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Introducing some of our contributors, editors & designers

Our Editor-in-chief and Music Critic, Frank Hossack, has been a radio host and producer for the past 34 years, the past 25 of which working in media in China, in the process winning four New York Festivals awards for his work, in the categories Best Top 40 Format, Best Editing, Best Director and Best Culture & The Arts. 贺福是我们杂志的编辑和音乐评论员,在过去的34年里一直从事电台主持和电台制作的工作。在中国工作的25年中,他曾经四次获得过纽约传媒艺术节大奖,分别是世界前40强节目奖,最佳编辑奖,最佳导演奖以及最佳文化艺术奖。

A Nanjing local, Kristen Wang has a Masters in Media and Public relations from Newcastle University (UK), has researched social media and online publishing and previously worked for different new media platforms. She is passionate about discovering new stories and helping expats involved in this city. 南京人Kristen获得纽卡斯尔大学,媒体与公共关系硕士学位。她的研究专注于社交媒体和网络发行,到不同的新媒体平台工作。她喜欢发现新故事,也希望帮助在南京的外国人融入这里的生活。

Matthew Stedman has spent years living and working in China. He has sold Chinese tea in the UK, and loves discussing the miraculous leaf with new (and suspicious) audiences. He however never feels happier than when researching the product here in beautiful South China. Matthew Stedman在中国生活工作了多年,多年在中国从事茶叶贸易的他,喜欢和新读者讨论神奇的东方树叶(虽然有时他的读者保持怀疑态度)。没有什么比在美丽的江南走访品尝各种茶叶更让他开心的事了。

Legal columnist Carlo D’Andrea is Chair of the Legal & Competition Working group of the European Union Chamber of Commerce in China; Shanghai Chapter, Coordinator of the Nanjing Working Group of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in China and has taught Chinese law (commercial and contractual) at Rome 3 University. 卡罗是担任中国欧盟商会上海分会法律与竞争工作组主席,中国意大利商会劳动集团的协调员,并且曾经在罗马三大企业咨询课程中担任中国商法、合同法课程教授。

Roy Ingram has over 25 years experience working as an artist and Creative Director. His early career was with agencies in London but for the past eight years he has lived and worked in Nanjing. Roy先生有着超过25年的创意总监和艺术家的工作经历。他早期的职业生涯是在伦敦的一家机构里开始的,但是在八年前他决定来到南京生活工作。
Your Travels in the Digital Realm

See yourself on this page?
#nanjingermagazine to be entered in our lucky draw!
This month, we are proud to present likely the most beautiful collection of photographs we have ever sent to print. Making her debut with The Nanjinger, Kristi Allen takes us, in her backpack, to high above the clouds in Jiangxi Province for The Trip (p. 24).

Also in this bumper issue, The Nanjinger is proud to announce its partnership with Dutch media outlet FRITS, in which we have written about Nanjing for their publication, while they return the sisterly favour as regards Eindhoven (p. 21).

Elsewhere, our popular look at Chinese cuisine, Chompin Thru China, comes to an end this month, appropriately dollying out essential advice for around the dinner table (p. 27).

Onto this month’s theme... With our 2,500 years of history, here in Nanjing we are surrounded by that which dates from long ago, some of it almost unimaginably old, some of it less so. Enjoy our main feature stories on p. 10-23.

Meanwhile, in Our Space, we review one of the vintage stores that have been popping up in Nanjing (p. 36) in recent years. Welcome to The Ancients from The Nanjinger.

Ed.
Earth, patient, knew the children that she bore
Would be the berries of her own demise:
As Mistletoe grows, so it is they thrived;
As Oaks choke, so to dust turned fertile soils.

Freezing winds sliced, reflecting cold, deaf hearts.
The sky primordial wisdoms screamed and wailed
Whilst man, ears steeled, brusquely brushed dead oak leaves
Aside, cursed the icy sleets that spoiled spring.

Fiery seas comforted the dying land:
Shushing ancient shores calmed its failing corpse;
Whispering waves gulped blood-waters, poisoned,
Sluiced from her veins. The Salmon was silenced.

What time remains, such forecasts to forfend?
What time again to ancient lores attend?
Nanjing has been the home of many great figures throughout its lengthy history, yet none were as commanding as the transcendent Ming Dynasty founder and emperor, Zhu Yuanzhang. Historians refer to him as one of the greatest emperors China has ever seen, noting his exceptional rise from rags to riches and his tremendous influence over the nation. By Renée Gray Beaumont
Zhu was born in 1328 in Anhui province, and was raised in poverty. His family were farmers and were under the wrath of landlords. After losing all of his family to famine at 16-years old, Zhu joined a buddhist monastery where he learned to read and write, and, according to Zhang Tingyu in “Ming Shi·Vol. 1, The First Book of the Discipline”, he swept floors, beat drums and washed laundry everyday.

After departing the monastery, he lived for 3 years on the streets as a beggar, wandering from place to place until happening upon a rebellious group that were fighting the Mongols, the ruling Yuan dynasty. He joined the Red Turban Army, and in just 11 short years, rose from impoverished and uneducated monk to the country’s most powerful warlord; 5 years later he was Emperor of China.

His rapid succession through the ranks of the Red Turban Army garnered him much respect from his peers. It was not before long Zhu and his army successfully captured a number of Mongol-operated cities, villages and townships and finally overthrew a city which he would rename Yingtian (now Nanjing City).

By 1368 he was emperor of Yingtian, the year being referred to as “the year of Hongwu”. His reign became one of the most influential, as it began with the abolishing of Yuan customs and the reintroduction of Han traditions. Fashion changed and the Ming Dynasty’s strict hierarchical system came into place, Han etiquette was reintroduced, respecting traditions such as respect, obeisance and the bowing of heads. By reviving Han culture, Zhu successfully rid the country of the Yuan shadow and instilled the legitimacy of a new regime.

