 1991 that I and my husband would often come to see her," said Mary. "I said so not just to please her, I feel that I have two homes and two home countries. Using a Chinese expression, I grew up drinking the water of the Yangtze River. I am concerned about the future of the people in this land. Their happiness as well as their difficulties are also mine."

My chat with Mary and her husband was interrupted by the announcement on the loud speaker informing us that the cruise boat would soon enter the scenic area of the first gorge.

"We are going to see the beauty of the Yangtze River," Mary said to me.

Mary probably did not realize herself that the story that she just told me – the friendship between her family and *Ayi's* – was as beautiful as the scenery that we were going to see.

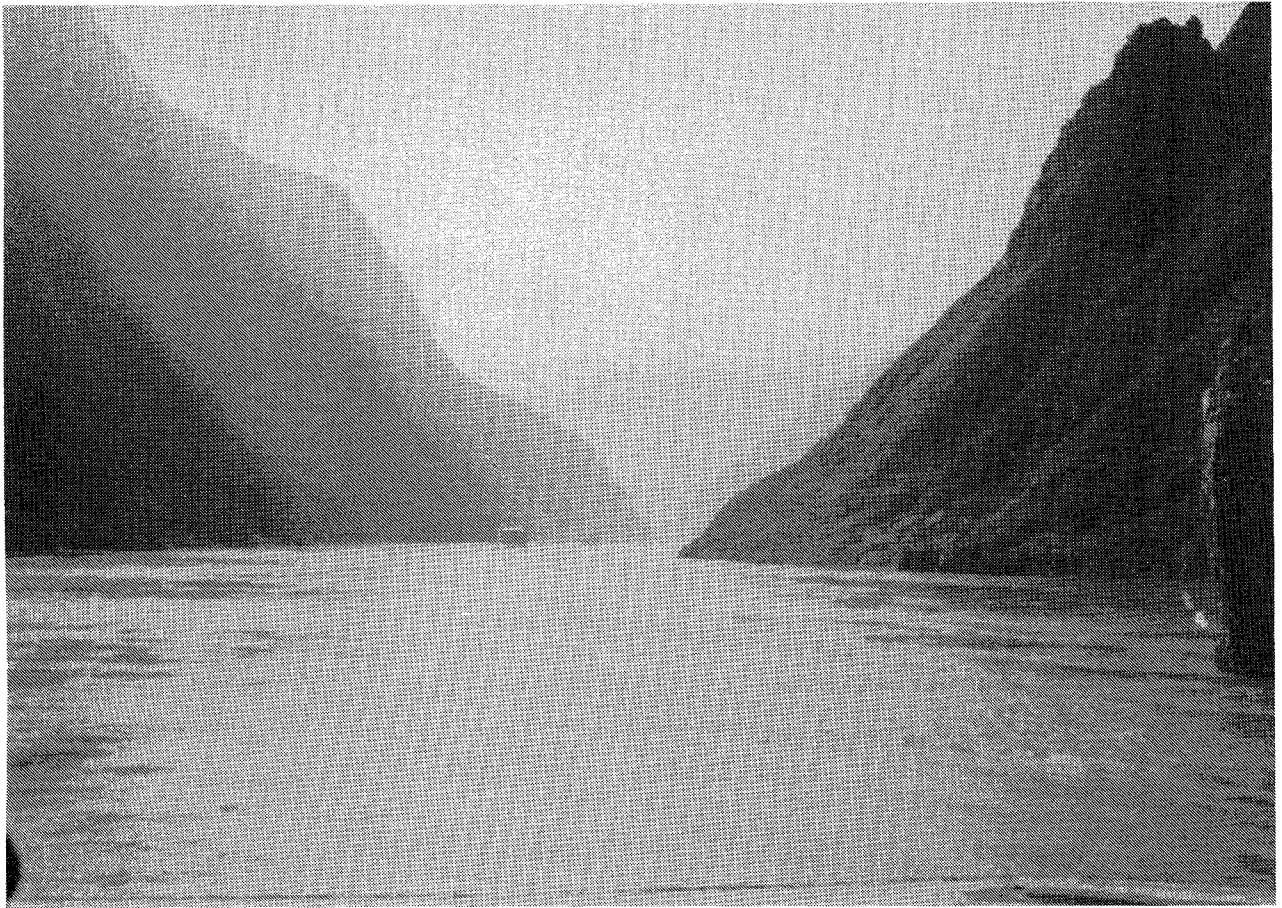
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Sword-shaped precipices, sites of ancient palaces, the centuries-old plank road built on the cliff faces, inscriptions of ancient poems on crags, mysterious hanging coffins, shoals and rapids. All these great sights might be lost after the Three Gorges Dam is built ... But you can keep them forever on your bookshelf with a large coffee-table book, China's Three Gorges of the Yangtze River, published, and on sale now, in the city (Shanghai Star, January 18, 1994, p. 14).

