

Features

Guilfordians return from abroad



Compiled by Allison Davis Staff Writer

London

James Green

"Where were you last semester?" "I was in London." "Oh, really! How was it?" "It was great. I had a good time."

And that's how it goes. I get these questions a lot lately and that's how I usually answer. It's pretty lame, I know, but what else

nearly being evicted but we won't go into that) and became good friends. I travelled a lot in England and I also made it to Amsterdam. I would have liked to have travelled more but my stomach took up most of my wallet's contents. London was expensive but well worth it, although I constantly hoped the pound would crash. I learned to appreciate good beer (not Budweiser) and the antics of drunken and shirtless businessmen in the pubs of London. I also gained a greater appreciation for the arts and culture of London in all of the city's galleries, museums, and theatres. I added new words to my

Page Bachman

Recently, I returned to the U.S. after being part of Guilford's London program. Typically when I see friends they ask, "How was London?" A response is difficult. How can I sum up an experience of a life time?

There were highs and lows. I almost got my flatmates and myself run over crossing the street, but I learned more than how to cross a street. I learned about myself, self-reliance, the English culture, and the role the U.S. plays in the world.

At times I felt proud to be an

American and at others embarrassed. I became incredibly close to some individuals, but I felt miles apart from others. I don't think anyone in my group is returning to Guilford uninfluenced by being abroad.

Through the Guilford grapevine I've heard our group was one of the worst in the twelve years of the program. Whether or not that is true is arguable. Possibly next year I'll hear the same thing about the new group.

If any of your friends are returning this semester from studying abroad, have pity on them. Coming home can be overwhelming and the change is sometimes difficult.

After living in London I don't see the world in the same way. I encourage anyone who has the chance to travel abroad.

China

Philip Chou

Chinese-Americans who return to China have quite a different experience than most foreign guests. This holds especially true for Chinese Americans who spend most of their life in the United States as I did. Coming from a family of Chinese parents, I spoke

was able to catch a glimpse of their childhood and late teens through living as a member of Chinese society and spending time with my uncles and aunts living in Beijing and Tianjing.

Trying to blend into the society was fun, but was also often quite scary. I had quite a time telling people that I was from Hong Kong or Shanghai while in Beijing. Most often I got away with it, too. Luckily I have no detectable American accent in my Chinese.

There used to be a difference in clothes between our cultures, but



Graham Edwards, John Stevens, and Eron Block visit Hampton Court Palace.

Photo submitted by James Green

can I say? It's impossible to sum up my semester in London in just a few words, yet I'm going to attempt to do just that in this little ol' article. So here goes.

I lived in a flat with three other guys: Eron Block, Graham Edwards, and John Stevens. By some administrative miracle we were all assigned the same flat. We did a lot together (including

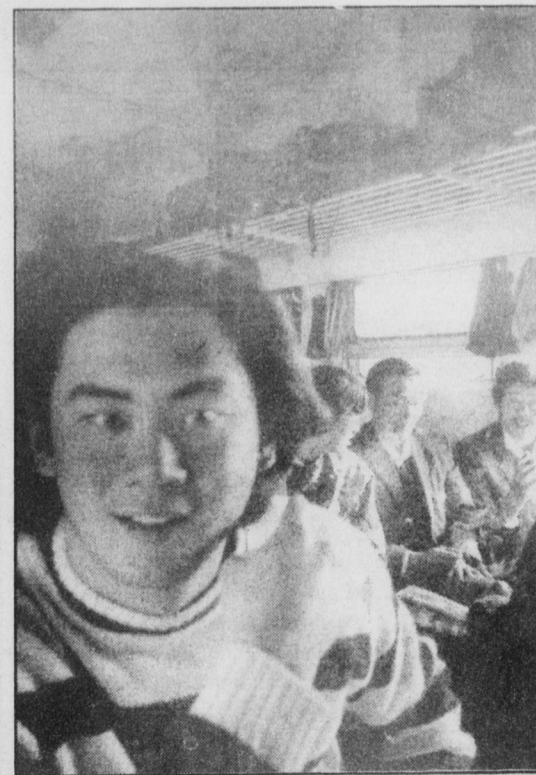
vocabulary. I got to now many people on the trip. And, in addition to it all, I learned a lot. It may sound like a cliché, but I really did have a great time.

Members of the London program pause to pose for a group photo.

Photo submitted by Jen Moss



Above: Philip Chou (third from left) enjoys a meal with his relatives. Below: Philip travels on the "Lordseat" train from Beijing to Han...



now some streets in Beijing look like streets in New York. All this made it really easy to go into an identity crisis or psychological limbo.

I had an attachment to China because I was treated like I was Chinese. At first I wasn't ready for it. That was when things got scary sometimes. I was asked what work unit of the Communist Party I be-

Chinese fluently, but I lacked cultural experience. Going to China helped me to learn about myself and about my family.

My understanding of my parents has increased enormously. I

longed to. I was asked to report to the Public Security Bureau (police) because a hotel keeper thought my U.S. passport was fake. Sometimes I got bad looks in Chinese-run hotels from foreigners. Looks