

of Prince Qing, which was “just beside Furen University, the university my grandfather had helped to create, where my father was a professor,” said Ying. He had Western friends from his years in Catholic missionary schools, where he had learned English. Many other foreign friends developed from his career in the theatre. The Communist government asked him to report what happened during his dinners with friends and travels abroad.

Conceison writes that “Ying did not want to publish anything in print that might cause problems for anyone,” so details of this information sharing was not included in Ying’s account of his life. Conceison writes that Ying loved China and saw it as his duty “to foster understanding between China and the West – through theatre, translation, and politics – by staying in China and not leaving when things got tough.”

Other aspects of his personal life, besides being an informant, were skimmed over, as well. He does not tell much about his wife Wu Shiliang or their two children, though his young son Ying Da roamed the streets unsupervised by his grandmother, when his parents were both in prison. At the time of Wu’s death in 1987, she was translating Bette Boa Lord’s novel *Spring Moon*, and

Ying completed the work for her. He seems genuinely devoted to her, but also had other women in his life. As with anyone who writes a life narrative, the question arises as to what to include and what to leave out. “He didn’t want to kiss and tell,” reports Conceison.

When his life ended after several years of hospitalization, Ying was in the process of translating Shakespeare’s *Coriolanus* into Chinese. Conceison pondered, “Who does that?” He was a remarkable man and this collaborative autobiography (*Voices Carry: Behind Bars and Backstage during China’s Revolution and Reform*) extends his legacy to Western readers. It is soon to be translated into Chinese and published in China with the help of Ying Da, to capture the tone of his father’s Chinese voice.

“If Ying Roucheng had one unique quality besides his keen memory, it was his cheery view of life. He chided despair and embraced hope,” concludes Conceison in her introduction to the collaborative autobiography.

Additional info: Learn more about *Voices Carry* at

voicescarrybook.wordpress.com