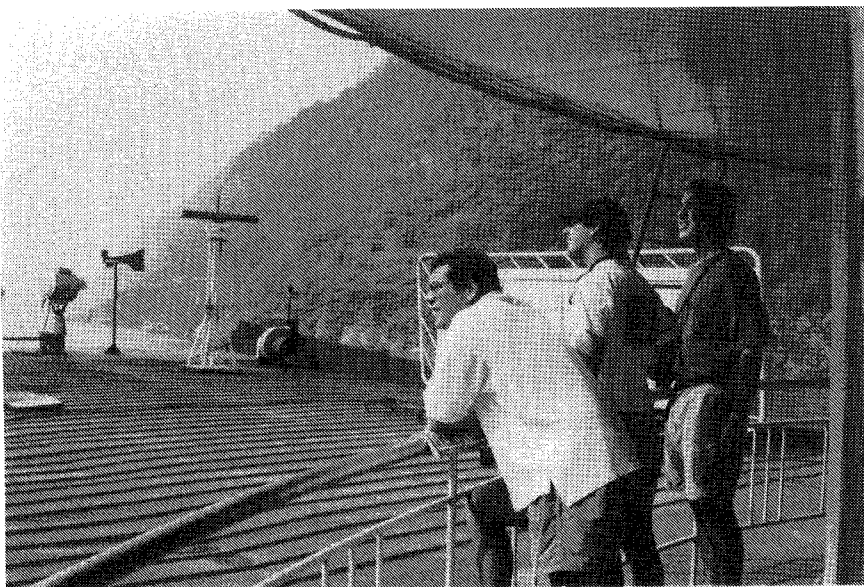
... a farewell visit by boat to the Three Gorges is recommended as soon as possible before the scenery changes forever (Shanghai Star, January 28, 1994, p. 16).

The above words are from a Shanghai newspaper. These are nothing but advertisements that lure people to buy the expensive "coffee-table book" about the Three Gorges or to take the cruise. But one message from these advertisements is accurate: many of great sights in the Three Gorges will no longer exist after the construction of the dam.





*A scene of the Wu Gorge.*



*“Gorgeous Gorges!” My friends say as the cruise boat is entering the Qutang Gorge area where we see one towering mountain after another.*

The Three gorges area includes many important historic sites such as the Temple of Huang Ling, one of the most famous temples in China; Zi Gui and Baidicheng, the places where the greatest ancient Chinese poets like Qu Yuan (340-278 B.C.) and Li Bai (701-762) wrote their masterpieces; and Fengdu, the "Ghost city" that is filled with legendary stories and cultural relics. Unfortunately, all of these places will be inundated because of the dam project.

A working group has been organized to develop a comprehensive plan for archaeological study and protection of the relics. It is believed that some 8,000 historical sites will be submerged during the construction of the Three Gorges Dam (China Daily, Nov. 12, 1993, p. 6). There are plans to move some of the sites out of the areas that will be flooded. According to experts, this will be the largest clearance of relics and historical sites in human history. They have demanded a total of 4,500,000 yuan (\$535,000) for the cultural project. But the government budget for antique protection of the Three Gorge migration is only 460,000 yuan (\$54,000) (Wenhui bao, Nov. 26, 1993, p. 5).