During his rein, foreign diplomats were banished; they would not reappear until the 16th century. Zhu built walls around his city (that which remain in good condition to this day in Nanjing). A non-interventionist, much like the leaders of today, he encouraged his armies to defend, not invade. He wrote letters to the Japanese leader that spoke of ridding China’s coasts of Japanese “dearf pirates” and “eastern barbarians”; indications that he was an insular, protective and fierce leader.
Zhu has been described by historians as a “bold and shrewd tactician”, a “visionary, coarse, cynical, and ruthless” leader, who eventually succumbed to paranoia, that which bordered on psychopathy. It is widely believed that his hard early life is that which laid the building blocks for his courageous, cruel and jealous character.

Zhu also vehemently loathed government corruption for which he had zero tolerance. After his accession to the throne, he began to understand the level of corruption which plagued all corners of government. He launched an anti-corruption campaign which “pointed to the corruption of officials at all levels, from the central to local”. His reform and cleanup of corrupt officials was brutal, often torturing and sentencing to death those suspected of corruption.

In terms of instilling good governance, this was an emperor who actively advocated frugality. When building the Yingtian palace, Zhu placed top priority on it being sturdy and durable. Instead of squandering money on anything lavish, he put high emphasis on matters such as water conservation, the introduction of a pension policy and the establishing of the one-yuan system.

On one occasion, in order to accumulate grain, he put a ban on alcohol, with the death penalty for anyone caught selling it. However, his own relative, Hu Sanshe, violated this law and was found to be making profits from brewing alcohol privately. After Zhu found this out, he ordered his execution; personally killing Hu himself.

In fact, Zhu acquired such a penchant for executions that, upon being summoned for an audience with the emperor, officials got into the habit of saying their last farewells to family prior to going to the palace. Zhu also had a soft spot for the little bridges that cross the Qinhuai River alongside Jianye Lu, favouring them as ideal for beheadings; saving some of the trouble in cleaning up, victims’ heads would simply fall into the river.

For such a ruthless butcher, Zhu was also surprisingly compassionate. According to Wu Hao, author of Zhu’s Biography, published by East China Normal University Press, after Zhu learned that his brothers and sister had all passed away, he adopted the orphaned child, Mu Ying, and three other children, changing their surnames to Zhu. He would go on to adopt more than twenty sons.

Emperor Zhu Yuanzhang lived an outstanding life and has left behind one of China’s, and the world’s, greatest legacies. He was a man of impending strength, and tenacious power; today we might call him a global mover and shaker. The Hongwu Emperor passed away at the age of 69 on 24 June, 1398, after ruling a united and stable China for 30 years. He is buried in Ming Xiaoling on Nanjing’s Purple Mountain.

Although Zhu was wary of outsiders, it was at his orders that several mosques were built in Nanjing on account of his close relations with the muslim community. It was also during his reign that China strengthened its overseas communications, especially in southeast Asia, restoring the status of the Chinese sovereign state.
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BETWEEN the TRACKS

By Edmund Culham
6am: a corner of Pukou, chickens scratch the ground between the railway tracks; sunrise.

A prevalence of old faces, those who have risen with the dawn. Some exercise with slow movements by the side of the road, others still decked out in quilted jackets stop for a chat. Steam rises from the roadside cafes. This is a place seemingly at odds with the surrounding frenzied development of the Jiangbei New Area. There are no shining new apartment blocks here. Instead, small alleyways run off each other, tight clusters of old brick buildings, doorways open leading onto the street. Typically, they have few windows and at a glance the interiors look impossibly dark.

Nearby a corner of the park, a quiet noodle shop with a few old residents occupying stools. Bowls of fragrant spiced chicken broth. 2 pm, the boss catches a break at the rear of his shop, sitting down with a bottle of beer.
It would not take much of a stretch of the imagination to suggest that this area and its residents have been forgotten by the rest of the city. However, this was once the hub not only of Pukou, but of the whole city of Nanjing: the old Nanjing North Station which lies in the centre of the area formed the main arterial link to northern China.

At a small shop that backed onto the station, I paused a moment. Being early afternoon, the “laoban” (boss) reclined in a chair, a dog curled on the seat beside her. Stating the obvious, I remarked that the area seemed to have a lot of history. “Of course it does,” she quipped back quickly, “but the houses here are just old and badly built.” She had lived in this corner of Pukou all her life, “The train used to go from the North Station here to Beijing, Lanzhou, into Sichuan; 40 years ago this was a lively place”.

Before the opening of China’s first train ferry service in 1933, all arriving passengers from the north and west had to disembark in Pukou, from here ferrying across the Yangtze from the Pukou Ferry (still in operation today) to continue their journey. Famously, Sun Yat Sen’s remains arrived here from Beijing, crossed the Yangtze from the ferry, were carried up the specially constructed Zhongshan Lu and finally interred in his mausoleum at Zhongshan Ling.
A popular place for wedding shoots, there have even been Republican-era dramas shot here. Stopping in front of the old station entrance to take a picture, a woman driving a small red panelled tricycle drew up in front of me. She gesticulated to a small photo album, displaying pictures of foreign visitors she had taken “behind the scenes” onto the tracks and the old railway bridge of the station. “This bridge was built by the British”, she said, also thrusting a crumpled sheet of paper before me. On it was the short essay, “My Father’s Back” written in 1925 by renown poet, Zhu Ziqing, which describes a moment of parting from his father at the station, a view of his father’s back as he struggles to climb up from the tracks on the other side of the station brings tears to the young narrator’s eyes.

