



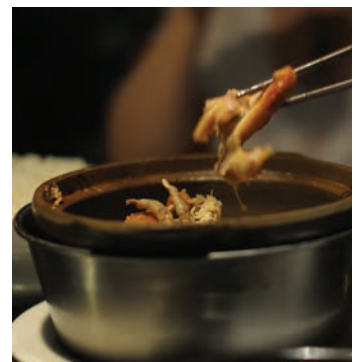
# 江苏苏州

## 独墅湖

### Suzhou Dushuhu



项目简报  
第二期  
Newsletter Issue 2





# 文化活动

我们第二次文化活去了一所区弟城在政公立工和这关写  
 当地的中学，叫苏州高一新子到城一般家有公民学去篇读  
 新学校。这是农市工家庭一到家去农小在去这篇读CLS  
 市找工作。这些人中男人一般去做没去农小在去这篇读CLS  
 工地工作，而女的一孩子能去农小在去这篇读CLS  
 但是所以，他们这所学校有农小在去这篇读CLS  
 读书。所以，这所学校有农小在去这篇读CLS  
 但是，前文我看了并有的CLS  
 学校之学，的这文章，所给了四年我他喜  
 于课成和很们的欢  
 成员五多都个活  
 被分级的学聊到今  
 这个活，我非  
 同喜。



简博琳





# Culture Activity



For the second cultural activity of our trip, we took a trip to a local middle school, 苏州市高新区新浒学校. This school is a 农民工子弟学校, a school for the children of migrant workers. Many families from the countryside move to cities to find work, for the men often in construction and for the women often cleaning houses. But their children don't have the necessary identification card that would allow them to attend city schools. Instead, they go to these 农民工子弟学校. These schools cover primary and middle school, but stop short of high school. Before visiting the school, we read an essay about these schools and discussed the issues around it in our reading and writing classes. All the CLS participants were split up into groups of two to teach classes fifth grade and under. Many of the classmates I've talked to about this trip describe it as one of their favorites thus far, and I would certainly agree.

Kim Kenny



# 视角转换：从中国人的角度出发的系列短篇小说

## Switching Lenses: a series of short stories from Chinese perspectives

昨晚我看到妈妈在洗我的校服。她一整天都在清扫城市的大街小巷，我知道她很累，但她还是决定洗完我的白衬衫后再睡觉。领口上有一点橘红色的油渍，那

是昨天那碗汤面在世间仅存的痕迹。父亲和妹妹已经在隔壁睡着了，这个夜晚只有风扇呼呼的声音和我妈妈念诗的声音。我本该早已进入梦乡，但我听到我妈妈起了床，想要听她念诗。她喜欢背诵从她祖母那里学到的唐朝诗歌。她每天早上都会让我背诵唐诗，她相信，如果我学会了背诗，我会成为学校里最聪明的女孩。她的双手灵活而自信，与她切菜时和梳头时别无二致。我看了一会儿后就踮着脚爬回了床上，要不然被发现了肯定免不了一顿骂。

第二天早上我的白衬衫上还有没洗干净的污渍，不过淡多了。我的妈妈帮我把红领巾系在脖子上时，不满地咂了咂嘴。她调整着红领巾的位置，好覆盖住那点污渍。我背起了李白的《静夜思》，这星期大概已经背了有一百遍了吧。背的时候我在脑中描绘起妈妈两个小时后努力工作的模样，为了弥补领口上没有洗净的污渍，她会将满腔愤恨发泄在某家浴室角落里的点点霉斑上。她用闪闪发亮的发饰帮我扎起了头发，然后催促我出了门。

上学路上，我遇到了三个同学，我们一起走在有些坑洼不平的道路上。我们停在平时买饺子的地方，用塑料袋装上早餐继续走去学校。卖饺子的店主我们叫她阿姨；有时她会免费给我们一些饺子，有时她会在我们上学路上朝我们打招呼。