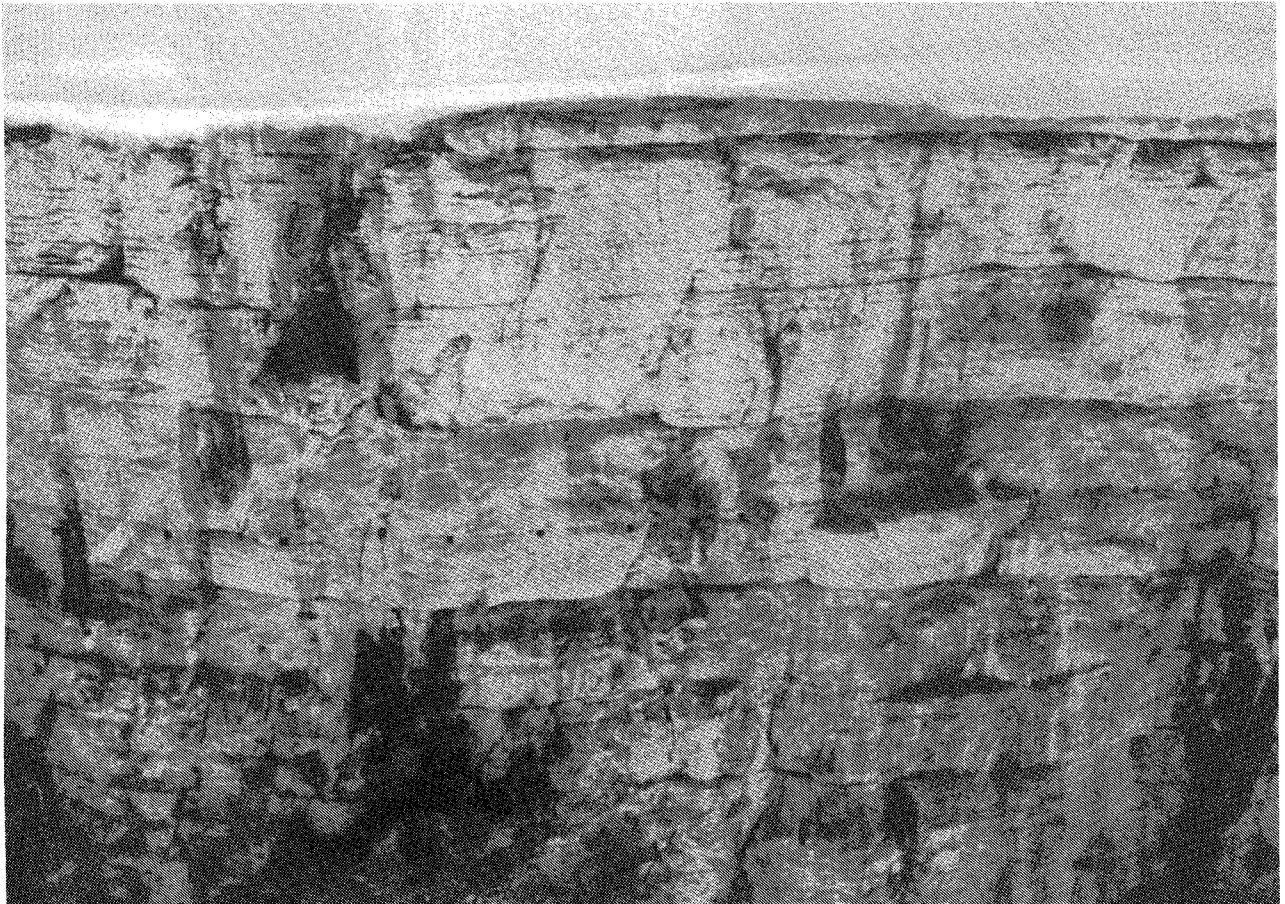
*Hanging coffins: ancient coffins tucked in the crevices of a cliff face. Photo/Shanghai Star*

The Three Gorges refers to Qutang, Wu and Xiling Gorges, which are respectively about 8 kilometres, 40 kilometres and 80 kilometres in length. The width of the gorges varies from 300 metres at their widest to less than 100 metres at their narrowest. As our cruise boat went downstream and entered the Qutang Gorge, towering mountains on both sides seemed to merge in front of our boat and block the

surging water. But in several minutes, the swift current brought us to an enormous opening where the Yangtze River cuts its way through lofty mountains.

