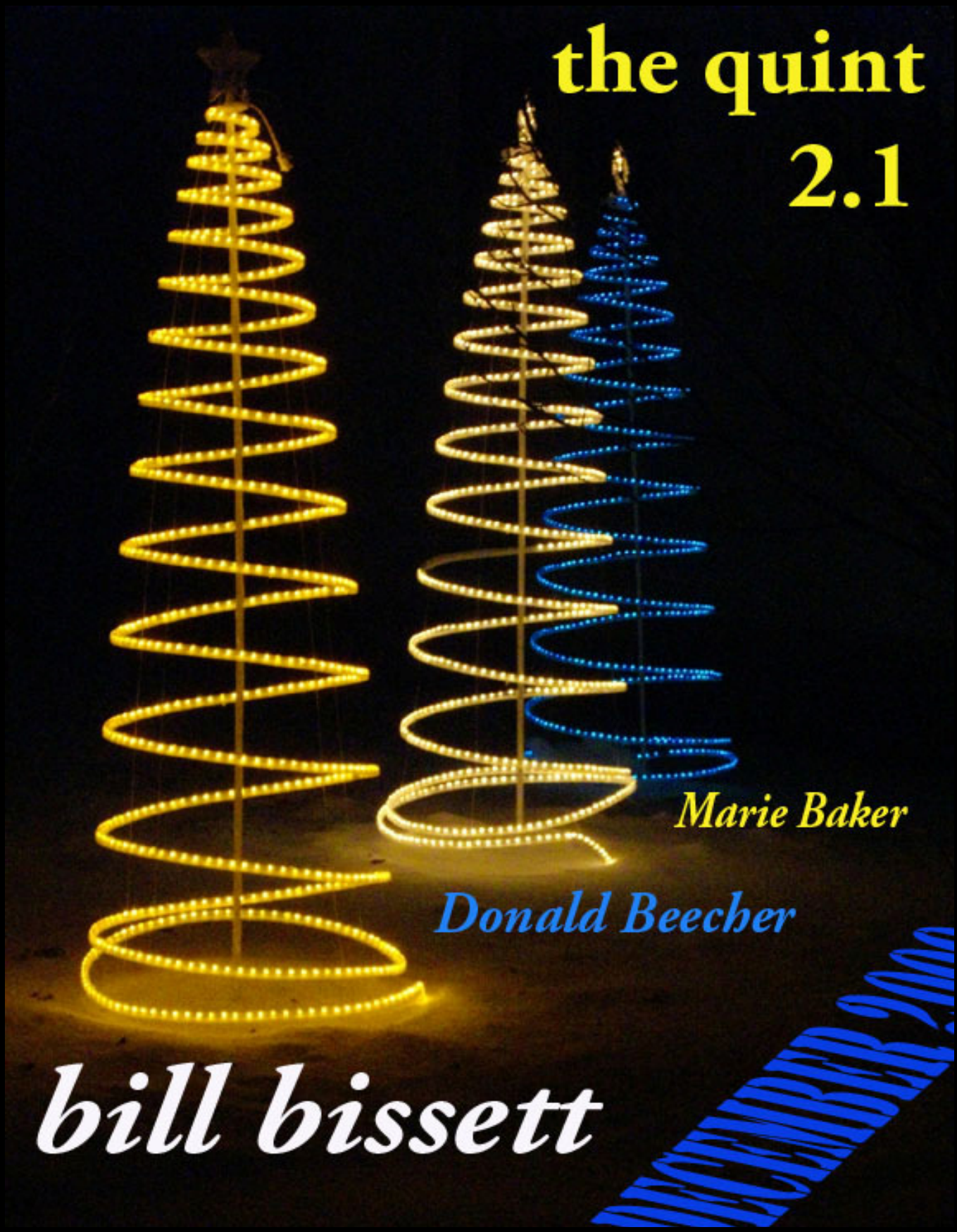
the quint
2.1
Marie Baker
Donald Beecher
bill bissett
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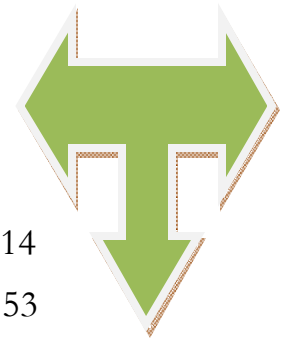

NonFiction

EDITORIAL

Just in time for Christmas—another *quint* that showcases some of Canada's best: the poetry of bill bissett, Greg Cook, Colin Mortin, and Marie Baker, the non-fiction of Richard Van Camp and Nancy McLennan, the work of Donald Beecher, Jim Gough, and John Butler. Our Christmas issue introduces readers to the adventures of a Dutch accountant in Korea, tiny librarians, the beaches of Nova Scotia, the art of moving sheets of plywood, and why men DO IT. What could be better this holiday than curling up in a big chair beside a blazing wood stove, spending a quiet evening with *the quint*, reading and listening to the wind outside? December is a wonderful time of year for gifts in northern Manitoba: Irvin Head from Northern Buffalo Sculptures in Cranberry Portage has generously provided *the quint gallery* with macquettes of the MAAC Olympic Ravens. I won't keep you much longer from your present. I only need to say that everyone at *the quint* wishes you the very best that this season has to offer and hopes that every happiness desired arrives in 2010. We'll be back in March with more for you to discover.

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Sue Matheson
Managing Editor

Fixing Things Broken by Greg Cook

Do you write to fix things
broken in your life?
-- Grade VI poet's question

1: Notes toward a new heart
The Blanket
On the Road
Back Home

II: Walkabouts
In Dreamtime
Beaching
Broken Words

III: The Ancestors
Grandmother Comes Full Circle

1: Notes toward a new heart

The Blanket

Buying a blanket you love
I am envious of your attention
to the inanimate flower
woven by intense labour

Now spread on your bed
the plant's head floats
comforts sorrow wrestling hope

On the Road

I'm looking for the stone steps
of continental convulsions
that I might climb back to you

Leaves like wild fire leap across
the line of yellow caution

Back Home

If you could not cook
I would be a chef

If you were blind, I would read for you
make sounds the colour of landscape

If you were paralyzed, I would move you
carry you in our dance

If you were deaf I would sign
find vibrations for the music

If you fail to remember your life
I will create stories not yet imagined

If you remember good in our life
I am willing to recreate it

invent better for the remainder

II: Walkabouts

In Dreamtime

Yesterday this kiss-me-quick tree blossomed red
today unfolds pink
blanches white tomorrow. Kiss me, quick.