每天我们四个都坐在固定的地方，在面对老师的右边第三排。我今天早上满脑子都是我的妈妈，导致我无法集中精力学习。我在想，过两年我毕业之后是否会像她一样；我在想，二十年后是否我会在夜晚为我的孩子洗校服的污渍，我的丈夫是否会在高楼大厦间和高速公路上工作。而我呢？我也会头顶阴霾，每天挤着公交车辗转前往一个又一个的家庭吗？我的妹妹可能也会过着类似的生活。或者，也许我们会回到农村，回到我出生的村庄。我们在那里找到丈夫，抚养孩子，种植蔬菜拿到市场上出售，过着农民的生活。我和朋友喜欢开玩笑，说我们会找到一个有钱的老公，他会开着一辆豪华汽车来接我们，并把我们带到一个城市中装修精致的公寓里。他会认为我们非常美丽，他也不会介意帮助我们的父母留在城市。这个有钱的城市男人会给我买好多东西，我每天都穿不同的衣服，我们的孩子将有机会得到最好的教育。

我的白日梦被我右边的同学推醒了，我意识到这阵突然的沉默是针对我的。我站起来回答问题，我非常羞愧因为我甚至不知道问题是什么。我坐下来后，老师批评了我，我也听见了同学们的窃笑。

在我的桌子上，有人在我来到这里之前，刻上了几个字：永远的农村孩子。大多数日子里，我会用我的铅笔加深字的凹槽，伴随着我的日常压力，我愈发对这几个字有共鸣。我们念完初中后，没有高中可以上。我们没有城市户口，我们不能像城市孩子一样继续上学，我们的父母来自农村。我告诉自己，反正我也不希望再继续上学，我不喜欢课后作业，不喜欢背诵，不喜欢复习。简单的生活并不意味着一个不快乐的生活；我在这里很开心，但我有时也感到矛盾，到底我还能得到些什么。

我听到老师和一个吸烟的男人在谈论中国经济的高速发展以及中国到底能走多远。我有种我会一直在这个地方的感觉，唯一的改变只有远处的起重机。也许这些起重机建起来的房子里的人会有不同的感受，他们能感受到现代化的步伐，而我只能在郊区远远望着这一切。我终会成为一个老女人，每天看着一成不变的景象：男人们打几个小时的麻将和扑克，他们拍着桌子，随地吐痰，吸烟。吸烟的男人们下班后在街上谈话，手上拿着因为炎热而脱下的衬衫。卡车装满了木材，食物或其他用品，开过时扬起一片尘土。野猫为了它们的小猫，在餐厅的桌子底下搜索食物。野狗在互相追逐，保卫着自己渺小的领土。妇女在做饭，她们站在窗户或者门口，和邻居聊最新的八卦。湿衣物晾在后院里。环境里有一股鱼露和烟草的气味。

我知道我的妈妈今晚再次会抱怨污渍。我想告诉她，可能它会永远在那里，就算我的衣服被洗得干干净净。可能这会是永远洗不掉的一个污点。

简博琳 (Kim Kenny)



I watched my mother wash my school uniform last night. I knew she was tired after a day of cleaning houses in the city, but too determined to conquer the stain on the collar of my white shirt to go to bed. An orangeish smear was the only remnant of yesterday's noodle soup. My father and sister were already asleep in the adjacent room and it was a quiet night except for the sound of a whirring fan and my mother's humming. I should've been asleep too, but I'd heard my mother get up and wanted to listen to her. She liked humming old Tang dynasty poems that she had learned from her grandmother. She drilled them into me every morning, convinced that if I learned to recite them perfectly I'd somehow become the smartest girl in school. Her hands worked quickly and confidently, as they do when chopping vegetables or combing my hair. After a minute I tiptoed back to bed so I wouldn't be noticed and scolded.

The next morning the stain was still there, but significantly faded. My mother clicked her tongue disapprovingly as she tied my red scarf around my neck, adjusting it so it partially covered the stain. As I recited Li Bai's "Thoughts on a Still Night" for what felt like the hundredth time this week, I imagined my mother at work two hours from now, compensating for the collar stain with a particularly rigorous attack on a mildewy corner of some city-dweller's bathroom. She pulled my hair back with a bejeweled clip we'd bought years ago from a night market in the city, and shooed me out the door.