“Gorgeous gorges!” Alex said to me as the cruise boat passed one towering mountain after another in the Qutang Gorge area.

Some of scenic wonders in the Three Gorges area are not only gorgeous, but mysterious as well. For a couple of times during our cruise, we saw some wooden cases in a series of the crevices on a cliff face. We could not see them clearly, because they were lodged in a cliff-face some 100 metres above the water. These wooden cases have puzzled local people and passengers for hundreds of years. The mystery was not unravelled until 1971 when two people climbed to the lowest crevices on a cliff face and found these wooden cases were actually ancient coffins. These coffins dated back as far as the Warring States period around 200 B.C.



*The traces of the plank path that was built along the face of the cliffs. Although the plank path was destroyed centuries ago, the man-made holes on the face of the cliffs that used to support the plank path have remained. The plank path stretched nearly 50 kilometres along the Yangtze River and its branches. It was the only land route into the hilly Sichuan area in ancient times.*

Anthropologists believe that there was an ancient tribe in this area whose custom was to place the coffins of their dead in high mountain caves. This unique burial method is said to have been later spread to South China's Fujian Province by immigrants from the Three Gorges area. It is still a mystery to anthropologists and archaeologists how people who lived over two thousand years ago were able to place these large-size coffins into the crevices of a cliff face some 100 metres above the river.

Another mystery in the Qutang Gorge and the Wu Gorge is *zhanda* (栈道) – the plank path built along the face of the cliffs. The construction of this famous plank path started as early as in the Warring States period (457-221 B.C.) and was complete in the Kingdom of Shu Han period (221-263). The plank path stretched nearly 50 kilometres along the Yangtze River and its branches. According to historical records, this plank path was the only land route into the hilly Sichuan area in ancient times. Whoever controlled this plank road would control the upper reach of the Yangtze River, many battles in the Kingdom of Shu Han period took place in this area.

The plank path was destroyed centuries ago; what we saw now was only its traces. The man-made holes on the face of the cliffs that supported the plank path have remained.

"These holes are absolutely incredible," an oarsman said to me and other guest passengers during our cruise to the "Lesser Three Gorges" along the Daning River.

"All these holes are exactly in the same size – about two feet in width, one foot in height and two metres in depth," the oarsman explained. "It was really amazing that ancient people made thousands of the holes precisely the same, wasn't it?"

"Ancient people did not build this plank path on the ground, but on the face of the cliffs above the turbulent river," his junior fellow oarsman added. "Construction workers in our time would probably find it very difficult to do so, although they have advanced modern tools and techniques. It's ironic, isn't it?"

"It's even more ironic that people in our time are going to destroy these priceless cultural remains," a Singapore journalist said to me in English.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had a chat with these two oarsmen. The older one, Dong Jinjia, was in his early 50s and the younger one, Zhang Anping, was twenty-one years old. Both were born and grew up in the Daning River area. Jinjia started to work as an oarsman for a tourist boat when he was a teenager.

"I have been working here for thirty years now," he said. "In our own words, I have lived off the Yangtze River."

