3. AUSTRALIAN LOVERS

CHINGCHONG CHINAMAN, CHINESE IDENTITY AND HYBRID CONFUSION

Kam Louie

Since 1960 I have been fascinated by this topic — ‘as others see us’ — as a result of a bizarre childhood experience in the streets of central Sydney. I was about 10 and to this day I remember clearly the following incident: as I was walking home after school, a little boy, about six or seven, followed me for several blocks, and he kept making faces at me and calling me ‘Chingchong Chinaman’. That by itself was not so unusual: I was used to such childish taunts. What shocked me then, even at such a young age, was that this little kid was himself Chinese! At that time, there were so few Chinese around that when he saw me, his reaction was to call me what others probably called him or his dad, and to see how I would respond. I will come back to this little guy later. For now, I just want to say that what he did had a tremendous impact on me. Ever since that incident, I have in one way or another been trying to find out why I was a ‘Chingchong Chinaman’, who I was, and how others saw me. Indeed, those of you who are familiar with my research would know that many of my publications in one way or another revolve around the issue of the Chinese identity.

My first books were about how the Chinese communists reinterpreted classical philosophers such as Confucius and Zhuangzi.¹ I wrote them because I wanted to see the methods adopted by contemporary Chinese intellectuals to remain 'Chinese' during periods when they were supposed to break completely with the past and create a new society along Marxist lines. That research was prompted as much by a desire for self-awareness — the evolving Chineseness of China — as it was by stern academic considerations. Having spent my early childhood in China, I wanted to understand the methods used by policy-makers who shaped my thinking. After I finished those books, and after the Chinese intellectuals themselves gave up the pretence that they were communists, I decided to see how they described themselves in literature. Accordingly, my next few books were about various aspects of Chinese life as described in fiction.² Perhaps because I was reading lots of romances and memoirs, I was soon convinced that in times of social stability the small everyday things such as the latest movie they had seen or their relationships with the opposite sex mattered most to most people. These everyday realities were as important to understanding Chineseness as the grander formal disciplines of politics, international relations or economics. My last two books were therefore about popular culture and Chinese masculinity.³

Note that I wrote on Chinese masculinity, not Chinese gender. I was interested in the 'man' part of the Chingchong Chinaman, not just any old Chingchong (although the fact that there was never a Chingchong Chinawoman is an interesting story in itself and relates as much to migration patterns as it does to gender non-specific language customs of the years prior to the 1970s and '80s). In the course of looking at everyday culture for these books, my focus became increasingly targeted at my immediate surroundings rather than at what was taking place in China. Those of you who have read my last book will know that I begin it by analysing traditional culture and constructions of the ideal man, but by the last two chapters, I examine the transformations of ideal Chinese masculinity in

the global arena. In fact, since the book was published last year, the subject matter of my research has become even more local, because the target of analysis has recently shifted to Chinese men in Australia. I wanted to find out how Chinese men here identify themselves. I was therefore gratified to find that the National Library had a comprehensive Australiana collection in the Chinese language, expertly catalogued by Andrew Gosling and his team for ease of use. I was even more grateful and delighted when Alison invited me to this conference and sent me a bundle of documents that provided synopses of the books held in the NLA collection.

In addition to these documents, I have also had the opportunity to browse many of the books that are summarised in the Asian Accounts of Australia Project. The materials on Australia published in China and in Chinese are either very general descriptions of Australian social customs, portrayals of so-called typical Australian people, or government-generated data such as Australian spending, longevity or wealth. In addition, there are many books and pamphlets on 'big picture' domains such as the Australian political, education and welfare systems. There are also many descriptions of Australian leisure activities such as gambling and sport as well as tourist information in the form of straight picture books or travel diaries. Even though some of the customs and people described are too stereotypical for my liking, I am fully aware that such information is useful and essential for Chinese readers who want to find out about how much Australians earn, how they vote, what they need to do to get into university and so on.