I met up with three of my classmates on the dirt, pot-marked road to school. We stopped at our usual dumpling stand and swung the plastic bags that held our breakfasts at our sides as we walked. We call her auntie; sometimes she gives us the dumplings for free and she always tosses a wink our way when we pass.

The four of us sit in the same place every day, in the third row on the right facing the teacher. I had trouble paying attention this morning, thinking mostly of my mother. I wondered if I would become like her when I finished school in two years; I wondered if twenty years from now I would spend my nights scrubbing stains from my children's school clothes, a husband who spends his days working on high rises and highways sleeping in the next room. Would I too be making the daily hour commute on crowded buses below smoggy skies to one house after the other, scrubbing, washing, kneeling? And my sister – she'd probably have a similar life. Or maybe we'd return to the countryside, to the village where I was born. We could find husbands, raise children there, and live a farmer's life growing vegetables to sell at the market. My friends and I liked to joke about finding a rich husband that would pick us up in a fancy car and take us to a fancy apartment in the city. He would think us so beautiful that he wouldn't mind paying for our parents to live in the city. This rich city man would buy me nice things and I would wear a different dress every day. Our children would have the best opportunities and get a better education than me.

I was startled out of my daydreams by a nudge from the friend on my right and a sudden expectant silence I realized was directed at me. I stood to answer, as we're taught to, and was mortified I didn't even know the question. I sat down with a scolding from our teacher amongst the muffled sniggers of my classmates.

There is a message on my desk that someone scratched into the wood before I came here. It says "country child forever." Most days I run my pencil along the carved grooves of the words, deepening its cut with the daily pressure I apply, deepening its resonance within me. There's no high school for us to go to after we finish middle school here. We don't have an identification card like the children who go to school in the city. Our parents are from the countryside. I tell myself that I wouldn't want to have more school anyway. I don't enjoy the daily homework, memorizations, recitations, and formalities. A simple life does not mean an unhappy life; I have been happy here. But I have also sometimes felt a mysterious tug from a corner of my mind that asks what else there could be for me.

I have heard teachers and the men smoking in the street talk of China's noble progression, our economic development, how far China will surely go. Yet I somehow feel I will be in this place forever and the only thing that will change are the sky cranes in the distance. Perhaps the people in the buildings where those cranes stand see it differently, experiencing a movement toward modernization that I will only glimpse when the ripples of their actions have reached the outskirts where I live. I will be an old woman passing the same daily sights: men playing mahjong and poker for hours, slapping the table, spitting, smoking and grunting bouts of deep guttural laughter. The men who smoke and talk on the street after work, with their shirts pulled over their bellies in the heat. Trucks piled high with wood, food, or other supplies turning up dust on the road. Feral cats skirting under the tables of restaurants in search of scraps for their kittens. Dogs giving chase in defense of whatever small piece of village territory they've claimed. Women cooking over hot stoves, yelling out windows and doorways to their neighbors about the newest town gossip. Wet laundry hanging from lines in backyards. The smell of fish sauce and tobacco.

I knew my mother would bemoan the stain again tonight. I wanted to tell her that it might always be there, even if my clothes are scrubbed clean. It is a stain that I might never wash out.

# 中国梦

这周我们在读写课上讨论的最热烈的一个话题是：分析中国梦和美国梦的相似点和不同点。话题里有新颖而又复杂的词汇，我们可以从复杂的意识形态方面入手来分析这两种梦的差异。

在我的理解中，美国梦包含一种所有美国人与生俱来的对社会经济的渴求。在当代社会，随着美国梦发展到经济发展的各个层面，美国梦已经变成了一种“移民”梦。在它这种进化了的形式中，美国梦似乎已经成了“自力更生”的代名词，一种既强调个体自由又强调个体责任的思想，这也是西方社会的核心价值观。

尽管课堂上没有就这些梦的可行性、现实性达成共识，甚至有些同学认为它们纯属虚妄，只是宣传的产物，但是我们确实都承认一个事实，它们主要的不同点是植根于社会意识形态的。