Then
Expecting you, looking up from poetry
towards its sources, some aspect of another
keeps parading as you -- like a promise come true.

Now
In sleep I begin to roll over
wake in hesitation not to disturb you.
Again you are no longer there

Again
Let's try again to pick up the our talismans
find the custodians of dreaming stories
and meet together the "stolen wives who built this state."

Then
Many languages that never built a tower
remained so close to the ground
the concept of hunger was unknown.

Now
Here we know the medicine trees
those that heal and the other that kills
and how the tree of love blossoms. Kiss me, quick.

Again

Beaching

Off slopping shoulders of continental drift
earth sheds her skin, as we wade below white beach
and sand dollars delivered on the laughter of surf

> Let's be dollars. I'll polish you. You spend me, a token,
> taking our change to the known world broken

On the pink and red grains erased from bedrock
we retrace our footprints in the rusty leave lines
lapping the shore once liquid, running-moments of blood

> I want to be your rock, rock you, rock me to tunes
> of singing sand I will become along the nude dunes

On silver powder shimmering under us
we meme, the verb, its simmering mirage arriving
with the wind over our oasis of sun-struck love

> Keep your dreams secret as I drink in those unheard
> remember them, let them float, in the reality of word

On rainbows of beach painted in volcanic ashes
we breathe life from the fallen sky undulating
brushing the sliding sands in insatiable perfections

> From above the reef of wonder is no place to fall twice.
> Let's not. Let's say we skipped the first time

so I will not stagger across the desert strand
tripping over the jetsam of your broken heart
drifting into coves of flotsam named after hope.

Broken Words

At the end of the tunnel, not a train light,
but an eye fissuring a cave wall --
not a mirror -- a position
to view self from a safe distance.

The third eye in the cave of the mind
is reserved for the security of dreaming
on its walls these hieroglyphics --
these essential words that know.

Genuine is a passion of distancing
the self from love sufficient to know it.
Self-transcendence too difficult to share,
I credit her with my knowledge gained.

I suppose you think this poem is about me.
I am but a weathervane.
This poem is not about you.
Like the wind it comes from an other direction.

It is about the other in us all.

III: The Ancestors

Grandmother Comes Full Circle

Out of nowhere she asks
looking through the okay, perfect sign
of her thumb and forefinger
allowing her other three digits to dance
as if playing an instrument
to draw the music of my correct answer
Do you remember the comet?

I suppose in my beard she imagines
I am her sea captain grandfather-in-law
I remember a well pump, and then ask
You mean the outboard motor, The Comet?
Letting her speaking hand drop to its partner
at her waist, she realizes
No I guess you were too young.

The Wartime House in Shaughnessy Heights

Excerpt from a Memoir with Poetry

by Nancy Ellen McLennan

Mine is a tale about emerging into life, from growing up in a wartime house. To begin my tale I have had to remove my mom's wedding ring. I cannot say for sure why I had been wearing it. True, it is mine now, but it certainly is not my style. I'd put it on about a month before beginning to write this account. Then, on the day before I began to write I decided to put on the diamond in the same style. It's funny that the rings would fit me perfectly. But the following morning they screamed to be removed.

"We don't belong here! Can't you see that concrete? Your memories are there, along the cement back lanes of Shaughnessy Heights, not here."

Anything is possible so dream the optimist
When we ponder what might be
And it's a path to misery
We shrink and moan
And hide alone

So what will be will be will be

And good is everywhere
Just anything is what I seek
And only dream to touch mystique
And march with hope amid the bright
And shed the thoughts of misty night

The commercial district is three blocks away, 500 metres east of the wartime house. I could hear my mother's cackling outrageous laughter from across the backyard fence as I skipped eastward away from the house toward the tracks, three long blocks away. It was a treacherous journey for a five year-old among so many big kids. But nobody ever told me to put on shoes. My destination was the store. I had found a Seven-Up bottle and two Pepsi bottles that I could spend as I wished. Six-cent Popsicles. Two for a penny, mint leaves, jawbreakers, strawberries, nigger babies, and lick-a-mades. *Decisions decisions.* And I wouldn't have to share.

I didn't realize until many years later that having a paved back lane was an amazing asset for a neighbourhood. Cities and towns where I lived in the decades that followed had lanes that were often made with either grass or c-base gravel, possibly with some invisible infrastructure beneath, but usually not. In those places, ditches were even found on some front streets! But not in Shaughnessy Heights. Our back lanes were modern. Those were the days long before the dumpsters. Most dutiful

homeowners built some sort of garbage-can stand and the garbage was sent out back into galvanized cans or rusty oil barrels for the City trucks to empty on a weekly basis. It was a progressive little neighbourhood.

But I lived on the poor side of the lane. Across the lane from my house were the newer houses with concrete slab foundations. "Slab houses," my dad called them. Our house was a wartime house. It was built after WWII, for the soldiers coming home. I used to listen to my dad patiently clarify for people the difference between a wartime house and a peacetime house. He was always so polite until we got home where he would slander the idiots for a solid hour. He did have an arrogant streak.

We think we know
But shall not show
The insight wisdom
Right way, though

Instead we'll wait
Let them dictate
Their hand their track
As we contemplate

The manoeuvre way
Strategy play
Our path one above
Their banal outlay

Of chaotic trite
Misdirected might
Their laughable
Pitiable useless plight.

Our part of Shaughnessy Heights made up a small neighbourhood three and a half streets wide and four blocks long. It was a long hike for me to the furthest outpost of the neighbourhood, to Matela's. The restaurant with red vinyl swirling stools that were so much fun to sit and twirl on, sold dark rye bread with little purple stickers, and hunks of halva for a dime. I might go across the street from Matela's to Bilyk's instead. It was a Solo store for official emergency errands for stuff like laundry soap or tomato soup.

But the favourite candy stop was the drugstore around the corner. Peter was the pharmacist. He was the only grown-up whose first name I knew. Funny, he was one of the only professionals in the neighbourhood, and everyone called him Peter. He always had a white coat, white hair, and a white moustache. And he had the best penny candy and the hardest Popsicles. But no drinks. The drinks were at Matela's. And our neighbourhood's final commercial establishment on Railway was the hardware store where we shopped for gifts for our parents on birthdays and at Christmas. The lady there always helped us pick out some drinking glasses or an ornament. She would put

our gift in a box and we would march back down that back lane, to hide the gift somewhere among the hiding places within that wartime house. These shops anchored Shaughnessy Heights toward the tracks. Beyond the tracks were houses full of kids who went to the next school. They might as well have been on a different planet.