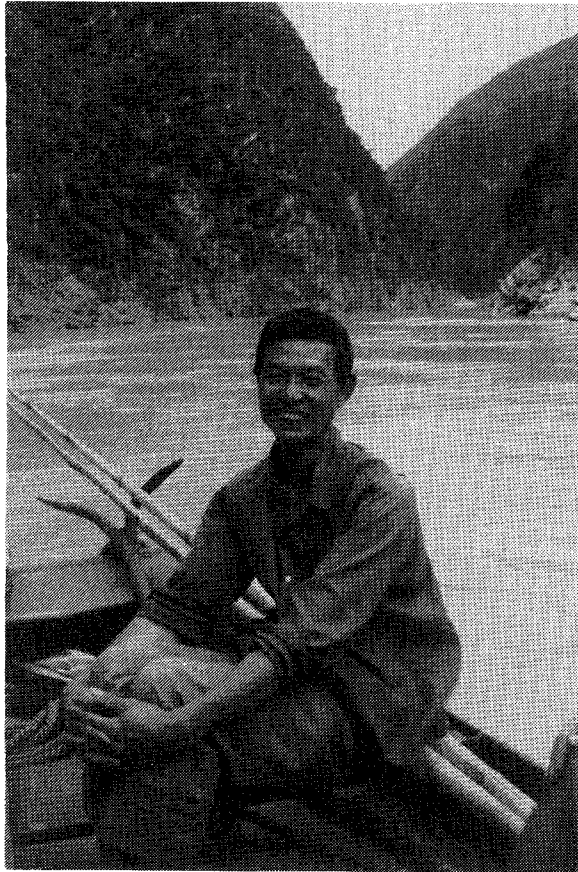
"Do you like your job?" I asked. This was the same question that I asked the stewardess during my flight from Shanghai to Chengdu a few days earlier.

"How could it be possible that I dislike my job after having done it for thirty years?"



"My job is my life," Jinjia continued. "Bad weather or good weather, turbulent rapids or calm river – I have experienced a lot of different things and have an emotional attachment to my job and the river."

His junior colleague told me to look at Jinjia's fingers – they were mangled as a result of rheumatoid arthritis. If I had contempt for that self-indulged young stewardess, I had true respect for this weather-beaten oarsman.



*Dong Jinjia, an oarsman who takes us in a small boat to explore the Lesser Three Gorges along the Daning River. Jinjia started to work as an oarsman for a tourist boat when he was a teenager. From his smiling face, one can know that he must be a very kind person and he really is. He loves his job, but he has to move to another area soon. His house as well as the orange and rice fields that his wife has taken care of for decades will be inundated as the result of the construction of the Three Gorges Dam. His smiling face is lined by weather and worry. Jinjia worries about his future life as a migrant.*

"Have you experienced any accidents on the river?" I asked Jinjia. "I mean, did your boat ever capsize?"

"Please don't ask such a question while we are on the river," Anping said to me politely. "Boat people avoid using the word 'capsize' (*fanchuan*)."

I apologized to both of them for my blunt question.

"That's O.K.," Jinjia said. "I am not superstitious. Besides, I am very proud to tell you that my boat has never capsized in the past thirty years. I will really miss my job next year."

"You will miss your job next year?" I could not understand what he said.

"Yes, I have to quit my job and immigrate to another area next year because of the construction of the Three Gorges dam."

He told me that the village in which his family lived would be inundated in a couple of years.

"How do you feel about moving to a new place?" I asked.

"No one in our village really wants to leave," Jinjia replied. "For me, my home village is the place that I have lived for over fifty years. But this is a government decision and it's good for the whole country. We should sacrifice."

"Do you have any concerns?" I asked.

"To be honest, yes, I do. I am concerned about my two sons. Both of them are in a senior high school in Wuxian county. They are smart and hard-working. As you know, I am just an oarsman and my wife is a peasant. Neither of us received any formal education when we were school age. We hope that our children will go to college."

"How will the immigration affect your children's education?"

"I don't know what kind of jobs my wife and I will have in a new place. I'm not sure whether we can afford to support our children in college."

Jinjia told me that his wife was a peasant who took care of over a hundred orange trees and five *mu* of rice fields. He and his wife owned a small old house that they renovated five years ago. But his family had to abandon both the house and the fields and move to the upper mountain in the neighboring county.