中国梦发展经济和使国家成功的目的跟美国梦有异曲同工之妙。不过，中国的社会价值核心显然更注重国家主义和团体意识以及强烈的社会责任感，这也是中国梦和美国梦的最大区别。在这种形态中，中国像是个大家庭，从北京到上海，从广东到西安，奇迹般地加速了中国经济在过去30年中的发展。

只有时间才可以决定哪种社会梦更能抵抗社会变化带来的压力，也只有后代有能力来确定哪一种可以

刘贺然





# The Chinese Dream

One of the most lively and passionate discussions we had in our reading and writing class this week was that of an analysis of the similarities and differences between the American and Chinese dreams. Equipped with new and sophisticated vocabulary on the topic, we were able to express complex ideological differences that led to the societal repercussions of these respective dreams.

From my understanding, the American dream encompasses an innate opportunity for socio-economic mobility that all Americans wield since birth. In modern times, as the dream has progressed through different stages of American economic development, it has transformed into the 'immigrant's dream.' In its current evolved form, the American dream has come to mean 'pull yourself up by your own bootstraps,' an ideology that stresses both the individual freedom and responsibility that is central to Western societal values. Although the class did not achieve consensus on whether either dream is feasible, real, or merely a fabricated masterpiece of propaganda, we did agree on the fact that the main differences between the dreams are sewn deeply into the ideological fabric of the respective societies.

The Chinese dream has similar noble goals including economic growth and the success of the nation at large. However, where the dreams diverge is in the fact that the Chinese dream relies on a sense of social responsibility where nationalism and solidarity are at the core of the values system. In this model, the familial ties felt from Beijing to Shanghai, and from Guangdong to Xi'an, have acted as a catalyst in the miraculous growth the Chinese economy has made in the past thirty years.

Only time will tell whether either dream can withstand the stress of social change, and only generations far in the future will be able to confirm whether the dream will ever be realized.

Hiram Rios



# 文化按语

尊敬的CLS管理员，校友和朋友们：

大家好！这个星期，我想讨论一个更沉重的话题：空气污染。雾霾对我们在苏州的生活有很大的影响。我和家人朋友用SKYPE聊天的时候，他们经常一上来就像问食物和蹲式厕所一样问我雾霾严不严重。我的回答很老实：苏州的空气污染是令人厌恶并且非常有害的，它让苏州美丽的公园和运河蒙上了一层阴影。和我交谈的中国人都承认苏州有雾霾，并对此表现出一丝羞愧。但是，他们常说：“苏州的雾霾并不太严重。”我不会告诉他们我三周内只看见了两次太阳。

近日我跟“阿姨”，座落在公寓旁边的西式咖啡馆——“苏菲”咖啡馆的老板，聊了聊空气污染。她把自己叫做一个环境移民者，我觉得这是一个美国人很难了解的现象。她在北京长大，然后在北京安家，但她为了孩子更好的生活，在五年前移居到了苏州。我问她是否她移居是因为苏州比北京安静，有更好的工作机会、更好的学校等等。她说：“不对，我离开北京是因为那里的污染太严重。”在北京，PM2.5，一个测量天气污染的量度，常常达到有害的危险水平（250至500多），而苏州也在100至200多的不健康水平上徘徊。相比之下，对美国人来说，洛杉矶的空气污染很严重，但是也只是达到了100而已。然后，我跟她说苏州的空气污染也很严重。她说：“你务必切记我的观点-苏州虽然不是完美无缺，但是苏州的空气比北京要好的多。如果我觉得苏州不安全，我会再移民。”

环境移民在中国是一个非常有趣而可怕的现象，并且它的起因影响着每个人，居民和游客。

祝好（我许诺下次讨论更幸福的话题），

欧阳天明





# Culture Note



Dear CLS Administrators, Alumni and Friends:

This week, I turn to a more somber and unfortunately relevant topic to our experience in Suzhou: air pollution. Whenever I Skype family and friends, questions about smog are among the first asked, along with food and squat toilets. My answer is honest and unedited: the pollution is disgusting and dangerous, and can cast a shadow on this historical city's beautiful gardens and canals. Those Chinese I have talked to are very much aware of the pollution, to the point where it appears a source of public shame. However, I am always told that the pollution in Suzhou is "not that bad." I hold back the observation that I have seen the sun twice in three weeks.