In hindsight, I admit I was afraid to use the front street to go to the store, whether on my own behalf or on an errand for an adult. There was a bigger chance of seeing some big kids, and I learned how to avoid them. I knew every feature of that back lane, every fence and fenceless yard. I knew every garage to shelter me from the wind. And I knew where the peacetime houses began, when I crossed Leo Novak. Who was Leo Novak anyway?

It was a long walk for a kid, but in this neighbourhood, there were no restrictions on playing outside. It would not be an exaggeration to say that 400 kids lived in that four-block grid. There were a few old folks, but they kept their heads down. The wildness of youth dominated Shaughnessy Heights.

Can you see the edge of town
Or do you live where distance closes and leaves more of the same beyond?
Can you see the edge of town
Or do you wonder how much time it takes to get there?
There where the trees do not meet at the distance.
Where the street ends and the open world begins.

Can you see the edge of town
Or are there heights around you, forcing you to look at the sky?
Can you see the edge of town
Or is the edge a myth for other folk to feel and return to share?
There where it is empty, full of bigger and bigger things.
Where the wind blows straight and true.

To the north the wind howled across the fields into our little corner of the world. If you stood on the edge of the field, at the back of the school, which marked the north-west edge of the neighbourhood, you could see the barn and the big white house on deGrave's farm a mile or more away. We weren't allowed to go there, but René and Julian deGrave were the Royal Dairies milkmen who greeted our moms daily, up and down the four blocks of our four little streets: Selkirk, Pritchard, Manitoba, and Magnus. The south sounds were of the rail yards. Years later, I realized they were called the Weston shops, but to me it was just the CPR. In summers we slept to the sounds of trains being staged, banging and hooking together. It was a lullaby. On hot summer nights, every Wednesday we could listen to the whistling roar of the speedway in Brooklands, a mile or more to the west. *Crescendo, decrescendo* over and over again as the hot rods rounded the speedway, until I fell asleep in the breezeless heat.

We were surrounded and isolated in this flat city corner, but we were not forgotten. We had the bus on our street, so our moms had a way out to Eaton's or

Oretzki's. Every second Selkirk bus journeyed past McPhillips into Shaughnessy Heights and all the way to Keewatin. When I awoke to darkness, still in my bed, the gentle shaking of the house and the moving light across my slanted bedroom ceiling told me that it wasn't the middle of the night yet. The bus was still running, rumbling past our front door.

Nobody spoke about class or status in Shaughnessy Heights, but there were strata. The houses with basements were the coveted properties. The bungalows on Selkirk were the ultra-modern, even though they faced the CPR yards. I envied the kids in the gingerbread slab homes on Pritchard and on Manitoba toward Keewatin. They had cleaner houses, yards, and clothes than we did. Up past Leo Novak, the kids in the peacetime houses were all older teenagers, and their parents were older too. And over on Magnus, across from the church, at the north end of Railway, some of the houses were really old, like the ones across the tracks. Who knew what kind of spooks lived in those places? In our block, it was a free-for-all. We ran through the yards, ran and jumped and walked fences, raided gardens, and climbed on sheds.

1-2-3 on Larry! Home free! Draw a snake upon your back, who pokes IN? The cedar pole that served as a streetlight standard on the front street was the nearest thing to a tree in our block. That was where the hide-'n-go-seek was based. There was no point in

playing unless there were at least 15 kids. And we kept track. There was no limit and no rules. And, man, could we run. It was all barefoot.

In winter, the road had to be cleared to let the bus through, and the piles of snow were half again my height and the smooth paths along the top brought the kids to school. Up and down over the piles of snow the boys and girls scampered, fighting and pushing, and daring to throw one another in front of the next bus.

When I was a child, I thought everyone's address rhymed, just like mine.

Sixteen Twenty-two
Manitoba Avenue
Sixteen Twenty-two
Manitoba Avenue

Of course, life was a continuous rhyme.

Up the airy mountain
Down the rushing glen
You daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men
Wee folk, good folk
Trooping all together
Green jacket, red cap
And white owl's feather.[1]

[1] Allingham, William. "The Fairies." *Best in Children's Books.* New York: Nelson Doubleday Inc.,1961.

She didn't read the poem to me, but she pointed to the book where it was. Nana would just tell us the poem and sometimes in her urgency she would roughly scramble to the page and make sure I could see the little acorn-shaped cap on the little people, and I'd jump on the chesterfield and yell the rhymes to her while her hands were covered with flour and her duMaurier was dangling from her mouth.

And then out I'd go, running across the street to gather a friend. Nose pressed against the screen.

"Can Shelley come out?"

"She's in the back" would come the gruff, smoky reply from her busy mom.

Into the rhubarb patch we'd jump, yanking the ruby red stems and chomping them from the bottom up, daring each other to do so without making a sour face. My mouth waters still at the thought of the effort and success we had in this yearly contest. Sometimes Dawn Rae would come out of her house next door with sugar, but no, I was tough, I could do it without sugar.

When I was older, but still years from wearing a bra, I wanted to show the boys in Elmwood, by my auntie's house, how tough I was.

"Watch this!" And I yanked a two-inch wide hunk of rhubarb from a patch a few

doors away and calmly chomped into it without flinching.

They looked at me, and roared and barked at each other.

"Here – try this one," some kid dared me back. It was an onion. I could handle an onion. *What's the big deal?* I took the dare. I bit in. Chomped. I felt the heat rising in the sides of my neck, not because of this unusual fruit, but because I was embarrassed and I didn't want to show it. I knew my face was turning brilliant red against the dark brown gigantic freckles that covered my face. In an instant I knew I had become a clown. And yes, the boys roared with laughter and pointed their fingers and rolled on the ground. It was their joke.

But I didn't really get it. I felt the humiliation. I swallowed the bitter onion, turned and ran back to my aunt's yard and climbed into the back seat of our car. They would not see my tears. The itchy cloth seat and the door-to-door rope hold on the back of the front seat had been a common playground for me and was a satisfactory refuge. I was still short enough to stand on the seat and jump, holding the safety cord. It was hot August, but I would not venture out. Those kids were history. *Get me home to my own world.*

Time says slowly
Clearly listen more

Weep it freely
Joy-filled lightly
Fixes do take time
But they will come
So run not now
Drift, face forward
Lift and wonder more
Weep the joyful gush
And thoughtless giggles
Will return.

I waited in the car and probably fell asleep. Finally, the family piled back into the car to head home to Shaughnessy Heights, and they instantly howled with disgust. All eyes were on me.

"Jeezus Christ – what have you been into?" My mom lit a cigarette and rolled down the window to get some fresh air in.