According to a governmental report, the area that will be inundated is usually the fertile land along the Yangtze River. What will remain in the region is the hilly land 800 metres above sea level. Peasants will have serious trouble in cultivating their new farm land. Jinjia told me that he doubted that his family would be assigned the good fields for orange and rice production. In addition, he probably would not work as an oarsman any more.

"Do you make a lot of money by working as an oarsman now?" I asked.

"Not really," Jinjia answered. "Each of us earns 10 yuan (\$1.2) per day if our boat has business with a travel agency, just as we take your group to visit the Lesser Three Gorges along the Daning River now. But we do not have business everyday. Even if we do, sometimes the weather is so bad that we have to cancel the voyage."

"We usually earn 200 yuan (\$24) a month," Anping added.

"Living expenses are low here, however. So I can manage to save some money for my children's education," explained Jinjia. "But I really don't know about the future when we move to a new place and start a new life."

Jinjia's junior fellow oarsman, Anping, shared anxieties about moving, though Anping seemed to be more optimistic about the future than Jinjia. Anping just graduated from a technical school in Wuxian county. He and his friends plan to go to Shenzhen, the most famous economic zone in southern China. The local governments of Shenzhen and Wuxian have an agreement that the former would accept migrant workers from the latter.

"What will you do in Shenzhen?" I asked.

"I don't know yet," Anping replied. "I should probably start to learn some new skills."

"Has the local government, either Wuxian or Shenzhen, provided you with some specific arrangements for your resettlement in Shenzhen?"

"Not yet."

"Do you speak the Cantonese dialect?" People in Shenzhen usually speak Cantonese instead of mandarin.

"No, but I can learn."

"Mr. Li, were you born in the United States?" Anping asked me.

"No, I was also born along the Yangtze River, though not at its upper reaches like Sichuan where you were born, but at the lower reaches in Shanghai. I went to the United States when I was twenty-eight years old."

"Was it difficult for you when you started your life there?" Anping was very curious.

"Yes," I replied. "I had three major problems. First, I did not have any money. Second, I had the language barrier and cultural shock. And finally I really missed my family and friends in China."

Anping listened to me with rapt attention.

"Like many other immigrants," I continued, "the only thing that could inspire me was a better future. But the future was not guaranteed to be better, and it was actually filled with uncertainties and anxieties."



*Zhang Anping and I are on the small boat along the Daning River. Anping has a high school education and works as an oarsman on the boat that his brother owns. Anping's home town will be inundated soon. He plans to migrate to Shenzhen where he will start an entirely new life.*



"I guess I can understand what you felt then," Anping said. "I'm so glad that you have made it. What do you do now?"

"I am a teacher in an American college." I handed him my business card.

"Hamilton College," Anping looked at the Chinese characters of the translation on the card and asked. "Is the college named after Alexander Hamilton, the first Treasury Secretary in the US?"

"Yes," I was really surprised by his knowledge of American history.

Anping is young, intelligent, and energetic. He does not need to worry about supporting a family because he is still unmarried. He has a high school education and therefore it will be relatively easy to learn some new skills in a new environment. Although I only talked to him for about two hours altogether during the cruise, I was truly impressed by his intelligence and confidence. Even for him, a new life in Shenzhen will not be easy and he surely knows that. But what will happen to other migrant workers who do not have good education or skills and who have heavy family responsibilities?

In Yichang, Hubei province, I met a local official who told me the hardships that the residents in the area went through. A household that was ordered to move usually would receive 20,000 yuan (\$2,380) for the settlement allowance, including the expense of building a house in the new area. Because of the rapid price increase of construction materials in the country, 20,000 yuan is far from enough for building a decent house.