My interest, however, is more in their private feelings than Australian systems, and there is relatively little on the emotional life of the Chinese themselves or descriptions of meaningful and deep relationships with other Australians. Perhaps that is fortunate, because in the time given to prepare for this conference, I would not have been able to finish many books anyway. Using the documents that Alison sent me as a guide, I read as much as I could in the given time. For those books that I have not had the time to peruse, I have relied on

the summaries provided in the documents Alison sent me as well as reading tables of contents and juicy bits in selected novels. My paper is therefore only a very preliminary report, based on fictional and semi-fictional accounts by Chinese students who arrived in Australia in the late 1980s and early 1990s. I will assess how these young Chinese writers manage their love lives in Australia, and I will illustrate those observations by pointing to a few novels and short stories from collections such as *Aozhou qingren* (*Australian Lovers*).⁴

Because of time limitations, I will discuss only material written by students who came from China in the late 1980s and early 1990s. There are some stories by students from other parts of Asia. For example, two volumes of excellent stories by Melbourne University students from Hong Kong, Singapore, Taiwan as well as China have been published and their concerns are quite different.⁵ I will have to wait for another occasion to look at this and other materials. Instead, I will focus on the lives of Chinese men from the People's Republic, concentrating on stories written by them. In the process, I will point to their views of Australian men and women. That is, how they see us.

I should make a couple of general remarks before proceeding. First of all, the materials summarised in this project were almost all written in the past 20 years. This is partly because the National Library is a relatively new library, with the National Library Act coming into force only in 1960, and Chinese books and serials were actively being collected only since then. We know that Chinese newspapers were published in the 19th century and John Fitzgerald and Paul McGregor have shown that even back then the Australian Chinese were keen to make sure that their Australian Chinese identity contributed to a new sense of Australian nationhood just before Federation.⁶ Nevertheless, it remains a fact that most Chinese who came before the 1980s were from the peasantry, and almost all of them were men. They were seen by most Australians, including themselves, as sojourners rather than citizens. They wrote about politics, about Australia and about China, but

rarely about their romantic relationships with other Australians. After 1900, the numbers of Chinese in Australia dropped, from 3.3 per cent of the population in 1861 to less than 1 per cent in 1901.⁷ Furthermore, with only a few exceptions, they did not produce any fictional writing about their own lives.

The situation in the late 1980s and 1990s represents a most conspicuous break from all previous times. Alison Broinowski in her book *The Yellow Lady* aptly characterises this period in Australian history as one of hybridisation and fusion.⁸ This was a time when Australia actively reoriented itself towards Asia, and when a huge influx of migrants came from Asia to make Australia their new home. For Chinese in particular, the late 1980s and early 1990s brought a completely different kind of sojourner. As a result of changes in China, and the 1989 Tiananmen incident in particular, tens of thousands of 'Chinese students' came to Australia. Whether they successfully studied here is not important for our purposes. What is important is that most of them would have finished secondary schooling in China and could read and write Chinese well. In their homelands, most of them would be considered intellectuals. They wrote and they read. And many novels and short stories were published, and were often serialised in newspapers and journals established in the past 20 years. In Sydney alone, there were at least four Chinese daily newspapers, four weekly magazines and numerous journals in the 1990s.⁹ There were also specialist literary journals, such as *Otherland*, which was established in 1996 in Melbourne. Even here in Canberra, a Chinese literary journal, *Kanjing wenyuan* (*Canberra Literati*), was established in June 2002.

These new migrants are very different to those who came before in other ways. Unlike previous periods, such as the beginning of the century, when the ratio of Chinese men to women was 61.5 to 1, men and women are almost equally represented. Similarly, unlike earlier periods, when romantic and sexual liaisons between themselves and other Australians were rare or sanctioned, they are now a central concern, so you can say that my research is not quirky or kinky, but timely and

necessary. In fact, in the introduction to their translations of two novellas written in 1991, Bruce Jacobs and Ouyang Yu observe that these novels broke new ground by 'referring to the sexual needs of people far from home and families'.¹⁰ Love and sex might have been a novelty in Chinese Australian writing in 1991, but by the mid to late 1990s, sex and love were such common themes in memoirs and fiction that the novel *Meng de yaoshi*,¹¹ which should be translated as *The Key to Dream*, has been incorrectly but understandably mistranslated by the research assistants of the Asian Accounts of Australia Project as *The Key to Love*.

Incidentally, the author of one of these early novels, *My Fortune in Australia*, repeatedly makes the claim that 'Chinese-Australians had formed an indissoluble bond with Australia', and that ancient Chinese books had reported the Chinese seeing kangaroos and boomerangs as early as 338 BC.¹² The suggestion that Australia is somehow connected to the Chinese in the mists of time is beautifully made in one of my favourite stories from the collection *Australian Lovers*.