My dad looked at me and laughed. "You smell like a Bohunk."

Nobody grew garlic in Shaughnessy Heights. At least we didn't. I knew everybody's gardens. How was I supposed to know? If I was to believe my family, I must have stunk for a month, or maybe forever.

Pink Pink
You Stink
Red Red
Pee the Bed

Yellow Yellow
Kissed your Fellow
Green Green
Washing Machine!

To this day, I'm glad I wasn't living in Elmwood. All the bikers came from there.

Two four six eight
Ten twelve fourteen sixteen
Eighteen twenty
Two four six eight
Thirty
Two four six eight
Forty
Two four six eight

Yell-singing in two-four time was a specialty in Shaughnessy Heights. There were no quiet kids. Not a single one. It was a prerequisite in our part of the North End. Well, maybe over in the slab houses or in the bungalows you might find a quiet kid, but not here in the wartime houses.

Plains claps
Rollers backs
Highs lows
Heels toes
Criss cross
Over she goes

Sevens sixes fives fours threes twos ones.

We used the lacrosse ball. And we were ruthless with the lacrosse ball. On the steps of the school there was a red brick wall in front and another behind. It was a natural handball court. And we played there for hours. Jump ball with lines of five or six kids, or elimination seven-up. It was cutthroat.

"Aunty aunty over the shaaan-teeee!" the gang of kids yelled together. I was in a perpetually rhyming world. Pigtails. Aunty aunty over the shaaan-teeee. "Pigtails!" came the reply.

"Aunty aunty over the shaaan-teeee. Over!"

"Aunty aunty… Whew! They missed it." And all our eyes were up at the top of the peak of the house as they called again from the backyard.

"Pigtails! Aunty aunty over the shaaan-teee. Over."

There it is. Coming right at me.

"Get it! Get it!"

It hit the ground, so we would have to throw again.

"Aunty aunty over the shaaan-teeee. Over!" We listened. There was no call back this time. It was all quiet and we were edgy, on alert. And then we would all scream.

Everyone. Both teams would scream as they roared at us from both directions, hands cupped, all but one pretending they were holding the ball. The whole team had to switch sides. I needed to get to the backyard before I was tackled or belted with the ball. If I was hit or caught, I would have to go onto the other team.

"Gotcha. Gotcha." Every team needed a thrower and a catcher. There were really no jobs for the other team members other than screamer or tagger. A few windows were put out in this game. Lots of people built half-yard fences, separating the front yard from the back, to keep the kids from playing aunty aunty over the shanty, but that never stopped us from playing statues where in someone's front yard we'd swing kids, or be swung around and chucked for a landing. Then the thrower had to guess what you had magically become upon landing in a strange and twisted posture. Or we'd play fruits where all but one kid would sit on the front steps. If that one kid, the guesser, guessed your fruit, you'd run around the house as fast as you could and get your bum back into the empty space first. It was the Shaughnessy Heights version of duck duck goose. *Apples oranges peaches pears plums bananas.* And the ones who liked to run always chose one of those. And the ones who hated running and didn't want to lose their seat on the steps tried to think of a really obscure fruit. I was always torn between finding the most obscure fruit to make them guess, and getting to

run the fastest. It was never ending, from morning to night. Hours and hours of fruits and statues and hide and seek and aunty aunty and seven-up. Or Skipping.

The wind the wind the wind blows high
It blows Nancy across the sky
She is fair and she is pretty
She is the girl from New York City
She can play accordion one two three
Oh Pray Oh Pray Oh who is she.

Roger Roger says he loves her
All the boys are asking for her
Put her in the garden, sat her on his knee
Asked her a question, "Will you marry me!!"
Yes No Maybe So Yes No Maybe So Yes No.

Had a little car.
Nineteen forty-eight.
Drove it down Main Street.
Put on the brakes!

What I don't get is why this accordion-playing girl was so popular? I always put on the brakes at *NO!* during pepper because I would not be stuck with Roger. They always sang his name because he was the only kid who had more freckles and was shorter than me. Ick.

One two three O'Leary

My first name is Mary
If you think it's necessary
Look it up in the dictionary

There was lots of noise in Shaughnessy Heights. And it came from the kids. Not from boom boxes or hot rods. No, just kids, hundreds and hundreds of very loud kids.

Mom worked at Eaton's on Fridays and Dad always went to pick her up in the white Pontiac Laurentian with the red interior. That was why Nana was there, making the scones, smoking the DuMaurier. *Wee folk. Good folk. Trooping all together.*

I am a tree. Planted beside a concrete strip.
Kids climbed me when I was less than two inches in diameter, but I didn't snap off. I grew.
Eventually, I was ignored
And I continued to grow.
Now, I am mature, more than two feet in diameter, and still I live beside that same concrete strip.
The same gumbo chokes my roots, so carefully nested to leave me air pockets of breath.

That was the summer they put the trees in our boulevard. Such skinny little things. You couldn't even climb them even though we tried. Snap! Maples. *No, those aren't real maples. They're Manitoba maples.* But they were just too skinny.

I peeked through the front door, but the grown up, Mr. Brown, the new guy from

across the street was in our front room. He wouldn't let me into my house. I saw Nana lying on the front room rug.

Alone we enter
then depart
blinking here and there
to catch a spark
of someone else
with whom we try to share
the sense of what
goes by our ears
and gathers beneath our heart
until undeciphered
disappears and
all alone
we part.

I shouldn't have been playing outside. I should have been in the house with her. I was invisible. The grown-ups were all hanging around out front. They took her away. People brought whiskey. I ran and hid beneath the laundry pile at Shelley's. Her mom and dad and all of the other moms and dads and everyone after dark were all humming this low drone. I couldn't hear anything. Usually when there was whiskey everyone was wild and singing and the kids were crazy, jumping on the beds and climbing out of windows. But not this time.

Then, finally, it was about me, and where was *I*? Was I sleeping? Was I hiding? I

was found and they dug me out from beneath the neighbour's laundry and my dad carried me home. That was the first time I saw the *dime*. And I saw it many many times after that. It was the *dime of silence*. The dime that was not a dime. The thing that could not be described. It floated between my mind and what I could see. I could hear it better than I could see it and could even feel it with my tongue. As I lay still on the big bed in my parents' bedroom, it came to me from the Other Side and I was afraid of it. It was the underside of my mind, the first clue that maybe I was not right.

It was smooth and shiny and perfect. A destination. A goal. And it was in a race against the big and shapeless lumpy cloud that could not be seen or even described. *The garbage*. The dime was always just beyond reach, and I was always sliding backwards within the lumps. Sucked in by the garbage. Slowed down. Swallowed by the murkiness. But if I closed my eyes and held my breath, maybe, just maybe I would be the dime or know the dime. Perhaps I had known it and it had left me behind that day.

