

**HWY'S for**



**HA!**



**NIGHTLYS**  
**for**

*Or a brief (and humoristic) look inside the modern China.*

by LOUIS 

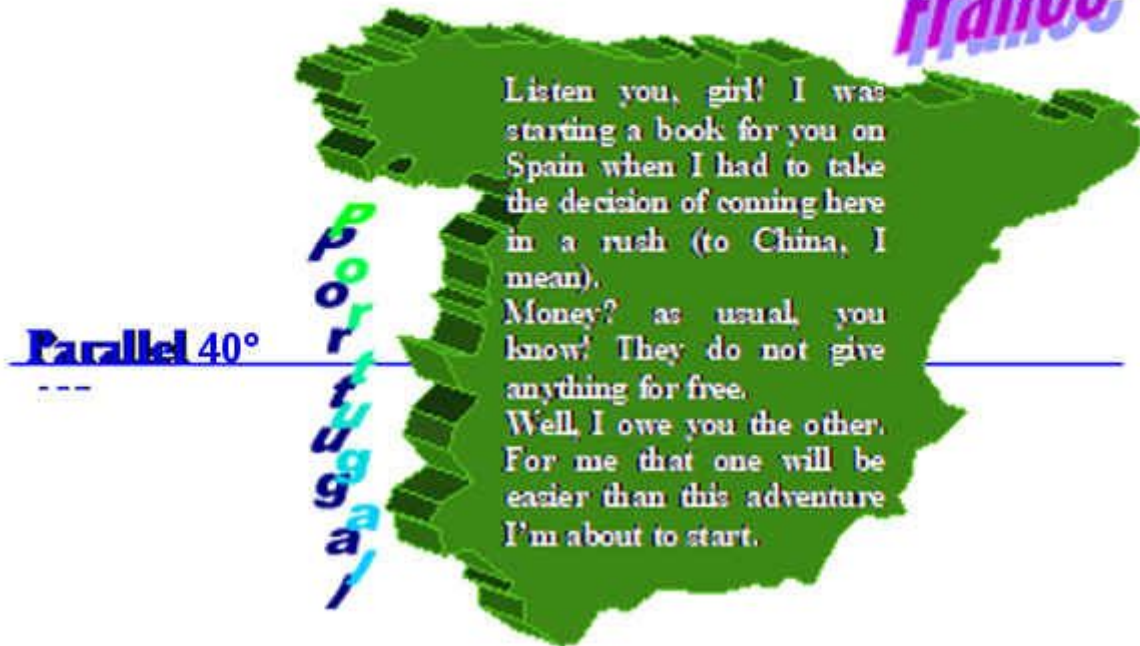
*A ScrapBook*





To Wendy

France



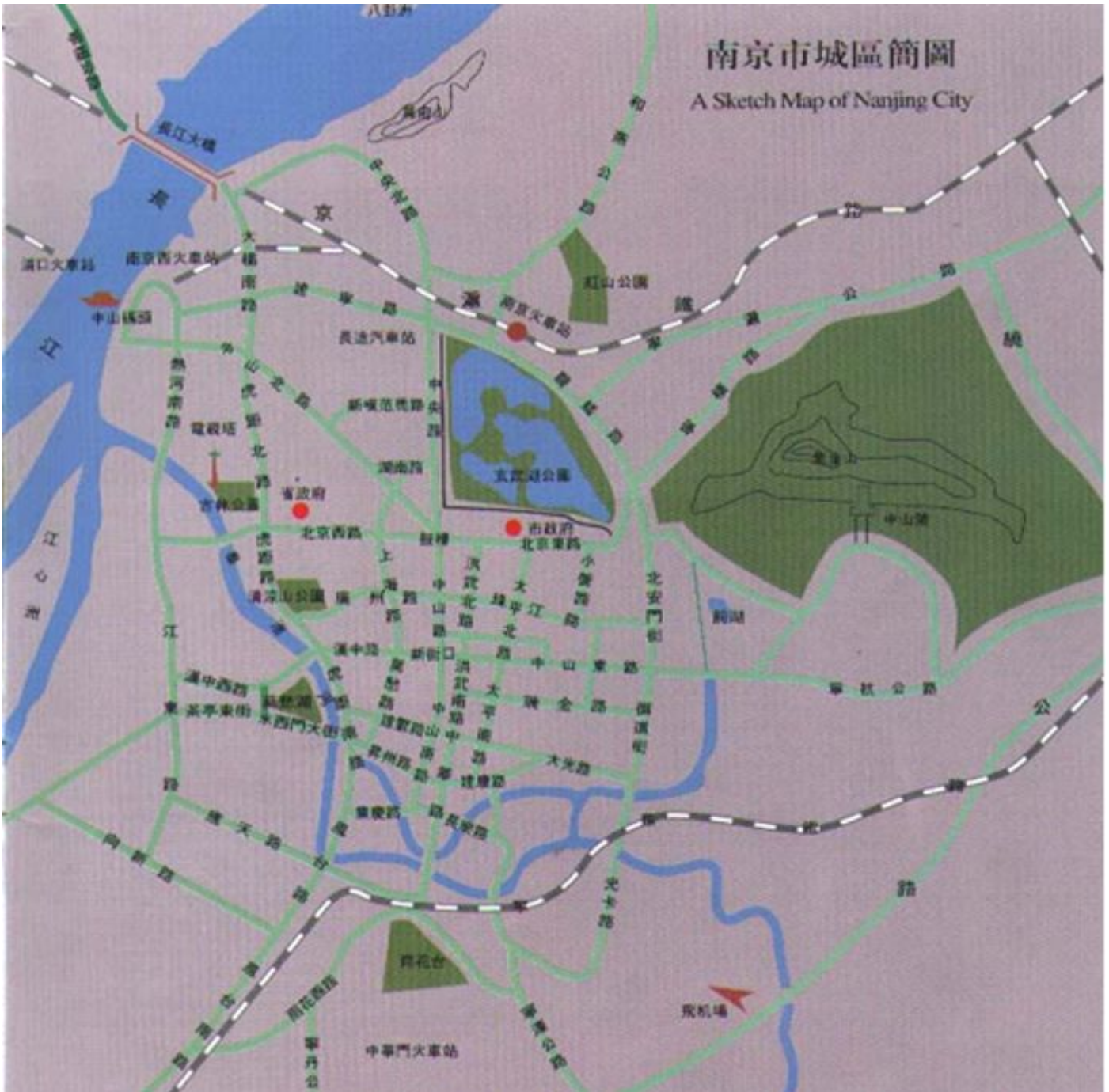
To the **People's Republic of China**,  
a very poor country in its economy,  
but very rich in its people

If you are continually living in a hotel, anywhere in the world, seeing nice things, middling things, terrible things, and you need to tell the people what you see; what do you do? Do you approach the first person you run across and start telling him ...? No, surely he's more accustomed than you to those facts that for you are amazing, scaring, intimidating.

I like to run the world, see new things and tell the people what I saw. When I look for a job this is my first priority.

As I'm unable to be quiet for a while and I need to speak everything out in a hurry, I picked a group of people all around the world (this way chances were, that at least one of them didn't know about China) and I started boring them with my sorrows.

To those who put up with these stories on-line (as me), I beg their pardon:



What? That you don't understand the names of the streets.  
They are very clear I think!

**So, also to:**

**Fernando Acaso.** - !Oye tio! Vamos al Draught House y nos tomamos una cerveza y una pizza.

**Jorge Aparicio.** - Bueno, te cambio las lecciones de Inglés por unas copas en Cessna. Is the bar still grounded?

**Carlos Barrio.** - El último llegado a China, así que tu te tienes que leer todo el libro (I'll tell you that I put you in the group, "cause" it was a 13-people group before.).

**Pablo Bilbao.** - Listen, I think that finally I'd like to work in that boring village in Kentucky.

**José A. Castellar.** - "Como me vuelvas a mandar otro chiste como el de la foca, te achucho al de Eléctrica Del Ebro."

**Pamela Cleary.** - This guy is crazy! Yes, Pam, you're right. Like a hatter. But could you find any other in the world with a better knowledge of the Detroit Wayne County Airport. The shops, I mean.

