

the quint

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EDITORIAL

It is March, and *the quint* welcomes *our* unseasonably warm weather and a slow melt to begin this, the second issue of its tenth volume. It is too early for the birds to return North. We are awaiting the arrival of the ducks and geese, the Trumpeter swans, the Sandhill cranes, the robins, and the hummingbirds. The first eagles should be appearing next week, heralding the homecoming flocks. This spring, new writers have joined *the quint*. Another eclectic offering of thought provoking articles, beautiful poetry, and provocative prose—this issue is designed for readers who enjoy reading and thinking.

Showcasing writers from Canada, the United States, Canada, Tunisia, Italy, and Nigeria, our thirty fourth *quint* begins with Monica Zandi's "In The White Expanse—How Yves Klein Evinces Everything in Nothing, a fascinating discussion of *ex nihilo, nihil fit* in light of Klein's conceptual art strategy. Ying Kong's "The Catholic Church as a Catalyst to Shanghai Modernity" follows. Kong effectively locates what remains of the Catholic Church now while charting the trajectory of the Jesuit fathers in the nineteenth century and the Republic of China. Next, in "The Ecology and the Military in Ogaga Ifowodo's *The Oil Lamp*," Alex O. Edeviwie examines the impact of the oil industry on the inhabitants (human and non-human) Niger Delta, critiques the militarization of the Delta and calls for its demilitarization. Following, Karima Arif's beautifully written "Translation and Context" invites us to consider the centrality of context in translation, specifically translations of Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *Cien anos de soledad* (1967), *La Mala Hora* (1962) and *Doce Cuentos Peregrinos* (1992). An enlightening reading of two walk poems, Emi Gonzalez's "'Who wishes to walk with me?': The Poem as a Walk in Whiteman and Ammons'" demonstrates how "Poetry" how both poems concur with Emerson's idea of what makes a poem. An important discussion of Dapo Adelugba as artist director and manager, Akpore Nicholas Efe's "Synergizing Communication and Directing: Dapo Adelugba's Praxis" considers directing to be the art of communication.

Finally, in "The Over-Stylization of the Disturbed/Disturbing: Tarsem Singh's *The Cell* (2000) Antonio Sanna finds in Singh's mis-en-scène the director's authorial signature that delights the eyes of his audiences in his later works.

No *quint* is complete without its creative and visual components. This issue is honored to premiere Joanna Munholland's haunting images and compact poetry. Allen Berry has returned with a stunningly beautiful sequence of minimalist verse. The works of short story writers are showcased in this issue. Gilbert McInnis' "Low Spark of High Heeled Boys" well-crafted prose is for the car-lover in all of us. Jonothan Halfin's "Phantoms Over Phuc Yen" is a fascinating depiction of the airwar that took place in the 1960s over Vietnam. I'll never be able to listen to Petula Clark's *Downtown* again without thinking of *Gunslinger 01*. This issue's visual offering, courtesy of Rebecca and myself, invites you to consider the trees now beginning to awaken in the warming North. In two short months, the land will be ablaze in their green leaves. Here's to good reading and viewing, warm Spring breezes, and new leaves, thought-provoking material and a cup of something hot for the cool spring evenings. We at *the quint* wish you all the happiness longer days and windy afternoons can bring. *the quint* will be back in June with more offerings for reading and viewing in time for those lazy, hazy days of summer we know are coming soon.

Sue Matheson
Editor

Not Waving But

I crossed the bridge today,
From town to reserve.
Red strips of cloth are tied to the railings
Honouring, noticing, Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls.
And the little red strips
Thrown up by the wind seemed as arms
Not waving but drowning,
Freezing,
Bleeding.
Red everywhere,
Like the last rays of sun spilled on the Earth.

A woman disappeared soon after I arrived here.
Still gone two years later,
Whenever she is mentioned rumours swirl
And are gone again as the conversation moves on.
The river always running.

Alone in death and disappearance
They are later surrounded by the faces of so many sisters
On websites and

Documentaries and
Faded posters on street corners and
News broadcasts and
Presentations to the public and
Grief.

And together the chorus of waving arms
Calls out their mute cry,
Directed by the wind
Flying freely over frozen water
Running still.

—*Joanna Munholland*



Tangled

Rebecca Matheson

In the White Expanse— How Yves Klein Evinces Everything in Nothing

Monica Zandi

Hunter College, New York, New York

“Nothing is more fertile than emptiness.”

Alan Watts

Prevailing Western thought, according to Alan Watts, assumes a narrow view regarding the relationship between “nothing” and “something,” that is— “ex nihilo nihil fit” (*out of nothing comes nothing*).¹ Equally so, the same could be said of the relationship between the “positive” (*yang*) and the “negative” (*yin*) yet what seemingly foils in such binaries is in actuality, not just an exclusive relationship of opposites.² But rather, an inclusive relationship of mutual exchange, able to generate various “patterns of reciprocity and entwinement”³ to reveal in the most fundamental sense what is unknown or perhaps even forgotten but ever so real.⁴ The stark, minimalist

1. Alan Watts, *On Nothingness*, in Scribd, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/9835088/Nothingness-Alan-Watts> (accessed November 30, 2009).

2. Steven W. Laycock, *Nothingness and Emptiness: A Buddhist Engagement with the Ontology of Jean- Paul Satre* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 2001) 5.

3. Ibid.

4. Alan Watts, op.cit., 4.

contrast between “void and form,” “solid and space,” “absence and presence” within Klein’s *Le Vide* serenely demonstrates how “nothing” and “something” are interrelated insofar that, that “something” (e.g. an object, brushstroke, thought) needs a sort of primordial expanse or “emptiness” (*sunyata*⁵) of what *appears* as “nothing” in order to be inherently realized.⁶

Le Vide looks like a white torture cell— disorienting, frightening, and confusing (at which such sensations were anything but new for the average Frenchman during the late 1950’s). Despite initial perceptions, it manages to effectively tap into Europe’s Post-War psyche by creating space that mutually translates not only an overwhelming sense of hope and despair affecting France’s spirit and identity in the wake of WWII, but also a place in which one can achieve freedom of thought and creativity.⁷ In depriving the room of objects and pigments, Klein is challenging the spectator’s perceived notion of “art” and understanding of the Post-War self, through the use of immateriality and white as a functioning color field.

Known as his “Major Act” for the inauguration of the “Epoque Pneumatique,” Klein exhibited *Le Vide* in 1958 at Paris’s Galerie Iris Clert to a reception that drew nearly three thousand spectators on its opening day.⁸ The gallery’s doors and canopy were painted with his signature IKB, a remedial and transcendent deep blue that he identified with space, infinity, and paradise; inside, Klein completely cleared the room

5. Sanskrit for “emptiness;” according to Mahayana Buddhism, “sunyata” is the belief that “form is emptiness and emptiness is form.”

6. Alan Watts, *op.cit.*, 2-4.

7. James W. Heisig, *Philosophers of Nothingness* (Honolulu: U. of Hawaii Press, 2001) 222. & Hannah Weitemeier, *Yves Klein 1928-1962: IKB* (Los Angeles: Tachen, 2001) 31.

8. Pierre Restany, *Fire at the Heart of the Void* (Putnam: Spring Publications, 2005) 10. & Hannah Weitemeier, *op.cit.*

of all furniture and works of art, painted the walls white and left but one empty vitrine in the corner.⁹ Within the white and empty room, he focused his concentration on “impregnating” the space with “mental and immaterial” paintings— thus making the act of contemplation his brushstroke amid the immaterial, which evolved from the skies and seas that hold our dreams.¹⁰

Between 1957 and 1958, Klein determined a way to sublimate his desires and reconcile his growing interest in theosophy and psychoanalysis with Catholic dogma; while he never completely lost faith in God, Klein developed a rather unique and deeply personal semiotic understanding of Catholicism that dually encompassed what Restonay deemed a “hard” (i.e. as a devout “believer”) and “soft” (i.e. as a Romantic artist) approach to faith that would ultimately come to define Klein’s mystique and embrace of immateriality in the following years.¹¹ Immersed in the “non-science” of Gaston Bachelard while committed to the belief that color assumes precedence over line, as most notably exhibited by Titian and Delacroix, Klein was able to develop a conceptual framework behind the “pictorial and immaterial sensibility.” It was, as he understood, necessary in one’s quest for emancipation through the agency of perception.¹²

As a self-proclaimed “disciple” of Delacroix, Klein from the onset of his career, which formally began in 1955 with the exhibits “Yves Peintures” at Club des Solitaires and “Propositions Monochromes” at Galerie Colette Allendy, struggled in translating the

9. Thomas McEvelley, *The Triumph of Anti-Art* (Kingston: McPherson & Co., 2005) 55 & 64.

10. Vanessa Morisset, *Blue and the Theory of Impregnation: Towards the Immaterial*, ed. Olivier Rosenthal, in Centre Pompidou. <http://www.centrepompidou.fr/education/ressources/ENS-klein-EN/ENS-klein-EN.htm>. (accessed December 2, 2009) & Thomas McEvelley, *op.cit.*, 63-64, & Juli Carson, “Dematerialisms: The Non-Dialectics of Yves Klein,” in *Air Architecture*, ed. Peter Noever and Francois Perrin (Los Angeles: MAK Center for Art and Architecture, 2005) 118.

11. Pierre Restany, *op.cit.*, 6.

12. *Ibid.*, 7.

intention behind his non-objective work that sought, in the same vein as Kandinsky, Malevich, and Mondrian, to “liberate” painting from the confines of line, object, and “nature;” never one to step back from reception, Klein was concerned with exposing the “indefinable” in art, which Delacroix had stated was the essence of painting, and facilitating a state of contemplation for his audience—one without the “contaminating” distraction of various colors and forms.¹³ This problem of expression that he had not only with the audience, but also with himself, was most profoundly mitigated by the writings of Bachelard. And although Restonay and even Bachelard may have been under the impression that Klein merely hand-picked what he could understand from *Air and Dreams*, *The Poetics of Space*, *The Dialectic of Duration* and *The Psychoanalysis of Fire* (i.e. “the simplest notions”), he never denied such presuppositions.¹⁴ From Bachelard, Klein found greater justification for his non-pictorial esthetic that in turn left him thoroughly reinvigorated with a more clear intent and focus as to how he would register the spectator’s body and interiority through ritualistic and non-objective means in order to enact social change and cure “[France’s] traumas and unhealed wounds.”¹⁵ But it is important to note that the significance of the “immaterial” was not based on an intellectual or esthetic interest. In reading Bachelard, Klein was attracted to the “non-scientific” qualities of the Elements, particularly air and fire, in which Bachelard examined through the lens of psychoanalysis.¹⁶ The Elements, as Bachelard understood,

13. Ibid. & Yves Klein, “The Evolution of Art Toward the Immaterial,” in *Art in Theory: 1900-2000*, ed. Charles Harrison and Paul Wood (Oxford: Blackwell, 2006) 819. & Yves Klein, “Speech to the Gelsenkirchen Theater Commission,” in *Overcoming the Problematics of Art: the Writings of Yves Klein* (Putnam: Spring Publications, 2007) 38-39.

14. Klaus Ottmann, “Introduction,” in *Overcoming the Problematics of Art: the Writings of Yves Klein* (Putnam: Spring Publications, 2007) XXI. & Pierre Restany, op.cit., 3 & 13.

15. Klaus Ottman, op. cit., XVII.

16. Cristina Chimisso, *Gaston Bachelard: Critic of Science and the Imagination* (New York City: Routledge, 2001) 2-3.

were philosophy and natural science’s muses; since beginning of time they have presided over man’s “imagination and feelings.”¹⁷ They possessed a sort of “immanence” that Klein understood after reading *Air and Dreams*, that together with Delacroix’s writings served as the impetus for his spiritual transformation inside an empty gallery space at Colette Allendy in 1957.¹⁸

Indeed, Klein’s personal transformation demonstrated the delicate yet interdependent balance of seemingly opposing philosophies. Perpetually in a state of self-discovery and on a path with no “beginning or end,” Klein’s sought to *conduct* the trajectory of his enlightenment and ultimate salvation. Given the “world-weariness” over the Church’s indifference during the Holocaust, he resolved not only his overall esthetic purpose by blurring the lines between art and life and life and art, but also developed a sense of control over his fate and reasoning.¹⁹

All is permitted in *Le Vide*; the subjectivity of its reception held infinite possibilities—crushing and liberating, *Le Vide* intended to serve as a perceptual gift for the spirit’s emancipation.²⁰ To Klein, it could be argued, the immaterial was not an “object of perception” to be merely “known” but rather one to be mutually “known” and “experienced” in order to awaken oneself and thus, “come-to-being;” it was pure and uncontaminated, insofar that the immaterial has no practical or worldly utility in which one could project his or her “preconceptions,” wants, and/or

17. Ibid.

18. Pierre Restany, op.cit., 14.

19. Yves Klein, “The Evolution of Art Toward the Immaterial,” op.cit., 819.

20. Hannah Weitmeier, op.cit., 31-33. & Professor Nicole Woods, “Fluxus & Yoko Ono’s *Cut Piece*” (Lecture, LMU, LA, CA December 2009).

desires.²¹ Through this phenomenon of “experience-knowing,” the spectator’s interiority is registered; the overwhelming physical and mental intensity of *Le Vide*’s emptiness instantly becomes “internal to the spectator’s (i.e. subject’s) experience.”²² The exhibit’s power to facilitate such a heightening of awareness on behalf of the spectator’s senses is a modern execution of the Burkian concept of “The Sublime;” in confronting its emptiness, the spectator, activates the space with the force of his or her emotion.²³ Its raw austerity, serving as the environ in which “The Sublime” could be felt, engenders a range of disparate conditions, from awe and unease to hope and despair; the space’s silent and stark emptiness is disorienting in that nothing but an uninterrupted expanse of white is perceived.²⁴ But as a functioning color field that holds psychological and esthetic associations with God, infinity, purity, light, rebirth, and the tabula rasa, the emptiness of white serves to offset the spectator’s feeling of “horror” or distress. Like Malevich, white is not only a positive metaphor for infinity, as “the free abyss [...] promising something more,” but also a symbol of the “pure fire” that burns in our hearts, gives life, and produces gold.²⁵ For Klein the white nothingness of *Le Vide* is divine and without warning, despite its fixed duration and actual dimensions; the spectator’s mode of contemplation and depth of perception was intended to follow a course, similar to Klein’s spiritual epiphany in 1957 at Collette Allendy. The fear and unease felt in its silence and emptiness would subsequently translate into a state of hope

and recovery as one walked out of the gallery; it was a move backwards and forward in

21. Sharon Warner, *Experiencing the Knowing of Faith: An Epistemology of Religious Formation*, (Lanham: University Press of America, 2000) 205 & James W. Heisig, op.cit., 16.

22. Sharon Warner, op.cit., 205 & 207.

23. Hannah Weitemeier, op. cit., 34.

24. Harry Francis Mallgrave, *Architectural Theory, Vol. I* (Oxford: Blackwell, 2006) 278.

25. Kazmir Malevich, “Non-Objective Art and Suprematism,” in *Art in Theory: 1900-2000*, ed. Charles Harrison and Paul Wood (Oxford: Blackwell, 2006) 293. & Harry Francis Mallgrave, op.cit., 282. & Pierre Restany, op.cit., 9.

order for the spectator to “reset” his or her mind for “humanity’s salvation.”²⁶ The Void, in essence, acted as an agent for “absolute love [to manifest],” in that it momentarily raised the Spirit and simplified the Self amid all the “world-weariness” still present.²⁷ That was the “magic” of Klein’s creation— his so-called “gift” to the French nation—to some how awaken and alert people to the fire burning in their heart by evoking such disparate feelings within nothing.²⁸

It is hard not to understand *Le Vide* as a sort of sacramental space in which the spectator experiences their, and that of France’s, baptismal inauguration of the revolutionary “Blue Period” of “chivalrous order [...] genuine Christian morality, [and] political ethics;” and while the details as to exactly how many left Iris Clert with their spirits emancipated (Klein believed only “40% of the people present perceived its scope”) remain unknown, despite his speeches, proclamations, and writings that followed *Le Vide*— its social and esthetic significance within the trajectory of contemporary Post-War art, nevertheless, continues to reverberate.²⁹

As a turning point for conceptual performance art and photography’s capacity to free not only the artist but also the spectator for the purpose of enacting social and ideological change, *Le Vide* was one of the first Post-War exhibitions to provide the audience with a “tangible [social, political, and religious] sensibility” through conceptual

26. Pierre Restany, op.cit., 11 & Professor Nicole Woods, “Yves Klein” (Personal Communication, LMU, LA, CA December 2009).

27. Thomas McEvelley, op. cit., 52.

28. Yves Klein, “Chelsea Hotel Manifesto,” in *Overcoming the Problematics of Art: The Writings of Yves Klein*, trans. Klaus Ottmann (New York City: Spring Publications, 2007) 193.

29. Pierre Restany, op.cit., 10-11. & Professor Nicole Woods, op.cit.

means.³⁰ *Le Vide's* ability to evoke anguish, was certainly intended to be understood within the sociopolitical context of Post-War France, which during the late 1950's was still reeling off the economic benefits of the Marshall Plan (in spite of the public's critique on the state's "humiliating dependence") and waging colonial wars with the aid of ex-German Nazis, in Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam, and Algeria.³¹ In his writings on "The Sublime," Edmund Burke notes that feelings of pain have a far greater impact than those of pleasure on one's "body and mind;" and although the bright white component that symbolizes infinity, light, the tabula rasa, purity, and/or life, of *Le Vide* may be interpreted as countering the empty space, it was not intended to void the feelings "emptiness" can evoke (e.g. despair, unease, and anguish) but rather to be experienced in conjunction with emptiness.³² It was all-together, one could argue, a "consciousness raising exercise" for the Self, particularly one's moral self that often suppresses such painful emotions; what's more, the use of the "modernist gallery space" which had more or less become another vestige of bourgeois leisure and consumption, was a paradoxical gesture employed to confront the spectator's indifference.³³ And so, its capacity to simultaneously bring to mind France's "painful events," but yet invoke

30. Sylvere Lotringer, "Travelling through the Void," in *Air Architecture*, ed. Peter Noever and Francois Perrin (Los Angeles: MAK Center for Art and Architecture, 2005) 126. & Klaus Ottmann, op. cit., XXII. & Tony Judt, *Post War: A History of Europe Since 1945* (New York City: Penguin Group, 2005) 97. & Colin Jones, *The Cambridge Illustrated History of France* (Cambridge: Press Syndicate, University of Cambridge, 1994) 282.

31. Ibid, 126-127.

32. Harry Francis Mallgrave, op. cit., 277. & Pierre Restany, op. cit., 5. Restany noted that during his "transfiguration" at Collette Allendy in 1957, Klein had experienced both joy and fear, which together (as opposed to one or the other) facilitated his spiritual transformation. See Pierre Restany, *Fire at the Heart of the Void* (Putnam: Spring Publications, 2005). 5. Thomas McEvelley acknowledges the "circulatory" understandings of Klein's work that make it seem as if multiple components within a given piece are "cancelling each other out." See Thomas McEvelley, op.cit., 59.

33. Thomas McEvelley, "Introduction," in *Inside the White Cube: the Ideology of the Gallery Space* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999) 7. & Claus Oldenburg, "Documents from the Store," in *Art in Theory: 1900-2000*, ed. Charles Harrison and Paul Wood (Oxford: Blackwell, 2006) 744. & Professor Nicole Woods, "Feminist Performance Art," op. cit.

a sense of hope for a more harmonious future through an esthetic sensibility was, to quote Klein, a way to evince "the future without forgetting the past."³⁴

Klein's embrace of the immaterial and non-objectivity in art was due in part to his objection of the status quo— in which he sought to escape its "psychological boundaries, [the] historic past, education [...] weaknesses, desires, faculties, and contrivances;" like Hugo Ball, Klein perceived a link between the painting of forms, nature, and just "physical matter" in general, to the past. He understood reality as a repository of war, "godless philosophies," fascism, corruption, and indifference, that was no longer "readable" considering it could all disappear with the drop of a single bomb.³⁵ Instead, only pure monochromatic color was "readable," because unlike painting, that simply illustrated "psychological states [and] repeated moments," the monochrome, particularly blue and white (i.e. "blue immaterialized"), was able to induce such psychological states and spaces that were only mirrored in painting.³⁶ Yet, his esthetic philosophy carried social value; he sought to share his newfound political, spiritual, and artistic enlightenment with the public in order to influence reform within France's laws, modes of communication, and sense of national identity— all of which, as he understood, were responsible for the fact that France was still being "torn by painful events" despite the wars end.³⁷ In fusing art and activism through conceptual means that were grand, compelling, and most importantly inclusive, Klein marked a breakthrough in conceptual art strategy for Post-

34. Yves Klein, "Fire, or The Future without Forgetting the Past," in *Air Architecture*, ed. Peter Noever and Francois Perrin (Los Angeles: MAX Center for Art and Architecture, 2005) 26.

35. Hugo Ball, "Dada Fragments," in *Art in Theory: 1900-2000*, ed. Charles Harrison and Paul Wood (Oxford: Blackwell, 2006) 250-1. & Yves Klein, "My Proposition in the Battle between Line and Color," in *Overcoming the Problematics of Art: the Writings of Yves Klein* (Putnam: Spring Publications, 2007) 19-20.

36. Yves Klein, "My Proposition in the Battle between Line and Color," op.cit., 19.

37. Ibid, "The Blue Revolution: Letter to Eisenhower, 20 May 1958," op. cit., 25

War artists to quote and later build on. Without Klein, one could argue, that perhaps West-Coast Assemblage, Feminist performance art, and Minimalist architecture would not be what it is today.

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Aunt Johanne

I had a great great aunt,

Aunt Johanne.

She was the youngest of two boys and four girls

Born many years ago in Norway.

Ole

Martin

Ågot

Julia

Dorothea

Johanne

Her brothers came to America.

Ole first,

Through Ellis Island, eventually on to Canada;

And Martin too, staying in America.

Both brothers started new lives, married, and had families.

Both brothers were living an adventure.

Johanne told her parents,

“I want to go too,

To see a new world, a new place, be with my brothers.
Have my own adventure.”

And they said,

“No.

“No, you must stay and look after us.

You are the youngest, after all.”

Her parents died;

First her father,

Then her mother.

Johanne said, “Now I will go, I am not too old,”

And her sisters said,

“No,

No, you must stay and take care of us.

You are the youngest, after all.”

None of the sisters ever married.

I never heard if Ågot ever loved, but

There is a story that Julia fell in love with a divorced man.

She was discouraged or forbade to marry him by her father.

Dorothea, an officer with the Salvation Army,

Was dedicated to her work -

I don't know if she ever found someone special;

However, he would have had to be an officer of the church,

A requirement.

I don't know about Johanne but

I wonder if she pinned her hope on America

Or Canada

To find love, a lover, a partner.

And then she never got to go.

Slowly, “I'm not too old” becomes

“I am too old.” And I see love passing her by,

Another ship sailing away

Taking something else away from her.

The boarding time just missed,

The ticket never actually bought.

The sisters would check their mail each day

And if there was nothing, they would say,

“Ingen post,” or, “No mail.”

The refrain was the saddest thing in the world
When your closest family is across an ocean and
The ones left behind are getting old.

Eventually, I wonder if Johanne's dreams dried up as
Time left her little but gravestones to talk to and
Long awaited letters to read for company.
A few visits over but it was always back to Norway.
Or did she smile to hear the stories of her relatives
And imagine herself with them?
Until finally she was buried in the land of her ancestors;
As anchored in death as she was in life.

Who was there to care for her when she finally died?
She who had lived her life at the behest of others.
She who had remained to care for everyone else when they were old.
When she became old herself,
Who was there?
The injustice burns my soul
And her life haunts me.

I am named partly for her.
A woman who died before I was born.
A woman whom I never knew
Except through stories from my mother, my aunt.
Through the few things I have that were hers -
Necklaces, a painting, a photograph, coffee spoons from 1927.

I hope in some way she was happy,
Knowing her brothers and their families -
Nieces and nephew and their children
And their children's children -
Could find and live their dreams in the new land.

I am twenty-seven and single,
Childless.
I am pining for adventure,
Watching and waiting for my ship to come in,
Ticket in hand, destination unknown.
I will board.
I will go for my name's sake,
And for me.

—Joanna Munholland



Stirling

Rebecca Matheson

The Catholic Church as a Catalyst to Shanghai Modernity

Ying Kong

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Catholicism has always been thought to stand in opposition to modernity, since Catholic teachings are based on Scripture, Divine Revelation, and Sacred Tradition. How did the Catholic Church in Shanghai develop into prominence in the political, cultural and economic ups and downs in the late 19th century and the era of Republic of China (1912-1949)? How could Chinese “be Catholic in a culture that seems antireligious and anti-Catholic, whose life forms and practices undercut the forms and practices of historical Catholicism, and whose power of attraction threatens to become a power of compulsion” (Shea 43-44)? How could Chinese Catholics play the role of catalyst in Shanghai Modernity? This paper tries to find answers to these questions by interpreting two historical streams: the history of Shanghai Modernity and the history of the Catholic Church in Shanghai, incorporating first-hand materials from my many visits to Shanghai during the past five years.