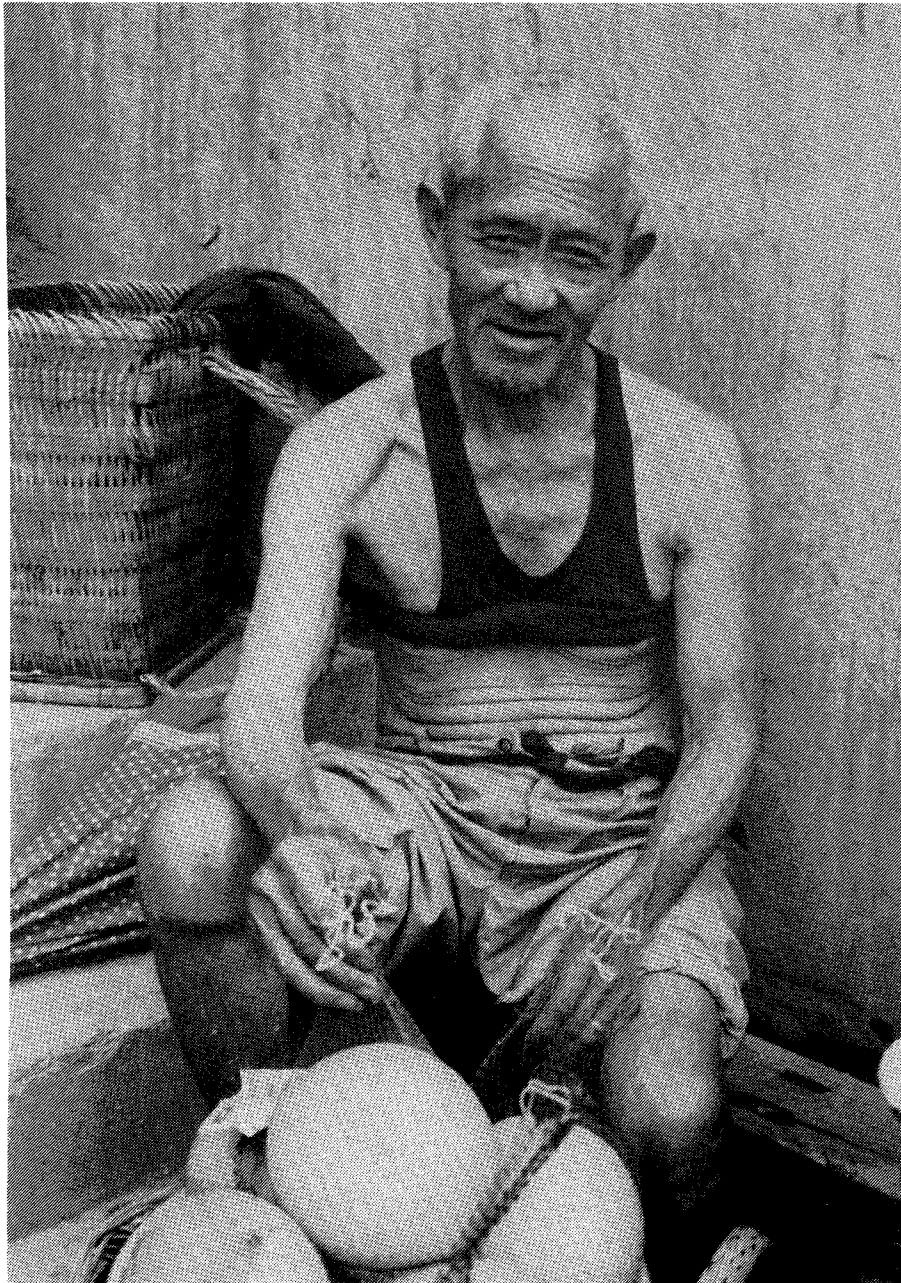
Local people usually felt reluctant to leave their life-long homes. However, many residents were ordered to leave on short notice. In a small village called Zhongbaodao, 23 households had to relocate their homes within four days after they received the notice to move.

Some local officials, for example, Township Head, Deputy Head and Party Secretary of Shandoupin, the town in which the Three Gorges Dam will be located, were all replaced by high authorities because they had reservations about the government policy concerning the resettlement of residents of the town (Wenhui Daily, January 14, 1994, p. 5).