I could relate to the author’s choice of setting. The area surrounding the station conjures a feeling of forlorn endurance, now imbued with a hint of romantic nostalgia for a time gone by. That afternoon as I sat on a nearby wall, a car pulled up, a family getting out with photographer in tow. Quickly arranging their equipment under the station arches, they clustered together, their child wrapped around and clinging to, one of the uprights. A few quick shots, 5 minutes and they were gone.
Whether those living here desire to follow them is difficult to know. From the way the woman at the shop talked, she clearly had a connection to the area. I wondered whether she wanted to remain here: “I’m not young, there’s no chance for me to move.” I left it at that.

Leaving the station behind, further up the road, a railway crossing. Houses, well shaken by years of passing carriages, clustered either side of the tracks. The space between the tracks had been cultivated, with narrow lines of vegetables growing. Walking down the tracks I passed a woman bent low on a stool cleaning some roots. “Is this in use?”, I asked. “Trains have just stopped coming, you can walk here,” she replied.

Farther along, a lake borders the track, with on its far side, a mass of houses all but slithering down the muddy bank to the waters’ edge. “Hello,” a call came from the tall grass nearby; a young man sprang up, beckoning me over. We chatted for a while as large fish leapt, splashing occasionally in the lake. He had lived near these tracks his whole life.

A quiet lane ran parallel to the tracks, lined sporadically by low dwellings. Outside one, a table, objects arranged carelessly. “Will you have a drink?”, an old man in cammo jacket, poking his head out of the gloom pointed towards a hand painted sign advertising free, boiled water. “No matter, there are plenty of them”, he gestured to an array of rusting metal flasks stacked by the wall. The afternoon was hot, I drank from the flask while he chattered, and we looked out over the railway. “When I was young, we used to jump onto the slow-moving trains here. We could hitch a ride down the tracks.” That was some 60 years ago, other than a near toothless grin he belied his age, eyes twinkling with good humour. Behind the house, diggers worked biting large chunks out of the ground, crawling mechanically over a dusty wasteland. “They’re building a subway through here”, he said.
Again, the road narrowed, two men loitered outside an open doorway, they seemed keen for a chat. They had both come from Anhui to work here in the Nanjing No.3 port company, which I had passed on my way. Living here together, saving money, one man told me he had just bought a flat for his daughter in Nanjing city. “There aren’t any young people around here”, he told me as his friend tended a makeshift stove. Today happened to be their last: with their company struggling financially, a small protest had taken place just up the road; two of the protesters had been taken off by the police. Now, they had chosen to look for other work elsewhere.

Back near the park, a street with students being collected from school. As I passed, the marble name plaque on the school gate gleamed. Nanjing Jiang Bei New Area Primary School, it had been Pukou Railway Primary only a week before. Half in, half out of a shuttered building, a husband and wife worked busily, her rolling dough, him sticking flat, oval rounds to the inside of a metal drum. A young couple stood with me waiting for the “Shaobing” to cook. From the Pukou campus of Nanjing University some 10 km away, they had come to look around and take some pictures, before taking the ferry across the river. Despite living so close by, they deemed this an area to visit.
One would think that the government approved creation of the Jiangbei New Area in 2015 sounded the death knell for an area such as this. Posters advertising new housing developments cling firmly to lamp posts. Many buildings lie derelict, seemingly awaiting their fate. Yet a community remains, caught between the railway tracks.

The old station was added to the key cultural relics’ protection roster in 2013, securing its legacy. Indeed, the immediate station area looks to have been marked out for development, most of the buildings beside it unoccupied. Five minutes down the road and signs of construction/restoration fade. Still, the future for those living in the area would appear uncertain. With the ever-encroaching march of progression, new apartments rise up in the distance farther down the tracks. For many this seems an irresistible lure, a new modern life, while others, typically from the older generation, feel bound to a community that once in the not too distant past was a thriving centre.

As little more than a passerby, it is difficult not to view this unique and ancient corner of Nanjing through a nostalgic lens. There still appears to be a strong sense of community, but ultimately many people yearn for a different life. Who knows how long they shall have to wait?

For the visitor the area around Pukou park and the old North Station provides a fascinating insight into a now seldom seen way of Nanjing life. Here the bright lights of Xinjiekou could not feel farther away. Those wanting to visit should do so sooner rather than later.

Take the ferry from the end of Zhongshan Bei Lu (£1, but better to double the fare and take a bike with you), retrace the route of so many past Nanjing travellers and in 15 minutes, find yourself in a different world, one between the railway tracks.
“Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day; teach a man to fish and you feed him for a lifetime.”

Maimonides

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Nanjing comes tops for a number of things at a global level; longest city wall and oldest wooden Buddhist temple being just two. Today, we add to that list the city that has changed its name more than any other. For Nanjing has gone by no less than 70 other names throughout history, thus thoroughly trouncing Beijing with her paltry 30 name changes.
Nanjing’s earliest urban construction dates back to the Spring and Autumn Period (春秋) of more than 2,500 years ago. During this time, Fuchai, the last emperor of Wu Kingdom, built Tu City (土城) on a small hill in the west of Nanjing, and named the area Ye City (冶城), on account of the meaning of the character “ye” (冶), to smelt, since there were abundant copper, tin and bauxite deposits in the southwest of Nanjing at that time. As indispensable smelting raw materials for the casting of bronze weapons, so the city’s first name appeared.

In the Warring States Period (战国), the King, Chuwei, was deluded by the deceptive words of the local scholars. In order to prevent people from stealing his emperor in the future, he buried gold effigies in the countryside in the east of Lion Mountain as a protection of his position, built a city on Stone Mountain, and named it Jinling (金陵). With Jinling also seeing the origins of the city’s military capabilities, the name is still very much synonymous with Nanjing today; Jinling Hotel, Jinling Evening News, Jinling Beer, etc.