Nana had left me with this untouchable and indescribable floating talisman of the mind that became a cue to awareness of the Other Side. A gate to the unknown and the unspeakable.

They buried my Nana during the total eclipse, but all the kids had to go to the Palace Theatre on Selkirk to watch *101 Dalmations* or else we'd go blind. She's still over

there in Brookside with the rest of them. Watching the airplanes come and go.

That secret voice
You say it has no credence
That voice that's always been there
Must do! Must do!
Just look at *them*

That secret feeling
You'd never give it credence
Goodwill dissolves your lust for *theirs*
Yet launches angst
Hurry! Hurry!

That secret dream
You push it out of relevance
It blocks the channel out of here
It paints all false
Be *there*! Be *there*!

The secret truth
You know but will not enhance
It rests all patiently right *here*
Pregnant eager
Deny Deny

Some Historical and Philosophical Considerations of the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights

by Jim Gough, Red Deer College
Red Deer, Alberta

Introduction

For some people there is no such thing as a "brief history" or "brief introduction". However, it is my intention to provide you with some "brief" historical background in the genesis of documented human rights in order to highlight some philosophical interests. My quasi-historical account is collected primarily for what I take to be its **philosophical significance.** I do this both to celebrate the introduction of the **United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights** (UNUDHR) in 1948, the recognition of its pragmatic longevity and to educate us particularly about the significance of the most important rights document in the history of humankind.[2] To facilitate our discussion, the paper is divided into three parts: I: The Genesis of traditional rights in the UNUDHR, II: the Marriage of Two Traditions, and III: the Current Significance of the UNUDHR and its Covenants.

I: The Genesis of Traditional Rights in the UNUDHR

An earlier version of this paper was an invited presentation at the conference *In Honour of Each: Celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights*, sponsored by the Council of Canadians, Red Deer, Alberta, December 5, 1998. I am indebted to some of the people at this conference for their insightful personal experiences in the discussion of human rights and their violations as well as continuing my interest in the need to continue the conversation about rights.

To illuminate the genesis or development of the UNUDHR out of its historical background is to move from the background to the foreground in an effort to illuminate the traditions that contributed to the content and constitution of the document. To illuminate this background I will take slipshod license with history skimming over many important historical events in order to trace a clear conceptual path, not mired in historical facts and overly simplified perhaps, to the introduction of the UNUDHR.[3] There are seven steps, which I suggest form the background in the genesis of the UNUDHR.

Step 1:

To have a right is to **claim a right**. If you do not claim it, then you will not get it. The existence of a right claimed is dependent on the prior existence of some **threat or mischief**, which either exists or is perceived to exist.[4] It is not in your interest to have the threat realized against you. The right is claimed to protect the individual against the threat. The threat could be torture, discrimination, enslavement or even death.[5] Or, it could be something as seemingly unimportant as the threat of having to build bridges for the army. Why is this a significant threat? When your family's food and income depend on your getting a crop in on time and you are required to leave it rotting in the field in order to build bridges, you need the protection of a right which will prevent someone more powerful than you from forcing you to do something against your

[3] For a brief but effective history of the UNUDHR document see: Human Rights: Meaning and History, Michael Palumbo, Krieger Publishing, Florida, USA, 1982

[4] I argue the notion of a claim right in my doctoral dissertation, *Autonomy and Human Rights,* Chapter II, University of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario, 1987.

[5] Subsequent covenants to the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights have asserted protection for the child and rights generally have been extended to the environment, group integrity and identity. Canada has been condemned on at least two occasions for not protecting the rights of its indigenous peoples against discrimination and provinces have been condemned for their failure to protect the rights of religions and free speech. Individuals have taken the Canadian government to the World Court documenting Canada's failure to protect the rights of individuals against discrimination.

interests. So a threat to your interests triggers a claim to a right. But wait, this story is already inaccurate because rights are not generally known to exist. You can't claim a right that doesn't exist, at least, not legally. So, what you do is plead for a privilege.

Privileges do exist. They have a long history. For example, the protestors at Tiananmen Square in China initially petitioned state officials to give them a hearing to consider their grievances and did not claim a right to free speech or free assembly. This was not part of their history. Privileges are granted to some people but not everyone. For example, professional organizations, like the Canadian Medical Association or the Canadian Nursing Association are organizations whose members whose members are granted the exclusive privilege, but not right, to practice their professional expertise and skills within the Canadian state. They are not granted a right since the privilege—but not a human right—can be rescinded by the state, if the organization's member is guilty of malpractice or some codified failure to practice ethically. Your aim, then, is to become one of those people who have the status, advantage and protections that go with the privilege granted by the prevailing authority in power. Some are honoured and others are not.

Step 2:

When a threat exists in Step 1, there is a concomitant claim to a protection. Since there is no right, the claim is to a privilege. There is an attempt by the threatened party to **petition or entreat** the appropriate prevailing authority, who can redress the threat, to provide a **privilege** or exemption from the threat or the burden. Historically privileges are recognized but not rights or if rights are recognized they are recognized in the same sense as privileges that must be earned even by some entreaty or plea to the ruling

authority whoever they happen to be at the time. Sometimes you pay for a privilege, if you have the money. Sometimes you are born into the privilege, if you win the natural genetic lottery. Sometimes you gain the privilege because of some talent or other which good fortune has bestowed upon you. Sometimes you pay for a privilege after you marry into it. The selection of those granted the privilege is within a small domain of influence in any society. Influence is gained and a tradition established, whether it is just or not. Appeals to traditions can be persuasively authoritative in justificatory arguments about rights or anything else, or they can be an unacceptable fallacious appeal to authority. Benito Mussolini's declaration of the principles of Fascism, for example, fallaciously proclaims that: "In the Fascist conception of history, man is man only by virtue of the spiritual process to which he contributes as a member of a family, the social group, the nation, and in function of history to which all nations bring their contribution. Hence the great value of tradition in records, in language, in customs, in the rules of social life. Outside history man is a nonentity."[6] There are other Canadian examples of fallacious appeals to authority as well. [7]

However, if all of these entreaties worked, then the full-blown expansion of universal rights would not have occurred. They do not all work. The granting of some privileges is by authoritative whim or caprice. The granting is inconsistent and the competition for privileges is not open.