**Howard Deevers.** - I told the examiner at Frederick County Airport that you were guilty for that license.

Yes, I left AGC without the landing light, and then the Xponder went off, and then the tower... well, I'd better keep my trap shut. Fortunately the guys from the FAA weren't around and I'm still alive. And for long time, I hope!

**Yolanda Fernández.** - And after so long time I'll tell you a little secret. Anything but engineering. Do you want to get my job position? I'll give it to you for free.

**Angilberto & Laurie Hernández.** - Next time I go to Minneapolis I won't be in any hurry. Next time I go to Minneapolis all of you will fly with me. I promise. Icing conditions permitted, of course!

**Igor Lifschitz.** - You see what a family name. I don't really know if he should be addressed in English, Spanish, Russian, or what.

**Jacek Luckkiewicz.** - Jacek, you can read this book. There's no jokes on Polish people in it. But, about driving, you're crazy! Even more than me.

**Fernando Sastre.** - Take me away from here!. You know what I'd like to do now. A control system to control the water temperature in any place of the Caribbean Sea.

**Cristobal Torres.** - Yes, I have lived the book, I have written it but you "wanna" get the royalties. Not a bad business, isn't it..

**Jerry Wheeler.** - If you know how many times we have had lunch together in Shanghai. They are right when they say that if two people are alike, even the glasses are the same. But the Chinese guy didn't know the joke of the Monkey.

*...and to all the people who help me while I was working in China.*

To them all

**THANK YOU VERY MUCH INDEED!**



**I STARTED THIS BOOK  
IN THE CITY OF NANJING  
(PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC  
OF CHINA)**

**ON MAY, 1ST, 1,998**

**(LABOR DAY)**

**AND TO BE FRANK...**

**... right now I don't have the faintest  
idea about what on earth I'm gonna  
tell you. Anyway I hope I won't be  
lack of topics.**

**Well, here we go!**





## Final idea

Yes, final idea! In the place supposed for the introduction I putting what I call the final idea. What the heck is that? Well, it is very simple.

First of all, I had an initial idea, which is written on page 72 of "The Baby Book".

What? You haven't read "The Baby Book" yet? Good grief! Hurry up and buy it, it should be about to be sold out, they printed only 358 copies of it!

Well, in case you cannot find it I tell you what's written in it. The conversation takes place between my boss and me ( I took the advantage of meeting him for the first time.)

It reads:

*"Listen!," I replied, "I know some Spanish and French, a small bit of English (and very badly) and some UNIX (a stupid computer language) and I am not going to learn Chinese at all!"*

*I think he understood.*

Well, in "The Baby Book" it says literally "I think he understood" but he didn't! (Remember he's a boss), so, on April 12<sup>th</sup>, 1998 I put for the first time my beautiful foot in the airport of Beijing (I had given a wide berth for so many times.) First spoiled idea and I thought:

"Well, finally they got it, so I am here to build highways" and immediately I started to coin what the book will be about.

That was the Second idea.

Finally I realized of two facts:

1. - 95% of the vehicles in Nanjing nowadays are bicycles.
2. - In my time off I am an engineer, but I hate building highways. I started doing this and on the other hand the idea I had about this book was very serious to be applied to me (yet!).

So, the final idea.

At the end living in china (living is the euphemistic way of telling you are there), surrounded by bicycles and trying to keep yourself alive. No sir! Let's forget the initial idea and make this book real, but as funny as possible (I'll try to get it by telling the truth, which is not an easy task.)

Why a scrap book! Well, as any engineer who stores the cokes in a drawer and the underwear in the freezer, I am unable to keep a standard order (well, in general any standard) I immediately write what I see and I don't have any time later to arrange what I wrote. I'll try to be as tidy as possible, but just in case, expects the worst.

Well, I have finally the title:

## **"Highway for Bicycles, HA!"**

But the rest? Well, let's see!