Nanjing later became known as Moling (秣陵) because in 210 BCE, the last time Emperor Qin Shi Huang journeyed the southeast, he was accompanied by fortune tellers who saw the dangerous terrain around the Jinling Tomb and said to Qin that 500 years later, there would be royal uprising in Jinling. Qin was furious, and immediately sent people to cut off the ridges of Fang Shan and make the Huai river, a major tributary of the Yangtze, run through Jinling before rejoining the Yangtze, to release any royal aurora. In fact, Qin was so unimpressed that he went so far as to change the city’s name to Moling (秣陵), with “mo” (秣) as in “fodder”; in his eyes, Jinling was only a suitable place for animals’ fodder. Today’s fodder in Nanjing can be found on Moling Lu in Xinjiekou and in Moling, a subdistrict of Jiangning.

During the Three Kingdoms Period, Founder of the state of Shu Han, Liu Bei, persuaded his counterpart of the Eastern Wu, Sun Quan, to move his capital to Moling and rename it Jianye (建业), they being temporary allies in the fight against the third kingdom, led by Cao Cao.

At this point, Nanjing’s famous Stone City (石头城) made a surprisingly brief appearance as Nanjing’s moniker, largely simply on account that Sun thought it was kind of cute, given the city’s location on Stone Mountain, before common sense prevailed and Jianye (建业) was again restored.

So far, so good. But then the three kingdoms were united and the names for Nanjing started coming thick and fast.

In 280 CE, Wang Jun of the Xijin Dynasty occupied Jianye (建业) and changed the name back to Moling (秣陵), but then had second thoughts, settling on Linjiang (临江). For his next trick, the following year, he split Linjiang into Jiangning (江宁) and Jianye (建邺), with the Qinhuai River as demarcation that is still, by and large, in use today.

After the last emperor of the Western Jin Dynasty, Sima Ye, assumed the throne, he changed the city name to Jiankang (建康) in order to avoid his name. Jiankang also became the unanimous choice for the Eastern Jin Dynasty and the Southern and Northern Dynasties. Also, you can find Jiankang Lu in south part of Nanjing now.

Then came the reunification of China in the Sui Dynasty, when upon Emperor Sui Wendi ordered, “Jiankang City, flatten the palace, till and reclain”, meaning that the entire city should be levelled into farmland. His intention was twofold; to make people forget that it was the ancient capital of a former dynasty, and to avoid it being occupied by another emperor. A name change was naturally in order too; Jiangzhou (簡州).

Then came the Anshi Rebellion of the Tang Dynasty, after which the government upgraded Jiangzhou’s status, giving it the more appropriate name of Shengzhou (昇州), Today’s Shengzhou Lu (升州路) in Nanjing references this, while using the simplified Chinese character.

In the Yuan Dynasty, the city’s moniker was changed to Jingqing (集慶), meaning “celebratory gathering” because it was a double celebration for Yuan Wenzong, granted King of Huai and promoted to emperor of the nation, Jingqing Men that was opened in the 1990s pays tribute to this time.

Finally our friend Nanjing enters our tale. It was Founder of the Ming Dynasty, Zhu Yuanzhang, who gave the city the name it retains today. Yet, that would be too easy. In the Qing Dynasty, a penultimate name change gave us Jiangning (江宁) again. It was to remain thus until the Xinhua Revolution of 1911 that led to Sen Yat-sen establishing the Republic of China the following year.

Nanjing’s 70-odd former names and the stories behind them are undoubtedly an important part of that which makes our city attractive, while also being a fitting illustration of its power to remain ancient in modern times.

So shall we just start, as they say, from the beginning?

TWO FACTS TO GET US GOING;

1. Many a street name in Nanjing is derived from being one of the former, ancient names for our fine city;
2. Changes to the city’s name generally coincided with a change in dynasty or kingdom.
It might sound like a load of indulgent, arty farty pulp, but Huang’s work is deserving of place, for it succinctly summed up a major turning point in Chinese art history. Following Deng Xiaoping’s “reform and opening” of the late 1970s, an influx of books on art and philosophy flooded in from the West, giving meaty fuel for creativity, as well as highly charged discussions on the purpose and direction of art in China.

Several centuries of Western art history were gobbled up, digested and spat out in a matter of years, as Chinese artists grappled with new ideas such as conceptual art, or art that need not “serve the people”, nor even produce material objects. This frenzy of theory and practice, however, left artists and critics somewhat confused. Like Huang’s pile of pulp, they could not work out where Chinese art now fitted between tradition and modernity, East and West.

On the one hand, abandoning tradition was trendy, as artists reached for novel materials, such as oil paint and plastic, and alternative modes of expression: installation and performance, for example. Famously, a Dada group developed in Xiamen, which was all about subversion. They believed that only by burning an artwork could its value stay the same forever.

Skill was traded for concept, as artists tackled completely new subject matter. Wang Jin’s 1996 installation “Ice”, a 30m wall of commodities frozen in blocks of ice, exposed a society hungry for consumerism, as they hacked away feverously to defrost their desires. Zhang Dali spray painted his profile on over 2,000 walls throughout Beijing in a “dialogue” with the city, before swathes of it were torn down to be rebuilt.

Traditional arts, on the other hand, did not simply evaporate, but were challenged to find new relevancy in a rapidly changing environment. In 1985, Li Xiaoshan, a postgraduate student at Nanjing University of the Arts, declared that Chinese painting had already achieved all it could. It was at its dead end.

Li argued that in almost 2,000 years of feudal society, Chinese painting remained astonishingly stable, which had prevented the development of art as ideology.

“The contemporary Chinese painting is at a turning point, between crisis and rebirth, destruction and creation. The worry, anxiety, reflection and contemplation experienced by contemporary Chinese painters reflects historical evolution.”