Step 3:

If there is a failure of the authority to accept or act on the petition made, grant the petition or prevent the threat, then there is a need to create an authority for the

[6] Mussolini, Benito, *Fascisms—Doctrine and Institutions*, Rome, Ardita, 1935, pp.8-11. Trans. Anonymous.
[7] This was argued in my "Does Any Appeal to Tradition Rest on a Mistake in Reasoning?" *Proceedings of the Ontario Society for the Study of Argumentation Conference on Argumentation at the Century's Turn,* CD Rom, 1999.

authority to follow. This will allow for some **conformity, regularity or consistency** in the authority's response over time. It will be more efficient to have the entreaty encoded somewhere as opposed to relying on the continuing good graces of the prevailing authority or trying to develop a good relationship with each new authority. Without this consistency or uniformity, the method of petition for privileges that is granted by the prevailing authority seems destined to fail over time. Favours are granted and taken away at a whim. Privilege granting authorities change over time and political constitution. This is not any way to run a business, a society, let alone a life. Something needs to be done to provide some stability for customary expectations based on petitioning for privileges, to ground these into something uniform and consistent across a wide variety of circumstances, cases and causes.

Step 4:

The failure in Step 3 constitutes the basis for the need to provide some continuous security for individuals against prevailing threats. This security can only be provided if there is a public voice, a voice, which provides a fixed and stable reference point for future responses. A public voice eliminates the necessity of making a new petition at the onslaught of each new threat and wondering whether the prevailing authority will accept it or not. The public voice establishes a new power in the state as evidenced by the gradual emergence of the voice of women over the last two hundred years, a voice which has changed the nature of ethics and rights.[8]This voice is put into a document called a bill or a charter of rights. The threats are documented and the resolutions

[8] I've argued in three articles about this emerging voice in "May Sinclair: Idealist-Feminist and the Suffragist Movement", *Rhetor*, the Journal of the Canadian Society for the Study of Rhetoric, Vol III, 2009, and "Mary Wollestonecraft's Rhetorical Strategy: Overturning the Arguments, in *Post-Scriptum*, Special Issue on the Works of Mary Wollestonecraft, Vol.2, Issue 5, No.1, July, 2005 and "The Writer Becomes Reader and the Reader Becomes Writer" in *Inkshed,* Vol.22, No.1, Fall, 2004

indicated for any authority to understand and any authority to act upon. There is no problem with context-bound interpretations. The interpretation is universalized.

However, this fundamental step is one of the most peculiar ones in history since it involves the state authority agreeing to a document which the state authority itself must enforce in some self-limiting and self-constraining way. Sometimes under pressure, sometimes under threat, sometimes at the introduction of a new government or social order, the prevailing authority agrees to limit its power and authority: limit it by a voluntary act of its own will. There is a contract, implied or overt, between the prevailing state authority and the rights bill. A code of conduct is established for both king and commoner, limiting the authority's power to arbitrarily grant privileges and to give voice to an audience based on personal petitions.

The documents do not contain a list of privileges but a list of rights, a list, which details the range of threats that have been experienced, and the redress for these threats. For example, arbitrary arrest and detention while the authorities search for evidence to lay a charge is taken to be a serious threat to an individual's liberty, autonomy and ability to develop any kind of defense of his own innocence. So, while Habeus corpus writs were issued to constrain authorities in England prior to the Magna Carta in 1215, the Habeus Corpus Act doesn't appear until just before the Bill of Rights in England (1688) and well before the French Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen (1789) or the US Bill of Rights (1791). In this instance, as well as some others, rights contained in rights documents replace individual petitions. A public voice is given to private entreaties. Protection against arbitrary arrest and detention is one of the first petitions to be converted into a documented right and

remains in almost every right document since. The threat remains and the protection is still needed. The existence of several United Nations Covenants on rights after the initial UNUDHR document indicated that the identification of specific threats in the original document was not extensive enough. The introduction after the 1970's of influential so-called "watch dog" non-government groups like *Amnesty International* and *Human Rights Watch* as well as *Reporters Without Borders* is a clue to the need to make sure that governments are aware of their international human rights obligations to protect the interests of their citizens and follow through on those obligations with the force of public censure and pressure.

Step 5:

Documented rights have some effect in **maintaining consistency of treatment** for certain individuals within the protected domain of influence. Traditional individual petitions to privileges have been codified in state laws, statutes, charters or bills. The Magna Carta, the Habeus Corpus Act, the Bill of Rights of England and the Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen provide the basis for **reasonable expectations** of how anyone in the protected domain should be treated with reference to the specified threats. Some protections are documented so that individuals within the protected domain of influence can be left alone to get on with their chosen lives. They are king within their own little fiefdom. The fear of significant threats is diminished for them. Collectively within their own domain of influence they have a privilege, not enjoyed by everyone, a privilege that applies to all of their kind.

This privilege and these rights, however, do not apply to those outside the protected domain. Those who are not landowners, not freemen, not men, not persons,

not citizens and/or not adults are not within some protected domain or other. They are outsiders, foreigners, non-persons, non-citizens, and not nationals. Although there is a consistency of treatment, this consistency does not apply to everyone in a society or state. Rights are still a form of privilege, still restricted to some members of any society but not all members. Some members of any society are free from discrimination but not others. So, more needs to be accomplished before rights reach their current status.

Step 6:

First, in principle, the exercise of the laws of the land is constrained by the codified rights but in practice this is not always the case. The codified authority is only as strong as the political will to exercise it and protect the interests of individuals within a domain of influence. Second, it increasingly becomes the case that the major threat to individuals comes not from neighbours or enemies abroad but from the very state authority which is to enforce and protect individual rights. The only member of any society or state powerful enough to enforce the codes is itself the major source of threats to the individual. Third, each rights document is relative to a specific set of individuals within a particular domain of influence within a particular society or state. The rights protections for any individual do not exist or extend beyond the borders of his state.

Rights are relative to citizenship within a particular domain of influence within a particular state, provided the state itself acknowledges the individual as a citizen, human being or person. Typically women, conquered but indigenous peoples, children and ethnic or religious minorities are not included within the protected domain. Rights

do not protect minorities. In Nazi Germany, for example, members of the only recognized political party in the state were required to pledge unconditional eternal allegiance to Adolph Hitler "and the Fuher appointed by him" with the resulting denial of rights to anyone outside the party such that "all others which conduct an organizational life of their own to be rejected as outsiders and will either have to adjust themselves or disappear from public life".[9]This is a significant set of failures in the institutionalization or codification of rights.