When I first handed this book in its most incipient state out, in October 1,998, I added the following note with what then was only a thin pamphlet:

Well, I'm about departing the city of Pittsburgh leaving this book unfinished. I didn't really had much time to write, so the only I did it was a sketch of what this book will be.

You know, I don't write for a living, I mean, not yet. I write for friends. When I pick a job I'm also thinking of the place that job will take me so I can tell you what me and my camera saw. I wonder myself where next?

Whatever this creation be, I'll have it ready by the end of the year and I do not need promising anything. I state that and that's all, as usual. You'll have it in 1998.

To do it more complicated, I'm leaving in this city all what I need to write it. Well, did I say "all"? No, I was lying, I'll take my head with me. It happens that sometimes (but no many) I use it.

So, everybody receiving this boring pamphlet will receive a copy of the resulting book (more or less the same but heavier.)

Meanwhile, take much care of yourselves and I hope I'll see you soon.

Be nice.

**In the city of Pittsburgh, on October 5<sup>th</sup>, 1998.**



Well, when I handed out the above mentioned sketch of this “book” the following was written on it:

(Even though I’ll filter as much as I can, only just in case, I strongly recommend this book to be read before having had lunch.

Chapter III “The Rape of Nanjing” contains images and captions that could harm the reader’s sensibility).

And then I wrote that chapter with the following introduction:

The pictures on this chapter are not of my own. Not as you could have supposed “cause” I had not be born yet, but simply “cause” at the moment these facts happened I was in other place, not in other country (remember that in 1998 I put for the first time my dirty feet in Asia but may be in a different planet. So, the photographs have been taken from archives and the accompanying text from different sources besides what I was told, what, by the way, triggered this chapter.

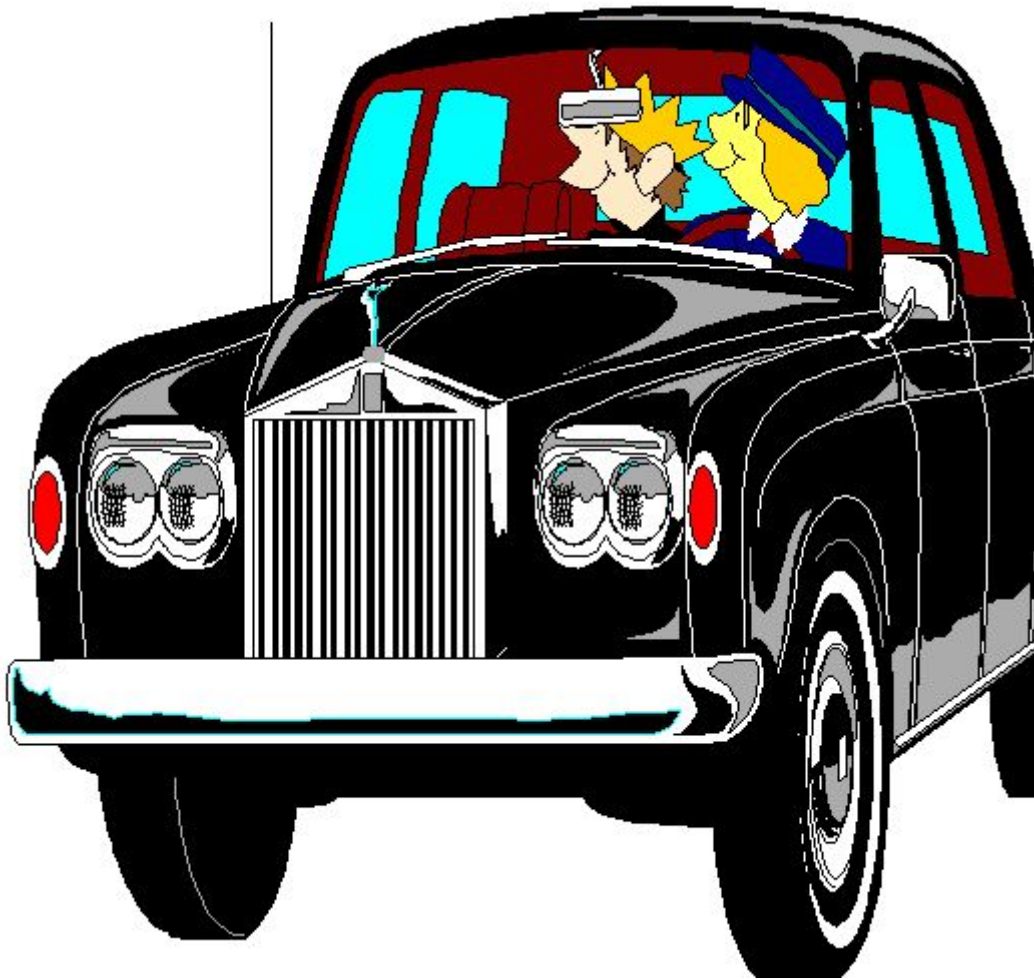
Of course, I couldn’t make fun of it.