The art world was stunned. His frank opinion caused a sensational because it resonated with so many painters at the time, many of whom were too afraid to confront reality. Yet, confrontation and change drives art. By washing the histories of Chinese and Western art, Huang Yongping was not only cleansing and destroying the past, but paradoxically, he was also engaging with it. Only by doing so, could Chinese art continue to develop and thrive and come to be what it is now one of the strongest players on the art market today.
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THE Trip

Wugongshan; Get off of My Cloud!

By Kristi Allen

was a grey and drizzly day when we arrived at Wugongshan, so we couldn’t really understand why everyone was telling us we were lucky to see the sacred mountain that day. Soon enough though, we would be standing atop the highest peak in Jiangxi in the sunshine, looking down on the sea of clouds.

"The stars that night were the best I’ve seen anywhere in China."
Before moving to China, I was aware that wild camping was something of a new concept here, but that hadn’t stopped me from stuffing all my outdoor gear into my suitcase. I’m glad I did. What we found was beautiful, memorable and certainly wild, albeit in a very Chinese sense.

Wugongshan is one of the best camping trips I’ve taken so far in China. It makes a great alternative for anyone put off by the overwhelming crowds of Huangshan or looking for a hill that can accommodate various fitness levels. You can hike the whole thing and carry your own camping gear, or take cable cars and rent a tent at the summit. However you get there, there’s an amazing view waiting for you at the top.

Getting to Wugongshan from Nanjing is easy. We boarded a 12-hour sleeper train from Nanjing on Friday night and were in Pingxiang, the nearest town to the mountain, by 10 the next morning. (There’s a 6-hour fast train as well) From there, we took a 20-minute bus ride to the base of the mountain and wandered through the typical mix of cheap restaurants and oversized, underused buildings until we found the ticket office.

Being that this was a typical Chinese-outdoors experience, there was a steep entrance fee and a tourist bus to the trailhead. We knew we had finally reached the mountain when we passed through a temple and saw endless stone steps snaking up the mountain beside a creek.

Since it was raining and already close to noon, we opted to take the first cable car. It whisked us up over a thick bamboo forest and into the clouds. From there, we followed a plank walk (complete with a rope bridge and glass balcony) towards the trail to the summit. By now, we were in the thick of the clouds and couldn’t see more than a hundred feet in front of us.

From the plank walk the trail turned sharply upward through a birch forest. This section can’t be skipped over on a cable car, so the trail was full of curious Chinese families. We were the only foreigners we saw all weekend.

Within minutes of hopping on the cable car, the clouds suddenly melted away. Blinding sunlight filled the car and we stared out in awe at the sea of clouds; white clouds rippling out in every direction to the horizon.
After an hour or so of climbing, we reached the second cable car. It didn’t take us long to decide to treat ourselves to another lift. It was still raining a bit, and we wanted to make sure we had enough time to set up camp at the summit before dark.

Within minutes of hopping on the cable car, the clouds suddenly melted away. Blinding sunlight filled the car and we stared out in awe at the sea of clouds.

I’ve climbed in the Andes, the Canadian Rockies and the Alps. Nothing quite compares to looking down on a sea of clouds. The closest thing that comes to mind is sailing way out to sea with nothing but blue as far as you can see. Imagine that view, from 6,000 feet above. Here, it’s white clouds rippling out in every direction to the horizon.

As we climbed the last hour to the summit, Wugongshan’s last surprise materialised. Far from an empty alpine meadow, the “Golden Summit”, as it’s called, was a wooden platform already filled with colorful tents. As the sun went down, the boardwalk-style steps leading to the top filled with more and more tents.

There must have been several hundred people at the summit. There were serious hiking clubs, multi-generation families and young couples in street clothes, all settling in for a night of “wild camping” (within a few metres of a stand selling instant noodles). The atmosphere was festive and relaxed.
Hannah and I found a quiet place in the grass behind a small stone temple and pitched our tent. The clouds churned around the mountains below us as the sun sunk into the white sea. We snacked on tuna sandwiches, shared a bottle of red wine and listened as our neighbours broke out the baijiu and liar’s dice. The stars that night were the best I’ve seen anywhere in China.

The real attraction, however, is sunrise. We were out of the tent by 5:30 the next morning, freezing and wrapped in our sleeping bags waiting for first light. It was worth the cold to watch the sun break through clouds, which hadn’t dissipated through the night.

After sunrise, we packed up and began the long, knee crushing decent back down the mountain. There’s another trail heading east off the summit that takes walkers around the second cable car, but meets up with the first one. Dramatic cliffs lead back down into the forest. We marveled at the crystal-clear water in the stream beside us.

Finally, we dragged ourselves off the mountain and back to Pingxiang station, where we boarded our train home to Nanjing, exhausted and satisfied. We had come to Wugongshan with no idea what to expect and left with a uniquely Chinese camping memory.

If You Go:

Wugongshan is about 2,000 metres tall, so don’t underestimate it. Weather conditions at the top will be colder and more severe than at the base. We hiked the mountain in early November saw a major swing in temperature between night and day.

Hiking the whole mountain will take at least 4-6 hours. There are two cable cars which cut down on hiking time significantly, but there’s no way to reach the top without walking. The last stretch to the summit is straight up wooden stairs.

Being that this is a Chinese mountain experience, there are plenty of shops selling tea eggs, instant noodles and bottled water on the way up. If you’re hiking in high season when the shops are open, you can get away with buying food along the way.

When you reach the top, there are locals with tents for rent along the boardwalk. There’s also a guest house about 20-minutes west of the Golden summit on the ridge (They sell hot meals and have a fantastic deck).

There’s much more to Wugongshan than the Golden Summit. You can hike the whole ridge over several days, or continue on from the summit to another plank walk and then descend. If you have the time, the park is best explored over several days.