Step 7:

Because the threats to individuals occur within what should be the protected borders of states, where rights documents are supposed to provide some measure of protection and outside of states where there is no documented protection as displaced persons, there is a dire need for a new rights document and a new authority to insure rights protections? A new contract is needed to move the authority for the protection of rights outside the relativistic borders and limitations of a particular state authority. A new contract is needed to provide protection for individuals who want to maintain or retain their identity as persons, citizens or nationals of a particular state or society of their origin or choice. A new contract is needed to create a new power or authority to protect the claims and entreaties of individuals to rights protections against the threat posed by their own state or government. A new contract is needed to protect individuals against nationalistic tendencies, which place a greater value in the national state than in the individuals who compose it. A new contract is needed to provide consistency of treatment for individuals outside the domain of influence within a particular state, minorities who are minorities because of their political influence or

[9] Trial of Major War Criminals before the International Military Tribunal, New York, 1947, Vo.II, pp.182-183.

power not because of their numbers.

The voices echo for a New World order, a world confederation, a world government, a New World for the individual to inhabit. This new order, of course, was not without its conflicts, especially conflicts over authority and power. As one writer puts it:

To make good on the promise of raising a standard that would be a passport to justice anywhere in the world would be a difficult and seditious enterprise. For many nations it would require a revolution in the laws, institutions and customs that governed often lopsided relationships between the individual and the state. For all nations it would mean a radical departure from the hallowed grounds that supported a faith in the sanctity of domestic sovereignty…So to the difficult task of organizing a consensus among world governments was added the gritty complication that a consensus to honor human rights was an agreement to undermine government autonomy. At bottom, human rights were an usurpation of state power.[10]

These initial steps opened the door for considered critical judgments about the treatment of people, not just the treatment of "my people" as opposed to "those people" but "people" in general. Questions are posed about why some people are included in the protected domain of influence while others are not. Rights were initiated to protect individuals against threats. Any two individuals can be equally threatened. A threat to an individual does not just occur within one domain of influence and not another. Artificial distinctions between individuals can not be maintained in light of any individual being equally threatened. Rights must take on a character they have not had before. They must move finally and completely outside the purview of a privilege. The entitlement for a privilege is restricted to a few. The entitlement for a right must be unrestricted so the traditionally structured social order

[10] The International Bill of Human Rights, Tom J. Farer, Entwhistle Books, CA, 1981, pp.xxiv-xxv.

begins to unravel as rights replace privileges.

II: The Marriage of Two Traditions

There are several factors, which contribute to the creation of the UNUDHR. First, the historical background of the need to have some authority address threats to individuals in a consistent way through the invocation of codified human rights, rights which are not limited by relative conditions of an individual's domain of influence and particular state. Second, the atrocities of World War II precipitate a series of reactions to address the threats to individuals perpetrated by governments: torture, medical experimentation, genocide, slave labour, discrimination and a host of other serious issues. One of these reactions is the creation of the United Nations and the creation of the UNUDHR as well as the creation of an international code of ethics for physicians (The International Code of Ethics and the Declaration of Geneva, 1948, developed and approved by the World Medical Association) which today forms one of the guiding foundations for the Canadian Medical Association's code of ethics (See: the preamble to the Guide to the Ethical Behaviour of Physicians, 1998). This latter code of ethics was created in reaction to the medical experiments conducted by Nazi doctors who believed falsely that what was legally permitted in the state of Nazi Germany in 1940 was also ethically acceptable. To correct this relativist mistake, a set of universal ethical guidelines was created for physicians to be incorporated in individual association codes of ethics. Third, the international union movement had been trying unsuccessfully for years to get some of their ethical concerns recognized in some particular political state's bill of rights. The introduction of the UNUDHR gave them an opportunity to lobby for the inclusion of some social security, welfare or

second generation rights which continues to form the backbone of the union movement. The threats to workers and their families had not been addressed adequately on an international level in any other rights document. Finally, the document represented an opportunity to strengthen the foundation of international law bridging the gap between individual state laws and an international domain of law. This could serve to strengthen the resolve of many nations to prevent wars and to formulate ethical and legal judgments about the behaviour of certain states towards their own citizens and the citizens of other states.

East and West, Capitalism and Socialism, the so-called *old world order* as well as the *new world order* met and somehow decided on the set of rights contained within the UNUDHR. The document is not identical to the USSR rights documents nor is it identical to the US Bill of Rights or Declaration of Independence. It is a compromise. As a compromise it retains all of the major documented rights within the European and Eastern Russian traditions. The marriage was a rocky one from the beginning. As might be expected, political ideologies continued to motivate much of the discussions about what should be included and what should be excluded. To clarify the conditions of rights established by this marriage, two covenants were born of the UNUDHR. They remain as two of its initial offspring but the family continues to expand even to this day. So called third world nations, many of whom had recently been freed from colonial domination or territorial status, argued for the inclusion of *third generation* rights to the self-determination of peoples. So, the UNUDHR became a marriage of unions with capitalism, socialism with capitalism, old world traditions with the need for protections from new threats.

While the Western tradition of rights was built on the concept of non-interference and access to public, political means for exercising one's opinions and accessing fair court proceedings, the other tradition was interested in supplying the means for a minimally decent existence to satisfy human needs, employment, fair wages and working conditions, rest and leisure, social security and participation in social benefits or goods like health care and education. For the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, for example, the conflict was between needs and a state's obligations to supply them not between an individual and the sovereignty of the state over the interests of the individual. The interests of the individual and a socialist society are supposed to be identical and so not in conflict. A Russian delegate to the United Nations conference determining the UNUDHR made the following argument: "In a society where there are no rival classes, there cannot be any contradiction between the government and the individual since the government is in fact the collective individual. Therefore the problem of the state and the individual in its historical sense does not exist". [11]So the set of articles from the UNUDHR which could be characterized as traditional, first generation or political rights are as follows:

First Generation Rights:

Article 3: Everyone has the right to life, liberty, and the security of person. Other versions of this same claim can be found in several other rights documents including the US Declaration of Independence.

Articles 6, 7 and 8: Equal recognition before the law and protection of the law.

Articles 9, 10, and 11: Fair and speedy trial and procedures. This provision comes out

[11] Official records of the Third Session of the General Assembly , Part I, Plenary Meetings, 10, December, 1948, pp.923-4, 929.

of the Habeus Corpus writs in England and the Habeus Corpus Act 1651.

Article 17: This is a traditional, first generation, property right found in many rights documents prior to 1948. It is a criticism of traditional rights documents that they place too much emphasis on property rights and the privileges of the few within the domain of influence occupied by private property owners.

Articles 18, 19, 20 and 21: These are traditional public participation rights and freedom of opinion and freedom of religion rights.