But then, after thinking carefully and looking at the images and text I had placed there I decided to delete it. So, don’t care about that and in any case the history is there, free for anyone who wants to take a glance on it. It’s not my duty to bring it here.

Madrid (Spain) on November, 4<sup>th</sup>, 1998

Ps.- Other stories and customs have also intentionally been skipped over

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Nanjing via agencies. July, 6<sup>th</sup>.

**Louisy Louis caught red-handed when going to "work".**

Sorry! We apologize by the fact that the only info we could find about him is this "**pitcher**" and related caption, found in a far-eastern comic magazine (note of the publisher.)

## How this book was written:

That what I'm right now asking to myself, how? Because to write it I had to go to China, a place I had promise to myself (and not for any special reason) not to ever go.

Well, the book was written mainly in the city of Nanjing (capital city of the Jiangsu province and former capital of the People's Republic of China), by walking this city in the evenings, from end to end, putting everything I saw either in my mind or in any piece of paper I used to have always handy.

By the way, I started writing those pieces of paper with my old Montblanc, yes, one of those Meisterstucks I've been bearing with me all around the world for a long time, but the second time I came to Nanjing I couldn't find it. Surely, I lost it somewhere. Well, nothing important, the only I hope is that the person who gave it to me doesn't read this, if not my head will be finely separated from my neck.

Well, once again, nothing important will be lost.

This twaddle was carried out in the room no. 2015 of the Holiday Inn Hotel of this city. The phone line and mobile phone you can see in the picture were my only means of communication with the rest of the world.

May be because of my mental state at the time the book was written I cannot say I felt happy not pretty bad either. I checked against other people and they didn't feel happy too. But I thought that "***every cloud has a silver lining.***"







All my stuff in that room. My AOPA cap, my plate holder, some pictures and a small paper plane.

But, hey! Wait! Wait a minute! Where's my harmonica? Who's stolen it?