While it may not be uncrowded or a truly “wild” experience, this should not deter you. The mountains are beautiful and it is possible to get off the main tourist trails and enjoy nature in peace and quiet. However you do it, Wugongshan is a fantastic trip for someone looking experience the outdoors in China.
there were some TV commercials for Kellogg’s Corn Flakes. Various respectable-looking adults found themselves restricted for choice at breakfast time, while camping or abroad, perhaps… Anyway, they were forced by circumstance to eat Corn Flakes.

“I’d forgotten how good they taste”, they each said. And that was the tagline of the series.

The implication was not that these adults had grown out of breakfast cereals; it was merely that they had spent years pursuing different kinds of breakfast cereal, neglecting the one that started it all. Rather than getting sick of Corn Flakes, they had merely been distracted from the truth of their crispy deliciousness.

There’s a similar danger, I believe, with Long Jing. If foreigners know the name of any Chinese green tea, likely as not it will be Long Jing, maybe as the Wade Giles “Lung Ching” or as the translated “Dragon Well”.

For Chinese, too, this is the most famous of green teas, the name that most readily trips off the tongue.

That President Xi Jinping presented a cup of Long Jing to Barack Obama in 2016 is not just because they were then in Hangzhou, the home of this legendary tea. Had they met in Beijing, the President could easily have offered the same variety.

It’s not just leaders that can afford this classic green tea. I’ve had a lot of Long Jing in my life. But it’s been a long time since I craved it.

Curiosity tempts me to keep trying new teas. And, honestly speaking, Long Jing sometimes disappoints, being a product where price is somehow no guarantee of quality. And, being a generic name for any green tea with flattened leaves, not just tea from that exact region in Hangzhou, the quality variation is enormous.

In these pages, I have previously written about a very green Long Jing leaf that turned blue after an afternoon of steeping, and a batch which never lost the plastic tang of its (over) packaging.

But Long Jing does still positively surprise me sometimes, and not just in the Corn Flakes way.

On top of the “roast chicken”, asparagus and nutty qualities, I’m occasionally aware of fennel/aniseed notes. Our own editor has described the aroma of one freshly-infused Long Jing as similar to popcorn, and I fully believe him!

Long Jing does not deserve to be the archetypal green tea. So many of the characteristics found in most green teas, the grassiness of the chlorophyll and the tongue-biting tannins, are absent here. Treating Long Jing as the default green tea is like treating the banana as descriptive of all “fruit”. As a category archetype, it’s less successful than Corn Flakes or Vanilla.

Long Jing’s baked flavour and lack of astringency make it an excellent introductory green tea for people unfamiliar with greens. But as a “gateway”, it’s a misleading one.

Anyway, for the first time in my life, last month visited the tea fields of Long Jing Village (Villages 1 & 2!) in the hilly suburbs of Hangzhou. Yes. The Long Jing being hand roasted is mostly for show, the real tea having been picked and packaged long before the grockle stampede of Labour Day. But the tea aroma in those hills is wonderful to witness. It’s a beautiful, civilised tea resort.
For this column’s last outing, we look at something not often associated with the everyday Chinese dining experience: etiquette and table manners. Often met with surly service staff and spitting, smoking and belching patrons, it is easy to assume that overly zealous bourgeois ideals of “good table manners” are just not required in China; all hats are off and elbows can go on tables, hurrah!

Not so fast. Chinese formal table manners is said to date as far back to the Zhou Dynasty and is very, very much required in many formal settings to this day.

Practicing good table manners is believed to bring health and good fortune, while behaving slovenly may reflect poorly on one’s parents. Furthermore, if mistakes are made during a business banquet it could also reflect poorly on how deals are made. Generally speaking, when grabbing an informal bite at your local “tiantian jia” (everyday restaurant), virtually no etiquette is followed*. However, whenever dining formally for banquets to do with business, special occasions or family, it is important to be familiar with the many dos and don’ts.

Musical Chairs
Seating rules have become a lot more flexible in today’s modern China (previously children ate separately and women joined the table later), but it still goes that the most important chair is the seat facing the entrance and/or east, assigned to the person with the party’s greatest status. To the right and left of this person are those of the next highest status and so on. The meal will not begin until the head of the table begins and will not end until he or she says so.

Digging for Treasure
Either at home, at school, work or at a banquet, eating or chewing noisily is considered improper. Playing, spinning, waving, tapping, drumming, banging or pointing with chopsticks is immeasurably offensive. Resting chopsticks that point at someone is rude as well as piercing, impaling and or spearing food. It is seriously frowned upon for anyone to go “digging for treasure”, i.e. looking for the best part of the dish.

Sharing is Caring
The Lazy Susan is used for a reason, hogging the expensive dishes and or best cuts is considered rude, and these parts are, more often than not, offered to the host first. The younger generation must always refill drinks and/or offer elders before filling themselves up. Awareness is key, guests will always wait until others have selected before moving the Lazy Susan their way. Those sharing will never use their hands when moving food; only chopsticks and/or spoons are used.

Let’s Dance
While everyone at the table is very aware that the host will pay for the meal, it is expected that you fight at least twice for the right to do so. This signifies your gratitude and ensures the host neither owes you anything or vice versa. If one refuses to allow the host to pay, it may signify you believe they cannot afford it! Conversely, not arguing over the bill may imply the host owes you a favour.

*At funerals in China, it is tradition to light incense and burn them in sand at temples. Therefore, sticking chopsticks vertically in your rice bowl invokes this image, for this reason it is not done. Similarly, it has been reported that cremated bones are passed using chopsticks between loved ones at funerals; for this reason, passing food with chopsticks and/or snatching are big no nos, in any dining setting.
ON AN INTERNATIONAL SCALE, NANJING’S DUTCH SISTER CITY, EINDHOVEN, IS A
SMALL DOT ON THE MAP, YET THE ASSOCIATED, SO-CALLED “BRAINPORT” REGION
IS SUCCEEDING THROUGH ITS HIGH-TECH INDUSTRY IN BECOMING A KEY PLAYER
ON THE GLOBAL MARKET.  *By Hans Matheeuwsen*
Like Nanjing, in recent years, Eindhoven has been focused on reinventing itself. Unlike Nanjing with its two and half millennia of history, Eindhoven will celebrate its centenary next year, marking the day in 1920 when five surrounding villages merged with Eindhoven to form Greater Eindhoven. The arrival of Philips in 1891 led to recruitment of labour and the beginning of lightbulb production, and the city exploded in the twentieth century. Philips began producing consumer products between the First and Second World Wars, and subsequently grew into a global electronics giant.