Strange Encounter is written in the style of traditional ghost stories in which the Chinese girlfriend of the protagonist, by the name of Su Shan, leaves him. In despair, he drives in the middle of nowhere and meets a beautiful young woman called Susan. They go diving into an underwater cave and there they find a skeleton. The skeleton has a ring on her finger, with the name 'Susan' engraved on it. Using this ring, the young couple vow that they will get married and proceed to make love. It turns out that even though Susan is a fair-dinkum, blonde-haired Aussie, her great-grandfather was Chinese and so in the distant past, she was somehow Chinese. In keeping with the traditional 'strange tales', the narrator discovers some days afterwards that the skeletal Susan was in fact the same Susan that he made love to, a girl who was drowned while diving.¹³ There is more to this story and I'll come back to it later.

The second general observation I should make is that most of the works I am discussing today were originally written in Chinese for Chinese readers. They therefore present images

the authors want Chinese readers to see. In recent years, many popular books have been published in English describing happy white-Asian marital relations. Curiously, most of these books are written by Asian women. In a review of recent best-sellers by authors such as Nien Cheng, Jung Chang, Aiping Mu and Anhua Gao, the *Far Eastern Economic Review* points out that these Chinese women writers have been successful because they have stuck to the formula: 'A young woman struggles but survives the Cultural Revolution in China ... to find health, happiness — and a husband — in the West'. The reviewer argues that these heart-breaking memoirs pander to Western preconceptions, whereby 'Red China is the evil enemy that treats its people like beasts, denying them freedom and happiness, which can only be found in the West'.¹⁴ In these popular memoirs and novels, the saviour husbands are always white and their wives Chinese.

As some of you would know, the idea that in matters of sex and love Asian men are not as good as white men is not restricted to English materials written by Asian women living abroad. In the 1980s, Chinese women writers in China, such as Zhang Jie, alleged that Chinese men were becoming effeminate and that there were no real men in China any more. In 1994, a Chinese woman, Shi Guoying, created a huge controversy in Sydney when she publicly proclaimed that, based on personal experience, Chinese men were incompetent lovers compared with white men.¹⁵ The claim that Chinese men have no balls was alarming to many Chinese men who spent years navel-gazing and soul-searching trying to make sense of their masculine identities. It is in such a climate that Chinese Australian men write about their own identities and how those identities relate to 'ours', that is, the 'Australian Australians'.

The concept of 'identity' is one which has been discussed *ad nauseam* in philosophy, cultural studies, gender studies, diaspora and Australian studies. It is also one of the central preoccupations of the characters in 1990s Australian Chinese fiction. The Chinese for 'identity' in philosophical and academic discourse is probably best translated as '*benti*'. For

example, I have written mainly on how the Chinese see themselves as communists when they have the burden of a long and resilient Confucian heritage to carry around. The abstract concept of Chinese identity is in this case appropriately translated as *benti*. In the literature we are looking at here, however, the term used is '*shenfen*', a much more concrete and important idea. *Shenfen* is literally one's status. That status can refer to things such as class or generational background. Most importantly, in the case of Chinese Australian literature, it is one's nationality or residence status. Thus, in many stories, the characters' main preoccupation is to get themselves *shenfen*, that is to say, to get themselves permanent residence status in Australia, preferably to acquire Australian citizenship.

The struggle to obtain this legal residential status is central to the lives of the Chinese characters in the stories I have read. In order to convey this concern to their readers, one author has titled her semi-autobiographical novel *Green Card Dreams*,¹⁶ because most Chinese readers, indeed most readers throughout the world, would be familiar with the phrase 'Green Card', although such a card does not exist in Australia. This is illustrated by the frontispiece of the book itself. Here, the author displays her driver's licence, her NRMA membership card, her Advance Bank card, her Sydney University student's card and even her childcare card. But no green card. In any case, being able to live here permanently is to have *shenfen*. As the protagonist of the novel *Broken Clouds* observes, 'There is only one thing in life — your *shenfen*, once you have that, you have everything'.¹⁷ And this is how these student writers see us, the Australians. It doesn't matter if we are of British, Italian, Korean, French or Chinese background, we have a *shenfen*, an identity.