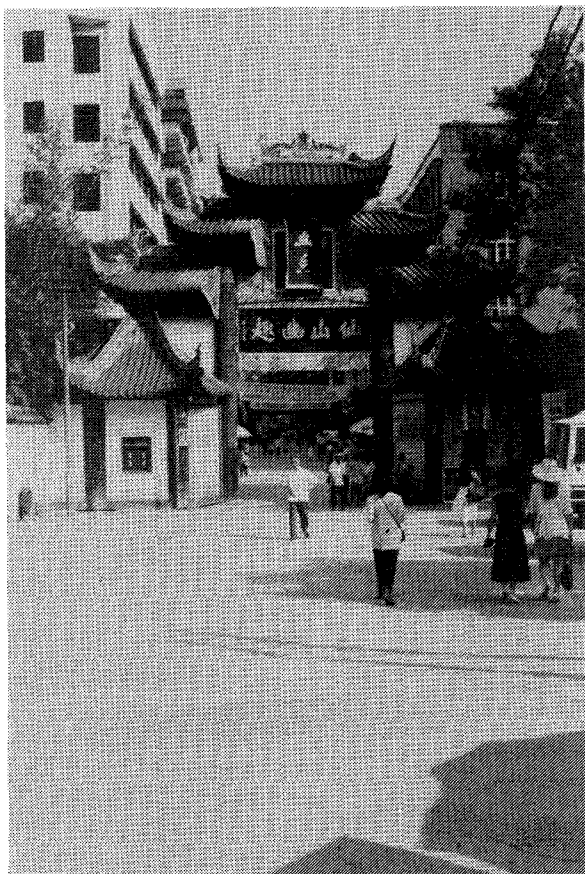
A resident who is ordered to move will receive a government subsidy of 43.5 yuan (\$5.2) monthly during the year of moving. Many migrants can not find a job within a year. This means that they will not have any income after they have received the government subsidy for the year of moving. Some enterprises in the migrants' new residence have requested that a newcomer should invest 10,000 yuan in the enterprise. But this amount of money will not be refunded to migrants if the enterprise does not do well financially.

According to an official Chinese newspaper, the People's Republic of China has built 86,000 reservoirs in the past four decades at a cost of more than 10 million people leaving their homes. About a third or 3 million of them still live with problems created by the resettlement – poor living conditions, unemployment and the psychological alienation of a new environment (China Daily, March 18, 1994, p. 4). The migration caused by the

construction of the Three Gorges Dam is the single largest migration for a dam project in the country. In Sichuan and Hubei provinces 1,130,000 residents will be resettled to make way for the project within a few years. It remains to be seen whether or not the Chinese government is sensitive to various kinds of problems confronting migrants.



*A 75-year old man is selling pomelo (youzi), similar to grapefruits, to tourists in a small town (Double-dragon town). We stopped here for lunch during our cruise on the Lesser Three Gorges along the Daning River. The man did not mind that I took a photo of him as long as I would purchase a pomelo from him.*

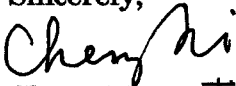


*Two scenes of Fengdu city. The whole city will be inundated because of the construction of the Three Gorges Dam project. About 632 square kilometres – encompassing 2 cities, 11 counties, 140 towns, and 1,351 villages – will be displaced by the waters of the Yangtze river after the completion of the dam. At least 1,130,000 residents in Sichuan and Hubei provinces will be resettled to make way for the project.*



When I said "good-bye" to Jinjia and Anping as we finished our cruise on the Daning River, I asked them to give me their addresses so that I can mail them their photos. Anping said that he would write to me when he settles down in Shenzhen. The cruise boat "East Goddess" took me and other guest passengers after leaving the Daning River to continue our voyage along the Yangtze. Jinjia, Anping and other oarsmen stood on the deck of their small boat and waved to the passengers on the big boat. We on the big boat returned the wave.

Sincerely,



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**Forthcoming topics**

- \* Rural industries in coastal China
- \* Polarization and privatization of China
- \* Transformation of large and medium-size State-owned enterprises
- \* Trends and problems of foreign investment in China