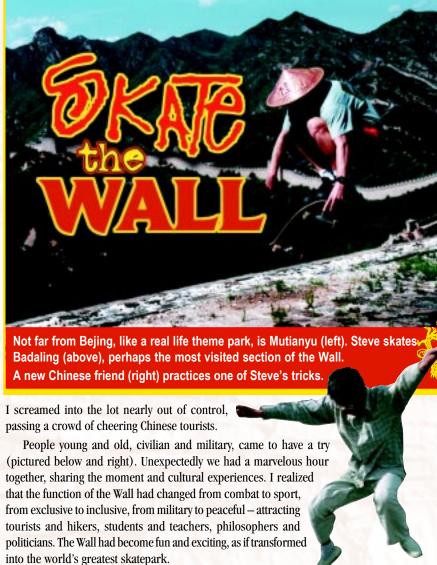


ur sleek private taxi wove its way between big trucks and buses, tiny cars and vans, zooming motorcycles and buzzing scooters. The silent bikes and carts yielded without stress, smoothly avoiding us as if doing Tai Chi. Radiating from Beijing, the traffic faded into tranquility. We, students from the Uof H, headed due north with our driver, a kind-hearted Chinese man with wire-rim glasses and a love for classic Western rock music. We gave him a thumbs-up and nodded when his stereo played Pink Floyd's *Another Brick in the Wall*. Around us wheat and corn formed a checkerboard landscape as hills graduated to small mountains with riverbanks planted with weeping willows, walnut and peach trees, alive under deep blue sky. Slender poplar trees cast zebra-striped shadows which flickered on our faces while we blazed on. It was a perfect day to skate the Wall.

Just as philosophical attitudes of Chinese and Americans differ, so too have reactions to my skating on the Wall. Photos from my early trips in 1995 shocked some Western friends to contend, "You mean they allow you to do that?" In contrast, responses from Chinese people were more positive and light-hearted. The first time I skated the Wall, several guards pointed to my skateboard, uttered something in Mandarin, and motioned for it. To my surprise, trading me a rifle, one man lay on the board feet first and face up and shot down the hill. Reaching the bottom, he skidded to a halt, tearing his clothes and bruising his tail end. Nevertheless, he reacted with a smile and raced up the hill for another try, later encouraging me to show him some tricks.

After our skate session this year I spotted a steep pathway that led to the parking lot a mile below. Even though I had a small fortune in camera gear hanging from my shoulders, I was keen to ride all the way to our car. Soon I was going way too fast and speed-wobbling —yikes! I entered the skater's solemn mind set for survival, similar to the surfer caught in the wave of a dangerous storm. Luckily not wiping out,



Conversely, the Great Wall has an intense seriousness about it.

It is sometimes called the world's longest cemetery, a place where men were sent to toil and suffer until their expired bodies were thrown heartlessly into the wall as fill. Poems, music, and modest temples throughout China, Korea, and Japan honor the story of

Meng Jiang Nu, a woman who searched the entire length before finding her beloved dying husband. The legend states that she cried so hard the wall collapsed where she found him.

A continuous project, the Wall stretches 4,000 miles, from Heilongjiang Province in northeast China and winding westward to the Gobi Desert region of Gansu Province,

fortifications that began in isolated and strategic mountain passes over 2,500 years ago. As the supreme guardian of the fertile river-valleys and plains of the south from invasion by the marauding bandits of the Mongolian plateau, the northern face of the Wall is always sheer, often 30 feet tall or perched on the rim of a high cliff, yet the southern face is sometimes only ground level. Resembling a growing plant, it fits into the earth's natural curves, its aspects constantly being altered by seasonal changes. *Today the Wall with all its branches, if placed end to end, would stretch 31,000 miles.*

A great unification of the Wall took place under Emperor Qin Shi Huanghi, China's tyrannical ruler who founded the Chin Dynasty (221-206 BC) and built the infamous terracotta army of Xian. The Han Dynasty (206 BC-AD 220) fortified the Wall as the great military power line of the Silk Road (China's trade route to the western realms). Timely messages could be sent across China, smoke by day or fire by night, and horses could ride down it, and boiling vats of oil could be poured on the heads of ascending attackers. During the Tang Dynasty (AD 618-907) it was again fully fortified, becoming an information highway facilitating the introduction of Buddhism from the West.