We are indeed a lucky country, because our identity is precisely what these newcomers want. And they will do anything to get it. I will give a typical example from the literature we are considering. It is important to note here that much of this literature is autobiographical/biographical, so there is often a blurring of what real students are after in

contemporary Australian society and what their characters are after in literary texts. The 1995 novel *Broken Clouds* is about a young man, Meng Long, who leaves his wife in China to come to Australia. She has an affair and leaves him. He and another Chinese student in Australia become lovers. But she has no status and she also leaves him to marry an old white Australian who has *shenfen*. In despair, he courts his white English teacher, by the name of Jennifer, in order to get *shenfen*. When Jennifer finds out that it's not her body and mind, but her *shenfen*, that he is really after, she also leaves him. His visa runs out and he gets very drunk on the evening before he boards the plane for China. He collapses on the plane and has to return to Melbourne. At this juncture, then Immigration Minister Nick Bolkus announces an amnesty for all the Chinese students who arrived in Australia before 20 June, 1989. The novel finishes with Meng Long getting his *shenfen*.

As lovers, Australians do very well. Contrary to the myth that Chinese men see Australian women as plastic, promiscuous Playboy pin-up types, Jennifer is a fairly ordinary woman, who, like everybody else, just wants a fulfilling life. By contrast, the Chinese wife and the Chinese lover abandon the protagonist because he has no *shenfen*. The *shenfen*-hungry Chinese woman is even more vividly illustrated in the novel *Bungee-Jumping in Australia*, written five years after *Broken Clouds* by the same author, Liu Ao.¹⁸ By this stage the author has Australian citizenship, and his protagonist Wu Ming likewise has *shenfen*. He goes back to China, looking for a wife. His ex-wife, whose lover has by this stage discarded her, tries to reunite with him but he declines. One after another, the women he is matched up with are after only one thing, his *shenfen*. Like the monk Tripitaka in the novel *Journey to the West*, he is deceived by these good-looking demon women, all eager to devour him in order to change their *shenfen* status. But he manages to rebuff them all.

This second novel is in many ways more mature and informative than the first. It is deliberately constructed so that comparisons between China and Australia are made. Issues

such as education, welfare, multiculturalism and sexual morality are discussed. On the whole, Australia compares very well with China. In terms of how the Chinese see us, the good and bad aspects of Australia are shown. On love and marriage, for example, one central character, Susan, is a white Australian who loves Chinese culture so much she goes to Taiwan and then to the mainland, and falls in love with a Chinese man who is a nasty gangster cum businessman type. As a result, her white Australian husband, who is a successful doctor, divorces her and forms a white supremacist political party. The novel ends with this doctor hooking up with the young Chinese air-hostess who Wu Ming loves and sponsors to Australia. And the old white supremacist and the young Chinese woman drive off together into the sunset.

Interestingly, many of the novels I have read in this collection suggest that it is the Chinese women who will use you for your *shenfen*, and then dump you. Thus, in the story *Strange Encounter* mentioned earlier, it is the Chinese girlfriend Su Shan who leaves the protagonist, and the Australian Susan who marries him, even in death. Another good illustration of how Chinese men resent or fear Chinese women can be seen in the story *The Chaos of Love*.¹⁹ The narrator leaves his girlfriend behind in China and comes to Australia. He meets and marries a Filipina sex worker and goes with her back to her poverty-stricken village to find that his background is superior to hers in every way. His Chinese girlfriend still writes to him and assumes they will get together somehow. But in the end the narrator decides to stay with the Filipina because he likes the fact that she is compliant. He concludes that the Filipina wife is better because his Chinese girlfriend is 'ambitious', and that if she comes to Australia, she is likely to surpass him in achieving and leave him. There is certainly strong evidence that the misogyny so strong in traditional Chinese society is still alive and well today, even in Australia.

In any case, *shenfen* does not solve everything. Once the Chinese students have that *shenfen*, they find that love and life continue to be confusing and unpredictable. It is, of course, not

all bad news. One aspect of Australian society that is considered good by all is multiculturalism. As I have shown elsewhere, one of the most endearing stories from a volume of self-confessions by Chinese students writing in Australia, titled *I Married A Foreigner*, is by the editor of that collection.²⁰ He wanted desperately to marry an Australian. In the end, he does so, and that Australian is of Korean background. They were both foreigners in Australia, and now they are both Australians. The love stories in the collection are roughly divided into two parts: those that involve Chinese-Chinese partnerships and those that are Chinese-Foreigners. In this case, 'foreigners' means Australians of Korean, Italian or French descent and so on. Most of the Chinese-Chinese partnerships fail and the Chinese-Foreigner ones succeed.