I discussed air pollution with "Auntie," the face of Sophie's Café, a Western-style coffee shop located just steps from the apartment. She classified herself (in different words) as an environmental migrant – a phenomenon hard to imagine for many Americans. She was raised and started a family in Beijing, but five years ago moved to Suzhou to give her children a better quality of life. I asked whether she moved for a quieter lifestyle, better jobs, schools, etc. She said no—she moved because the pollution was too severe. In Beijing, the PM2.5 – a pollution index that calculates the airborne concentration of dangerous particles – often reaches hazardous levels in the 250-500+ range. Suzhou has hovered around the 100-200 range, still classified as unhealthy. (In comparison, Los Angeles, a city often criticized for air pollution, rarely breaks 100). I pressed her on the pollution levels in Suzhou. She responded: You must remember perspective—yes, Suzhou is not perfect, but the air here is better than in Beijing...If I feel unsafe, I will move again.

Environmental migration is a fascinating and frightening phenomenon in China, and its cause is one that touches everyone—resident and visitor.

Until next time (with a happier topic),

Thomas Armstrong



我：你叫什么名字？

张：我叫张建国。

Zach: What is your name?

Zhang: Zhang Jian Guo.

我：你的家乡在哪里？

张：在江苏北部。

Zach: Where is your hometown?

Zhang: In the north of Jiangsu Province.

我：在你的小时候，有什么爱好？

张：在黄海边，喜欢钓鱼。

Zach: During your childhood what hobbies did you have?

Zhang: I went fishing in the Yellow Sea.

我：中国从你小时候到现在有什么变化？

张：我觉得现在东西比较贵，人民币不值钱。现在污染严重，鱼少了。

Zach: How has China changed from your childhood to now?

Zhang: Everything is more expensive, the Renminbi is worth less. The pollution is worse, and fish are scarce.

我：为什么来了苏州？

张：因为以前的工作是捕鱼，但是捕到的鱼变少了，所以钱变少了，于是五年前来苏州打工。

Zach: Why did you come to Suzhou?

Zhang: Because the job I had before this one was fishing, and fish were becoming scarce, money was scarce as well. Therefore I came here five years ago to find work.

我：你有孩子吗？

张：有两个儿子，一个是二十五岁，另一个是二十六岁。他们快结婚了，我得花很多钱！

Zach: Do you have children?

Zhang: Yes, two boys. They are 25 and 26, and will soon be married. I will have to spend a lot of money!

我：你有空的时候，做什么？

张：睡觉和吃饭。

我：我也一样。

Zach: When you have free time what do you do?

Zhang: Sleep and eat food.

Zach: Me too.

我：你看到的最有意思的东西是什么？

张：在海上，捕鱼的时候，看到海豚飞跃，

Zach: What is the most interesting thing you have seen?

Zhang: When I was fishing in the sea, I saw dolphins leaping out of the water, it was beautiful.



# 结语

# Final Note

由于我们接近这个项目的中段，我们到了一个平等地看待开始和结束的时刻：我们的朋友身上还有很多事情等待我们去了解，我们的大脑同时处理着中文和英文，在不断的重复中，课程的内容激发了我们更多的思考。

As we approach the middle of the program, we are at a point of regarding the beginning and end with equal value. Our friends are still practically strangers, our brains are thinking in both Chinese and English, and the stimulating curriculum is making sense only due to tedious repetition.

当我们到达了一个兼顾的境界，我们尝试去控制它：在稳定性和冒险性之间找到一个平衡。是的，在中国每一天都是一段奇遇，甚至公交车都是这样，但是我们需要走的更远。我们要让我们自己到新的地方逛逛。同时保持我们的学习精神。我们会为与矛盾共存的和谐而感到惊喜。

Among this condition of simultaneity, we search to control—to find balance between stability and adventure. Yes, each day is an adventure in China, even the bus is, but we need to go further than that. We need to push ourselves to wander to new places while maintaining a studious spirit. We might be surprised to find unity within conflict.

小菲随想

Little Phoebe's Thoughts



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