Introduction

Shanghai approached modernity when it was opened as a Treaty Port. The Treaty of Nanjing, signed on August 29, 1842, marked the end of the First Opium War (1839–42) between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Chinese Empire of the Qing Dynasty (1644-1912). With this traumatic treaty, China lost its power to regulate its foreign affairs, and foreigners poured in through treaty ports such as Guangzhou, Xiamen, Fuzhou, Ningbo and Shanghai. As it is located at the mouth of Yangtze River, the geographical dividing line between the North and the South, Shanghai as a port city has provided access to markets inland and foreign lands such as Japan and the Nanyang.

Immediately Shanghai became the “laboratory in which the treaty system was invented” (Bergère 12), and the town with a population of about 300,000 had to provide the substances and conditions for the process of modernity to develop. The foreigners settled in the town with their ideology, beliefs and religions penetrating and expanding throughout the region, where “[t]here were no signs of any town planning reflecting a political will or any ritual or ideological preoccupation” (23).

In the construction of Shanghai into a modern city, the Catholic Church seemed to find its way well in this new environment with Jesuits and missionaries as their agents, participating in and enhancing the modernizing process. As some of the Jesuits came to this region long before the money-oriented businessmen with their main goals the promotion of Catholic ideology through education and social welfare, the Catholic Church had already gained its foothold in the Xujiahui area, which was named after Xu

Guangqi. Xu was an imperial officer during Ming Dynasty when Mateo Ricci was sent to China for his Catholic missions. In 1599, Xu went to Nanjing to meet Mateo Ricci. In 1603, Xu Guangqi was baptized as Paul Xu, becoming the first Catholic of Shanghai. In the following years, about 200 people from the Xu family clan became Catholic. Thus, thus the first Catholic community was born Xujiahui, Shanghai. Soon after Shanghai was opened as a Treaty Port, the Xujiahui area became the French Concession which spread out along the south end of Huangpu River. However, the International Settlement on the north end had to be shared by the British, Americans and other foreigners in Shanghai. In terms of Shanghai modernity, Marie-Claire Bergère’s *Shanghai: China’s Gateway to Modernity* provides a panoramic view of Shanghai’s historical growth as a modern city under the direct influence of the Westerners’ settlement in Shanghai. Her account of the Catholic communities in Shanghai is a part of the French concession story. Wen-hsin Yeh’s version of *Shanghai Modernity* is more about how this Republican City developed its own business and culture under the national party and the republican government. In his introduction to *Church Militant*, Paul P. Mariani provides a concise history of the development of the Catholic Community in the Shanghai Region between 1608 and 1948. According to his research, the “Shanghai Catholic community was quite robust” (16). In 1949, Shanghai had a population of six million, among which it had about 110,000 Catholics, the largest urban concentration of Catholics in China. But in the course of Shanghai Modern History, it was remarkable that Catholicism or the Catholic Church attracted some prestigious Chinese bourgeois, together with the Western trade, social structure and facilities that sped up the modernity process in Shanghai. Although Jesuit

missionaries and the Catholic Church exerted a profound influence upon Shanghai social structures, and sped up the modernity process as a catalyst, Chinese people never changed their perception of Catholic as a foreign belief or religion before or after the Republican era in China. This is why we need to critically examine the catalytic function of Catholicism in the course of Shanghai modernity. As the catalytic agent, Catholic Church initiated Shanghai modernity; however, in Shanghai modernizing process Catholic remained unaffected even though it had once influenced Confucian traditions. Catholicism has always been considered to be in opposition to modernity since Catholic teachings are based on Scripture, Divine Revelation, and Sacred Tradition. And according to Charles Taylor, “From within Western modernity, we have a tendency to see it in terms of what it has done away with. Modernity comes with the destruction of traditional horizons, of belief in the sacred, of old notions of hierarchy; it comes with the disenchantment of the world” (106).

According to Paul P. Mariani, by 1663 Shanghai had forty thousand Christians (8). By 1703, Shanghai had two churches and thirty private chapels where wealthy clan members worshipped. The Catholic clan was the indigenous structure. Thomas A. Breslin’s research shows that these extended kinship networks helped the Catholic communities to survive during the most difficult times because of the collective management of the church (10). They formed church councils and it was the church councils that managed the land and finances, and arranged clandestine visits by Chinese or foreign priests. Although Jesuits started Christian missions in order to expand the Shanghai Catholic communities, they had to rely on local mandarins. First of all, they had their own local clans; second, they

had the institutional links with the emperors; and last and most important, they could work more efficiently than the missionaries who might have some training in Chinese language and culture before they entered China, but not the Shanghai dialect and the local culture. On one hand, the dynamics of the local dialect and local culture made the city more attractive to missionaries; but on the other hand, it shielded the city from the universal church. So the Shanghai dialect and local culture became the key factors in the indigenous structure of the Catholic Church, which has never been approved by the Pope, because Rome feared that Catholic clans cut off from the universal church would mean the Pope would lose complete control of the Chinese Catholic Church. By then, Catholic Church had already brought Western culture and education to China, which led to the process of what Charles Taylor calls a “Catholic Modernity”. Because of the “power compulsion” from the Pope, Catholic Church started to lose its members in Shanghai. Otherwise as Liam Mattjew Brokey claimed, “Jesuit missions in Shanghai would later account for over a third of all Chinese converts (59).

“Church Spires” Eclipsed the Appointed Roofs of Temples

Before Shanghai was opened to foreigners in 1642, the city of Shanghai had barely 200,000 inhabitants. As it was the county seat for the old county of Shanghai, in 1553, a defensive wall was built around the city to protect it from Japanese pirates.

As in many walled cities where there was a temple dedicated to one or more immortals or gods as the spirit(s) or protector(s) of the city, the City God Temple (*Cheng Huang Miao*) was built in 1403 within the walls as a shrine to the city gods who had made great

contributions to the city, and also as a place to pray for fortune and peace.

As the City God Temple grew popular in Qing Dynasty, it led to many businesses



The City God Temple Today

Photo: gruntzooki, licensed Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike



age in the Temple

Photo: Ying Kong

The Chinese emperor claimed to be *Huangdi* (emperor), who had legendary wisdom and power over Tian (heaven). Based on Chinese tradition and belief, Confucian philosophies created an ideal kingdom for the emperor to govern and for the populace to be loyal and filial to the emperor and the ancestors. All the emperors loved Confucian philosophies, which were included in the Imperial Examination for more than a thousand years, the only path by which to enter the imperial court. That is why people went to the Daoist Temple to worship Tian and their deities, and to the Confucian Temple for learning and prayer to become mandarins. Shanghai was no exception to those ideologies.



Shanghai Confucian Temple

Photo: Ying Kong

Shanghai's Confucian Temple (Wen Miao), completed in 1296 during Yuan Dynasty (1271-1368), and obtained county status as the most prestigious institution of learning. It was not only a place for scholars to learn classical works, but also a place for the sages to worship, where the image was of "Confucius as a charismatic visionary rather than

as a distinguished teacher” (Elman 23). Inside the ancient walled city, because of its popularity, the temple’s surrounding area is a large commercial district that hosts an array of shops, restaurants, teahouses, as well as annual temple fair events.

For Buddhist believers, Longhua Temple, first built in 242 AD during the Three Kingdom Period, and rebuilt in 977 during the Northern Song dynasty, was not only a temple dedicated to Maitreya Buddha, but also hosted the largest annual event on the third day of the third month (Lunar Calendar) ever since the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644) to help grant people’s wishes.



Longhua Temple

Photo by Fayhoo, licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike

These three temples were the most popular for visits, not only for religious worship but also for their commercial venues. They were all located within the old city walls. In 1557, in order to strengthen its defensive functions, more fortresses and a moat were built along the wall. However, the walls made of mud and brick failed to protect the city from the guns of British warships during the Opium War (1840-1842). The East and West Gates were destroyed together with some of the walls. Later the North Gate was destroyed by the French army in the Taiping Uprising (1851-1864). The peaceful Chinese life style within the walls was disturbed and challenged when Shanghai was opened as a treaty port.

The temples with their busy markets started to lose their visitors in 1842 when three French Jesuits arrived near Shanghai. They were Claude Gotteland, Benjamin Bruvère and François Estève, and the assigned task for Gotteland was to “resume the scientific and educational work of his predecessors” (Lu 21). As Shanghai was first opened to the foreign trade, “[b]ustling commercial quarters bordered immediately upon the river, beyond them stood a walled town surrounded by three-centuries-old ramparts on the point of collapse; within, a maze of narrow streets ... The pointed roofs of a few temples rose above a horizon of low houses covered by thatches, reeds, or tiles” (Bergère 23). With increasing foreign settlement in Shanghai, the walls became barriers between the foreign concessions. In 1912, they were demolished and a broad circular avenue was built over the wall and moat: the southern half was named “Zhonghua Road” (Road of China) and the northern half “Minguo Road” (Road of Republic of China). In 1937, “Shanghai became the World’s Greatest Potpourri, the city with a ‘billion dollar skyline’,

the world's most cosmopolitan stage with a cast of fifty nationalities supported by more than three million Orientals, pagodas and church spires, skyscrapers and mud huts, aeroplanes and wheelbarrows, battleships and sampans, millionaires and coolies, liberties and intellectuals, pagans and Christians,-- in a word, Shanghai is THE 'City of Contrast'" (*Catholic Shanghai* VII). In response to its new status as a Treaty Port, the Jesuits returned to Shanghai to revive their missions and started Western education, turning the city into the Jesuit centre for South China by 1848.

When the Jesuits first returned to Shanghai, they had to share their mission fields with Protestant missionaries, given that George Balfour (1809-1894) had opened up the British consulate for foreign trade in Shanghai. At that time, France had no share in any interests from the Nanjing Treaty. The French government wanted to exert its influence through the French missionaries. "Thus, the French church, and state worked together closely" (Mariani 10) to gain their foothold in Shanghai. In 1844 and 1846, the French government signed treaties with the Qing government that allowed Chinese citizens to practice Catholicism. The Franco-Chinese Treaty of 1844 granted the French missionaries the freedom to carry out their missions in any open treaty ports, and also allowed them to purchase land for building churches and cemeteries. Meanwhile the Qing government was responsible for protecting these properties. The Franco-Chinese Treaty of 1846 even revoked the banishment edicts of 1724 to expel missionaries from China (baidu.com). With these two treaties as an umbrella, Charles de Montigny (1805-1868) came to Shanghai in 1847 to open a French consulate. Immediately he became "the official defender of the Catholic missions" (Bergère 13) for the purpose of exerting



Today's St. Ignatius Cathedral

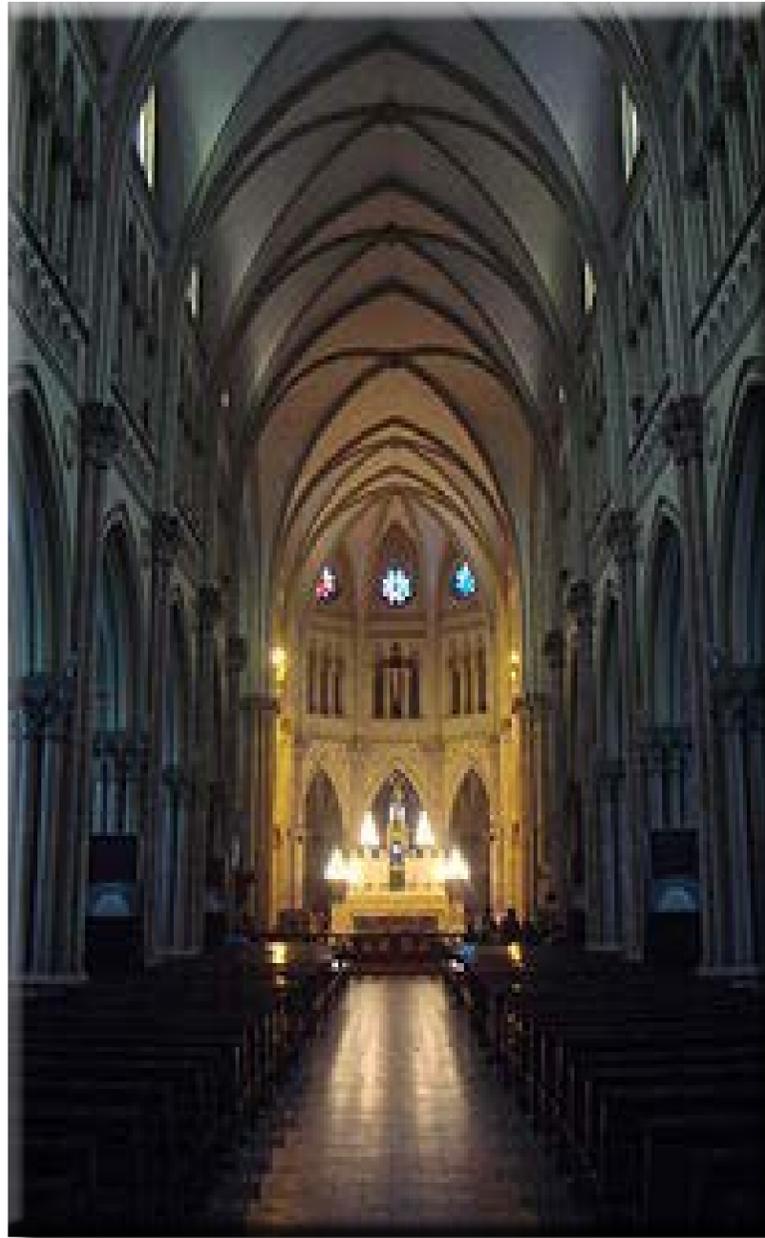
Photo: Ying Kong

French influence. As he admitted, "all the missionaries here are the instruments of the future preponderance and success of France.... It is not religious sentiment that prompts me to speak and act in their favor ... but the interests of my country."

Soon after the French Jesuits returned to Shanghai, they built a chapel in Xujiahui. As conversions increased, a church was built in 1851 in the form of "a Greek temple, topped

with a Chinese lantern" (Bergère 33). Initially, the church served as a chapel for the college nearby. With a growth of Xujiahui as a centre of Catholicism, the church was reconstructed between 1905 and 1910, and "it is the grandest church in Far East." In time, it became the stronghold of Catholics in East Asia. It could host 2500 worshippers. Close to the church, the large four-storey residence of the Jesuit Fathers comprised the Sinological Bureau and the Library: The Sinological Bureau (now Office for Sinological

Inside St. Ignatius Cathedral
Photo: Ying Kong



Studies) had outstanding sinologists publishing their research in collections, *Variétés Sinologiques* (Sinological Varieties), the first volume of which was published in 1892. The birth of the printing and publishing culture gave rise to the foundation of the Commercial Press in 1897, which manifested the “Semiotic Modernity” in Shanghai (Yue 31). The Library claimed valuable collections of theological writings and rich collections of European works on sinology, which helped to disseminate “Chinese Learning” to the Western world. It was the first library in Shanghai and was most widely known for its collection of Chinese historical works.

In 1853, six years after Monseigneur Ludovico Maria Besi, an Italian Jesuit, who was the Apostolic Administrator of Nanjing, decided to build a church in the southern part of the old Chinese city of Shanghai, St. Francis Xavier Church, the first foreign built Catholic Church, appeared near the pier of the Dong Family. For this reason, the church



St. Francis Xavier's Church

Photo: Ying Kong

This was a copy of the church of the Holy Name of Jesus in Rome and it not only gave a modern look to the old city, but also became the first large building. It could host more than 1000 people for mass. When “roving bands of Tai-Pings were pillaging the country,

many Christians settled around this church so as to enjoy the protection of a French gunboat anchored in the river close by” (Catholic Shanghai 41). Because of its significance, St. Francis Xavier’s Church became the first cathedral in Shanghai in 1946.

According to Charles M. Dyce’s *Personal Reminiscence of Thirty Years’ Residence in the Model Settlement: Shanghai, 1870-1900*, “In the early days of Shanghai as an open treaty port, there was no foreign architect” (27). Foreign trade companies had their office buildings built along the Huangpu River. The design of the buildings was “simple in the extreme. It was usually a square or nearly a square building.”

The French medieval Gothic architecture of St. Ignatius Cathedral and the Spanish Baroque style of the marvellous architecture of St. Francis Xavier Church gave a Europe character to the old Chinese town which was just outside the French Concession. The magnificence and grandness of the buildings formed a sharp contrast as “the Chinamen on shore seemed a most degraded crowd, most of them in rags, and very dirty; the native shipping looked ill-found and disreputable; and the low banks of the river, where here and there were some dismal trees which looked melancholy in the extreme” (Dyce 22). Although Dyce’s “unfavorable impression” of the sight at the banks of the river has a colonizer’s tone, his account might have some truth as to the picture of what Shanghai looked like in those days. Thus, the architecture of these two churches added a modern look and served as public markers in Shanghai. The church spires outshone the dilapidated roofs of the Chinese temples. What is more, they signalled the presence of the Catholic Church in Shanghai which would challenge Chinese belief systems and their political and social outlooks as well.

Catholic Education—The Engine of Transformation in Shanghai Modernity

Although missionaries were protected by the French consulate, they had to find their own path into Chinese society where political power was still dominated by Confucian trained scholars. Coincidentally, education was also highly valued by the Jesuits whose influence then dominated Catholic missions as it was for Confucian scholars who dominated Chinese society. The fact that Jesuits returned to Shanghai to revive their missions reintroduced Western education in the treaty city. Catholic education made Catholicism survive despite strong opposition to any religion in secular Chinese society. Catholic education produced pioneers or elites in arts, science, and fine art and made the fundamental transformation from traditional Chinese to Western education during the late Qing Dynasty and the Republican era in China.

Located in Xujiahui, the Jesuit Centre started Catholic education around the centre as early as 1850. The very first Catholic College founded by the Jesuits was St. Ignatius College, now Xuhui High School. The new system of public schools established by the Jesuits was very different from the classical Chinese education for the Imperial Examination (AD 605-1905). Traditional education was necessary to obtain coveted positions in the civil service; the curriculum was set for that purpose: six arts which were music, archery, horsemanship, writing, arithmetic, history and knowledge of the public and private rituals and ceremonies. The content was gradually expanded to cover the Five Studies: military strategy, civil law, revenue and taxation, agriculture and geography. In addition, there was a combination of works that defined the philosophy of Confucianism. The philosophy of Confucianism as the main principle of Chinese education system

failed to provide adequate training for Chinese civil servants who were challenged by Western science and technology. While it was impossible for Jesuits to abolish the old education system in China, at least they could promote a Western-type curriculum in St. Ignatius College to make Shanghai more open to the Western world.

The initial purpose for St. Ignatius College was to prepare graduates for professions such as teaching in Catholic schools and as Western-style painters and musicians. Courses offered were French language, painting, and music. Later, in 1889, the college offered compulsory science and English classes. Because most of the courses were taught in French, and several in English, it “provided training for many Chinese translators and collaborators who worked for the administration and the French banks and trading companies” (Bergère 89). When Aurora University was founded, St. Ignatius College also prepared graduates to enter that university. Students of higher levels could also choose arithmetic, physics, history and geography, all of which were taught in French. With the approval of the Ministry of Education of the Republic of China, the college became a four-year secondary school, Xuhui Public School, which became the first public educational institution in China to offer a fully Western curriculum. Studying modern science and Western arts seemed to be the main educational purposes for Catholic education and St. Ignatius College was not involved directly in political and economic activities. By indirect approach, however, its graduates did become political and economic figures in Shanghai. The first ten graduates became influential figures and continued to expand Catholic influence from Shanghai to all of China. Among its graduates were Ma Xiangbo (1840-1939) and Ma Jianzhong (1844-1900): the former was the founder of

Aurora University, which paved the way for higher education in Shanghai; and the latter was his brother, the author of the famous classical *Ma's Wen Tong* (1898), which was the first grammar book of the Chinese language.

Zhu Zhiyao (Nicolas Tsu 1863-1955) was first recruited as a comprador to the Bank of Indochina, which represented the interests of the French government in handling the Boxer indemnity and transacted international trade between France and China from 1899-1955. Zhu became an influential Chinese business man. The Ma brothers and Zhu Zhiyao became the pride of St Ignatius College. As advertised in *Catholic Shanghai*, the college attracted a “good number of the children of old Catholic families of Shanghai”



Current Shanghai Xuhui High School (St. Ignatius College)

Photo: Wikimedia Commons

While St. Ignatius College attracted children from Chinese Catholic families, St. Francis Xavier's College, set up in 1872, started with four non-Chinese pupils, who were preparing for the University of Cambridge. But within ten years, 196 pupils studied at that college. By 1935, 80% percent of the graduates were successful in the Cambridge University entrance examinations. While it was a college for the rich who could afford to send their children to study in Europe, the separation of the European and Chinese sections of the college had long been contemplated (*Catholic Shanghai* 11). The French-Chinese School was founded in 1886 to teach French to the children of Chinese residents in the concession even if they weren't from Catholic families. Less than one tenth of the students were Catholics. But students were mainly boys. Graduates of this school were automatically qualified to enter Aurora University. If they did not plan to go to university, they were easily placed with their bilingual language skills in responsible positions in various business firms. But the school was not recognized by the Republican Chinese government until 1946 (33). In 1951, it was changed to Shanghai Guangming High School. Catholic education was neither formally recognized in Shanghai by the Republican or the Communist government, but its influence upon Shanghai modern education was undeniable.

Tou-Sè-Wè Orphanage –The Birthplace of Chinese Modern Creative Art

Another Catholic educational heritage in Shanghai was Tou-Sè-Wè Orphanage, established by the French Jesuits in 1864. Out of charity, the orphanage gave its children food and lodging, and trained them in trades such as painting, sculpture and photography to prepare them for life as adults. Most of the children, aged between and , had been

abandoned or had come from desperate families. After six years of basic education, they started their trade training: while boys were in the trade of painting, carpentry, printing, bookbinding and metal workshops; girls were taught silk and satin embroidery, weaving, dressmaking, washing and ironing. With the cruel training and strict rules, most of the young people either left for further education or took jobs. According to the local chronicles of Xujiahui district records from 1864 to 1903, more than 2,000 orphans were taken in by the orphanage and most orphans were employed immediately after their training. More significantly, this orphanage later became the birthplace for both Western and Chinese art because of its graduates. Zhang Chongren (1907-98) was one of the graduates who became a famous sculptor and painter in China. Zhang was the son of a Catholic carpenter and lost his mother at age four. After completing his training in Tou-Sè-Wè, he was sent to study art in Brussels, where he met Hergè (George Prosper Remi), a Belgian cartoonist and the creator of the comic book character Tintin. While Zhang Chongren helped edit all the Chinese ideograms which appeared in Hergè's works, he gradually became the model for Hergè's character Tintin in his 23 completed comic books of *The Adventures of Tintin*, whose story line was based on Zhang Chongren. This series brought Shanghai and Zhang to modern Europe where Tintin was known to everyone in French speaking countries. Upon his return to Shanghai in 1936, Zhang held a number of shows exhibiting his drawings and sculptures. He also established the Chongren Studio to further his art and to teach. As a modern artist, Zhang also worked as an editor and translator of several books on art. Among the portraits he painted and sculpted are those of Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping and French President François Mitterrand. The legacy of these great modern artists is well displayed in Zhang Chongren Memorial Museum in

Qibao, Shanghai and the Hergé Museum in Louvain-La-Neuve. Tou-Se-we was not only the cradle of European painting in China, but several prominent Chinese artists such as Ren Bonian, Liu Haisu, the founder of the first school of fine arts—Shanghai Academy of Chinese Painting, and Xu Beihong, the famous “horse” artist, also taught there. Xu Baoqing, a former protégé of the Tou-Sè-Wè Orphanage, later founded the Shanghai School of Boxwood carving – listed as a national intangible cultural heritage in 2008. In 1913, under the instruction of German Jesuit Aloysius Beck, dozens of the best skilled apprentices at the orphanage completed a wooden archway, 5.8 meters tall and 5.2 meters wide, after a year of hard work. The elaborately engraved design features dragons curling among clouds and the Eight Immortals of Chinese folklore. This artwork was presented at three sessions of the World Expo, and has travelled the world on exhibition. It is now the centerpiece of the Tou-Sè-Wè Museum collection.

The legacy of Tou-Se-We has never been forgotten by the Chinese. Tou-Se-We Museum was open to the public in 2010 by Shanghai Municipality.

Xujiahui Museum and Observatory—Western Technology Landed in Shanghai

Museums and an observatory are considered the Jesuits’ heritage because of their science and technology contributions to modern Shanghai. The founding director of Xujiahui Museum was the French Jesuit Père Pierre Heude (1836-1902), who was a zoologist by training. He was assigned to carry out this mission by the Jesus Society (Lu 22). The museum plan was started in 1868 as a centre for studies and scientific research. Heude also published books on China’s plants, shells, and mammals found

in the Yangzi Delta based on the collections he obtained while travelling in China and other Asian countries. In 1882 the construction of a building for the museum (Zikawei Museum in Shanghai dialect) commenced, and it was completed in 1883. According to Lu Jiancang’s “Clarifying an Issue in Modern Chinese Museum History,” the founding date of Xujiahui Museum was on May 1883 and it was not the first museum in China. Although the museum’s primary goal was to serve the needs of Europeans, which was seen as a warehouse for providing specimens of China’s natural history. It later functioned as the “famous zoological and botanical museum which contains a truly marvelous and complete collection of all the flora and fauna of the entire Orient” in the early twentieth century (Lu 22). In 1916, a proposal was presented by the president of Aurora to establish a museum for natural science open to the public on Aurora campus. This plan wasn’t implemented until 1929, and it was called Heude Museum in memory of the founding director.