If these self-confessions are any guide, they do show that to some lovers at least, the perception of Australia in the 1990s is that this is a society in which hybridity and fusion have been achieved with relative success. There are still many problems and challenges ahead, but at least now the typical Australian is no longer confined to the bright and white Vegemites described by advertisers or One Nation propagandists. Or, worse still, by the narrator, Nino Culotta, in the 1957 novel *They're A Weird Mob*, by Irish Australian John O'Grady, who opined that:

*There is no better way of life in the world than that of the Australian. I firmly believe this. The grumbling, growling, cursing, profane, laughing, beer drinking, abusive, loyal-to-his-mates Australian is one of the few free men left on this earth. He fears no one, crawls to no one, bludges on no one, and acknowledges no master. Learn his way. Learn his language. Get yourself accepted as one of him; and you will enter a world that you never dreamed existed. And once you have entered it, you will never leave it.*²¹

As one critic of the highly acclaimed 1963 movie based on the novel astutely observed, 'We multicultural Australians now consider this film to be simple-minded and banal. And bogus, after all the scriptwriter and the original author both

used pseudonyms ... Ultimately the film seems all rather sad. The issues of immigration and assimilation are not very funny. It is incomprehensible the hero could forsake a rich Italian culture to the mindless, hedonistic, hyper-materialistic lifestyle presented.²² Fortunately, with the widespread acceptance of multiculturalism by the turn of the century, Australia has irretrievably and fundamentally changed.

We now see others with different eyes. And, in turn, others look at us with different eyes. Most importantly, we see ourselves with different eyes. One good illustration of that comes from the 1996 movie *Floating Life*, made by the Hong Kong-Australian director Clara Law. Instead of the usual Chinatown backdrop, Law goes into the suburbs. Chinese, like most Australians, live in suburbs. Chinatowns, like the outback, are enjoyed mostly by tourists who just want a bit of the Other.²³ The sophistication of Law's depiction of a Hong Kong migrant family living in the Australian suburbs provides multiple angles of Australians as being a multi-focal culture when it comes to looking at ourselves.

Indeed, in the stories I have looked at, there is a pronounced progression of how the writers see us, the Australians. From simple stereotypes, they now view us with a mixture of love, hate, admiration, contempt, mindfulness and bewilderment. In short, all the feelings we have of ourselves. In a curious sort of way, my own journey of self-discovery began in Chinese studies, where I studied Chinese culture in China. I finish up, however, by looking at the Chinese in Australia and talking to Australian studies colleagues such as David Carter. As Ann Curthoys has observed, the Australian story is also part of the Chinese Australian story.²⁴

This hybridity and interdisciplinarity does not come without some initial confusion and soul-searching. I cite the example of two academic colleagues who many of you would know. The first is Ien Ang, whose essay *On Not Speaking Chinese* captures the feeling of many whom are racially Chinese but who are brought up almost totally outside of the Chinese cultural sphere.²⁵ But their looks make them exotic and it is

expected that they should also have an exotic culture. This cultural baggage is hoisted on their shoulders and imposes a burden on them although the baggage may be empty. Of more interest is Allan Luke, former Dean of Education at Queensland University. He is more interesting because Allan is a man and that is what interests me here today. Even though he is a very successful man in Australian society, in one revealing essay he describes how when 'looking in the mirror, we find ourselves without any of the characteristics of dominant masculinity — white skin, hairy chests, beards and facial hair, big arms and big muscles'.²⁶ Allan was born and brought up in California so his upbringing was mostly American; he studied in Canada and has lived for many years in Queensland. There is thus little that is culturally Chinese in his background. Yet, in Australian public discourses on masculine ideals, Asian men like him are defined in terms of absence.

Who are 'we' and who are the 'others'? How do we look at others? And how do others see us? Most importantly, how do we see ourselves? With or without *shenfen*, our self-identity is constantly being challenged and remade. One interesting example is provided by the novel *The Eastern Slope Chronicle*, published only last year.²⁷ Though written in English, the author, Ouyang Yu, does publish plenty in Chinese and is well-represented in the collection we are considering. The novel is about one of the students who came to Australia in the late 1980s, who has since become an Australian citizen and who returns to his home town. He gets a job at his former university and gives lectures about Australia. He is known as 'the Australian', yet he and some of his friends and students are confused and bemused by this identity.