"I realized that the function of the Wall had changed from combat to sport, from exclusive to inclusive, from military to peaceful – attracting tourists and hikers, students and teachers, philosophers and politicians."

Later the Ming Dynasty (AD 1368-1644) earned the reputation for hosting China's most masterful wall builders, creating faultless square-cut bricks, which still appear clean, tight, and engineered into perfect function. During the Ming construction of Jaiyuguan Fort (pictured far right), the western terminus of the Great Wall in the Gobi Desert, a general was said to have ordered a massive and specific number of bricks. When the complex was completed, only one brick remained, a testament to Chinese ingenuity. Four characters inscribed near the front gate affirm: *Strongest fort under beaven*.

Layers of architecture attest to the acuity and continuity of Chinese culture and philosophy as the wall, like the art of the earth, rises in chronological order from a subterranean foundation. I have stood at sections where the base was built during Chin Dynasty, the middle during Han, the upper during Ming, the watchtowers Qing (AD 1644-1911) while the surface was only one week old. I've observed farmers loading donkey

carts with bricks they bashed off the Wall with sledgehammers, while in the distance I could see contemporary building crews adding a fresh face for tourists.

Although many believe that the Great Wall is the only manmade structure recognized from space, Colonel Scott Horowitz, USAF, who has commanded the Space Shuttle, told me, "It is nearly impossible to see the Great Wall, even from low orbit, because the color of the bricks matches the color of the corresponding landscape, and also due to the heavily polluted skies over China." He said that the Great Pyramid is most visible (because of its shadow), yet the Wall is possible to discern with a little imagination on a crystal-clear day.

I once asked Professor Yang Xin of Beijing University, "Why *Great* Wall, and not simply long wall or border wall?" He took time to explain through an interpreter, "Although the original name may have implied long wall (wall of 10,000 Li), the significance matured and greatness was attributed. One brick is only one, with function limited, yet when they combine, a great animation is formed, just like the Chinese culture." He added, "The Wall unifies mankind with heavenly forces, as if an enormous composition of cursive calligraphy."

Riding the backs of dragons

There are lots of places to skate the Wall: some like Disneyland with superhighways to bring busy tourists, such as Mutianyu and Badaling (pictured far left); others more mysterious and less revealed. When first skating the Wall, I was shocked by its grandeur; later its spiritual aspects overcame me as I saw it as a symbol of both China and the human race.

Skating the Wall isn't as perfect as I may lead you to believe.

One might compare it to skating lava fields in Kona. The surface is often rugged, with large, bulging stones separated by deep crevices. But skating the Wall for me isn't about getting a good ride or becoming a pro, it's about creating new meaning. Chinese philosophy allows the student to see one thing from many perspectives. In this way, the Great Wall of China causes me to search deeply within myself and to be more patient, open-minded and flexible regarding my perceptions of life.

From some viewpoints the Wall looks like a coiling dragon, reaching to the sky, riding on the backs of mountains. When I skated on this dragon, I saw



my fellow human beings in a different way, discovering that the greatness of the Great Wall stands for the greatness of humanity as well as the suffering of humanity – we're all *just bricks in the Wall*.

Steven Andrew Martin, a student with the University of Hawaii and Beijing University, has participated in seven US accredited study-abroad programs in Costa Rica, Spain, South Africa, and China. For more photos and information see previous articles in *KonaViews* by Steven (May/June '00 and Sept/Oct '00), and check out his website: www.studyabroadjournal.com.