Heude Museum was not only to serve the curriculum of Aurora University, which offered courses on Chinese literature, history and geography in the 1930s, but also to exhibit Chinese antiquities and samples of Western science and technology. According to Lu’s research from the Shanghai Archive on identifiable visitors to the museum during the 1930s, most of the visitors had a background in Western education before their visits to the museum, and their education was more in science than in social sciences and humanities (26-36). Although the museum might not have been built solely for spreading science and technology to China, it exerted great influence upon Chinese educational and recreational activities, so scientific modernity would spread its spark

into this oriental land, thus, promoting Chinese Modernity.

Xujiahui Observatory (now the Shanghai Bureau of Meteorology) was founded in 1872 by French Jesuits. The 19th century observatory was not only renowned for meteorological observations, but was also referred to as “a little science academy, a comprehensive center covering a variety of scientific research” (Wang Zhefeng); moreover it covered most of the work undertaken by today’s independent departments: the Shanghai Astronomical Observatory, the Shanghai Meteorological Service and the Earthquake Administration of Shanghai Municipality. In order to carry on more advanced astronomical work, the Jesuit Stanislas Chevalier (1852-1930) who served two terms as the director of the observatory (1888-1897 and 1927-1929) brought a 40-centimeter diameter binocular-refracting telescope from Paris, “the largest telescope in the Far East in those days,” through fund-raising efforts. However, the ground was not stable enough for a telescope of this size to function. The Jesuits then took the telescope to Sheshan,

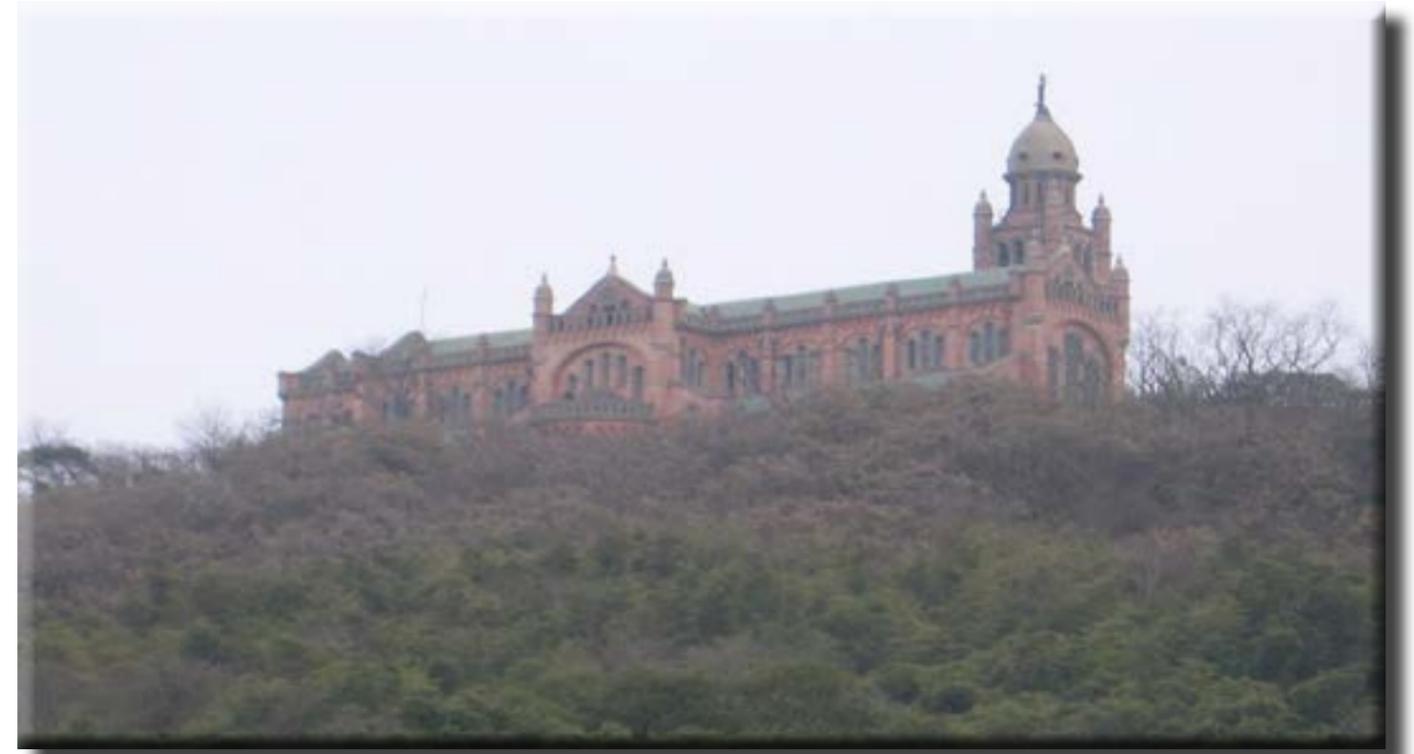


Shanghai Astronomical Observatory

Photo: Ying Kong

the highest elevation in Shanghai, where the first church was built in 1863. In 1900, the Sheshan Observatory opened, again the first modern observatory in China dedicated to astronomy and research. In terms of the significance of the two observatories, Lin Qing, Director of Science Outreach Office of the Shanghai Astronomical Observatory, pointed out, “They are not just historical relics but they also have a scientific value. There are still some scientists using their photographs in their work” (Wang Zhefeng). It has been considered the first modern observatory in China.

In 1925, the existing church was demolished and rebuilt as Sheshan Cathedral. In 1942, Pope Pius XII ordained the Sheshan Cathedral a minor Basilica. Now it has become a prominent Catholic pilgrimage. Every May Catholic pilgrims travel far to make their annual pilgrimages. Together with Sheshan Basilica, Shanghai Astronomical Observatory also receives many visitors.



Sheshan Basilica

Photo: Ying Kong

Western Hospitals—Christian Missions and Charity

For thousands of years, the Chinese believed in Traditional Chinese Medicine, which uses herbs, mind and body practices such as *taiji*, *qigong*, acupuncture and hot cups, to drive the “evil spirits” out of one’s body. No matter how the practice evolved, Chinese people believe that TCM has this magic power to cure disease. While Chinese traditional beliefs were challenged by Christian ideas, traditional medicine was more directly threatened by Western medicine. When Jesuits Jean-François Gerbillon and Joachim Bouvet’s medical expertise saved Kangxi Emperor’s life from his illness, they were given land near the court of Qing Dynasty to build the Church of the Saviour (Beitang) in 1694. However, Western medical knowledge did not make a great impact on the ideas and practice of medicine in China until they set up Western hospitals in China, based on the more scientific medical practice of the nineteenth century.

Very different from Aurora University, “Western medicine” gained its foothold in China by first convincing poor people rather than the upper classes. Catholic Church opened two hospitals: The Shanghai General Hospital in 1864 (Shanghai First Hospital today) and Guangci Hospital, also known as the St. Marie Hospital in 1907 (Ruijin Hospital today). Patients had to assemble in the hall at 7:30 every morning for Bible readings and prayers, and they received free treatment. With prayers as comforting mental medicine, most patients were only there for the free medical care. While enjoying free medical care and food, patients felt more comfortable with the medical staff. Some were converted and baptized after they took medical treatment (Zhou Ping, Global Times, published August 29, 2013 <http://www.globaltimes.cn/content/807367.shtml>). Saying

prayers and getting free food and medical care attracted more patients. All of these ideas were new to the Shanghainese at that time. As Zhou Ping indicates, the Catholic hospitals were full of “prayers and patients.” They also provided treatment for opium addiction and many attended for that reason. Those hospitals not only provided the poor with charity, they also had advanced technology and medical treatments. As early as 1876, Renji Hospital carried out surgery in strictly sterile conditions. In 1922 it became the first hospital in Shanghai with an X-ray machine.

Prominent Chinese Catholics—Key Agent in Shanghai Modernity

Shanghai modernity started with opening up Shanghai as a Treaty Port in 1842, followed by the International Settlement in 1845 and the French Concession in 1849, both of which were a national shame in modern Chinese history. As the late Shanghai Bishop Jin Luxuan stated in his memoir, “The concessions were humiliation to the Chinese” (22). They set up modern facilities mainly for themselves to enjoy within concessions. The Catholic Church was dominated by French priests and Catholic education was controlled by Catholic Church. Ironically, Ma Xiangbo, who was the product of a French Jesuit education, rebelled against the French Catholic Church and the French educational system. Not only did he set up Fudan University, but also translated Pope Benedict XV’s papal letter *Maximum Illud* in 1919, “emphasizing that the main role of the missions was to cultivate the clergy of every nation and to ensure that the native people could eventually assume the administration of the Church in their lands” (Jin 23). *Maximum Illud* was disseminated through the Chinese Catholic communities. As a result, Shanghai

modernity reached its peak when the Chinese Catholic communities matured:

In those times the Shanghai faithful had a branch of Action Catholique. The society was well organized. It was led by Lu Bohong and Zhu Zhixiao, among others. They set up charitable activities such as schools, missions, etc, but the Catholic bishop did not permit them to operate in the French concession. Action Catholique's activities such as St. Joseph's Hospice and Yuxin Middle School were in the Chinese city. They also opened hospitals, all outside the French concession. In Yangshupu District there was the Sacred Heart Hospital, in Beiqiao the Puci Rehabilitation Centre—a specialized mental health centre. In Zhabei District was the Sacred Heart of Mary Hospital, and in Song Jiang County the St. Joseph Hospital, among others. Nonetheless, the Society was not allowed to operate in the French concession, which was reserved for Frenchmen. (Jin 22)

Ma Xiangbo was the most outstanding contributor to a new Chinese Higher Education. Born into a Catholic family, Ma Xiangbo adopted the Catholic name “Joseph.” After he graduated from the college, he went to Xujiahui Convent to study theology in 1862. As indicated by Zhu Weizheng, Ma Xiangbo entered the Society of Jesus and was ordained a priest in 1872 when he completed his doctorate in Theology. In that same year he was appointed principal of St. Ignatius College, and he held that position for three years. During his time at the college both as a student and principal, he witnessed the unequal treatment of the Chinese and foreign students. Inside his heart grew “the resentment against foreign missionaries” (Fang Hao 2026

quoted from Zhu 13). He could not put up with this racial discrimination within the Church. He quit the Jesuit order in 1876 for a position as an official in the Qing Imperial System and established a new relationship with the Society of Jesus as a layman when he was planning to set up a private university, Shanghai Fudan University.

According to Liu Xian, before 1900, Ma Xiangbo, then an educational official, attended to the planning of this university. As a former Jesuit, he had already prepared to build this university in his own way in collaboration with the French Jesuits. In 1900, he donated most of his estate of 3000 *mu* (about 494 acres) to the Society of Jesus for the future institution. At the request of Cai Yuanpei, who was then a member of the Hanlin Imperial Academy (an academic and administrative institution founded in the eighth century Tang dynasty China by Emperor Xuanzong), Ma set up Aurora University in 1903, sharing the same building as the old observatory in Xujiahui. The 24 students who were studying Latin with him then were the first students and several Jesuits assisted in teaching at his request. He appointed himself the principal of Aurora University, the first private university in modern Chinese history.

As principal of a Chinese University, Ma Xiangbo created a curriculum of Chinese and Western culture that “gathers young adults with well-educated Chinese Classics and fosters translational talents” (Wiest, 1997, 4). “No religious teaching” was one of the school tenets (Ma, quoted from Liu 408). Neither was Confucianism promoted. He strongly opposed Kang Youwei's attempt to establish Confucianism as the state religion. In an article, Ma Xiangbo defended his curriculum: “European countries such as France,

Austria, Italy and Germany all have driven the Christian religion out of the school system [then], why on earth do certain citizens of this country disregard the worldwide trend to promote Confucianism as the norm of education and even attempt to firmly establish it in the constitution?” (Fang Hao ed. Ma Xiangbo Xian Sheng Wenji 124, quoted from Ruth Hayhoe and Yongling Lu 55) With his creation of an independent university, Ma Xiangbo made himself the rival of the French Jesuits. While he was absent on sick leave in March 1905, the university was closed because of the conflicts between students and the Jesuit who replaced Ma. In September 1905, Aurora was reopened by French Jesuits who remained in charge until 1952. Although Ma’s term as principal at Aurora University (Zhendan University in Chinese) was short, it was Chinese thought that led to the creation of Fudan University. His modern thought in religion and education also helps to understand Chinese Catholics in the modern period. Even though Aurora was taken over by French Jesuits after the incident, this comprehensive Catholic university “contributed much to Chinese society and today created a unique picture of higher education in Modern China” (Liu 405).

Prominent Chinese Catholics also played the catalytic element in enhancing modernity and kept the right trajectory in the flamboyant modern world. With Western education offered by Catholic educational institutions such as St. Ignatius College and Aurora University, Chinese Catholics started to exert their influence in education, finance and the business world even into the concessions, which “ensured a new generation of entrepreneurs would rise within the Catholic Church.....Some prominent Catholic entrepreneurs however, were able to extend this influence even further because the

Catholic Church, as an institution, also financially supported the entrepreneurial endeavours of their business converts” (Austin 166). Zhu Zhiyao and Lu Bohong were the most representative of Chinese Catholic bourgeoisie.

Zhu Zhiyao (Nicholas Tsu, 1863-1955), born into a Catholic family in Dongjiadu, became one of the outstanding Catholic entrepreneurs and businessmen. His mother was the sister of Ma Xiangbo and Ma Jianzhong, who was also a diplomat for the late Qing Dynasty. At the age of 24 he went, with Ma Jianzhong, to Britain, France and America and visited many manufacturers with advanced technology, which opened his eyes and provoked his ambition. Introduced by his uncle Ma Xiangbo, he became a partner in two shipping companies. He also upgraded the foreign-made machinery used to extract cotton seed oil for Sheng Xuanhai, the owner of an oil factory. He was appointed as the general executive manager for Da De Oil Factory in 1897. In 1904, with Ma Xiangbo’s help, he was able to rent a piece of land and get a loan from the Catholic Church in Shanghai to establish his shipping company and Qiuxin Iron Steel Works (1905). In 1910, the two companies owned by Zhu Zhiyao produced more than 40 ships of various kinds. With his expansion into machinery manufacturing, he also designed and manufactured engines of between 25-300 hp. The extra-large engine earned him the “Giant of Chinese Machinery Industry” title at that time because most of the parts were made in his own factories. With his estate and property, he also borrowed money from the French Oriental Bank and expanded his entrepreneurship and business throughout the country in mining, mill, iron and steel, textile and printing. He made great contributions to nationalize industry. After WWI, because of the increasing price of iron and steel, Zhu’s Qinxin Iron and Steel Works were taken over by a French company

as “joint venture”. “Despite various failed endeavours, Zhu Zhiyao gradually rose to prominence within the Catholic circles and his networks expanded” (Austin 167).

Another prestigious Catholic entrepreneur and philanthropist was Lu Bohong (Joseph Loh Pa Hong, 1875-1937). The Biographical Dictionary of Chinese Christianity states that “Lu was born into a family that had remained staunchly Catholic since their conversion in the Ming period” (www.bdconline.net). At the age of 18, he passed the Imperial Examination at the county level (*Xiucai*). However, he was sent to study French with the priest of Dongjiadu Church, which led him to a job as a secretary for a law firm in the French Concession. As a representative of Shanghai Commerce Association, he visited the US, Italy and Switzerland, which inspired him to establish national industries. On top of his family’s shipbuilding, cotton and silk trades, in 1922, he invested in the Chinese Electric Power Company, Water and Electric Company in 1924, and Nanto Water Company in 1928. His Iron and Steel Company became No.3 Shanghai Iron and Steel Company after 1949. He became the fundamental figure in Shanghai Modernity because his power company provided Shanghai with electricity. He also helped to nationalize Shanghai machinery industry.

When the International Settlements and French Concession together planned to expand their trams to the Chinese City, Lu insisted that the Chinese build the Shanghai tram system. Under his leadership, Shanghai Tram Company was set up in April 1912. On August 11, 1913, the first Chinese tram was opened to the public. In order to commemorate Lu’s achievements, three lights were installed at Nanshi Tram head: green, white and red, which carried the same pronunciation of his name. Lu Bohong was referred

to as “Scholar-Gentry Businessman” and hailed as “the leader of Shanghai Businessmen”. With his success in business, Lu donated to and invested on behalf of the Sacred Heart Hospital in 1924 and Shanghai Mercy Hospital in 1935.

Lu Bohong was dedicated to his philanthropic career and set up seven charity organizations. The largest organization was St. Joseph’s Hospice (Xin Puyu Tang), which was in the heart of the Chinese city (nowadays called the Shanghai Children’s Welfare Institute). It was set up as the Shanghai Hall of New and Universal Succour in 1865 for children; later, in 1913, he expanded it as a charitable centre providing shelter to all kinds of destitute people: “An enormous mass of irregular buildings smeared over with whitewash and piled up one upon another for several square blocks –vast but friendly havens of peace for the outcasts of Chinese society; deformed cripples and wasted consumptives, shrieking imbeciles and abandoned babies, laughing boys at their lessons and doddering old crones with their long-stemmed pipes, palsied mummies yellow with opium and blind little girls tapping their way among the flowers” (Haouisée 41). He had a close connection with hospitals in Shanghai and would often go there to encourage patients to be baptized. Six years after he took over the St. Joseph’s Hospice, it provided shelters for more than 100,000 children and the number of medically treated children reached to two million, which became the largest charity institution in early 20th century. The Pope made him a papal knight for his contributions to faith and charity. Lu Bohong’s contributions were recognized worldwide as well: he was described as “China’s Apostle of Charity” (Haouisée 37).

With so many charity projects running, Lu Bohong had his own way to keep them

functioning. He had three groups of people to support his charity projects, “Chinese officials, European businessmen and rich Chinese pagans in his work. He prefers the last group”(38). He believed that “Big Chinese business men, pagans for the most part, come through regularly with substantial donations” (43). With his influence, he organized the funding for Shanghai Mercy Hospital mostly supported by the Shanghai Municipal Council, the French Municipal Council, the Shanghai City government and the Catholic Mission.

With their contributions to Shanghai economy and charity, both Lu Bohong and Zhu Zhiyao belonged to the Chinese Catholic “Gentry-Councillor Clique”, which was composed of influential Chinese Catholic businessmen and students returned from France. They were also a powerful group closely associated with the French authorities (Martin 67). When the French Concession was facing political and military crisis in 1920s, Lu and Zhu were appointed as full members of the French Municipal Council. This was the first time that the Chinese bourgeoisie were granted full representation in the Municipal Council but also their reputation and power were strengthened in the French Concession where over 90% the population were Chinese (75). Interestingly, Du Yusheng, one of the principal leaders of the Shanghai Green Gang, was also regarded as their leader by the French authorities, who bestowed official titles and functions upon the bandit (Bergère 235). In 1936 he tried to “infiltrate missionary and Christian circles by having himself baptized” (140).

The Ma, Zhu and Lu families were only representatives of outstanding Chinese Catholics. They were the key part in making Shanghai change socially, economically

and politically and together contributed to Shanghai modernity. Although Shanghai modernity emerged with foreign businesses and settlement, it was enhanced and matured under the Chinese bourgeoisie and it stayed with the Chinese in Shanghai even until today. As Bergère observed, “The modernity of the Chinese bourgeoisie was owed not to its break with tradition but to its ability to get tradition to serve unprecedented ends” (158).

Conclusion

By 1934, “the Shanghai church census counted 13 parishes, 400 missions stations, 553 schools, and 128,446 Catholics” (Mariani 16). With the number of schools and a Catholic population in Shanghai, the traditional belief systems, especially the Confucian doctrine to maintain the universal harmony, started to recede in a city described as “the largest urban concentration of Catholics in China.” Meanwhile Shanghai became one of the largest cities in the world with a population of three million. Along the Bund, there were buildings on the grandest scale, such as Shanghai Club (a six-storey Revival Baroque building), HSBC (a bank to finance the growing trade between China and Europe). At the north end of the Bund was the Huangpu Park, which was the first public garden in China. Electricity and tram lines ran throughout the city. It was also the hub for new art forms such as Chinese Cinema, popular music and Chinese Animation. It was known as the Paris of the East, the New York of the West. Shanghai modernity was in full bloom. However, it was only a flash in the pan. When the Japanese started to invade China, especially after the 1937 Battle of Shanghai, Shanghai Modernity fell with the city. In the beginning, foreign concessions remained intact and for that they became known as

the “Solitary Island”. In December, 1941 all the concessions were occupied by Japanese invaders and most foreigners left Shanghai.

On May 27, 1949, after the Japanese War and the Civil War between Guomindang, the Nationalist Party, led by Jiang Jieshi and the Communists led by Mao Zedong, Shanghai was taken over by the Communist Party. As a catalyst, the Catholic Church sped up the Shanghai modernity, but tried to recover and remain the same, and as a result initiated the conflict between Rome and Beijing. In 1950s, after Ignatius Kung Pin-Mei, the Roman Catholic bishop of Shanghai was arrested and imprisoned, Catholic Church was gradually closed down in China. In the end, the Catholic Church was only a laboratory catalyst—a flash in the pan—to speed up Shanghai’s modernity.

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Sexual Harassment - A Sonnet

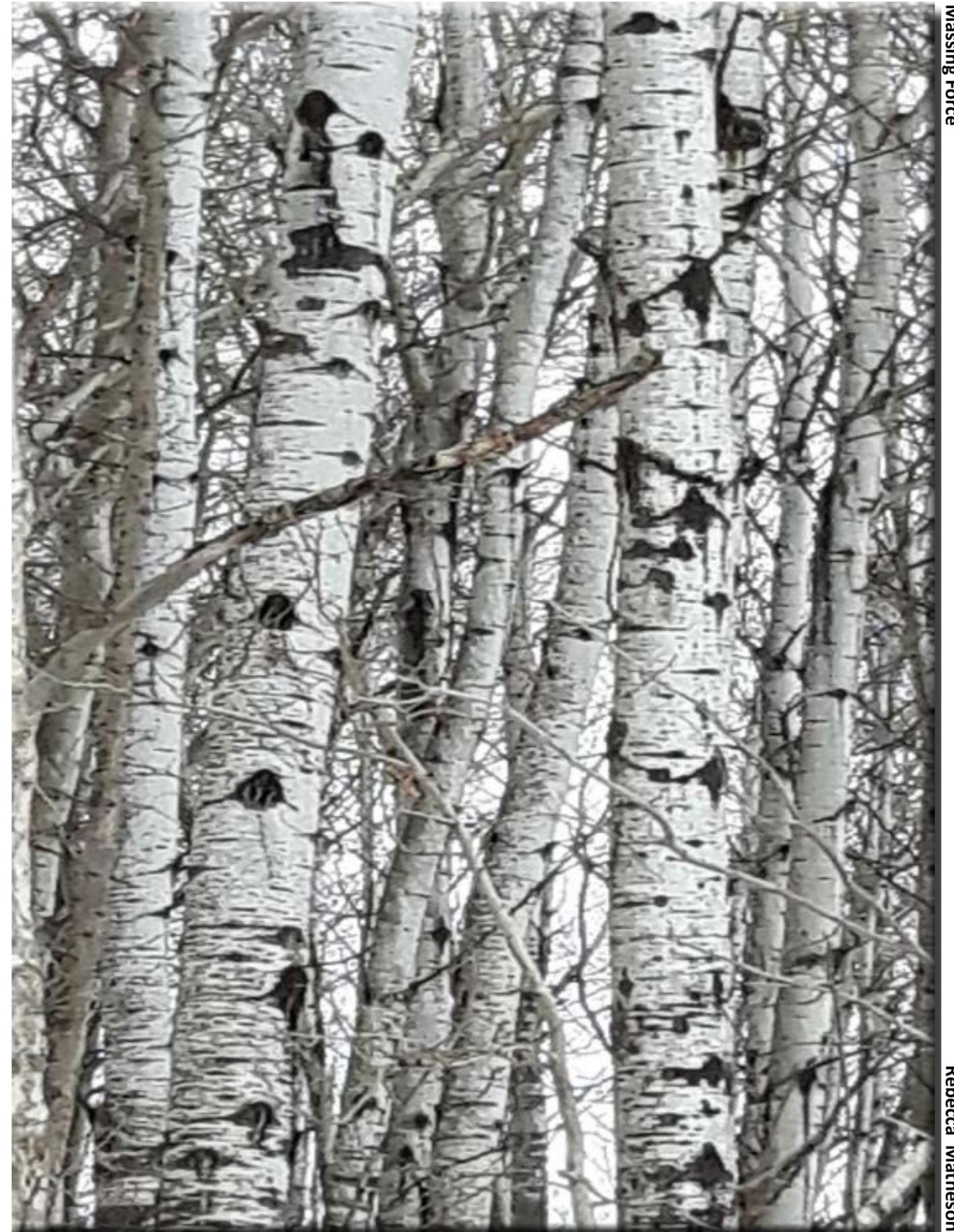
No matter where I am, it seems to go
Along, an ever possible shadow.
Blackness always threatening to flow
Upon me. Words, whistles, kisses. I know

You say I should appreciate the noise;
“Oh, Jo, you know girls like that,” But I
Don’t. Not in rooms dark or light, men or boys,
Busy streets or empty paths. Doors closed tight.