The economic crises of the 1980s and 1990s brought Philips to the brink of collapse, with more than 100,000 employees let go. In the Eindhoven region alone, 30,000 people were affected. The city’s future was looking very bleak. Thanks to the government, local businesses and knowledge institutions working together (Triple Helix), the region succeeded in creating a new economic ecosystem that helped Eindhoven evolve over the next two decades into a thriving hub of Dutch knowledge and manufacturing industry.

For a long time, Eindhoven was considered “the most boring city” in the Netherlands. Little of interest happened while young talent left for Rotterdam or Amsterdam. In part due to the arrival of the renowned Design Academy, Eindhoven was transformed into a city of not only knowledge and technology, but also design: known worldwide as Dutch design. The annual Dutch Design Week attracts nearly half a million visitors from around the world, while light festival GLOW attracts 750,000 local and international visitors.

Eindhoven is a young municipality, but it is also a modern city. During the Second World War, both the Allies and the Germans carried out bombings on the historic centre. The bombers first aimed at the Philips factories, in order to halt the production of war armaments, after which they blocked the advancing American and British armies. Military forces pulled across the city centre, as shown in the famous war movie “A Bridge Too Far”. Eindhoven is historically located at a junction of roads, especially from the south to the north and vice versa, near Belgium and Germany. When the south of the Netherlands was liberated, ahead of the rest of the country, Eindhoven was regarded as the capital for some time.

Since the war, Eindhoven has built a new future and put its stamp on the world. The top hat US President John F. Kennedy wore at his inauguration? Made in Eindhoven. George Harrison’s first guitar? Made in Eindhoven. The first TV broadcast in the Netherlands was transmitted from Eindhoven. The first Dutch-language film was recorded in Eindhoven. The compact audio cassette was invented in Eindhoven by Philips, as was the later compact disc that revived the music industry worldwide. Through record company Phonogram (later Polygram), Philips is acquainted with stars such as The Rolling Stones, Abba, Elton John and U2.

Still with music, Eindhoven is home to the Muziekgebouw, a first-rate concert hall with acoustics among the top 5 in the world. The Van Abbemuseum is a mecca for modern art lovers, while the Parktheater hosts stunning theater performances, plays and cabaret shows. Urban culture can be found in Strijp-S, a former complex of Philips factories that has been successfully transformed into a brand-new district for residents and professionals; while the Brainport region is also a culinary hotspot; after Amsterdam, Eindhoven has the most Michelin-starred restaurants in the country.

Next to Amsterdam’s financial center and the port city of Rotterdam, Eindhoven is the third largest metropolitan region in the Netherlands. For a long time, Eindhoven was a typical low-rise city, broad and spacious with lots of greenery, but now, the city is booming, and on the cusp of a leap in scale. Around 20 skyscrapers are scheduled to be constructed over the coming years, a big number for a city that previously built five in the last 20 years.

Dubbed a “world village”, people from all over the world are coming to the region to work at one of the many high-tech companies based therein. In 2000, there were 324 Indians living in Eindhoven. Last year, that number had risen to 3,556, and they have since even set up their second cricket team, to feel right at home. Many students have also found their way to the city; Eindhoven University of Technology has around 12,000 students, sixteen percent of whom come from abroad. TU/e (Eindhoven University of Technology) students span 90 nationalities, the top 3 of which are Indian, Chinese and Romanian.

So just what is it about this mix of towering, international ambition and the serenity of village life that makes the city an economic success? Eindhoven inhabitants are naturally friendly and keen on enjoying life, but their work ethic is solid. That’s how it worked back in the days when farmers helped each other survive on the bare sandy soils, this attitude of collaboration persists to this day. Entrepreneurs have been coming to Eindhoven for a better future for a hundred years now, and they are welcomed with open arms by the locals, people who are also ambitious and push each other to make progress, feeding a dynamic that ensures success and employment.

“The city that is Shaping the Future” was the title of the book former Eindhoven mayor Rob van Gijzel left as a gift to the city on his departure in 2016. Over the past century, Eindhoven has become synonymous with great feats, each exceptional in their own right, but as a whole, forming an almost kaleidoscopic image of infectious aspiration.
Burberry and a redesigned shirt from Columbia; all intact and highly recommended by other shoppers.

Red Face owner, Tom Yu, accounted for his collection of Japanese/American vintage stuff as he travels between the two for work from time to time. A fanatical vintage lover, he has personally selected every item. "You can see a big difference from these two counties in terms of vintage shop," he told me. "In Japan, they mostly sell second-hand luxuries, while American vintage shop are more like street fashion style." Thus is shop is segregated.

Having been around for 6 years now, and with more than 200 vintage items over 50 years old, the Red Face reputation has spread far and wide. Jackets from Nascar, Oreo, Tide, M&M, Pepsi or MacDonalds, all bought at auction the States, have tempted customers from other cities to Nanjing.

Yet, it is the Tommy Hilfiger street casuals of the 1980s that Yu remains most proud of, while girls would scream for those flower-pattern blouses and classic grid pattern one-piece outfits. Neither is it difficult to find scarves or a blingbling belt to complete an ensemble.