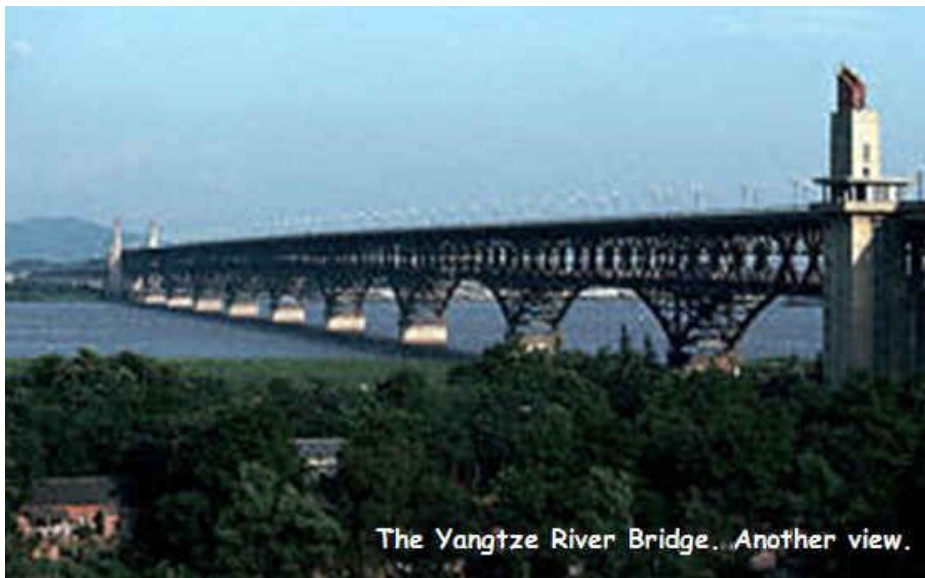
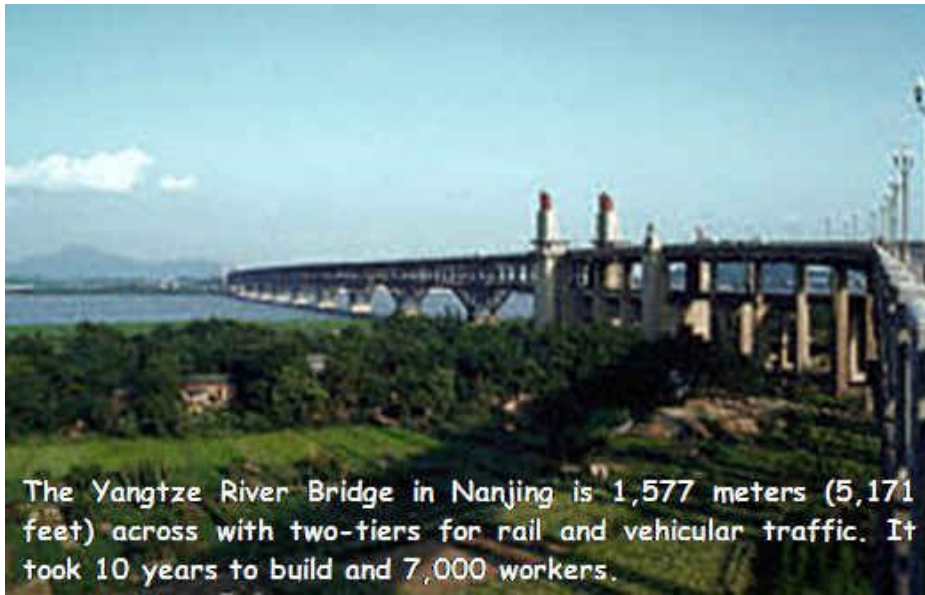
Alone in Nanjing? Oh! No! How wrong you are!  
This couple of made-in-China" Jerezian horses were my company there.



***Trick or Treat?***



Because of an almost permanent thermal inversion, the city is continually submerged in a smoggy appearance at summertime. Fortunately, there's no a great amount of cars to aggravate the situation.





## The Beginning.-



Well, as I told you before I put my foot for the very first time at Beijing's Capital Airport, on April, 12th, 1998 and the first thing I realized was:

*"Well, this country looks to be very poor but they are trying to catch up with the rest of the world in a hurry."*

Will you become surprised if outdoors the airport you see a woman sweeping the sidewalk? Surely you won't. But what happens if suddenly you see her stooping herself and cleaning the sidewalk with a piece of cloth she was carrying in her hand. You'll be a little taken aback, won't you? Well, I saw it many times and I thought.

*"Oh, how clean and tidy is this people."* Nothing most away from reality.



The airport is very old. As other many things in this country they are trying to build a new one in a hurry. How do they pay for these works to the other countries. With manpower. They are a lot! Right now, most of the things here in my house, which are at the reach of my hand are bearing the sign "**Made in China**".

At this point I'd like you to remember that I don't know China by being the second largest (and most populated) country in the world.

Even though I've started in the actual capital city (since 1949, being Nanjing the capital city formerly) of The People's Republic of China, Beijing (formerly known as Peking). I know the

city of Nanjing, by working there for a while, even I think that the rest of the country shouldn't be very different from it, but I cannot assure it.

OK! Let's start:



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for



Well,. You see, always in a hurry from airport to airport.