I But how to avoid it? Pointless, don’t try.
It is a locked box with no key, plainness
No protection, golden haired siren. My
Femininity sanctioning notice.

Because of form I am yours, regardless
Of choice, voice, knowledge, desire, or yes.

—*Joanna Munholland*



THE ECOLOGY AND THE MILITARY IN OGAGA

IFOWODO'S *THE OIL LAMP*

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INTRODUCTION

This paper investigates the plights of both human and nonhuman entities in the Delta in the face of environmental degradation. Ecocriticism is a novel field of study which has emerged as a result of the recent global challenges of climate change, environmental degradation, desertification and population explosion. These new developments pose great danger to both the environment and every living thing in it. This has prompted a global call and campaign for environmental-conscious behavior. This is due to the fact that if things continue as they are now, there would be an ecological disaster in no time.

This paper also examines the highhandedness and brutality of the Nigerian military towards the natives of the Delta. It is the responsibility of the military of a country to defend her territorial integrity against external aggression and not to unleash unspeakable

brutality on her citizenry. The indigenes of the Delta see the multinational oil companies and the military as allies. The military gives protection to the oil companies while they (the oil companies) commit the crime of environmental degradation in the Niger Delta. For this reason, they are both guilty in the eyes of the law. Whosoever aides and abets a criminal is equally guilty of the crime committed. This paper also takes a glance at certain real life events in the spatial enclave known as the Niger Delta as portrayed in *The Oil Lamp* by Ogaga Ifowodo.

OGAGA IFOWODO

Ogaga Ifowodo, an indigene of the Niger Delta, has published three prize winning collections of poetry namely: *Homeland and Other Poems* (1998), *Madiba* (2003) which won

the ANA/Cadbury Poetry Prize, *The Oil Lamp* (2005) which this paper focuses on and *History, Trauma and Healing in Postcolonial Narratives: Reconstructing Identities*. He holds an MFA and a PhD in English from Cornell University and teaches English and Literature at Texas State University, San Marcos, where he is at work on a fourth poetry collection and a memoir of his 1987 – 88 detention by the regime of the late Nigerian dictator General Sani Abacha. Excerpts from the memoir have been featured in *Gathering Seaweed: African Prison Writing* (Heinemann).

THE NIGER DELTA IN BRIEF

The Niger Deltarefers to the geographical enclave into which the River Niger empties its waters. It refreshes itself by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean which neighbours it

further South of Nigeria. It is considered to be located within nine coastal southern Nigerian states, which include all six states from the South-South geopolitical zone: Akwa Ibom, Bayelsa, Cross River, Rivers, Delta, Edo and the recently added Ondo, Imo and Abia (en.m.wikipedia.org). The region is mightily rich in crude oil and natural gas. Unfortunately, it is one of the most marginalized and the least developed region in Nigeria. The Human Rights Watch reports for 2004, for instance, state categorically that Nigeria's Niger Delta is home to the largest majority of women who are the poorest in the country, without basic social amenities like potable water, electricity, hospitals and schools. This is in spite of the fact that its oil mineral drives the nation's economy and even the western world. According to Gomba (2013), "... the wheels of the Western economies and the systems of postcolonial Nigeria are oiled by the resources of the marginalized region "(243). In spite of this, the people of the Niger Delta still wallow in abject poverty and their health is increasingly endangered due to gas flare, oil spill and environmental degradation and despoliation in the region.

OIL AND ITS ATTENDANT EVIL OF ECOLOGICAL DEVASTATION

The history of the Niger Delta is characterized by exploitation and carnage. This history precedes colonialism. It dates back to the era of slave trade. At the end of the slave trade in 1807, the British and other European exploiters shifted their gaze to the vast palm oil resources of the Delta. They did everything to establish absolute control of the palm oil trade, including undermining the authority of local powerful figures like King William Koko of Nembe clan. When the Nembe people could not stomach the economic hardship any longer, they assembled a fighting force of about one thousand

Nembe warriors and lunched a lightning attack at the Royal Niger Company in the year 1895 "and took 67 men hostage, insisting that they would not be released until the company gave them access to their old markets in the hinterland" (Maier in Ushie 530). The reprisal attack from the Consul-General of the Niger Coast Protectorate left several villages in ruin and ashes. Then the Niger Delta was christened the Oil Rivers Protectorate in 1891 because of its production of abundant palm oil, a major export product. Palm oil was bought from the natives at an exploitative price which the British themselves fixed. Presently, it is the fossil oil of the Delta that is being explored and exploited by the multinational oil companies and the Federal Government of Nigeria with the natives of the Delta having little or nothing as benefit. This has brought up the issue of resource control in the nation.

Just like King William Koko and his Nembe warriors put up a fierce resistance against the forces of oppression, the natives of the Delta have always tried to free themselves from the oppression and dominion of external and internal forces. In the late 1960s, just before the Nigerian civil war began, Isaac Adaka Boro, dissatisfied with the event of things in the Niger Delta, staged an armed revolt against the Federal Government of Nigeria. This is what is now known as the Twelve Day Revolution in Nigerian history. In his posthumous book of that title, Boro in Saro-Wiwa in Ushie (531) expresses his dissatisfaction with the state of the people of the Delta:

A Niger Delta State is a clear case as the people concerned have a distinct historical silhouette. Such a demand becomes all the more compelling when the area is so viable, yet the people are blatantly denied development

and the common necessities of life. If Nigerian Governments refuse to do something to drastically improve the lot of the people, inevitable a point of no return will be reached, then evil is afoot.

This incidence of environmental exploitation and carnage leaves on its trail: death, tears, poverty, gas flare, oil spillage, sickness and diseases and other forms of environmental degradation and despoliation in the Niger Delta. These affronts have sparked up several peaceful and violent protest by indigenes of the Niger Delta to no avail. Ken Saro-Wiwa, the late leader of Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People, lost his life as a result of his activism against environmental degradation in the Niger Delta.. The environmental carnage, which has become the lot of the people, is well captured in the poetry of Ogaga Ifowodo, especially the collection titled *The Oil Lamp* (2005). This collection takes an historical glance at the tussle which crude oil exploration has engendered in the Niger Delta. It is divided into six parts. While the first five sections of the book are named Part 1 to V, the Sixth section is entitled “The Agonist” and it is dedicated to Ken Saro-Wiwa and the Ogoni eight. Each of the sections is focused on a major tragedy in the Delta.

The first poem of the collection is entitled “A Waterscape”. It serves as the introduction to the collection. It gives a hint of the thematic thrust of *The Oil Lamp*, which is first, in my opinion, environmental degradation and pollution of the Niger Delta and secondly, the highhandedness and brutality of the Nigerian military to the minority ethnic groups in the Niger Delta. With metaphors like “breathing fibrous hair”, “blackier than pear”, “deeper than soot”, “silent and mute” and “water, black water”, the poem “A Waterscape” sets the stage of aquatic pollution in the Delta. The aquatic lives in these rivers and

streams are presented in a state of distress and death:

Floating hats of lily, yellow plume,
Plankton and shrimps, egg-and-fish in bloom:
Lakes, ancestral lakes.

Rich mud of eels, water-holes of crab,
Sink-place for fisher of dig-and-grab:
Bog, mudskippers’ bog. (Ifowodo xi)

This unpleasant situation impacts negatively on the inhabitants of the region who depend on the aquatic resources for survival. The “fishermen glide/ home to the first meal” of the day because of a fruitless outing. A similar thought of poverty that is engendered by environmental degradation and despoliation is expressed in the subsection that is entitled “The Pipes War”. It reads:

They are that live amidst such wealth in our
Land; to hear them bewail the dissipation
Of their share of earth’s bounty, the devastation

That pours oil on rivers to float fish
Lure the flamingo to a lethal meal
And quill the secretary bird’s death on sludge;

That irrigates lowland crops to rot their roots. (Ifowodo 52)

The psychological pain which this knowledge of poverty “amidst such wealth” inflict on the inhabitants of the Delta is unspeakable. This unpleasant situation is heightened by the fact that there is nothing to fall back to. The fishes in the stream and the animals in the environment have been poisoned by oil spill and gas flare. The poet expresses this euphemistically thus: “That pours oil on rivers to float fish/ lure the flamingo to a lethal meal/ and quill the secretary bird’s death on sludge/ that irrigates lowland crops to rot their roots.”

The next poem in the collection *The Oil Lamp* is titled “Jese”. It details a pipeline explosion which occurred on the 18th October 1998 in an Urhobo community called Jesse in Delta State of Nigeria during the military regime of General Abdulsalami Abubakar in which over one thousand persons were roasted alive. “It was the fourteenth month of the fuel crunch/and stoves cooked cobwebs in cold corners/dreading the spirits that live in trees/ they would not break green twigs to make a meal”. From the above lines, we deduce that in spite of the fact that Nigeria is a major producer of crude oil and Delta State being one of the states from which this precious product flows, the people are deprived of it for good fourteen months. At first the people show some respect to the tress “dreading the spirits that live in trees”. However, when they could not continue any further, they descended on the trees in the environment for firewood to make meal: “The forest quivered as trunk after trunk snapped/ and a nameless rage wagged green-fingered/ branches in the air as they fell to the hungry axe”. Here we see that the hardship imposed on the people as a result of the ineptitude of those in government, the environment is degraded as trees which play a crucial role in the environment are destroyed for firewood

by the people. This in turn leads to air pollution.

In the poem “Jese”, while the people take to the falling of trees and thereby degrading and despoiling their environment in the process of trying to satisfy their need for power because the government cannot provide kerosene for cooking, crude oil resource taken from their environment is helping to preserve the environment of people in distant places. Factories, stoves, houses and streets are kept aglow by crude oil syphoned from their immediate environment while they are kept in darkness:

This was how the damage was done,

With old pipes corroded and cracked

By the heat of their burden-

Petrol and paraffin piped away

From rotten dugouts and thatched huts

To float ships and fly planes,

To feed factories and the chain of ease

To heat stoves and save the trees

To light house and streets at break of night. (Ifowodo 5)

In the first few lines of the above quotation, the poet persona gives one of the versions of the cause of the Jese inferno, speculating: “This was how the damage was done/ with old pipes corroded and cracked/ by the heat of their burden”. The multinational companies, in the bid to maximize profit, retain and use the same pipelines which have been installed

for three to four decades. They take advantage of the fact that the environmental laws put in place by the government to check and guide their operations in the Delta are not enforced. The oil spill from the worn-out pipes contaminates farms and streams and thereby degrading the environment. The farmlands can no longer yield their strength in harvest as the nutritional level of these lands have been compromised by these injurious chemicals. The aquatic lives in the streams and rivers that are affected are depleted and decimated drastically. The fishes and other aquatic population in the polluted streams and rivers are denied the opportunity of growing big or surviving because of the deadly chemicals released into their aquatic habitat:

The broken pipes, like the mouth of a river,
Carved two brooks of kerosene and petrol.
And like that Gaulish crowd, crazed by cracked

Casks of wine on a cobbled street,
A siphoning circus danced to the wild
Music of deprivation in the low growth,
And they fought for elbow room

To fill their bowls and kegs
With the spilled oil of their land. (Ifowodo 6)

Deprivation in the land has made the people deaf to the voice of danger posed by the highly inflammable petrol product. In the process of scrambling for kegs-full and bowls-full of petrol and kerosene, within the twinkling of an eye, hell itself was let loose

on them:

...a deafening whoosh! As sheets of fire,
Like flags of hell in gusty breeze, enwrapped
Arms flung in fright at the surprised air, cumuli of smoke

Smothered the last tremors, the sizzles of body
Fat melting to add oil to oil, the crackle
Of bones bursting alight, the gurgle

In her throat. And she sank into a pit, burned
Till she woke in a bed gummed to her back. (Ifowodo 8)

In this one fire disaster, over one thousand persons lost their lives. Farmlands, rivers and streams burn to further heighten the pollution and degradation of the already despoiled environment, hence the speaker says, “In the widening bowl, blackening the clay/ a burning bush blazed out of the book of terror/ burning brighter night and day with every gnash of teeth, withered wail and cindered word/ the smoke rose heavily from the ground/ bearing to an implacable god its meal” (Ifowodo 10). The repetition of the words “burning”, “blackening” and “smoke” emphasizes the height of environmental ecocide and tragedy occasioned by this sad and unfortunate incident.

The Theme of Ecological Destruction

The theme of ecological destruction is evident in Ogaga Ifowodo’s *The Oil Lamp*.

We discover that apart from the fact that humans in the environment get instant or gradual destruction and displacement as a result of crude oil spill and gas flare, the animals, plants, fish and other aquatic lives also suffer destruction and displacement from the environment. We see this in the poem entitled “Jese” where the poet says:” The land burned, the trees burned, the rivers burned”. These lines foreground the fact that the fauna and flora and the fishes and other aquatic lives in the land and the rivers are destroyed and displaced as a result of environmental destruction and despoliation. This theme of ecological destruction sometimes assume psychological dimension as we see in the dirge of the ninety-years-old Madam Edoja in the concluding stanzas of the poem “Jese”:

Oil is my curse, oil is our doom.

Where is my husband, where my only love?

At the bottom of the sea, the bottom of the sea.

Oil is my curse, oil is my doom.

Where are my children? Where is my husband? (17)

The gravity of Madam Edoja’s loss is so weighty that it could destroy and displace her psychologically and physically from her environment. Her husband fell off a rig and drowned at sea when she was merely forty years old. Crude oil, which is supposed to be a blessing to her, has become the source of her woes and undoing in life.

Military Brutality in the Niger Delta

The deliberate and calculated militarization of the Niger Delta is one key way through

which the successive military and civilian governments of Nigeria has kept the Niger Deltans under siege for decades now. The constitutional responsibility of the military is to defend the territorial integrity of a nation. They are not expected to show up in civil affairs except in extreme cases where the national security is being threatened and the police appears inadequate and unequal to the challenge. However, this is not the case in the Delta. The Niger Delta is the most militarized region in Nigeria; especially the three states-River State, Bayelsa State and Delta State where I have lived all my life. The reason for this huge military presence is not far-fetched: It is to keep the people at bay while their environment is being deliberately and systematically plundered, poached and degraded by the multinational oil companies. This same military have been accused separately and severally of gross human right violation, wanton recklessness and extrajudicial killings in the Niger Delta. Some ready examples are the invasion of a community called Odi in Bayelsa State, the killings in Ogoniland in Rivers State and the recent invasion of the oil-rich Gbaramatu kingdom in Delta State in which several innocent civilians including women and children lost their lives.

The Delta is so militarized that almost everywhere you turn, there are military garrisons. Often times they end up brutalizing and maltreating innocent civilians. This has further heightened the perception of the Nigerian nation by Niger Deltans as an oppressive state that cares only about the resources of the Delta and nothing more. This gives the Niger Deltans a sense of being alienated and marginalized by the Nigerian state. The “Odi” and “Ogoni” incidences were other loud and unsettling instances where the highhandedness of the Nigerian military was brought to bear on harmless civilians. Both

poems in *The Oil Lamp* dramatically captured the events in a most picturesque manner. Unfortunately, the Odi incidence occurred in 1999 during the civilian regime of General Olusegun Obasanjo. The Federal Government of Nigeria ordered the military to invade Odi because of a case of homicide. On this gory occasion, grenades and other weapons of modern warfare were used against harmless civilians, leading to the death of hundreds of civilians including women, children and the old. The first two stanzas of the poem “Odi” reads:

A battalion of justice scorched its path
To Odi, came to solve by war
A case of homicide: five cops and four

Soldiers sent to break a youth revolt
Lay dead in the dark labyrinth of the delta,
(The Oil Lamp 21)

The sarcasm in the first stanza is lifted to laughable height when one notes the unusual collocation “a battalion of justice” instead of the regular “a battalion of soldiers”. And also the soldiers did not march or walk but “scorched its path/ to Odi”. This gives a hint of their sinister mission at Odi. Stanza eight and forty seven of the poem reads thus:

The first grenade, lobbed by a hand
Too eager for life cremations, landed
On the roof of the village school.

And they shot grenades into houses
Suspiciously unmarked, dropped
On bellies, machine guns on the ready (*The Oil Lamp 22, 27*)

The impression that one conjures up on the mind after reading the above lines is that of an army engaging an alien and deadly adversary in a life and death struggle and not that of a country’s military against harmless civilians.

Incidences of military brutality to civilians in the poetry of Ifowodo are well captured in this collection which poetically captured some of the darkest days of the Nigerian nation under the military regimes, especially that of General Sani Abacha who is generally believed to be the deadliest dictator that the country has produced thus far. This brutal regime in Nigerian history recorded some of the worst cases of human right violation, extrajudicial killings, and wanton looting of state treasury in the modern history of man. There was hardship and hunger in the land in spite of the abundant revenue accruing to the nation’s account from crude oil exportation. It is worth mentioning that it was this same regime that set up a kangaroo military tribunal which falsely found Saro-wiwa guilty of murder. Abacha went ahead to snuff out the life of Saro-wiwa and the Ogoni eight against the cry of foul play of the international community on the 10th of November, 1995.

In the poem “Jese”, we are that after the fire incident:
The reigning rogue, sprung
From a gun’s barrel or broken ballot box,
Sped through the traffic-cleared street, through unpaved

Paths- throwing dust in prying eyes- to the State House;
There he stamped and sealed the deed for immediate
Execution, and in council with his henchmen,

Unveiled the many plans for ridding
The land of its human blight and digging
For the liquid gold beneath their feet.

This was the peace plan: death by hunger or fire
It was fire for Jese, ashes and scars for all. (Ifowodo 14)

“The reigning rogue” is a reference to the military Head of State. His “peace plan” for the people of the Delta is “death by hunger or fire”. Many of the wounded survivors of the Jese fire disaster were chased into the forest by the military in order to forestall any evidence that incriminate the military or the oil companies from eye witness who survived the fire incident. The aid and relief materials promised the victims never came. Ironically, the government see the people of the region as Thieves and vandals who don’t deserve its aid or assistance: “Will the government aid the victims of Jese?/ The head-of-state, visiting the village/ and pained to his soul, lowered his head/ then steadied his nerves: No, he said, we must not encourage thieves and saboteurs”.

The poem “Odi” is another instance of military brutality and highhandedness in the Niger Delta. This poem records a true life event which occurred in 20th November 1999 in a town called Odi in Bayelsa State during the reign of President Olusegun Obasanjo in

which over 2,483 persons, especially the old, women and children lost their lives. Houses, schools and places of worship were destroyed. The entire community was levelled. Only a church and a bank building remained standing after the operation. This invasion was undertaken by about five thousand soldiers in retaliation to the alleged murder of “five cops and four soldiers” by youths of Odi community. Later, one Dr. Doyin Okupe, Obasanjo’s Special Adviser on media and publicity said obviously “the soldiers commanded by one Lt-Col. Agbabiaka overshot their brief” (www.waado.org). In the poem a conversation between the President and the Governor, Chief Diepreye Alamiyeseigha of Bayelsa state reads:

For his orders: “By noon tomorrow, find
The murderers or prepare the grounds for my men.
And the governor: “Sir, for thirty days

I have searched every house twice night and day;
I have sat men and women, older
Than my grandfather under sun and rain;

I have let children cry unfed till they slept;
I have combed every tree’s head, burnt every
Fishhut, rowed all the creeks, and not found them,

Nor found anyone, young or old, that knew them.

I need no grace. Come, Sir, at once for the arrest.”(Ifowodo 21)

Here is the Governor of the state asking the President to send the military to Odi community to wreck the havoc. In the above lines we see the kind of demeaning treatment given to women, children and the old in the name of investigating a murder case. In this encounter with the military, modern weapons like military helicopters, gunships, grenade, machine guns and other sophisticated weapons were used against the populace:

As the roof of the village school yawned,
Swallowed a grenade and forked the night
Into wild branches of fire. With each blast,

Each boom! Magnified by the silence of their abandoned
Homes, they clutched at trembling twigs for a shred of hope.

They heard a thud in a clump of bamboo,
Then the tea-black water of the lake
They had drunk for a night and a day exploded.

They scattered with the muddy splash
Deeper into the bush. Shell-shocked, babies
And children smothered the instinct to cry (Ifowodo 25)

In a \$100 billion law suit filed against the President, the Chief of Army Staff and Chief of Defence Staff in 2003 by Odi community, Justice LambiAkanbi of the Federal High Court, sitting in Port Harcourt ordered the Federal Government of Nigeria to pay #37.6 billion as compensation to the people of Odi community within three weeks after a

careful analyses of the evidences brought against the respondents. The evidence entails the use of gunships, grenades, machine guns and other dangerous weapons against civilians. (www.vanguard.com). This I think is a triumph of justice in the land, especially when one consider the high level of disregard which the military has shown to the judiciary and the constitution of the land. However, if we want to ensure that such incident do not reoccur in the land, then it should not end by the court merely awarding damage or compensation to the offended. The officers who executed the mission and the person who gave them the order should be tried in the ordinary court of the land. If found guilty, they should be punished accordingly because no one is above the laws of the land. That is exactly what obtains in civilized climes where human lives are sacrosanct.

“Ogoni” is another poem in the collection *The Oil Lamp* which greatly criticises the military for its brutality and recklessness in Ogoniland. Crude oil was discovered in commercial quantity in Ogoni in 1957. This came after the discovery of crude oil at Oloibiri in Bayelsa State in the year 1956. Ogoni youths had several confrontations with the military and the oil companies while protesting the degradation of their environment. Some of these protests led to the shutting down of oil wells in Ogoniland: “for three years/ had shut down Shell’s oil wells/ and slimmed the nation’s purse” (Ifowodo 37). Ogoni was the hometown of the late environmentalist, writer, human rights activist and leader of Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People (MOSOP), Ken Saro-Wiwa. “Major Kitemo” who is described as “boss of the mob” in the poem is a poetic recreation or corruption of the real life Major Okuntimo. He was the ringleader of the military mobs who committed several atrocities in Ogoniland. This same Major Okuntimo was

reported to have boasted to the press that he has invented over two hundred tested and tried ways of killing an Ogony. He was a very successful instrument in the hand of the late military tyrant, General Sani Abacha. Using the literary devices of sarcasm, dialogue and biting satire, the speaker criticises the military for its atrocities in Ogoniland:

Major Kitemo, boss of the mob,

Chief pacifier

of the lower Niger's

still primitive tribes, had at last laid waste
the prickly land. And speaking to the press
about the good job he had done for

country

conscience

posterity,

showed what a half-breed the people were
to claim and fight for what they did not own.

To deny the owners what was theirs

By decrees duly made and in the books (37)

“By decrees duly made and in the books” is a direct reference to the calculated, obnoxious and draconian legislations (the Petroleum Decree of 1960, the Land Use Decree of 1978

and the Offshore Oil Decree of 1991) of sheer robbery, by which the Nigerian state continues to deprive the Niger Deltans of their natural resources. Now speaking in the first person, Major Kitemo engages an elderly man, a woman and a boy in a lengthy and philosophical conversation that revolves around the true owners of the crude oil in the Niger Delta:

“Do you really believe you own the oil?”

“yes” they said, as I knew they would.

“and how did you come to own it?”

“By its being on our land,” they said,

“The land is Nigeria's,” I corrected them.

And then an old man parched and cracked

Far worse than any sun-sucked patch

Of spill-soaked land I have seen, asked in return

“And how did Nigeria come to own the oil?”

Oh, I should have paused to give thought,

Should never have presumed a hoary-headed man,

But I answered too quickly, “By it being

On her land.” ...

The highly informative and illuminating conversation continues:

Can you tell me, my son, how old Nigeria is?"

I can't tell now why I was so rash,
Expert that I am at squelching mischief
Before it buds, but I spoke too soon:

"Born in 1914, she's seventy-nine this year," I said.

And he: "That's Lord Lugard's colony, the cartographer's
Trade map for British expropriation. But I

Will take your word for it, So tell me, my son,

How long do you think we have been on this land,

How long the oil, the trees, the creeks and the rivers?"(Ifowodo 39)

In the concluding stanzas of the poem "Ogoni", we discover the height of military brutality in Ogoniland and the determination of the Nigerian nation to do everything in order to maintain its firm grip on the oil wealth of the Niger Delta, including annihilating the people that dwell in the Delta. We discover that the death of Ken Saro-wiwa and the Ogoni eight activists was a grand scheme by the military to extinguish him by all means because of his activism against environmental degradation in Ogoniland. We also discovered that the accusations levelled against him were blatant lies. The clandestine

relationship that exists between Shell and the Nigerian military is also revealed when Major Kitemo, alias "Major-Kill-Them-All" (44), says, "shooting and bombing to keep them in the bush/ we were running out of ammo by the tenth day/ but Shell shipped in caseloads of what we lacked".