Once linked to rubbish from foreign counties, when it comes to "second-hand", Chinese people might doubt where the clothes are originally from, or they are concerned about hygiene. A problem that every vintage store in China is confronting, Red Face Store is committed.
In 1965, Peter Boizot founded PizzaExpress in London, as a brand of chain restaurants dedicated to Italian-flavoured, authentic pizza. Needless to say, this begs the question, is this the same quality of pizza as the UK original? Absolutely. Is there a better pizza elsewhere in Nanjing? The Nanjinger will stick its neck out and say, probably not. That it’s a chain is just a little sad reflection on local entrepreneurs.

While not exactly a well-kept secret, still a large part of the local foreign population is sadly ignorant of the brand’s presence in Nanjing. The other part is a convert. Convert to an impressive menu, for a start. The range of pizzas is both extensive and creative, with prices from ¥58 to ¥128.

That the moniker be a little misleading is reflected in the fact that Pizza Marzano is a lot more than sumptuous pizza; classic Italian starters such as Prosciutto e Melon and Carpaccio di Salmone Affumicato (the latter rendered as Rainbow Trout on the English translation); Australian steaks and salads, as well as pasta and risotto dishes for mains.

Then there come the desserts, and therein our only criticism; our Chess Tiramisu came virtually straight from the freezer.

Last but not least, a selection of “house blends” make for a difficult choice indeed; do I fancy Lychee & Rose Soda, Mango & Ginger Cooler, Blueberry Iced Tea or Hot Apple Cider? And did I mention that the beer selection also includes Peroni, both bottled and draught? Convert.

Pizza Marzano has two locations in Nanjing, both in Golden Eagle malls; in Xianlin (Phase 2) and Hexi.
Students from the The British School of Nanjing’s sports team, The Foxes, travelled to the Nanjing Youth Olympic Sport Centre to watch four of the finest Foxes represent the school and to cheer on their inspirational friends, in the Nanjing Schools Youth Relay, opening Nanjing’s inaugural IAAF World Challenge meet event in front of a crowd of thousands and a worldwide TV audience.
"Fashion Week Market Village" was EtonHouse Nanjing's third annual event organised in partnership with Somerset. A fashion show with a difference, everything on display was recycled. The event turned out to be a classic fun day out with just over 60 providers taking stalls and a full entertainment program, including not only fashion, but also wonderful music from EtonHouse performers.
Chapters of the Hash House Harriers around the world have been holding Red Dress runs since 1988, often to benefit local charities. In Nanjing’s case, this Red Dress Run included a foray on the historic Nanjing Wall and benefited the Amy Yang Fund, helping to pay for medical treatments caused by a severe burns from a bus fire in 2014.
For Nanjing International School’s Grade 5 PYP Exhibition, students worked within their small groups with guidance from teachers and mentors around the school to focus on the trans-disciplinary theme of “Sharing the Planet”, whereby they identified key issues within the theme, choosing to look through the lens of peace, health & well-being, ocean pollution, gender equity, endangered animals, clean water or climate change.
Over 70 enthusiastic participants from all over the world turned up at the InterContinental Hotel for a razzamataz evening of celebration for Internations, the place where international people meet, whereupon the Nanjing Community thereof marked its 1 year anniversary. Photos courtesy KLONE Productions.
China Firm’s Theft of First Ever Photo of Black Hole

On 10 April 2019, the European Southern Observatory issued the first ever photograph of a black hole, but as with any historic photograph, there are those who seek to profit by claiming ownership of the work.

Taken by the Event Horizon Telescope, a planet-scale array of eight ground-based radio telescopes with the primary aim of snapping such a pic, scientists from over 30 institutions worked together to accomplish the goal.

The numerous efforts finally paid off and the European Southern Observatory (ESO) published the image accompanied by the following wording; “Unless specifically noted, the images, videos, and music distributed on the public ESO website, along with the texts of press releases, announcements, pictures of the week, blog posts and captions, are licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License”.

The aforesaid standard of copyright usage is called “CC by 4.0”, under which one is free to:

(i) Share — Copy and redistribute the material in any medium or format;

(ii) Adapt — Remix, transform, and build upon the material for any purpose, even commercially.

This license is also acceptable for Free Cultural Works, the licensor cannot revoke these freedoms as long as you follow the license terms, which includes:

(i) Attribution — You must give appropriate credit, providing a link to the license, and indicate if changes were made. You may do so in any reasonable manner, but not in any way that suggests the licensor endorses you or your use.

(ii) No additional restrictions — You may not apply legal terms or technological measures that legally restrict others from doing anything the license permits.

Therefore, generally speaking, anyone can use the picture of the black hole in the case that they respect the attribution right and state the source of annotation.

However, one of China’s biggest photo agencies and provider of stock imagery, Visual China, added the black hole photo to its image bank with the following note; “This is an edit image. In case of any commercial use, please kindly call 400-818-xxxx or consult a customer representative”.

Commercial use generally includes advertising, promotion and other use scenarios, but the fact remains that anyone has the right to use the picture of the black hole as long as he/she indicates from where it comes. This was not lost on the Communist Youth League, who screenshot the above and posted it on Weibo. In the ramifications that followed, it also came to light that Visual China had been also breaking the law by selling images of the Chinese flag, as well as the logos of search engine Baidu and the Chinese police.

As reported by the South China Morning Post, “In the statement to shareholders, VCG [Visual China Group] said it had decided to close its website to ‘thoroughly rectify the problems’”.

Yet, it was the picture of a black hole, successfully taken due to years of efforts from a vast number of scientists, that drew the most public ire. Its copyright shall not be limited to one entity and companies such as Visual China shall not be endured in their seeking to gain profit from it. After all, the photo of the black hole has become the wealth of all mankind.

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To assist with journey planning, The Nanjinger's Metro Map includes first and last train times for every station.
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