Although Alison Broinowski is correct to point out that writings such as this show that Chinese Australian men 'remain angry and humiliated, as if desexed by the experience of diaspora',²⁸ I also sense that throughout the novel the main concern of this intelligent and educated man is to find his identity. In Australia, he is legally an Australian, but he is perceived as Chinese. He is pseudo-Australian. In China, he

is also legally Australian, but people perceive him as fake. He speaks Chinese fluently, yet he is not Chinese. He is pseudo-Chinese. No wonder he remains angry.

Here I want to return to the little Chinese boy who followed me around the streets of Sydney taunting me and calling me 'Chingchong Chinaman'. I subsequently got to know who he was: he was born in Australia and knew no Chinese. I think his parents also knew very little Chinese. He was ignorant. He was insecure. He was confused. He was looking for someone to blame for his fears. He was racist. He had, as Nino Cullota of *They're A Weird Mob* exhorted, learnt the Australian language, a language which at that time included 'Chingchong Chinaman' as a keyword in its vocabulary. That little boy reflected general Australian attitudes at the time. I hope that by now he has come to realise that Nino Cullota, or John O'Grady speaking through Nino, was wrong. Learning the language and the way of 'the Australian' then did not necessarily mean you were accepted. There was more chance of me accepting that little guy than any Cullota or O'Grady.

Now, more than 40 years later, I am sure he would be less confused and see himself as Australian. That is, he is one of 'us'. To repeat a cliché, we are many, we are one, we are Australians. Certainly, despite their ethnicity, most of the authors I have discussed today are also Australian. I chose to look at their views on things such as love, sex and marriage because they are what make us human. In this, I have found that much of what is said about us is what we say about ourselves. There are, of course, some differences, most significantly the language used and the feeling that there is another home apart from home here. These issues are also important, as the concerns about citizenship show. These differences, however, are bound to disappear. In the late 20th century, the Chinese Australian identity was very much bound up with *shenfen*. My guess is that in the 21st century identity issues surrounding the Chinese Australian will merge and fuse with a general search for an Australian national identity.

In fact, in the study *Living Diversity: Australia's Multicultural Future*, which was reported in the *Sydney Morning Herald* on 25 November, 2002, of some 3,500 people from non-English backgrounds (not Chinese, though) surveyed, 10 per cent thought themselves Australians compared with 30 per cent of second-generation migrants.²⁹ That is not an incredible figure. But it is a 200 per cent increase in one generation. The little boy who followed me was third-generation. If the acceptance rate continues at 200 per cent, there is a 90 per cent chance that he would consider himself Australian, as shown by his reaction to me. Although I was born in China, my grandfather and father came to Australia when they were young men, so I am sort of a pseudo-third generation as well. The boy was correct to see me as a reflection of himself. And he was probably trying hard, like myself, to figure out what this 'Chingchong Chinaman' meant. I hope that he has since discovered the answer. I can't provide a definitive answer, yet. But I do know that when we look into the question of how others see us, we often end up with a picture that is exactly the same as 'how we see ourselves'.

Footnotes

- ¹ See Louie, Kam. 1986. *Inheriting Tradition: Interpretations of the Classical Philosophers in Communist China, 1949–1966*. Oxford University Press. And Louie, Kam, 1980, *Critiques of Confucius in Contemporary China*. Hong Kong: Chinese University Press.
- ² See, for example, Louie, Kam. 1989. *Between Fact and Fiction: Essays on Post-Mao Chinese Literature and Society*. Sydney: Wild Peony Press. And Louie, Kam and Bonnie McDougall. 1997. *The Literature of China in the Twentieth Century*. New York: Columbia University Press.
- ³ Louie, Kam. 2002. *Theorising Chinese Masculinity: Society and Gender in China*. Cambridge University Press. Louie, Kam and Bob Hodge. 1998. *The Politics of Chinese Language and Culture*. London: Routledge.
- ⁴ Zhang Wei and A Niu (eds). 1998. *Aozhou qing ren: Aodaliya Zhongguo liuxuesheng qing'ai xiaoshuo xuan* (*Australian Lovers: A Selection of Australian Chinese International Students' Love Stories*). Nanchang: Baihuazhou wenyi chubanshe.
- ⁵ Chinese Writers' Association of Melbourne. 1996. *Nan shiji xing xia* (*Under the Southern Cross*). Melbourne: Aodaliya Mo'erben daxue zhonghua chubanshe. Chen Suyuan, Huang Zhongyuan and Guo Weiying (eds). 1998. *Xinling shafayi* (*A Couch for the Soul*). Melbourne: Aodaliya Mo'erben daxue zhonghua chubanshe.
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- ⁷ Inglis, Christine. 1999. Australia. In Pan, Lynn (ed.), 1999, *The Encyclopedia of the Chinese Overseas*. p.274. Richmond: Curzon Press.
- ⁸ Broinowski, Alison. 1996 edition. *The Yellow Lady: Australian Impressions of Asia*. pp.216–31. Oxford University Press.
- ⁹ Zhang Wei. 1998. Xu (Preface). In *Australian Lovers*. p.3.
- ¹⁰ Jacobs, J. Bruce and Ouyang Yu (translated and introduced by). 1995. Introduction. *Bitter Peaches and Plums: Two Chinese Novellas on the Recent Chinese Student Experience in Australia*. p.v. Clayton, Victoria: Monash Asia Institute.
- ¹¹ Chen Aizhen. 1998. *Meng de yaoshi* (*The Key to a Dream*). Beijing: Zhongguo wenlian chubangongsi.