In the subsections titled "Cesspit of the Niger Area" and "Agonist" which is dedicated to Ken Saro-Wiwa and the Ogoni Eight, we encounter the heinous manner in which the death sentence of Ken and his comrades were executed by the military. Although it was carried out in utmost secrecy, somehow rumours emerged that after they were hanged, acid was poured on their bodies to silence every trace of the deed. This is what Ifowodo records poetically in the poems "Hurry Them Down into the Grave" thus: "Hurry them down, hurry them down into the grave/ time races against me swifter than the horse/ and my eyes redder than the blood I have spilled/ grow too heavy for my face. Hurry to the grave/ before my barrel runs over with the last drop" (Ifowodo 68) and in "Cesspit of the Niger Area" Thus:

After the under-
taker's conjuration
(which as we heard,

Was to erase their bones,
Wipe out every trace
Of a deed too foul
To stay under the ground) (Ifowodo 59)

Though Ken Saro-Wiwa and his comrades are dead now but they still live on. The cause for which they lay down their lives is still very much alive in the hearts of the people and their death has given birth to many more patriots who are ready to lay down their lives in order to stamp out oppression and corruption from the land. The following are some of the findings of this research:

- 1) Ifowodo portrays environmental degradation in the collection. However, emphasis is placed on the impact of environmental despoliation on nonhuman populations like plants and animals than on humans;
- 2) The poet portrays the aquatic population in these once graceful rivers and streams of the Delta as being in a state of jeopardy and extinction;
- 3) The militarization of the Delta and military brutality dominate the collection. The military is portrayed as an ogre that eats up the inhabitants of the Niger Delta;
- 4) Ken Saro-wiwa is portrayed as a metaphor of environmental activism;
- 5) Ifowodo explores oral aesthetic forms such as dirges to portray oil as a tragic gift.

RECOMMENDATIONS

- 1) I recommend that gas flaring, which poses great hazard to both human and non-human entities in the Niger Delta, be stopped instantly;
- 2) I also recommend that environmental laws be put in place to check the activities of the oil companies and these laws must be enforced by the government;
- 3) I also recommend that remedial programmes be initiated in places like Ogoniland

which need urgent attention due to the high level of environmental degradation inflicted by Shell in that land;

- 4) I also recommend that the Niger Delta be demilitarized. This will put an end to the cases of military brutality in the Delta.

CONCLUSION

This paper examined environmental degradation and despoliation of the non-human population (plants, animals, streams, rivers e. t. c) in the Niger Delta. It also considered the militarization of the Delta and the brutality and highhandedness of the Nigerian military to the minority ethnic groups in the Niger Delta as it is poetically captured in Ogaga Ifowodo's *The Oil Lamp* (2005). The study deployed ecocriticism as the theoretical approach and the model of ecocriticism used was environmentalism which emphasizes the maintenance of both the biotic and the non-biotic constituent on the environment. It advocates the preservation and improvement of the natural environment through the control of pollution and the protection of plant and animal diversity. This philosophy does not segregate the human component from other non-human biotic constituents in the quest for sustainability of the environment. It was this theory that also informed my choice of the environmentally-conscious poems analyzed in the study.

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GIRL ON A BENCH

Somewhere—not here—

There is a red-haired girl
on a park bench

with a laugh like wind chimes
ducks at her feet
verdant green grass.

In the air is Calliope music,
although maybe that's
superfluous.

Anyway, what I want
you to know.

What I want you

to take away is:

there is a girl
on a bench

and she has red hair

and sounds like a Calliope
and she is very, very,
far away from here.

And mostly,
that place
is a lot better.

—*Allen Berry*



Standing Tall

Rebecca Matheson

Translation and Context

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I intend in the present paper to highlight the importance of context including terminology and register in translation which rests, as I will argue, on a full understanding of the cultural and literary residues and specificity of both the source language as well as the target language. With the increasing growth of translation-therefore readership-which coincides with globalization, it is quite pertinent for the translator to come up with a translation that has a persistent rhetoric and contextualization. To launch this analysis, I pursue to explore some commonplace mistakes, which are due to a one-to-one correspondence between the two languages in order to demonstrate the demanding task of coming to terms with context apart from acquiring linguistic competency.

This being the case, I will present a list of “faithful” translations of some words and structures in both languages, Arabic and English. In this regard, my intent amounts to compare some idioms in Arabic and English and see context variations and the way they

are interpreted by translators. In much the same way, I will also focus on the centrality of context in literary translation. All along this paper, I will demonstrate the crucial role of context in the framework of ‘communicative translation’ as coined by Christopher Taylor (qtd in. Mansouri 23).

My analysis and discussion of the issue is essentially set in the framework of literature. Context is a seminal foundation of translation, the very thing that gives it meaning and structure, on the ground that it enhances the text’s historicity and cultural specificity and character. The process of translation is not only based on linguistic competency but also a cultural competency that takes into account context, which is related to culturally oriented decrees including those of register, ethics and worldview. Contextualization displays a twofold logic: continuity and discontinuity. There is a sense of continuity and smoothness between the two languages when the translator succeeds in incorporating the cultural background of the target language and transferring cautiously it in the source language. The reader can, consequently, feel a sense of *cultural closedness* (my emphasis), thanks to the convergence of contexts. The second part of the process is discontinuity, which highlights a sense of irrelevance that inevitably leads to a mechanical word-for-word translation consisting in “preserving the word order of the structure of the source text.” (Mansouri 21)

Herein, the translator serves as “a middleman,” (5) who is entitled to delve into both texts not only linguistically, aesthetically and imaginatively but also culturally otherwise the final version will be merely a paraphrasing of the original one. The move from the source language towards the target language requires a full repository in both texts. A

good translator is “a citizen of the world” who channels the bridge between desolate cultures, or perhaps brings unknown ones to life, thanks to his /her understanding of both texts.

The context guarantees, apart from what is inevitably lost in translation and what is untranslatable, an adequate reading of the original version. Contextualization is a linguistic and cognitive process that a translator engages in as he/she intends to create a sense of fluidity in the sum total of ideas and pathos generated by the translated text. Losing track of context in translation raises doubts as to the faithfulness of translator. This is due to ambiguity that surrounds the semantic field of the text knowing that it is deeply rooted in a specific context be it cultural, historical or ethical. Drawing on this contention, one can make the point that contextualization infers difference and uniqueness. In fact, readers expect to know of quite different texts bearing traces of their backgrounds.

By way of accounting for the importance of contextualization in literary translation, I will basically ground my arguments on the translation of the titles of Gabriel Garcia Marquez’s *Cien anos de soledad* (1967), *La Mala Hora* (1962) and *Doce Cuentos Peregrinos* (1992). I choose to build my rationale on a comparison between translation variations in English and Arabic so as to infer the translator’s specific reception of the narrative and its deep cultural significance. Seemingly, the two translations of the title conceal the language’s susceptibility to generate an acute understanding of the text’s cultural essence. The Marquezian fictional enterprise has always inspired translation and a wide critical spectrum by virtue of its rich and prolific contexts and backgrounds, which are typically

Latin American.

I suggest to center my analysis of context on the translation of titles, for I believe that a title is highly reflective of the narrative's wholesale thematic s and consciousness. The title sets forth an arena of semantic and cognitive connotations. That is to say, the reader may speculate about the larger paradigms of meaning and context, given that a title might encompass a condense semantic incorporation of the novelist's agenda and worldview. To achieve this purpose, I suggest that there is a strong correlation between the two translations in English and Arabic. This fact lays credence to the quasi transposition of the contextual world.

A close look on *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, *Cien anos de soledad* and *نم ماع ةئام* *قلز عالا* in three languages, which are respectively English, Spanish and Arabic generates the position that the common denominator is the portrayal of the state of dislocation, misrecognition, disillusionment and alienation that the Latin American continent is condemned to. In Spanish, 'soledad' refers to the state of being apart, and not a mere state of being by oneself. There is more to the meaning of "soledad" than the ordinary state of being physically distanced from other places. Thus, it is quite obvious that the word 'soledad' tells of a deep ontological and an historical affliction. The translator- translating here into English- has already grasped this and expressed it while bearing in mind the overall political and historical consciousness of Marquez's novel. Regarding the translation of the title in Arabic, it is perfectly adequate in that it sheds light on the sense of displacement and alienation as incorporated in the word *قلز عالا*, not *قدح و لا*.

The novel does not dramatize, to be noted, a personal account of the mere state of

being alone inasmuch as it delves into demonstrating the problematic plight of an unknown continent severed from all ties to world history and culture. Marquez's conceptualizing of solitude is highly rich and perceptive; it is loaded with multiple layers of significance. The synonym of solitude in Spanish is 'soledad' which does not merely describe a simple state of being alone. It rather encompasses the deep sense of dislocation, falling apart and being on the edge. Hence, there are solitary characters who combat their solitude by making strenuous efforts to finally succumb to their fate. Solitude is fearful, suffocating, bitter and intriguing even it is sometimes "appealing" when shared or associated with desire. The concept of *قلز عالا* in Arabic is, therefore, synonymous with 'soledad' in that both terms underscore Latin America's disheartening experience of coming to terms with its history and culture. The novelist's Nobel Prize speech underlines the hard quest for recognition and the inevitable fall into solitude.

Obviously, the novel includes many tokens, physical or mental of solitude or *قلز عالا* which underline and remind solitary individuals and closed communities of the invincible obstacles that hamper them from going beyond their deplorable condition of being "handcuffed to history" (Rushdie 3). In his encounter with the Spanish galleon, José Arcadio Buendia convinces his companions during their expedition that Macondo will be closed for good and isolated from world history. The man-beast creature, by which the Buendias lineage is cursed, is certainly a fearful badge of solitude or *قلز عالا*. It evinces and incarnates the ominous fall of man into disgrace after being expelled from paradise. The mythological animal is the outcome of an illegitimate sexual union, which leads to a confusing sense of identity, for the reason that the self is effaced or lost in the

labyrinths of unknown kinship. This state of being unable to project oneself historically and ontologically leads eventually to solitude. If we cluster all these textual instances, we can easily deduce that the umbrella concept the novel conveys is that of a deep sense of alienation and dislocation that finds its full expression in the word *تذرع* in Arabic.

The second novel I intend to focus on here is *La Mala Hora* which is translated as *In Evil Hour* in English and *مؤشة عاس* in Arabic. By way of scrutinizing the underlying context of the narrative into question, one can easily infer the sense of mishap, misfortune, evil and calamity that come into prominence during a specific time measured as covering just one hour, which is nevertheless metaphorically telling of a dark conjuncture in the cursed village where all forms of authority disintegrate. Instead of sticking to the literal meaning of 'mala', which is equated with 'bad' in English, the translator has already incorporated the deep significance of the political and religious disillusionment and collapse which permeate the village and culminate the end. The word, *مؤش* 'makes an allusion to the cacophony of depraving incidents which are seen as bad omens fetching bad luck. Drawing on this assumption, the inadequate hour around which the narrative revolves is not semantically bound to a mere instance of mishap but rather to a continuous condition of evil and violence, which might persist for a long time. With this in mind, the word *مؤش* reveals more or less this meaning, in the sense that it describes a dark period of time in the village, which happens as a result of so many violations and foretells imminent evils in the future. *مؤش* is not a temporary state but rather associated with a fetishist view, which makes it an ominous chronic evil plaguing the village to destructive collapse.

The third fictional work is *Doce Cuentos Peregrinos* which is translated in English as either *Strange Pilgrims* or *Twelve Pilgrim Stories* or *قراجام قصق رشع اتنثا* in Arabic. A close look on these titles makes it clear that this collection of short stories makes an account of various experiences of some Latin Americans visiting Europe. Each story recounts a character's vivid experience as an immigrant while focusing on the pathos of nostalgia and regret. The translators tend towards highlighting the sense of spatial mobility and travelling either related to individuals or stories, which are indeed theirs. There is notably an utter understanding of Marquez's dramatization of a typically Latin American reception of time and space as well. The stories emanate from the characters' strangeness alongside their fluid imaginary that exceeds the boundaries of the European continent. In the light of the various translations of the title, I am inclined to uphold the fact that the expatriate's experience implies a penchant, at spatial and temporal levels, for swelling instead of shrinking. The process of crossing the borders is inextricably linked with oddity, madness and eccentricity, for the will of finding out a habitus beyond the native land leads to a 'rhizomic'¹ insight of both space and time.

With regard to the aforementioned examples, one can draw the fact that the demanding correlation between text and context on the ground that the latter does historicize the former. Translating Marquez is appealing and challenging meanwhile. This fact makes it clear that the primal impetus of translation is discovering unknown and different cultural paradigms or contexts. By unfolding the quasi semantic and

1. A term coined by Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari who tend to explore the fallacy of being and fixity by substituting for the concept of becoming. The rhizome is a corpus that has no root, free floating and ever changing. Within the rhizomic logic of being, an object is caught into a series of machinic productions and relationships. That is to say, it acquires meaning via the ongoing process of regeneration and motion. (See Deleuze, Gilles and Félix Guattari. *A Thousand Plateaux: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*. Trans. Brian Massumi. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987.

as it does not happen during a fraction of time. A woman who is *طرقلا يوهم نديعب* has a long beautiful neck. The equivalent translation of this expression should not be mechanical since its context is not similar to that in the target language.

In conclusion, one should not miss the point that translation is inextricably linked with context in terms of register and terminology. Such an approach enhances certainly the deep historicity of writing as a human activity that reaches back into antiquity. Studying the context sets a balance between the linguistic and cultural aspects of a text and provides the recipient/reader with a crafty and aesthetic work. The issue of context will undeniably be one of the troublesome questions governing the field of translation. That is one reason researchers and practitioners are entitled to broaden their knowledge of the 'Other'. Reaching this level of insight, they will undeniably grasp the context in which an unknown culture is written. Mastering contextualization is a salient vehicle of multiculturalism and authenticity. The corollary pursuit of this assumption is that preserving context lying beneath a given language is a cultural gesture in every sense of the word. The self has thus a sense of identity and endeavours at the same time to welcome and embrace its alter ego along with the contexts they stem from.

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TRICK OF THE LIGHT

After ten years of marriage
she turned out to be
just a trick of the light.

With a sigh and a
“Well. That’s that,”
he went about his chores.

Some offered sympathy,
secretly shaking their heads,
proud of their clear vision.

Others thought they knew
the cure for his broken illusion.
He was, after all, quite eligible.

Despite the efforts
of married friends, he seemed
quite happy in his bachelorhood.

Spent long evenings at the cafe,
having never learned
to cook for himself.

Or playing checkers
with the old men
on the courthouse lawn.

Still...

at home on winter nights
when shadows grew long
he’d light lanterns in corners

hoping to re-capture,
if only for a moment,
his lost phantasmagoria.

—Allen Berry



Low Spark of High Heeled Boys

Gilbert McInnis

University College of the North, Thompson, Manitoba

If you see something that looks like a star / And it's shooting up out of the ground
 And your head is spinning from a loud guitar / And you just can't escape from the sound
 Don't worry too much, it'll happen to you / We were children once, playing with toys
 And the thing that you're hearing is only the sound of / The low spark of high-heeled boys

—*Jim Capaldi and Steve Winwood*

I first met Cap and Brian when Roy rolled his dun-buggy Beetle on a back-road behind my place. I say it was Roy's, but I don't think he had a copy of the registration; it was his by possession. Roy and I had become pretty good friends. Like him, I was sixteen, and we both had fathers who liked to drink a lot of beer, but, unlike our fathers we did not. Instead, we got high a lot, and we had a hell a lot of fun doing that in the dune-buggy.

His red Beatle had no seats. He had torn them out so he could set them up on

the patio, just in case someone at a party needed a place to sit, or to make-out on. Well, the Beatle was empty of seats now because we did not want to go through the hassle of putting them back in. So we turned over a white five gallon bucket for a driver's seat. I can't remember what we had for a passenger seat, maybe it was nothing at all. The bucket worked okay most of the time. The only problem we ever had was that it tended to tip when we turned the Beatle around in a hurry, and that sudden movement usually threw the driver off, especially if you were on your way down a hill, and this could set the Beatle to flip.

The red Beatle was a good toy that you could run the hell out of it and it would keep on ticking. In fact, we played a dangerous game with it, over and over, trying to ruin it. We would run it over gopher holes at top speed, and take it across the barn yard through piles of dried cow shit. And if we wanted to have some real fun fun, we set out to flip the Beatle over. I know this sounds a bit spinney, but after a few tries and errors, we developed a pretty good system without getting either of us hurt, well, not that our game plan worked all the time.

Roy would run the Beatle up a hill in the back forties behind his place, then just as it reached the top of the hill, he'd crank the steering wheel around as fast as the Beatle would take it. This sudden turn of the front wheels, along with the force heading down the hill, would cause the Beatle to flip over. The only thing we had to do to survive—and to have fun—was to stand up stiff-like by pushing on the wood floorboards and bracing ourselves against the roof; we could then roll with the gravity taking the car down the hill. It was great fun as long as you didn't end up bouncing around inside the car. Our

game plan usually worked, and liked I said, we had a lot of fun and never got hurt, unless you forget to brace yourself when the car went into a roll; this happened the day we met Cap and Brian.

After rolling the car a few times that day out behind Roy's house, we eventually got bored. And as usual Roy, knowing we were running low on dope, wanted more, and he knew I had lots more stuffed away upstairs in a tobacco kiln behind my place. But, we had one little problem, the Beatle was not plated nor insured. We could have driven most of the way through the fields to keep away from the cops, but some of those fields were barbed wired around their parameters to keep people like us out, so we had no choice but to use a couple of the back-roads. And on this day the municipal grader had tossed up about six inches of loose gravel on the road heading to my place.

Once I agreed to share my stash with him, Roy drove the Beatle immediately onto the road, and jammed the gear shift into high. When we came to that freshly gravelled road, which curved around a large field behind my place, I saw the gravel piled up on the edges, which meant everything in between was loose. I told Roy to watch out because the road would be as slippery as the cow-shit in his barnyard. Little did we know Cap and Brian had come up behind us at this moment in Brian's Buick Le Sabre. Later, they remembered seeing the ass-end of our car whipping back and forth, from one side to the other, and when they saw us hit that bend at the speed we were going, they knew shit was going to hit the fan.

What Brian and Cap did not know was that both Roy and I were either stoned or half in the bag on wine that day. We had a lot of pot in our possession around that

time because Roy and I had raided a pot field under the moonlight one night, so we had such a great supply of home grown that we used to roll up huge joints, or what Brian used to call them: reefers. I remember passing Roy a big one just before we hit that bend, then I saw the heater of the joint break off and land in the crotch of his pants. His fallen heater problem is probably what caused him to let go of the steering wheel momentarily, because while he was digging around for it in his crotch, I do remember the Beatle whipping us around just about that time.

When the wheels caught that deep gravel on the edge of the road I had a feeling we were leaving the ground. Having rolled the Beatle a few times, I had become accustomed to it; it's kind of like the feeling you get in an elevator when it takes off for the sky all of sudden. I followed my gut reaction instinctly, which was to stand up stiff and push my hands against the ceiling. Sure enough the fucking thing left the ground, and Brian and Cap had the best seat in the house. And from what Brian and Cap saw from behind us, it actually rolled four times, two side-ways, and two frontwards. In what exact order of those two no one really knows but God.

As for me, I knew something was wrong from the get-go because I felt Roy bang into me, which was not normal; he usually braced himself and rolled with the Beatle. But this time, something else happened. I remember seeing him flying around inside the car. I yelled at him to hold on. Then all of a sudden he stopped banging into me, and I couldn't see him at all rolling in motion with the car. The Beatle came to a stop in the ditch next to a barbed-wire fence. I kicked the door open, and for some reason, I started laughing. I could see the windshield of the Beatle had popped out, and all the doors and

hoods were flung open. The car had its wheels to the sky.

This is when I met Brian and Cap for the first time. They jumped out of their Buick La Sabre. I guess in a frenzy, at least until they saw me laughing, then they settled down a bit. Years later when Brian joked about this day, he told me that upon seeing the buggy flip the way it did, he expected to find us dead. And a little later when I met his wife Angie for the first time, I could see why he was so horrified. She was still in her body cast from her car accident a few weeks previously. Cap told me it had to be a miracle we survived a crash like that. But, we were used to it flipping all the time. I guess we trained ourselves in the back forties of Roy's place, almost like stuntmen do for films. While talking with Brian and Cap, I realized Roy was not around, so I asked Brian and Cap if they could help me find him. In all the things flying off the car, they did not see Roy flying out.

I think it was Brian and Cap who eventually found him. It appears the fence pole stopped him dead from going through the barbed-wire. They told me he looked like he was dead. I told them it would take a hell of a lot more to kill Roy, at least from what I've seen. When I went over to Roy he was definitely out cold. I can't remember exactly what we did to get him to come around, but I do remember, Brian brought us a couple of ice-cold beer. I imagine we sat there drinking cold beer while trying to get Roy to talk to us. Eventually Roy did come to, but he was unable to stand up, so he wanted us to take him to the hospital. I told him to forget about that idea because we would have to come up with an elaborate story to fool them about our Beatle experience and how he got so much THC in his system. And if they didn't believe us, we would be in big trouble. Instead, I

immediately told him I would light up a joint to get him high. Brian and Cap thought my idea was a good one too.

All of us sat there in the ditch getting high while the red Beatle was flipped upside down, doors open. Brian was right, a miracle did happen on that day, all right, and that is the cops didn't come along. By the time we finished smoking the joint, Roy was able to stand up. I asked Cap to help me find the wind-shield. Brian agreed to feed Roy as much cold beer as he could. Cap saw the car's battery in the field, then jumped over the fence to get it. When he brought it over, I asked him to help me roll the car back over. The good thing for us was that the car landed on the hill part of the ditch. All we had to do was just get it rocking, then keep it rocking until it flipped over. Brian jumped in to help us until we were able to rock and roll it over. Then Cap shoved the battery back in and jammed the cables onto it. When he was done, he helped me pop the wind-shield back in. By this time, Roy was able to climb into the passenger side of the car.

I put the white bucket back into the car so I could sit on it while trying to start the engine. After a few tries, the engine took off and we were in business again. Brian and Cap offered to follow us to my home. I thought that was great idea, and I told him I had some better dope at home they could have for helping us. Brian and Cap jumped into the car immediately. I rammed the Beatle into gear, and headed up the bank of the ditch. I got onto the road and I headed around the last part of the curve toward my place. Roy looked like his head was spinning still so I left him alone to enjoy the ride.

Separation Tango

As in Buenos Aires,
so it is here.
The only way to get close
to a woman is the dance.

Salida.

Pull the emptiness close
Press it to you, and step
Back, back, and pause.
Remember the outline
Of her face, the softness
Of her cheek.

and Hamaca,
Slide, step, step, step.
Side step, back, back,
Every memory again
her almost warmth, almost

presence in the room.

The whole of the dance floor
recalls the geography you covered.

And Ocho al Frente.

Turn, walk back, and back,
she twists left then right,
turning in your arms,
in your memory,
each moment as it
advances and recedes.

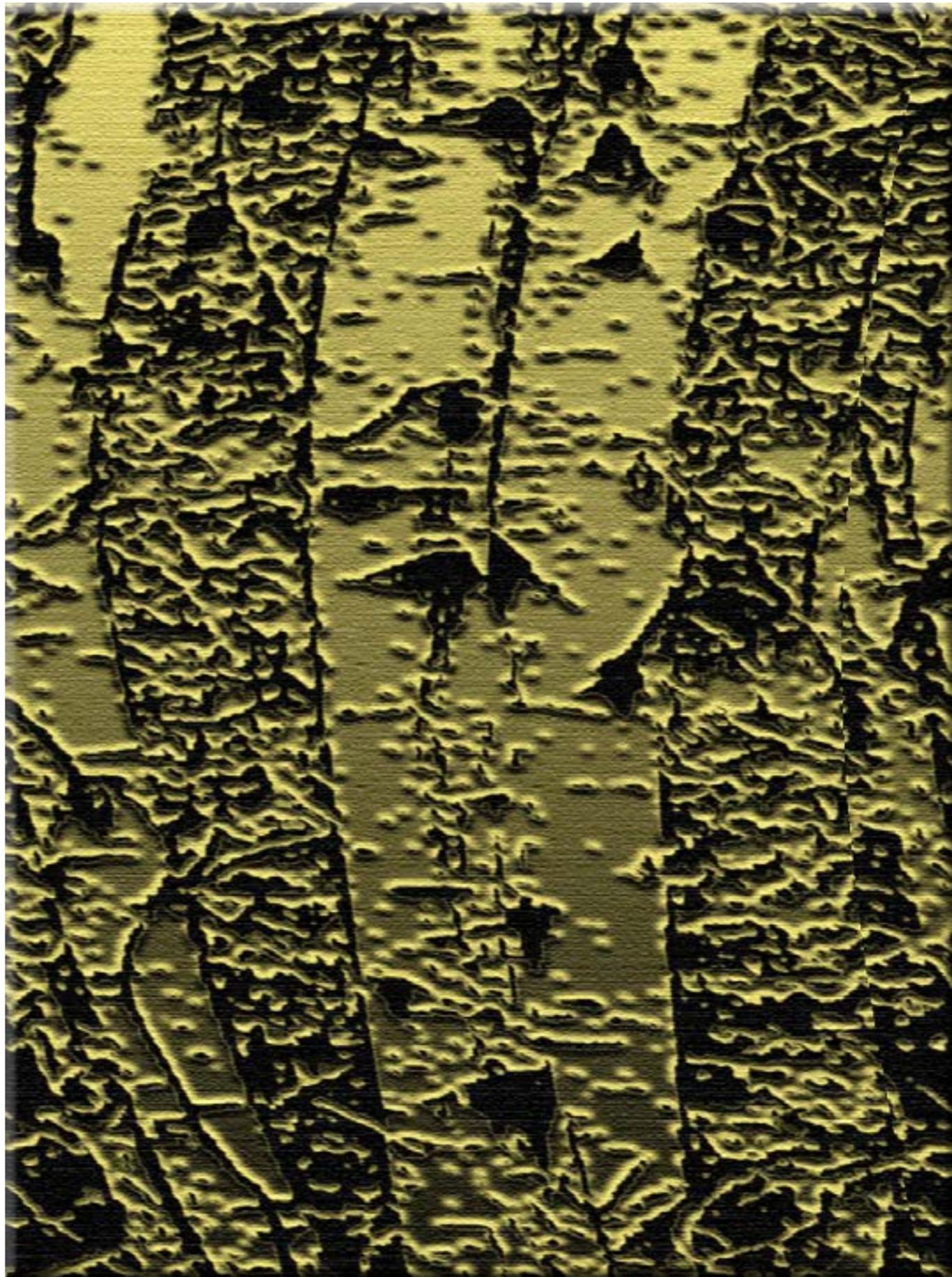
Lunge, Ochos, to Gancho.

As you hold her memory to you
turn and turn and hook
the gnawing hunger for her
that will recede but never fade:
these moments like barbs
as fine details fall away.

And Molinette, Windmill.

Even sleep will not provide respite
turning and turning, in the smallest hours
dreams of loss, separation, all just
movements of the dance
as her memory turns and turns around you.

—*Allen Berry*



Birch Fantasia

Rebecca

**“Who wishes to walk with me?”:
The Poem as a Walk in Whitman and Ammons’s Poetry**

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After a poetry reading, in an old bookstore, Billy Collins explains that he does not look for a poem’s meaning, but its destination. The goal of every writer should not be: what does this poem mean, but how does it ‘get to where it is going to go.’ Such a goal is discovered during the writing process, whether it be a long and treacherous walk in the mind, or an actual liberating walk in a hilly countryside. A. R. Ammons believes that poetry does not come to life and reach clarity when “caught inside,” but is gestated during the walk (GB 93). Each new walk is an entirely new movement towards discovery and insight. In each instance, both walk and poem construct themselves along the way. In his essay, “A Poem is a Walk,” Ammons describes the walk as “[representing a] physical immediacy the restless wanderings of a mind that is rarely content to stand still” (Gilbert 217). There are countless examples of walk poems, though most of them suggest that real or fictional walks are “externalizations of an inward seeking” (4). In either case, the

conceptions behind any walk poem is keeping the mind merged “with the figurations of ongoing,” and the notion that poems are *unreproducible* (GB 55). Like snowflakes, no two walk poems are the same. Although Walt Whitman’s *Song of Myself* dates Ammons’s National Book Award winning walk poem, *Garbage*, by 138 years, both works concur with Emerson’s idea of what makes a poem. When “the poet has a new thought; he has a whole new experience to unfold...the experience of each new age requires a new confession, and the world seems always waiting for its poet” (Rosenthal 8). Whitman and Ammons: poets of different eras with new confessions to discover. In 1855 Whitman beckoned to Ammons, and in the twentieth-century, Ammons retorts, asking *his* reader to tramp with him on a curvy contemporary journey.

“Looking...Wandering...Voyaging...Hurrying...Walking...”¹

*

The US Poet Laureate from 2001-2003, Billy Collins, had more to say about Whitman’s *Song of Myself* in a lecture, “*Leaves of Grass*, Still Growing After 150 Years.” He expressed that *Leaves of Grass* was the first poem to break standard conventions. He described Whitman’s *Songs* as emanating a biblical, Blakean, tumbling, forward, oceanic wave-like motion, and as having an “inevitable unpunctuated progress,” “like [that of a] movie which rolls forward.” These characteristics are evidenced since the speaker progresses through his inward and external envisaging; he wears good walking shoes and a weatherproof coat, while trudging everywhere and with everyone in America, staff in hand. Half way through Whitman’s long poem, the speaker eases up on his sight sense

1. Headings throughout this essay are from the verbs beginning Whitman’s catalogs on pp. 65 and 80, after he becomes “afoot with [his] vision” on p. 62. Verbs are an element of forward progression in the walk poem.

and becomes “afoot with [his] vision,” or his “eyes [begin] walking” (LG 62, 78). He *encloses* all that is modern and ancient, and all that is in between; a truly modernist trait. Rather than using the third person point of view, Whitman catalogs versatile verbs, and begins to *walk the walk*. Though, when he starts to slow down; before he is about to return from his long and centripetal odyssey, the speaker tells the reader that he feels “like a man leaving charges before a journey” (80). He then reaches his arms out to the reader, wraps his left hand around our waist, hands us his staff, and, with his right hand, points to where we must travel in his stead. He “tramp[s] a perpetual journey,” Gilbert explains: “like the walk, the poem unfolds temporally, moving through a series of phases, turing from one path to another, ultimately reaching a point at which it can either stop or turn back” (28). Both Whitman and Ammons’s poems and walks take multitudinous turns, but return back again, like Odysseus on his classic epic. Whitman’s ending is a bit more definitive, while, in *Garbage*, Ammons leaves the reader in an ambiguous place. His cohort, Robert Frost, often closed his poems, and left his readers in a similar position. Frost preferred, or *doubted if [he] should ever turn back*.²

In Frost’s poem, *The Wood-Pile*, he begins: “Out walking in the frozen swamp one gray day, / I paused and said, ‘I will turn back from here. / No, I will go on farther-and we shall see’” (Gilbert 28). In this poem there is no return but it is implied. Once the speaker begins his walk, the poem starts to take on its own shape, and his visualizations and insight mold the poem, both for Frost and the reader. Dana Gioia believes that the modern American poet “must not only try to synthesize the complexity of his culture into one poem, he must also create the form of his discourse as he goes along” (25).

2. Alludes to Robert Frost’s poem, *The Road Not Taken*.

Another walk poem, that Ammons wrote in one sitting, is *Corsons Inlet*. It is constructed so as to show how shape follows the fluid contours of the walk. The poem presents itself “as [a meditation] unfolding in the course of actual walks” and “[seeks] to integrate the phenomenal data of the walk with its accompanying stream of thought.” Not only is the poet creating his recitations as he walks among the inlet, but also, the shape of the poem on the page, in order to provide the reader with a portrait constructed of printed words. David Lehman writes about *Corsons Inlet*: It has ‘a more rambling gait, uneven lines with jagged edges that suggest a grammar of space; the poet constantly shifts his margins in an effort to set up antiphonal patterns apposite for “a walk over the dunes” beside “the inlet’s cutting edge.”’ The structure and spacing found throughout the poem looks as though the sun is breaking through the clouds, or the slight indentation implies that there is a ‘continuous overcast’ (Gilbert 212-13). Similar to the speaker in the Frost poem who continues with his walk, the speaker in Ammons’s poem understands that his vision does not end when the printed poem does. His perceptions only get put on hold until the next day, since, “tomorrow a new walk is a new walk” (CI 8).

“Speeding...Carrying...Storming...Backing...Visiting...”

*

Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman faithfully recorded their daily observations in journals. Ammons used this very transcendentalist discipline as an example of the unimportance of revision in his writing. In interviews and articles written about his writing process, Ammons often paraphrases Emerson’s quote from his essay “Self-Reliance”: “let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect,

and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not, and see it not” (120). The open-ended recording of daily observances; jotting down whatever life brings is a practice that these poets exercised. This is what poetry and the walk poem is grounded on; a “setting [of words] down without the kind of shaping and selection that written poems generally employ” (Gilbert 5). When Ammons wrote his thinnest poem, *Tape for the Turn of the Year*, he structures it as a journal written on a very long coil of adding machine tape. He begins by telling the reader that he will start by writing the prologue, and the Muse “must be acknowledged, / saluted, and implored: / I cannot / write / without her help.” The next day he tells the reader that he feels differently than he did the day before: “today / I feel a bit different: / my prolog sounds phony & / posed” (TTY 1, 5). Ammons dismisses the Muse and continues on with his Whitmanian *unpunctuated, tumbling forward* progression. Like in *Garbage*, he is fully aware that his poetry has a “job to do,” and does not stop to reconsider his previous speculations, or to revise any one word or phrase (GB 24). With walk poems, “no longer [are they] dictated by a celestial muse; instead [they are] manifested in the very hum of the senses, in the mere consciousness of reality” (Gilbert 5). In the tenth section of *Garbage*, the speaker cohesively melds writing with thought; he tells the reader that he thinks of “this tape /...as the showboat churning down the / Mississippi with the banks.” The way in which Ammons describes *Tape for the Turn of the Year* can be applied to *Garbage* also; both poems are stories which unfold with each punch of the typewriter key, turning corners and meandering through endless streams of consciousness, only to coil back again on his floor.

“Flying...Helping...Anchoring...Going...Ascending...”

*

The earliest reference to the walk poem dates back to as early as Adam and Eve's first steps in Genesis. It could be argued that the walk does not have any real significance for them, until the actual *fall of man* occurs. Until they commit the world's first sin, their lives are bound in leisure. They are incapable of experiencing the liberation that the walk yields, until they are made to work the tractor or hand plow. The very nature and purpose of literary verse is to “make furrows in cultivated earth.” In Ammons's verse, he can appear to be “effortful and messy.” When he furrows a page of poetry, it is neither white nor prepared for writing, but rather “strewn with dead and discarded language. His furrows are the work of a hand plow, not a tractor, and they are interrupted unpredictably, they stop short, they bump up against rocks, they are distracted by birdsong” (Baker 47). Whitman's speaker too enjoys the satisfaction of a long day of work, where he stands before the big open doors of a barn, ready to help during the harvest. These experiences are more contemporary than, say, Blake's *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*, but are meant to evoke ‘the essence of experience transfused and heightened and expressed in such fashion that we may contemplate it at the same instant that we are swayed by it.’ *Song of Myself* is esteemed “the first modern poetic sequence” since it is not ruled by rigid thematic, formal literary conventions, such as the Elizabethan sonnet sequences. Whitman does provide a modern structure to his egotistical poem, proving that he was ahead of his time. His shameless self-promotion and in-your-face intonations prove this. Whitman and Ammons are both poets who are free to let their poems directly represent themselves, “and to create a movement, reversible and always in flux, of vital immediacies”

(Rosenthal 16-17). As mentioned above, it is in Genesis that the first walk of poetry is referenced. Just as God made man out of the dust of the ground, poems are born while going through incident after incident, never really returning, but simply ending in the poet's return to dust.

“Enclosing...Believing...Waiting...Making...Helping...”

*

Gilbert uses the Wordsworth poem, *An Evening Walk*, to explain how his poem is a significant pointing to the early genre of the walk poem. The titles of several walk poems begin with the definite article “the.” By Wordsworth choosing to use an indefinite article in his title, implies that “the poem claims to represent only a *single* evening walk, not a class of walks.” Wordsworth's “poem [then] gains sharply in specificity, in the evoked sense of a singular, unreproducible experience (43, my emphasis). The idea of each walk representing a unique, ongoing trail of thinking, leaving the reader with a wholly individualized poem, like customized crumbs left along a path in the woods, has been handed down to modern American lyricists. *Garbage* does, indeed, have a sense of approximation, or curvature in its discourse. But each Ammons poem, whether one of his longer tape poems, or a *really* short one, “[renders] the experience of reflection, its rhythms and contours” (Gilbert 209). His poetry is often depicted as the subtitle of his book of poems, *Sphere: the Form of a Motion*. The sphere referred to is planet Earth, and Ammons's mind roams from ethereal galaxies back down to dusty gas stations in the country. Like Whitman, Ammons's ‘bends and blends’ of insight set off a similar oceanic

wave-like motion (214-15). On a similar wavelength as Wordsworth's, *An Evening Walk*, Thoreau experienced and wrote about his daily walks with religious fervor:

“Our expeditions are but tours, and come round again at evening to the old hearth-side from which we set out. Half the walk is but retracing our steps. We should go forth on the shortest walk, perchance, in the spirit of undying adventure, never to return,-prepared to send back our embalmed hearts only as relics to our desolate kingdoms.”

Thoreau's health and spirit can only be revived if he spends, at least, four hours a day “sauntering through the woods and over the hills and fields, absolutely free from all worldly engagements.” Each walk is entirely unique in its own right, and, he tells us, “comes only by the grace of God.” He was a firm believer in escaping the confines of the mind, by vanishing into the deep woods. He favors the tanned weather-worn skin of calloused hands; the result of manual labor, over soft delicate skin. At the heart of transcendental theory, Thoreau recounts a Wordsworth anecdote: “When a traveler asked Wordsworth's servant to show him her master's study, she answered, ‘Here is his library, but his study is out of doors’” (1803-5). Walks, and the poems that grow from their seeds, make for a richness of character and good morals. Thus Spake Thoreau.³

“Dancing...Drinking...Walking...Accepting...Ranting...”

*

At the beginning of Gilbert's introduction, he heads it with: “A Walk is a Poem, a Poem is a Walk” (3). This parallels the lines on T. S. Eliot's epitaph, and those found

3. A play on the novel, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, by Friedrich Nietzsche.

in *Four Quartets*: “In my beginning is my end. In my end is my beginning” (23), and Ammons plays off on Eliot's lines with a garbologist's ideology: “in your end is my beginning (GB 36). These modernist turns of phrase all harken back to a *classic* modern poet, whom Collins comedically tells us, proved his omniscient endlessness, and revolted the need to sound “more literary” by his exclusion of a middle name. Again, Whitman was ahead of his time; he improperly cocks his hat at the angle *he* liked, indoors and out, and he tells the reader he is immeasurable. In this sense, Whitman's immeasurability, melded together with his omniscience, likens him to God; the latter always was here and always will be. The cyclical nature of *Song of Myself* continuously rolls on, *makes things new* for the reader (writing and *walking* at the same time), showing us that the end is just the beginning. He comically notes that those more refined sounding authors, ‘with three names,’ have long beards that continue on growing beyond the grave. Whitman asks the reader, at the onset of *Song of Myself*, to assume his or her position beside him. At the end of his tireless travels, he again asks the reader: “Who will walk with me? (90),” before retiring back to the dirt he sprang from. It becomes the reader's turn to take over where Whitman left off (*in your end is my beginning*). Like Ammons, Whitman and his reader venture off into every crack and crevice of American life, minus “the bitchy requirements / of form or rhyme” (GB 120). He does eventually settle back into the grass that he so loves, and like that grass akin to his beard, Whitman's literary influence is still growing today. In *Garbage* Ammons writes:

“in your end is my beginning, I repeat; also,
my end; my end is, in fact, your end, in a way:

are we not bound together by our ends: and when,
end to end, our ends meet, then we begin to

see the end of disturbing endlessness.” (63).

Both Whitman and Ammons’s American long poems embrace a progressive quality that brings a freshness with each individualized walk, or piece of garbage, they find along their route. Ammons’s distaste for punctuation reinforces the continuous flow of waste, which then gets recycled into a new form; a rejuvenating walk in the countryside or down a bohemian city street in San Francisco; a wholly new unconventional poem, scribbled in an aged leather-bound journal.

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NO WAITRESS EVER BROKE MY HEART

She fills my glass for the fifth time,
then leaves the pitcher with a smile.
She asks me if I saved room for desert,
calls me 'Sugar.'

I go into a beautiful daydream
where her nail polish shade,
"I'm not really a waitress"
rings true, but she still brings
me things, and calls me "sweetie."

This has happened every time since
the first one, who called me "punkin"
made a smiley face with syrup
on my pancakes. I think I was six.
Except for a few Ukrainians at Opryland
Hotel, and Warren Zevon lyrics, none
of them have been with the Russians.

It's the perfect relationship,

the uncomplicated one, where
she doesn't have to know about
my raging insecurities, and I don't
have to know about her broken dreams.
A guilt free, cash based, love affair
that gets refilled every time I come back,
as long as she's on shift, anyway.

a love affair for the course of a meal,
then I slip off to my miseries and she
to the other sad sacks, sore feet, bad tips.

—*Allen Berry*



Synergizing Communication and Directing: Dapo

Adelugba's Praxis

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Introduction

The art of directing has metamorphosed over time from the ordinary coordinating and superintending dramatic actions of improvised performances to a state of recognition in the practice of theatre. Guthrie (1983) “defines directing *as* the art and craft of controlling the evolution of a performance out of material composed or assembled by an author or authors” (p. 245). Directing typically involves the preparation and placement of actors, sets and properties and the use of lighting, sound, choreography, and music. It also means superintending the preparation of a dramatic work for the stage, film, television or some other medium. A theatre director must be a craftsman first. He must devote sufficient time and energy to learning the intricacies of this difficult and excitingly interesting trade by doing it. For directing involves choosing the actors, co-ordinating their performances, and supervising the designers and makers of scenery,

costumes, properties, wigs and all other paraphernalia the production requires.

Nwamuo (1988) regards play directing as the melting pot of all the arts of the theatre. He, like Robert Cohen and John Harrop, believes that it has grown from an instructional process to a creative one”, noting that it involves mood and its conveyance through movement and rhythm. He states that play directing celebrates the rhythms of life onstage as gracefully and as scientifically as possible. For him, play directing means the presentation of a piece of drama on the stage for an audience, interpreted both in terms of dramatic action and dramatic sound, and in terms of the emotional and intellectual concepts of an author’s script (p. 162-163).

Fernald (1968) also describes play directing as the “craft of controlling the evolution of a performance out of material composed or assembled by an author” or authors (p. 12). It also means superintending the preparation of a dramatic work for the stage, film, television or some other medium. He notes that the success with which a director carries out his job can easily be glossed over by both spectator and critic. For they can be deceived by the spectacle – scenery and both theatrical effects, thus forgetting to ensure an imaginative interpretation of what the author has written. A theatre director must be a craftsman first and foremost, devoting all his energy to learning the intricacies of the whole trade. It was the same idea that informed Stanislavsky’s definition of a theatre director as “a matchmaker who brings together the playwright and the theatre and when the play is successful he brings happiness to both, the director is a midwife who brings to birth the performance, the new creation of art” (Gorchakov, 1962, p. 16). Directing involves choosing the actors, co-ordinating their performances, and supervising the

designers and makers of scenery, costumes, properties, wigs and all other paraphernalia the production requires.

Hodge (1971) asserts that the director's job is difficult and that directing is not just book work but communicating with audiences through actors and staging. He remarks that the "director's core activity is communication", stressing that directing is "not pinning down a play script to the ground like a wrestler but releasing it to fly with the angels" (v). In fact, directing is a communication art that deals with the whole gamut of making meanings out of the given circumstances of a play. Hence Hodge's submission that

Directing is not a totally intuitive process but is also an art-creating process in which the director brings the materials (the play script) of the form to the conscious surface, that he becomes consciously aware of them, in the interest of finding their strengths and weaknesses, all of which will serve as a basis for theatricalising the play script to the best possible advantage (p.17 – 18).

He concludes that any work in the theatre which includes directing as a primary study in communication and artistic leadership, requires the utmost in hard work and personal discipline.

Solomon Ejeke (2003) quotes George II, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, when he asserts that; directing is the imposition of complete control on the various facets of production process (n.p). Like Gordon Craig, he believes that the director is the author of the stage spectacle. His theatrical practice revolves around ensemble playing, for it is only

through such a method that an integrated performance could be realised on stage. H.D. Albright and et al (1955), describe his directorial attributes thus: "a desire for unified effect stimulated the theatrically-minded George II, Duke of tiny Saxe-Meiningen, to strive for ensemble playing, for integration of acting and décor and for what is now called "director's design" (p. 161).

Communication is the exchange, sharing, and transmission of messages, ideas, facts, and data through verbal and written signs, symbols, and even gesture. Communication is so basic to human existence that it is both an individual and collective activity in any society. It is evident that a play must communicate or it is not a play at all. Brook (1968) has argued that 'the choices a dramatist makes and the values he observes are only powerful in proportion to what they create in the language of the theatre' (p. 35). Styan (1975), posits that we do not ask that a play communicate forever; we do ask that a play communicate in its own time, through its own medium, for its own community. The task with plays great or trivial is to examine the line of communication, the transmission of signals between stage and audience and back again, the stimulus and the reaction, on the occasion. (p. 1).

The theatre is that place where the eye can reinforce the ear to compel attention to what ever visual element that needs decoding. The theatre is the testing ground for the validity of words and images. Also as Styan (1975) remarks that; Even at the level of clothes and paint and noise, the theatre bombards its audience with a hundred simultaneous capsules of information, anything capable of reaching the mind and imagination through the eye or the ear.(p. 4). It can be deduced from Styan's assertion that communication does not

depend on words alone but also visual elements such as beautiful scenery, costumes etc.

Richards (1979) asserts that; “drama needs an audience to throw the switch: no audience, no circuit; no circuit, no play. The essence of theatre does not lie in what is performed or even in the way it is performed. It lies in the impression made on the audience by the manner in which you perform. Theatre is essentially a reactive art” (p. 26). The concern of the director therefore in the communication process is the reaction and feedback, all the alchemical changes that occur during the transmission and reception of theatrical signals. (Styan,1975, p. 26). The test of dramatic communication is whether it kindles an audience, makes the image grow, and creates life. Directing involves the co-ordination of the work of all the artists partaking in a production into a unified whole. This is what Copeau (1963) describes as, “the sum-total of artistic and technical operations which enables the play as conceived by the author to pass from the abstract, talent state; that of the written script, to concrete and actual life on the stage” (Cited in Marsh Cassady, 1997, p. 296). It also involves interpretation of the script, which must be communicated to all the associates of the director in the production to guide them in their work.

Dapo Adelugba’s Directorial Style

It is important to note that Irele has affirmed unequivocally that ‘Baba ‘is one of the pioneer directors in Nigeria. He was with Kongi (Wole Soyinka) at various stages of his directing career. He has been the head of Department of Theatre Arts, University of Ibadan. During his leadership, the department produced many plays. He has also participated in many plays. (p. 267) a glimpse into the past directorial works of Dapo

Adelugba shows that he has selected and directed rich plays in the international repertory of plays that cut across Euro-American, Anglo-Irish and African traditions. He has also directed and adapted, within the concept of culture flight, some plays into the Nigerian setting and culture. Dapo Adelugba is also a Soyinkaerian director having directed, and very successfully too, seven of Wole Soyinka’s plays within and outside Nigeria (Musa p. 232). We must state here that an average Nigerian theatre director runs away from directing Soyinka plays owing to what some of them refer to as dense metaphor, overt sub-textualism and the celebration of obscurantism, neologism and split identity within the Euro-American, and African theatre traditions. To Adelugba, however, these reasons cannot stop him from directing Wole Soyinka plays. Although he moved on to serve as supervisor, artistic and directorial consultant to numerous plays in the Nigerian theatre. In an interview with Abdulrasheed Adeoye on his directorial concepts and techniques, Dapo remarked:

Directorial concepts are the ideas of the director. Here again, they should not be non-negotiable with the director. The director must have concepts, views. The initial directorial concepts should be discussed especially with the production staff. I as a person do not have any rigid directorial concept. My directorial concept for each production will depend on such variables as the political environment, the social consciousness of the would-be audience, the prevailing circumstances in terms of the sheer hopes and aspirations of the community where i am staging the work. These are the things that tend to guide my directorial concepts. As I say, they do not remain rigid and inflexible; they keep changing (Oni& Adeyemi, 2011, p.

289).

Adelugba was one director who did not submit to Gordon Craig's theory of directing which advocates for directorial supremacy but rather he was a democratic director who had a listening ear. He submitted thus, to the via –media theory of directing which allows the negotiation between the actor and the director. In the words of Dapo, diverse approaches can be applied to various productions, hence, the cast and crew can sometimes determine the directorial approach. Suffice to say that Adelugba employed the various theories of directing to achieve his aims and objectives. In the words of Solomon Ejeke (2003); "Contemporary theatre directing revolves around three major theories, namely: the Gordon Craig's theory, the Laissez-faire theory and the Via-Media theory. The first of these emphasises the autocratic approach to directing while the remaining two theories democratise the art of directing. Unquestionably, experimental directing employs a combination of these theories in the realisation of its objectives"(p. 94). From the words of Ejeke, and in tandem with Adelugba's submission, it can be stated that Dapo Adelugba was an experimental director. His directorial style ably revolved around experimentation, Ejeke explains experimental directing as;

"The practice where both director and actors are at once brought into a methodical exploration or excursion into the world of the play, creating and re-creating, adapting and interpreting the re-created scenes and given circumstances to suit their aim"(p. 94).

In many instances, this process could be guided by "living memories" of both parties, and not left just for "guess work" or "hypothetical assumptions". The result of

such exploration, if carefully directed, yields an aesthetically satisfying dramatic spectacle. Such experimentation or improvisatory exercise could turn out something quite creatively original with recognizable differences from the familiar or the material from which it is created. Dapo Adelugba thus embarked on excursions and a methodical exploration with his actors into the world of the plays he directed. Onyonyor (2017) affirms this in a personal interview that; "Adelugba will give a listening ear to your suggestions as an actor, when he finds it worthy of implementing, he implements it and comes back to you to know if you are satisfied" This is indeed a rare quality that every director should emulate. Lending credence to Onyonyor's submission, Awodiya (2011) posits that; "Adelugba's directorial skills included a rare ability to put ideas together and to infuse them with those of other people, as well as the ability to make decisions promptly and decisively"(p. 262). Dapo Adelugba has indeed left a footprint in the directorial praxis on the Nigerian stage.