- 12 Liu Guande. 1995. My Fortune in Australia. pp.13–14. In *Bitter Peaches and Plums*.
- 13 Wen Tao. 1998. Qi yuan (Strange Encounter). pp.171–213. In *Australian Lovers*.
- 14 Yoon, Suh-kyung. 2001. The Crying Game. *Far Eastern Economic Review*. p.66. Vol. CLXIV 14.
- 15 For a summary of this controversy, see Yong Zhong. 2001. What's Behind White Masks and Yellow Skin: A Postcolonial Critique of a Chinese Sex Debate in Sydney. In Ommundsen, Wenche, 2001, *Bastard Moon: Essays on Chinese-Australian Writing*. Special Issue of *Otherland*. p.57–72. No. 7.
- 16 Bi Xiyun. 1996. *Lü ka meng (Green Card Dreams)*. Beijing: Huaxia chubanshe.
- 17 Liu Ao. 1995. *Yun duan Aozhou lu (Broken Clouds: The Australian Road)*. p.246. Beijing: Qunzhong chubanshe.
- 18 Liu Ao. 1999. *Bengji Aozhou (Bungee-Jumping in Australia)*. Beijing: Qunzhong chubanshe. The project assistants have translated the title as *To Furthest Australia*. My translation conveys more of the intent of the novel.
- 19 Sheng Yaohua. 1997. Ai zhi mang (The Chaos of Love). In *Yuanxiang (Otherland)*. pp.45–57. No. 3.
- 20 Louie, Kam. 2001. I Married a Foreigner: Recovering Chinese Masculinity in Australia. In *Bastard Moon*. pp.39–56.
- 21 Culotta, Nino (John O'Grady). 1957. *They're A Weird Mob*. p.204. Sydney: Ure Smith.
- 22 Matheson, Mark. A View from Australia. *The Powell & Pressburger Pages*. http://www.powell-pressburger.org/Reviews/66_Weird/Weird04.html
- 23 See my critique of the movie in Louie, Kam, 2003, *Floating Life: Nostalgia for the Confucian Patriarch in Suburban Sydney*. In Berry, Chris (ed.), 2003, *New Cinema Classics in China*. London: British Film Institute.
- 24 Curthoys, Ann. 2001. 'Chineseness' and Australian Identity. In *The Overseas Chinese in Australasia*. pp.16–29.
- 25 This essay appears as the leading chapter in Ien Ang, 2001, *On Not Speaking Chinese: Living Between Asia and the West*. London: Routledge.
- 26 Luke, Allan. 1997. Representing and Reconstructing Asian Masculinities: This is not a Movie Review. *Social Alternatives*. p.33. XVI 31.
- 27 Ouyang Yu. 2002. *The Eastern Slope Chronicle*. Sydney: Brandl & Schlesinger.

- ²⁸ Broinowski, Alison. 1999. Asian-Australian Fiction. Paper presented at the Asian Australian Identities Conference, 27–29 September, 1999. http://www.anu.edu.au/asianstudies/asia_fiction.html
- ²⁹ Banham, Cynthia. 2002. Ain't Life Grand in Australia — It's a Pity We're Still Strangers. *Sydney Morning Herald*, 25 November, 2002.