Adelugba's Directing and Communication

The art of directing in a broad sense is geared towards the art of communication. In essence the practice of directing must send a message and receive a feedback; this message is sent through a particular medium using the cast and crew as credible communication models. Dapo Adelugba is regarded by most theatre scholars as a director *per excellence*. He has posed to be an artistic god endowed with directorial prowess, mere verbal beautification and deification of Adelugba's directing will be termed insufficient for the person under discourse, his contributions to directorial spectrum on Nigerian stage is worth a lot of appraisal. Dapo Adelugba at the Department of Theatre Arts, University

of Ibadan, exercised a central and dominant authority over theatrical productions of all sorts. As an artistic director, he unified and bound all elements of performance together into a whole – both interpretation and presentation. His interpretation of a play ensured not only the actors and designers all understand the play in the same way, but also that they all understand and agree on the nature of the intended audience and the limitations of talent and circumstances under which they will be working together. His play presentations included all elements that the audience will see and hear: the text, actors, scenery, properties, costumes, lighting, and sound, all were ‘fit together’ appropriate for the intended audience, and developed with due regard for the particular circumstance of the production.

Above all, Adelugba was both an artist director and a manager; he was unique among theatre professionals precisely because of this rare combination of traits. Within the same person, he combined the often solitary consciousness of the artist with the gregarious organizational intellect of the manager. He had a body of knowledge and skill that helped him fulfill his myriad functions as a director. He had a sophisticated understanding of how to interpret plays and a knowledge of theoretical principles that underpinned them. In short, Adelugba, in addition to suitable personal traits, also had a solid, well-rounded theatre education. It is this knowledge and awareness Adelugba possessed that distinguished him from other directors, and made his communication with the audience very lucid.

In a bid to achieve total success in the artistic process of communication in theatre directing, Dapo Adelugba has shown his keen interest in the various arts that

culminate into an ensemble. He began his communication process by the choice of a play to perform. Adelugba rightly stated that he chose his plays from a variety of Nigerian and African culture; and also from the international market. Adelugba’s choice of a play for performance was not limited to a particular culture, his choice cuts across the globe as he staged foreign plays on the Nigerian stage. It was guided by such matters as aesthetic, topicality, relevance to the particular needs of the group that he worked with, suitability to the environment that the work was to be staged. With this Adelugba hoped to send a message to members of that environment, and in doing this he initiated the communication process.

After choosing a play, a play that is relevant to the environment, the director goes back to his drawing board; he reads the play over and over again to get a firm understanding of the author’s intention. Thus a theatre director evolves a method of studying the playscript for the sake of its full theatrical implication. It is worthy to note here that the most productive way to study a play is that of the theatre director who recreates a full theatrical extension of it geared towards performance. The director must perform the play in his imagination; that enables him to see if his interpretation is practically workable in the theatre. Barker (1981) succinctly expresses it thus:

He must, so to speak, perform the whole play in his imagination; as he reads, each effect must come to him; the succession and contrast of scenes, the harmony and clash of the music of the dialogue, the action implied, the mere physical opposition of the characters or the silent figure standing aloof-for that also can be eloquent. (Cited in Styan, p. 4).

The director must have a graphical representation of his to-be cast, they should exist in the director's imagination, and this imagination process will then guide him in the process of casting the play for performance. Dapo Adelugba was one director who engaged in an imaginary casting and creates an imaginary picture of the character before engaging in physical auditioning. Like Ola Rotimi, Dapo Adelugba employed the 'Known Actor' casting technique in most of his productions. The use of this technique culminates in an imagination of the character from a non-living state to a living being. When the characters exist in the playscript they are yet to be living until the director gives life to them on stage.

In spite of the numerous approaches to casting, the method that appears to be most enduring is the audition method. This was the method that Dapo Adelugba used, even though he also relied on the 'Known actor' or 'Personal knowledge of actors method'. The audition method of casting is the practical test of actors in order to determine their suitability for roles in a production. Adelugba remarks that:

Sometimes on the basis of an open audition. But sometimes, in an open audition, like the play am currently working on (J.P. Clark's *All for Oil*), you may find that some of the people whom you ideally have in mind when you are dreaming may not turn up for audition. Which means one has to re-advertise and re-audition. And the other thing is that I look for persons whom I am familiar with in terms of their credit in previous productions. If they are free then I persuade them to join me. I don't rely totally on those that come from audition. I also scout around for actors to fill roles I was

unable to cast during auditions (Oni & Adeyemi, 2011, p. 289-290).

Adelugba's adaptation of the open audition, was to ensure if that the actors whom the director may have in mind when he is dreaming is not available for audition there would be no need for him to do another audition Adelugba favoured the 'Known Actor' casting, in which he looked for actors with whose acting profile he was familiar. For communication to be effective, the tools with which the message will be sent must be credible. In the art of directing, the tools with which the director communicates is the actors, in order for the right message to be sent, the actors must be qualified, if they are artistic raw materials, the director should refine them to near perfection so as to establish a firm communication between the performance and the audience. Dapo Adelugba engaged in double, triple and quadruple casting. According to him:

I not only use the double casting method, I triple cast or quadruple cast roles. I particularly became fascinated by the growth and the kind of multiplier effect of trying to work in repertory because it means, in addition to achieving your own goals of a director of a play, you are able to train a large number of people if one adopts the multiple casting methods. For the energy you put in which is obviously going to be a little more than rehearsing one person, you harvest in triple of four-fold. There are other advantages that lend themselves to the travelling theatre concept (Cited in Oni & Adeyemi, 2011, p. 290).

Dapo Adelugba was one director who considered his actors and his audience simultaneously; he noted in the above statement that since actors in this part of the

globe engaged in other activities aside from the job of acting, they do not have the stamina which professional actors have. Hence over engaging a particular actor for several rounds of performances may hamper his artistic delivery. It is apt to note that, Adelugba's multiple casting is relevant for effective communication to take place. If a director really wants the best out of the actor, the actor must be in the right frame of mind. This can only happen when the actors observe some hours of rest.

Concern for communication process in the theatre is not confined to the author, director's interpretation and the audience alone, but applies to the whole gamut of the directing process. The director's communication with his cast and crew will better create further communication between the actors and the audience. Adelugba himself was a designer, as the director he envisaged his design concepts and then he discussed it with his designers, all in a bid to communicate the right message not only through acting but also through spectacle and scenery.

Concerning fulfillment with the overall production of his plays, he was always fulfilled with the total output of his work. His fulfillment was basically dependent on the audience's satisfaction with the performance. Adelugba did his best to satisfy his audience, if the audience does not applaud him for a job well done then his job was incomplete, he goes back to his workshop and tries to find out what was missing in the work. The communication process begins at the source which is the author and ends with the consumer which is the audience. Communication is a give and take process, when a message is sent and the recipient does not get the message clearly then there will be no feedback. When the audience struggle to get the main idea of a performance and

fail to get it, the communication process is said to have been breached somewhere. Dapo Adelugba was one director who loved completing the communication circle.

Conclusion

Mainly preoccupied with synergizing the directorial praxis of Dapo Adelugba and the art of communication, this paper also examines the method Adelugba employed in ensuring that his productions communicate effectively with the audience. Adelugba was quite interesting as a theatre director. Dapo Adelugba has succeeded in doing justice to the art of play directing as a teacher of directors in Nigeria. His theatrical company is even seen as a foundation school in the art of directing in the Nigerian theatre. His directorial achievements included: actor's training, good voice production, excellent character portrayal and development. He was also an expert in the production of Wole Soyinka's plays and plays within the total theatre idiom although he has experimented successfully with European, Australian, Irish and French plays. His special flair for creating dramatic spectacles on stage is a testimony to his directorial competence. He had an eye for dramatic detail and an intimate knowledge of his chosen medium – the theatre. The art of directing is not just interpreting, controlling, or superintending, but a systematic process of communicating using various artistic models of communication. Aptly, the art of directing is geared towards audience satisfaction.

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WHAT WAS LOST

And then came the point
in the conversation
when something was lost.
Perhaps it was mislaid somewhere
in the inside jokes
of Elevator Operators,
or in Phoenician Graffiti.
We lost the very idea of it.
In the time when we came to understand,
it scabbed over like a pearl
in time we forgot all we'd ever known.
By the time we finished the coffee
and went our separate ways,
we left without the knowledge
there had been anything at all.

—Allen Berry



March Morning

Sue Matheson

The Over-Stylization of the Disturbed/Disturbing: Tarsem Singh's *The Cell* (2000)

Antonio Sanna

The Cell is the debut film by Tarsem Singh (b. 1961), Indian-American director renown in the whole world for being (together with Tim Burton and Julie Taymor) one of the greatest visionaries in the history of contemporary cinema. Tarsem's directorial work include also *The Fall* (2006), *Immortals* (2011), *Mirror Mirror* (2012) and *Self/Less* (2015). *The Cell* is a science fiction horror set in contemporary times, mainly at the Campbell Center, whose staff has developed a machine that allows child psychologist Catherine Deane (Jennifer Lopez) to enter the mind of Edward Maine (Colton James), a young comatose boy, in order to communicate with him and try to awaken him. The third scene of the film reveals the identity of the serial killer, Carl Rudolph Stargher (Vincent D'Onofrio), while he is entering an apparently abandoned farm, where his latest victim has been drowned in an automated glass cell. After immersing the body of the victim in a tube filled with bleach (to make it albino) and washing carefully it, Carl masturbates over the corpse while watching a recording of the victim's final moments — a scene that

certainly upsets any spectator. Finally, the killer dumps the body under a bridge in the middle of the countryside.

Charged with the investigation is a melancholy FBI agent, Peter Novak (Vince Vaughn), who soon manages to trace the killer and arrest him. The latter, however, suffers from a rare and severe form of schizophrenia and has an almost fatal stroke just before being arrested; he is examined but the doctor expects him never to wake up. Considering that Carl has kidnapped another girl in the meantime (Julia Hickson, interpreted by Tara Subkoff), agent Novak decides to contact the Campbell Center and use their innovative procedure to extrapolate the location of the victim from the killer's mind. Catherine agrees reluctantly to cooperate, although such an experience is going to trouble her deeply. In her first visit to Carl's mind, Catherine indeed enters a dismal and filthy environment, where she meets a young and scared Carl (Jake Thomas), but is then terrorized by the painful exhibition of the victims (all closed behind showcases and bound into absurd positions like a grotesque museum) and a devilish adult Carl sitting on the throne of his reign of terror and madness. During her second visit Catherine discovers that Carl had been severely mistreated by his father and he had been traumatized during his own immersion baptism, but, after a direct confrontation with the adult figure of the killer, she becomes entrapped into his mind. Novak then uses the third station of the mechanism to liberate her: once inside the murderer's mind he also discovers the location of the last victim and arrives at the abandoned farm just in time to save her. Catherine, in the meantime, inverts the process and allows Carl to enter her own mind, where she tries to save the young and innocent version of the serial killer until she realizes that the two parts are

inseparable and they both would have to die. At the request of the mental representation of the child itself, she therefore drowns young Carl, which also kills the Carl in the real world. The film concludes with Catherine's coming to terms with the death of Carl and her first attempt to reverse the machine's process in order to welcome Edward into her mind and accelerate the young boy's recovery.



Image #1: Catherine (Jennifer Lopez) walking on the majestic dunes of the desert in the first scene of the film (copyright New Line Cinema, 2000).

The film is a masterpiece for its stunning visuals, detailed settings and rich photography: landscapes such as enormous desert dunes in the first scene of the film help to create powerful atmospheres [Image #1]. Every set is handled with meticulous care, whether it is Carl's dirty basement or the arrangement of the killer's victims into an obscene tableaux. As Tarsem's subsequent films confirm, the director has a special predilection for the smooth transitions from a frame of an object to the following one: the folds of Catherine's sheets become the dunes of the desert, and the rippling waters of a pool

become the scales of the killer's reptilian mantle. *The Cell* is rich in the symbolism of its images, which are filled with allusions to different mythologies and religions as well as to works of art (Francis Bacon, Dali) and music videos (Nine Inch Nails). The encounter between Catherine and Carl is an effective reminder of the Beauty and the Beast narrative, executed without the romantic aspect of the story and with the perverse twist of a violator being violated inside of his own mind. In the surreal and dreamy/nightmarish world of Carl's mind verticality is challenged frequently through the camera's bent movements and the characters' defiance of gravity. These sequences, considered by Rob Gonsalves as "nonsensical, gradually annoying" are actually a fitting visual exposition of a person's subconscious, a very good Freudian representation of the inner workings of the psyche and its assemblage and juxtaposition of disparate materials and figures. The defiance of gravity of the characters thus further symbolizes the chaos of a disordered mind, which is entrapped claustrophobically within its worst memories and pain.

A major contribution to the film is also provided by the majestic, thundering and cacophonous soundtrack (composed by Howard Shore) and the magnificent and elaborate costumes (designed by late Eiko Ishioka — who collaborated to the next two films by Tarsem — and April Napier). The film is quite unusual in narrative terms as well, especially when confronted with previous horror, thriller and detective films, because it reveals immediately the identity of the serial killer, who is then arrested within the first thirty minutes of the film. Jennifer Lopez's interpretation of the female protagonist as a placid woman who cares deeply about her work is convincing, especially for her use of a "little-girl voice — it has an inviting tremolo" (Mitchell). Equally convincing is Vincent

D'Onofrio's portrayal of a disturbed/disturbing Carl Rudolph Stargher, torn between an egomaniac sadistic ego and a traumatised individual self.

The Cell received mixed reviews, from praises for the film's visuals (Roger Ebert considered the film, "a wildly visionary fantasy [. . .] more concerned with suggesting weirdness than explaining it", as one of the best of the year 2000) to critiques for the similarities between its plot (defined as "borderline ridiculous" by Joe Lozito) and the stories of Jonathan Demme's *Silence of the Lambs* (1991) (Brayton, McDonagh) and the Wachowski brothers' *The Matrix* (1999) (Hunter). The film was nominated for an Academy Award (for Best Make-Up) and a direct-to-video sequel, directed by Tim Iacofano, was released in 2009. Among the various interpretations of *The Cell* emerge clearly its sexist elements, due to its representation of the serial killer's violent and misogynist attitude towards women. Indeed, Carl kidnaps women, closes them into claustrophobic spaces, chains them (including putting a metal collar around their necks, as if to indicate that the victims are his possessions), sadistically murders them, transforms them into white inanimate dolls and then experiences sexual arousal and pleasure only when they are dead (one of his victim has some post-mortem convulsions in front of him and he immediately interrupts his erection by almost punishing his body parts violently). A female spectator could not but shiver for such a mistreatment of the female sex, in spite of the justification offered by the abuse that Carl has evidently suffered from his own father. Such an offensive perspective is not lightened by the camera, which lingers on the morbid particulars of the victims' bodies and their tortures, and does not protect the viewer from many crude images of the objectification of women (although this is a

typical technique of successful horror films).

We could certainly agree with Jeff Beck when affirming that *The Cell* “was the kind of film that didn’t deserve to be dismissed by so many all those years ago, but for those who saw the greatness within, it will remain one of those impactful cinematic experiences that stays with them for a long, long time”. In spite of the eighteen years since its release and in spite of some of the outdated computer-generated graphics, it is indeed still an entertaining and unnerving film, whose gorgeous visuals, stunning imagery, grotesque scenes and surreal landscapes will not be easily forgotten by the spectators. Such a captivating over-stylization of the mise-en-scène of his debut film is definitely an authorial signature that has been confirmed by Tarsem’s subsequent successes (Sanna), a body of work that delights the eyes and stimulates the emotions of the spectators.

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Broken

Sometimes it's a drink,
sometimes it's a woman.
This time it was you, darling.

A rescuer to bind my wounds,
Belphoebe to my Timias,
with about as much luck.

We were both a little broken
trying to salve the hurts
with words, thinking panacea

but they keep coming open
again. Sliced on a shard
of memory. Sometimes

we scratch the scabs to feel
the intensity of the wounding
one more time; the one who cut us.

We wonder at a permanent fix.
A splint we'll unwrap in time,
ponder pale flesh, thinner limb.

In the end,
I just wasn't
broken enough

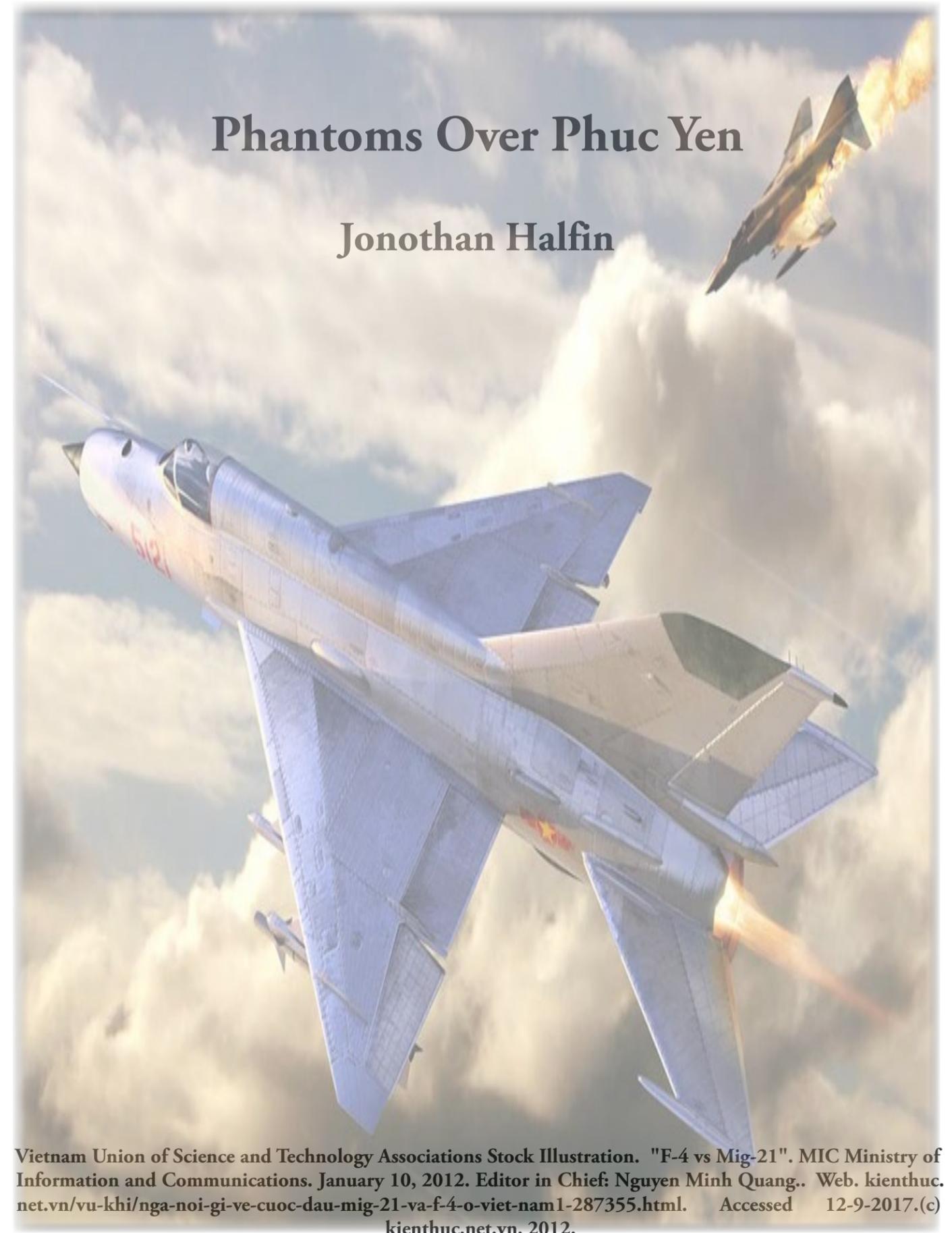
for you to love.
So you never noticed
I needed you to save me.

—Allen Berry



March Evening

Sue Matheson



Phantoms Over Phuc Yen

Jonathan Halfin

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Preface

This is a novella concerning the air war over North Vietnam in 1967. As such, it reflects many of the standard operating procedures of the period, and much of the slang terminology used by both sides. I did not attempt to change or alter this terminology, even though in today's modernistic world, its usage might at the least raise eyebrows, or even cause an outrage of anger among certain groups within our cultures. The fact remains that these were the feelings and language used by the actual participants in this ten-year long, running air campaign. To attempt a change for the purpose of "politically correct" phrasing would, in this author's opinion, do an injustice of sorts to those who fought and flew in the skies over Hanoi and Haiphong. A glossary of these terms follows this story.

Dramatis Personae

- ➔ Capt John "Gunslinger" Kent, USAF, F-4D fighter Pilot.
- ➔ Thac Nguyen Hanh, VPAF, MiG 17F bis pilot, just back from training in Beijing.
- ➔ 2nd Lt Jim "Jimboy" Reynolds, USAF, RF-4C Pilot, new to combat, on his 4th mission.
- ➔ 1st Lt Joseph "Smokey Joe" Sammis, USAF, RF-4C Pilot.
- ➔ 1st Lt Thomas "Joker" Ford, USAF, F-4D fighter Pilot.
- ➔ Van Pho Co, VPAF, a MiG 21B bis fighter Pilot.
- ➔ Van Thi Cuong, VPAF, a MiG 17F bis fighter Pilot

Prologue

Two aircraft in the U.S. inventory carried the brunt of air combat over North Vietnam. The McDonnell- Douglas F-4 Phantom II and the Chance-Vought F-8 Crusader. One airplane was designed as a short-range dogfighter, based on all of the lessons learned in World War Two and Korea. The other was the next generation of fighter aircraft, designed to fight and survive in a Cold War era conventional or nuclear environment. The Crusader went on to become a legend over the skies in the Red River Valley as "the last of the gunfighters", and racked up impressive kill ratios with well-trained pilots at the controls, before finally being retired from service in 1971. The Phantom was not so lucky. The models fielded over the Democratic People's Republic of Vietnam were the F-4B, RF-4B, RF-4C, F-4D. The Linebacker missions finally saw the F-4J and F-4G models come into the field

The major issue with the Phantom over North Vietnam was two-fold. It was a purpose-designed fast interceptor, with a single mission profile - to shoot down large nuclear bombers before they could release. It did so by carrying a full complement of both radar mid-range and heat seeking short-range missiles, with no cannon capability whatsoever. The design was not meant or created to be a dogfighter, so its own maneuverability below 10,000 feet was sharply impaired. (The Pilots and ground crews affectionately called Phantoms "sky-pigs", because of this).. Secondly, in a closing engagement standard of a U.S. "loose Deuce" 2 vs 1 for closing on enemy MiGs- the approach vectors meant that even the slower MiG-17 was going to create a head on closure at over 800 Knots. No AIM-7 or AIM -9 model missile at that time could field a shot like that effectively, so the

first burst often went to a 23mm armed MiG on a “down the throat” vector.

Then the MiGs could go into a low altitude turning fight, as the F-4 lost capability to compete without stalling out (a bad design required high speed for airflow-called high wing loading). The MiG gets a rear quadrant position for an easy deflection shot, or the F-4 is forced to zoom climb away (effectively disengaging), in order to prevent being shot down. The experienced Phantom driver could reverse on the zoom, and enter what Capt. Bellevue did in his four-victory day, inserting the MiG and the Phantom into a position called a vertical rolling scissors. The MiG is incapable of maintaining energy on the vertical climb, so each pass means the F-4 is at less risk of a rear quadrant low deflection cannon shot, and each pass, the AIM-9 has a better chance of reversing into a rear quadrant lockup on a tailpipe heat signature.

Of all the USAF pilots in Vietnam, only a handful ever understood they had to fight their Phantom to its own strengths to defeat a MiG. This created the dismal 2.6 (+/-) to 1 air to air losses from 1965-1971. By Linebacker I, the rate dropped to below 2.5 to 1, so Brigadier General Robin Olds stepped in personally to intervene. (The man behind the 1967 “BOLO” massacre of MiGs, that gutted the MiG 17 air pilots of VPAF). He voluntarily took a demotion to Colonel, in order to return to Vietnam and train USAF aircrews how to use the Phantom in combat as a dogfighter, and win. Linebacker II showed his methods worked....

“...So go downtown, things’ll be great when you’re

Downtown, no finer place for sure

Downtown everything’s waiting for you....

Downtown....”

Petula Clark, Columbia Records, © 1965.

→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→

Tahkli AFB, Republic of Thailand

October 7th, 1967

“ Whiskey Flight will lead two sections on a Rail Recce down the Red River valley. The Gunslingers of 295th FS will detail an escort to keep the MiG’s off your back.”

Tahkli’s Air Intelligence team needed a set of good target pictures on the rail lines Southeast of Hanoi, so Capt. Kent was unceremoniously volunteered to lead this mission into RP5. - The Vietnamese People’s Air Force was not to be left wanting in this measure.

“Mig-17s and Mig-21s were reported earlier over several airfields in the Hanoi area by Red Crown. It is believed those flights are now down and refueling. Previous recon shows confirmed SA-2 locations in several areas of the Red River Valley under construction. It is not known if any are active or not. Flak is expected to be light, but there are some reports from the last strikes yesterday that heavier stuff has been brought up to the RP 5 area. “

After continuing the briefing to ensure all aircrew understood the Emergency procedures and in-flight refueling tracks, weather over the target areas and en route, the Staff Officer concluded the brief.

“Pilots- man your planes.”

→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→→

Kep Airfield, Democratic People’s Republic of Vietnam

Thac Hanh and his fellow MiG pilots smoked excitedly by their planes at Kep. The word was air spotters along the Laotian border had confirmed several enemy aircraft inbound. Today, Thac was going to down some Yankee Air Pirates.

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Over the Red River Bridge near Vinh

DPRV

At 0905, Whiskey and Gunslinger flights went feet dry into Route Pack 5. A Fire Can and an SA-2 radar were immediately detected searching along the southern end of the flight path. Red Crown, the destroyers off the coast of Haiphong that monitored all radar transmissions of the North Vietnamese, confirmed several MiG flights were detected taking off all over the Hanoi area. Most appeared to be vectoring in towards the Rail Recce mission. Five minutes later, a close-in flak burst tags Whiskey 01 on his low speed pass over the railroad in this sector. Whiskey 02 confirms only minor holes in the left stabilator can be seen. It appears to be negligible damage and no warning lights on the “Christmas Tree”. “Smokey Joe” and “Jimboy” are heard over the radio briefly, a bit of concern in the near miss is evident. At 0914, Iron Guard -a EB-66 over Laos - confirms a Fire Can radar is active and many SA-2 radar are online now. COM-6 reports are sent to Tahkli to confirm SA-2s appear operational. Gunslinger flight has a momentary blip on their RHAW gear, nothing critical as it didn’t even reach the “1” ring. But the Phantom crews now know, this is not going to be an easy railroad run today.....

“Well, they know we’re here, Jim.”

“ Yes, they do, Smokey. Shall we heat things up a bit for them? I got a hankerin’

to plug one of these here “Falcons” into the tailpipe of a MiG!”

“Knock off the chatter,, Whiskey flight!”

“Bandits confirmed inbound from Hanoi and Phuc Yen. Red Crown, out.”

“DEE-DLE , DEE-DLE, DEE-DLE!!!” The RHAW gear on Joker’s Phantom goes wild, strobing to the 2 ring.

“Sh*t! They got a lock on us, Ford, a solid Lock! Break Left , NOW!!”

“ I can’t! See the vapor trail out in front? MiG is closing high on the port beam!”

“Sh*t and double sh*t!! Ford, take him down the left. Gunslinger lead, this is Whiskey 02, do you copy ? Inbound bandit on port beam at 10 miles and closing!!”

“ahh- roger Whiskey 02, we got your six, take him on down and we will engage. BREAK. Gunslinger flight, come around to 350 , bandits are at angels 10, 10 miles and closing.... “

Gunslinger 01 switched to his ICS...

“Get me a radar lock on him, dammit!!”

“I’m trying John, come off the nose about 3 degrees left.....” Gunslinger 01 goes back to the Strike Frequency....

“Gunslingers, engage those MiGs! Iron Guard, Iron Guard, this is Gunslinger lead on button 1. we have bandits confirmed inbound our position, repeat bandits confirmed! The MiGs are real, boys! A SAM is strobing on Whiskey flight. We need an

assist, over.”

“ Gunslinger Lead, Iron Guard on 1. No one is up in your AO to assist. Call is in to Yankee Station and Red Crown for possible assist, but no status on ETA for Alert 5 planes. Will keep you informed, over.”

“Iron Guard, Gunslinger Lead - better get some SAR birds up on button 1 ASAP. We may need them.”

Whiskey flight went to full throttle, zooming to the deck from high altitude.

This resulted in a missile coming off the rails. The SAM made the four Phantoms go into SAM avoidance, placing Whiskey 01 right in the line of approach of the incoming MiG flight, while burning up half of the Phantom’s fuel. As Whiskey 01 makes for a turn into the SAM radar to reduce their cross-section - the radio comes to life....

“Guideline! Guideline! Jim, we have a LAUNCH!”

“Confirm Whiskey - Gunslinger 02 reading positive SAM Launch Light at this time, no joy.”

“Where is it, dammit!!? Whiskey 01 to all birds, anyone got eyes on the ‘pole?”

“Negatory from Gunslinger, 01. no joy on the ‘pole, but all indicators reading positive launch.....”

“Whiskey 01, this is 02!. Coming up fast, at your 8:00 on your quarter, prepare to break!..... BREAK NOW!! Barrel Roll, Jimboy!!”

The long whitish-colored missile streaked under the lead Phantom as it tried vainly to keep up with a turn and altitude change in the same sector of sky. The tiny tail fins cannot guide the missile rapidly enough and it loses lock-on, now coasting out towards the jungle canopy, before self-destructing 400 or so yards away from a shaken Whiskey flight. Jim's hands shake as he moves the throttle detente back from Max A/B. Another radio call...

"...ahhh Whiskey 01, this is Gunslinger. you are dead on for the approaching MiG - do you intend to engage? Come on, Jimboy - snap out of it! Get your jet back into this fight, we got a long way to go before we're back at the BOQ tonight, buddy!" Jim shakes his head, Gunslinger's right - it's a long way home, now. Hold it together, old boy.

"...ahh Roger, Gunslinger, we are 5 by 5 on the rollout, Angels 1.5 and closing at speed of heat on the MiG - intend to blow below and roll back on target to get the cameras working again. Cover me."

"Roger."

Gunslinger knew that Whiskey 01 was back in the fight - for now. They should never send a rookie up here. Tac Air Ops should know better. Well, if this one made it through today's hop, he might just pan out, yet.

"Iron Guard, Red Crown, this is Gunslinger on Button 2. Let the boys at Air Ops and 7th Fleet know, those Guidelines are operational - repeat, OPERATIONAL".

"Roger Gunslinger. We have Sandy 01 and Mother Hen up on Guard if needed."

Thanks a lot. Just what we need, forget any reinforcements , but we'll come scoop your ass outta the jungle if you get shot down.

"Roger."

The terse reply from Gunslinger echoed over the airwaves.....

Jim Reynolds felt the airframe rattle as a MiG flashed by on the beam, far too fast to identify. CRAP!! That was close!! The warning light panel began blinking – quick scan as he rolled out over the SAM site. Fuel boost pump was out in left wing tank – ‘we can live with that’. Utility pressure light..uh oh.

"Gunslinger Lead, MiG is inbound your 2:00 high.. Am I venting fluids???"

This got Gunslinger's attention. He figured he was onto what the FNG was up to - get a picture set of the SAMs to show TahkliTacAirOps they were AFU. Can't dispute evidence like that. Looking up to the right, he spotted Whiskey flight straggling up and over a karst ridge as a stream of cannon shells from a MiG-17 Fresco slammed into the nose section of Whiskey 02. Status checks would have to wait....

"Whiskey, Gunslinger is engaging on your MiG - he is 300 AGL off the deck and pushing around hard to engage us as well. What is your sitrep, over?"

"Whiskey Flight on GUARD... we have taken damage to multiple A/C in flight. We are being bounced by multiple MiGs, need immediate support!!"

That's the problem with new guys, they get jumpy under fire. Then all it takes is a

single mistake to kill you just as dead.

“Whiskey, you are on VOX, check mic!! Come around to 090 and take the MiG lead on to set up these Falcons!”

“Uh... Roger” Jim grunts as he pulls out of a 5 -g turn to line back up with the coordinates his escort gave him.

“Talk to me” Gunslinger Lead said to his WSO on the ICS.

“MiG closing 2:00 to 4:00, come right and dogbones are selected. Listen for tone....”

“Roger”

Gunslinger heard a growling faintly in his microphone, as the heat-seeking head was uncaged and began tracking on the MiG. ‘Come on, Whiskey, get outta my line of fire so I can fox this MiG!’, thought the veteran pilot. Whiskey flight was veering offline towards the SAM station, with Gunslinger’s escorting fighters vainly trying to catch up behind it. The remaining MiGs moved into rear arc positions, and with the new turn of heading by Whiskey flight, the VPAF went to take the initiative - putting one flight. a MiG-17 Fresco, just behind the recon flight Dropping to their altitude and moving in used up some more precious fuel in the F-4’s, and the engagement netted two effective shots by a MiG squeezed off - both damaging Gunslinger 02’s F-4D. With another MiG coming up hard from 3:00, these Phantoms were in a position where it’s time to didi mau from that SAM avoidance turn.

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VPAF MiG 17 Fresco Callsign Moment of Truth #3

Orbit Popint just South of Phuc Yen Airfield

DPRV

Tranh Vanh spun his Mig-17 off to the South as he grimaced a smile against the G-forces pushing him into his seat. Those two Yankee Air Pirates now understood the People’s Democratic Republic of Vietnam Air Forces outclassed them. Positive that his twin streams of 23mm cannon shells had walked into both Yankee planes as they dove for the deck in a corkscrew, he chalked up 4 more likely “guests” for Hoa Lo prison. Scanning behind him into the karst, he spotted two fast moving objects climbing just above the jungle along Thud Ridge. Calling out to GCI, Tranh was rewarded by a radio call overheard to his fellow pilot and roommate, Van Co.

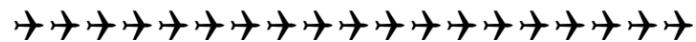
“Ha. That will get them for sure.” he thought.

Co’s MiG-21 was absolutely deadly at these low altitudes. Those Yankees were going to pay for today’s attempt to penetrate Hanoi’s airspace.

Van Co turned Northwest with the GCI radio call and quickly picked out a pair of slowing Phantoms as they climbed over the ridgeline. Kicking in his afterburner to engage them, he rolled in and closed up, as his heat- seeking Atolls were uncaged.... No growl. No beep, nothing.

“Shit! The warheads were malfunctioning again!”

Van cataloged to kick the ground crew all the way from Kep to the Chinese border when he landed. Switching to cannons, he tried to set up a shot, but the Phantoms of Gunslinger flight had seen his contrails and began maneuvering in loose deuce scissors to cover each other. No shots possible, so Van tried to break away, but again, the Yankee maneuvers caused him no end of grief. He could not break and run for a new a setup without exposing his own MiG to the Yankees. So a vertical climbing barrel roll and over the top into a Split-S. All three jets had somehow managed to maneuver themselves out of any possibility of a shot. Van was confused as to where to head now, and GCI was not responding to his radio calls.



USAF Mission over Phuc Yen

DPRV

Gunslinger radioed that he was taking control of the flight as a finger four at this time - all US jets were maneuvering independently, and someone was going to die if he didn't get control of the situation ASAP.

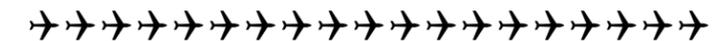
“Fours! - break to Rally point Bravo! - repeat - All Fours! Break for Rally point Bravo, ASAP.”

“Roger.”

“Whiskey 01 copy.”

“Whiskey 02 - Wilco.”

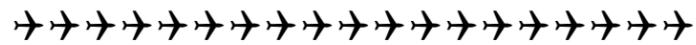
Now, if they could just get clear of the MiG's and get some pics, and get out of here - this lashup of a flight plan might actually get everyone home.



Over the Karst Ridgelines of Thud Ridge

DPRV

The MiG 17 was disoriented after hitting both Phantoms of Whiskey flight. The wounded Phantoms were now in dire straits as well. The DPRV guided another MiG-21 flight right into the following Gunslinger Phantom flight. Both flights rolled in to engage, but the overcast meant no one could maneuver for a shot. both flights were now disoriented as well, All 4 Phantoms were left with finding a rallying point or bugging out. At least 2 more active MiGs and possibly three could still engage, AAA and SAM sites were also still active in the area,-so things look pretty grim for the “Fours” as they spun out towards Thud Ridge seeking cover from a looming SAM radar to their starboard.



Over Phuc Yen Airfield,

DPRV

As the minutes ticked by, Van Co awaited the call from GCI - nothing. Then all of a sudden another voice over the airwaves cut in with instructions being fed from GCI. Van Cuong! Ace of the skies - the master of the MiG17, and recently cut into the newer -21 PF model fresh from the Soviet Union. He was going to get Co's kills!! Enough of that - a terse –

“What are my orders!?!?” emanated from Co's MiG.

Barely a second later from GCI responded:

“RTB Hoa Lac.”

“Dammit!” cursed Co. Today's actions were over for him.

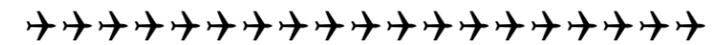
Cuong took up a heading and advanced the throttle to full A/B as his MiG roared off over Thud Ridge and along the course given him by ground. Looking up, he picked out the planes of the Yankee Air Pirates and grimaced as he pulled up level and slightly off to the right rear beam.

“Time to die, Yankee” he whispered.

He uncaged both AA-2 Atolls and received a good tone and then growl from both heads almost simultaneously. A quick jerk on the trigger switch, 1 then 2 missiles

away and guiding on the track....

Cuong watched in satisfaction as first one and then the other Atoll tracked right up into the tailpipe of the lead Phantom, cruising off without ever seeing the MiG that shot him down. The resulting explosion as the Phantom's fuel tanks detonated, sent a shower of debris all over the valley floor below. A large brownish smoky ball of fire in the sky was all that remained of Gunslinger 01.



Gunslinger Flight, over Phuc Yen

DPRV

Gunslinger 01 turned to cover the RF-4Cs as they headed for the rally point. Inadvertently, the gunfighters turned their tailpipes to a closing MiG in order to seek cover from a SAM site coming online. In a second, all that was heard over the radios was a short scream, then a fireball in the sky. No chutes, nothing. Gunslinger 02 was rattled...

“Whiskey, Whiskey. Mayday, Mayday, Mayday! Gunslinger 01 is KIA. Repeat Gunslinger 01 is KIA at this time, no chutes! I'll do my best to cover, but you guys need to pull some weight and get cracking, or we are all going to end up like -01!”

“Gunslinger 02 - Sandy Lead copies - two KIA, no chutes.”

“Gunslinger, Whiskey, this is Red Crown relay for Udorn. State intentions. You are cleared to RTB Tahkli at this time.”

The MiGs are all but disoriented from a near constant level of combat, but with few prospects for any reinforcement or relief, and two RF-4C damaged and 1 F-4D shot down with a KIA crew of two, and only about 3/8 of the target locations photographed, the mission profile was pretty clear to Gunslinger 02. As the de facto lead, he took control. With difficulty, Gunslinger 02 managed to get a semblance of the remaining “Fours” into a line astern staggered formation, now heading South. He’d made up his mind, two dead and two more planes damaged was just too much risk in the Red River Valley.

“Red Crown, Iron Guard, Gunslinger up on button 4.. We are RTB at this time, speed of heat. Expect egress over Steel Tiger OpArea within 10 mikes, over.”

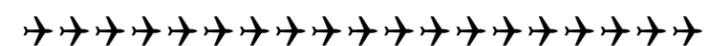
“Roger, Gunslinger, Red Crown confirms you are RTB, will notify Sandy and Udorn.”

“Roger Gunslinger 02, Iron Guard copies. Texaco will be on station at race-track 3 for you, Angels 15.”

Jim, in Whiskey 01 was shaking from head to toe, as the Phantoms egressed out, southeast of Thud Ridge, keeping low to mask them from any SAM sites to the North. He had survived his first flight into North Vietnam, and this one into Route Pack 6a, no less. but it wasn’t enough. His mentor since arriving in country was now a lingering smoke trail over the jungle valley and he was, for the first time since becoming a

Phantom pilot, alone.

The Phantoms returned to the emergency strip at Udorn, Thailand without incident, as the MiGs had all bugged out after a full engagement and a successful series of ambushes. Whiskey 02 had a stuck Nose Landing Gear door, but the emergency T-handle blew all three struts down and locked for a safe landing. The film cassettes were pulled from both RF’s as the crews dismounted their jets. Jim told a photo-tech to make damn sure copies of those SAM site photos get over to TacAirOps, TODAY!!!. Two dead aircrew should have earned at least that much hustle on the ground crew.



VPAF HQ, Hoa Loc Airfield

DPRV

At Hoa Loc airfield, Van Cuong and Van Co stood as they were proclaimed Heroes of the Party. They were awarded an equal share in 2 1/2 kills of Yankee Air Pirates over North Vietnam and held up as shining examples of what the DPRV was prepared to do to defend itself against incursions by American aircraft.

Today, the US learned that a multi-layered air defense was something to respect over Vietnam.

Epilogue

The MiG 21 PF fighter did everything it was designed to do, and was never used outside its intended design role. Cockpit armor and a belly armored fuel tank made it near impregnable to cannon fire unless its control hydraulics were shot away. The design was meant to zoom it at high speed under ground control, take a shot, zoom away at high speed to get the enemy to pursue so the MiG 17s and 19s could ambush them - or run away and live to fight another day. Their pilots never tried to dogfight anyone- they understood the plane's limitations clearly. The Kumansky R-25-series engines in the MiG21s of the 1960's and 1970s produced maximum military power thrust (without A/B selection on the throttle detents) for 41 minutes with no external fuel tanks onboard. The MiG 21 had a nominal combat efficient range with full missile and cannon load of just under 600 nm.

The twin J-79s in an F-4 at max military detent (before going around the horn into A/B modes on the throttle), gave the series F-4B,C,D,E and J models, a maximum engagement time of 30 minutes at these speeds with internal fuel cells alone. To get more than that in flight time required cutting power to minimum cruise for an extended time (SOP while feet wet or over Thailand), external tanks (Centerline tanks became the standard - less drag than a wing and run off it first, then drop it when engagements begin to clean up for fighting.), or in flight refueling (SOP for every flight once it left North Vietnamese airspace.). The Phantoms did not have a large endurance. Their logistical design allowed for external fuel tanks on centerline and

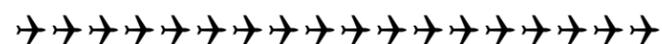
outboard wing stations (using wing tanks limited firing points for AAMs), and IFR probes/traps (depending on service branch), with a SOP to train every pilot well in in-flight fuelling.

The only redeeming feature of the Phantom was that its speed in combat was unmatched. This meant they could always disengage if they got into trouble. (A lesson Robin Olds pounded into the aircrews in 1972.) The speed allowed for the high wing loading to be utilized in a dogfight to enter ascending or descending scissors, both of which favor the F-4 and its thrust to weight ratio, and leave a MiG who does this in a very bad place. (Bellevue's tactics became the SOP to teach pilots at Top Gun). Finally the thrust to weight allowed for the aircraft to enter a dive speed from high altitudes. When paired with a sharp lateral maneuver (we're talking a 3-mile radius turn at Mach 1.8 here), it could not be duplicated by a SA-2 missile's minimal flight surfaces at heights. There is insufficient density of air flowing over those surfaces to allow the missile to maneuver, they were almost incapable of a turn above 25,000 feet. So the Phantom could use its supersonic design features to extend and escape from a SAM (another lesson Olds brow-beat into his pilots in 1972).

Finally the MiG driver never needed range in combat over DPRV. His airfields were less than 100 nm away. An F-4 needed to fly in from ranges as far as 1500 nm out, refuel in and out, use centerline tanks to get in, and then fight and survive, and then get out again. Then it faced either a long flight home or surviving a OK trap aboard a carrier (something sane people only ever want to experience once-.), even if the plane was damaged.

The MiG 21s, especially early models, faced some real issues with Tumansky engines, but by 1972 and Linebacker, those were all fixed and the planes coming up to knock down the USAF and USN planes. The VPAF were more than ready to fight it out. Olds saw this too, and encouraged his pilots to take advantage of the rare opportunity to again gut the VPAF of its best MiG drivers by careful planning and ambush techniques. It worked. The airframes were approximately equal in their capability to shoot each other down in the 1967-1972 time frame, if competent pilots, capable of dogfighting to their airframes' strengths, had piloted both. Overall, the VPAF failed to learn from the lessons of the 1967 BOLO operation, and lost their operational MiG 21s (and their best pilots for them) on the second day of Linebacker II.

The USAF and USN remembered to learn from Rolling Thunder and Linebacker I losses. It showed in Linebacker II. The pity was that pilots forgot how to dogfight in order to win, using of the strength of their planes in F-4s. So they took an unnecessary beating along the way.



Glossary

A/B afterburner
 AFB Air Force Base, a main airbase of the US Air Force.
 AGL Above Ground Level – i.e. Altitude
 AIM-7 The “Sparrow” radar guided missile, main armament of a F-4 Phantom fighter bomber.

AIM-9 The “Sidewinder” missile, a heat-seeking short range missile for air to air combat.
 Alert 5 The pair of fighters maintained on ready status by the US Navy during the Vietnamese Air War.
 “Angels” call sign for altitude
 ASAP As Soon As Possible
 “Atoll” The heat-seeking missile carried by the MiG21B bis airplane.
 BOQ Bachelor Officer Quarters on a US Air Force Base
 “Christmas Tree” Warning Indicator Light Panel in the F-4 series aircraft.
 “dog-bone” Selector Switch in a Phantom for weapon systems.
 “Downtown” Slang term used by US pilots for flying near Hanoi.
 DPRV Democratic People’s Republic of Vietnam, i.e. North Vietnam.
 EB-66 The US Air Force “Canberra” standoff Jamming aircraft over Laos. Call Sign was “ Iron Guard”.
 ETA Estimated Time of Arrival
 F-4B A US Navy version of the Phantom fighter-bomber.
 F-4D The US Air Force version of the Phantom fighter – bomber.
 F-4J An upgraded US Navy Phantom, used from 1971 on.
 F-4G A US Air Force Air Defense Countermeasures version of the Phantom, used from 1972 on.
 “Falcon” Code Name for the AIM-4D Air to Air missile.
 “Feet dry” radio call for US pilots as they entered DPRV airspace.
 “Fours” Call sign for the F-4 Phantom
 “Fox” Radio Term for firing an Air to Air Missile at a target.
 GUARD International VHF Radio channel for distress calls.
 ICS Internal Communication System of an F-4 Phantom
 “Linebacker” A pair of air campaigns launched in 1972 to bring peace negotiations back into action and out a deadlock, on order of then President

Nixon.

“Loose – Deuce”	one half of the ubiquitous four airplane formation developed for air combat in World War Two by the US Air Force.
MiG 17F bis	export version of the MiG-17 “ Fresco” jet fighter, built in the Soviet Union
MiG-21B bis	export version of the excellent day fighter built by the Soviet Union.
“Mother Hen”	call sign for a HH-3A Search and Rescue helicopter.
“Recce”	reconnaissance mission
Red Crown	Call Sign for US Navy radar picket destroyers anchored near Haiphong
RF-4B	The US Navy version of a photo-reconnaissance Phantom.
RF-4C	The US Air Force version of the photo reconnaissance Phantom.
RHAW	Radar Homing and Warning gear – detection system in F-4 aircraft to determine if a surface-to-air missile has been fired.
RP 5	Airspace over North Vietnam was divided into Route Packs. The larger the number, the further North and closer to Hanoi it was located.
SAM	Surface to Air Missile
“Sandy”	Call sign for a search and rescue flight
SAR	Search and Rescue
TFS	US Air Force Tactical Fighter Squadron. Sometimes abbreviated as “FS”
USAF	United States Air Force
USN	United States Navy
VOX	Voice on transmit – a “hot mic”
VPAF	Vietnamese People’s Air force, i.e., North Vietnam’s air forces.

“Yankee Air Pirates” The term used by VPAF pilots to describe the US pilots.

REACTION

Because the rain fell
at just the right angle,
because the earth
was slightly warmer
than in past decades

Because a butterfly
beat its wings, causing
a woman in Utah
to ponder a question
she shouldn’t have.

Because it was Tuesday
and because I somehow
always screw up Tuesdays,
a promise was broken
something irreplaceable
was lost.

—Allen Berry



Reaching Out

Sue Matheson

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Mosaic

an interdisciplinary critical journal

Upcoming Issues

51.3 (Sep. 2018): Scale

Given the scale of such issues as climate change and of factors contributing to it, must theory, too, undergo a transition from local and individual to global perspectives? In what might a global imaginary consist, and how might it relate to existing critiques of globalization as but a label for the hegemony of Western culture? This issue considers “greening” theory, ecocriticism, the Anthropocene, climate change, and environmental and animal ethics.

51.4 (Dec. 2018): *Living On* Symposium proceedings

This issue brings together papers presented at *Mosaic's* 50th-anniversary *Living On* symposium, held at the University of Manitoba on March 9-11, 2017. Taking its theme and title from Jacques Derrida's “Living On/Borderlines” (1979), the symposium brought together participants from diverse disciplines to reflect on the continuing life of their fields into the next fifty years.

52.3 (Sep. 2018): Numbers

How pervasive is the rule of numbers? What are the challenges to calculability? Out of what set of variable examples will the limits to the rogue power of numbers emerge? As a supplement to its own special issue on Letters, *Mosaic* invites submissions on numbers in literature, art, music, theoretical texts, and the world at large. Possible themes include: finitude, multitude, technics, contingency, and economy.

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call for papers

The *quint's* fortieth issue is issuing a call for theoretically informed and historically grounded submissions of scholarly interest—as well as creative writing, original art, interviews, and reviews of books. The deadline for this call is the 15th of August 2018—but please note that we accept manu/digi-scripts at any time.

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Essays should range between 15 and 25 pages of double-spaced text in Word, and all images (JPEG) and source citations. Longer and shorter submissions also will be considered. Bibliographic citation should be the standard disciplinary format.

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