Second Generation Rights:

The second generation or so-called welfare of social security rights are as follows:

Article 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27 have particularly disturbed traditional rights theorists because the right to social security, employment, rest and leisure, an adequate standard of living including a decent just minimum health care, the right to an education and the right to enjoy the cultural, artistic and scientific benefits of any community or country oblige the state to supply the needs of individuals well beyond those in the case of traditional rights. They are much more costly. They also move society much more toward a socialist model as opposed to a free enterprise or capitalist model. They are one of the primary reasons why the United States of America has never ratified the UNUDHR**.**

Third Generation Rights:

The so-called self-determination of a people or third generation rights includes the following:

Articles 13, 14, 15 and 28 provide a universal base for human rights protecting the self-

determined movement of individuals both within a state and in international territory across individual states. These are rights to asylum within another country, nationality, and peaceful social and political world order. These rights are taken by proponents to be necessary to protect and enhance an individual's ability within a community or group to freely identify them and develop with the assistance of their people.

Finally, in the classification provided I have said nothing of the rights listed in Articles 1 or 2, or in Articles 29 and 30. The first two articles do not contain rights at all. Article 1, for example, typically of traditional rights documents gives a characterization of the situation within which one would find the assertion of rights claims. It says that the people who make such claims are free and equal in their dignity and rights; there are no special domains of influence or privilege. This is a reference to national rights documents which specify, for example, that only those designated as citizens of a particular state are in fact entitled to claim any of the rights documented. Article 2 proclaims a non-discrimination condition or proviso for all of the rights listed in the Articles 3 to 28 (even though Article 28 may be disputed as a rights claim). Article 29 lists duties not rights. In this Article there is an attempt to forge the individual within the scope of his or her community on the basis of a relation of reciprocity: treat others, as you would have them treat you. Article 30 proclaims the sanctity and security, in a kind of self-authentication claim, of all the rights claims made in the document to insure that nothing in the document can be interpreted to weaken any of the claims.

III: Current Significance of the UNUDHR and its Covenants

The UNUDHR became the document, which if signed was taken by the

representative of a particular country to that country's legislature for ratification. Only ratification makes the document legally binding on any particular country. Without ratification there may be some moral obligation but there is no legal obligation. With ratification, the UNUDHR can have a fundamental change on the laws and the legal system in any particular country.

First, the country is obligated to insure that none of its existing laws, nor any new laws it might consider creating, violates the prohibitions in the UNUDHR. For example, in Canada, an aboriginal woman who lost native or tribal status because she married a non-aboriginal took her case to the World Court in The Hague and won a judgment against Canada. This was taken to violate several parts of the UNUDHR such as non-discrimination Articles 26 and 27. This is a typical case in which a conflict between a citizen and the laws of a particular state, which cannot be resolved internally, is taken to an international court for adjudication. This process provides the basis for a non-relative ethical and legal authority to attempt to resolve a conflict within a particular society. This authority is agreed to by the particular state in question through a voluntary contract between it and the United Nations. So, a particular state authority can be judged and found guilty of violating the UNUDHR by another, higher authority. This provides individuals with protections beyond those available within the confines of their particular state.

Second, countries can be publicly criticized by United Nations commissions using the standard of the UNUDHR or one or more of its covenant for their failure to live up to reasonable expectations created in their own country as a result of their agreeing to the conditions of the UNUDHR or one of its covenants. For example, on

the very date of the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights, one of Canada's most trusted newspapers, the *Globe and Mail* reported in a headline (p.A5) that "UN Committee lambastes Canada on Human Rights". The newspaper goes on to indicate that:

In its first report on Canada in five years, the UN Committee on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights has berated Canada for allowing serious social problems to fester....from the deplorable state of native reserves to homelessness, which has been declared a national disaster by municipalities...The report is one of the toughest the committee has released on any industrialized country's record on fulfilling the UN Covenant on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights, drafted in 1976. Canada, which signed the covenant two years later, is one of 137 countries morally though not legally bound by its provisions. The United States refuses to sign.

Such examples of non-compliance to an agreement such as the UN Covenant on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights have no compliance or enforcement provisions but they can be a national embarrassment, a kind of wake up call to those countries who become complacent. On the day and the same page of this newspaper, a headline read "Israel blasted over status of non-Jews" and the article indicated that a committee of the same International Covenant on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights reviewed Israel and expressed "concern that the government...does not accord equal rights to its Arab citizens. This discriminatory attitude is apparent in the comparatively lower standard of living of the Israeli Arabs." The committee members have some experience with human rights and are not aligned politically to any particular state. Their "observations" are based on evidence collected from government sources and various groups within the particular society. Their function is moral persuasion.

Third, countries are encouraged and societies and professional associations within these countries are encouraged to produce their own bill of rights, charter of

rights or code of ethics which conform to the set of rights in the UNUDHR so that any professional or societal code reflects and enhances the protections for individuals in the UNUDHR. This provides a basis for a foundation of consistent, uniform and customary rights protections in the international realm, in particular states and within societies or organizations themselves located in state borders.

Finally, the UNUDHR established a fixed and agreed set of ethical standards. In doing so, it provided substantial ammunition against the claim that: any society, culture or group is free to decide their own relative ethical standards; all ethical standards are relative to some group or individual. If relativism were given a foothold, ethical concerns would become no more than matters of taste or custom. In a federation like Canada, universality is built into many of the social programs both funded by the federal government and supported by provincial governments. For example, the Canada Health Act of 1984 contains major penalties for any province, which attempts to forge a discriminatory two-tiered health care system within its borders. The province of Alberta suffered a loss of over $400,000.00 in a vain attempt to force the federal government to allow it to permit private health care facilities to operate within the public health care system. This is an attempt by the federal government, with the support of the majority of the people of Canada, to continue the existence of a non-discriminatory, publicly supported, health care system which allows access to the system on the basis of need and not ability to pay. This is consistent with the provisions in the Canadian Charter of Rights and the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights, especially the second generation right listed in Article 25.

If human rights are to be protected, then the individual, the group and the environment will need to be protected against threats that could emerge from a world of international trading communities, where even individual political states cannot assert their own economic sovereignty over their citizens. This, more than ever, means that we will need to proclaim and celebrate the achievement of the UNUDHR to set the stage for international protection of individuals, the environment and indigenous groups. And sometimes it takes geographers to identify threats to human beings in contemporary society such that "public spaces of spectacle, theater, and consumption create images that define the public, and these images—backed by law—exclude as 'undesirable' the homeless and the political activist. Thus excluded from these public and pseudopublic spaces, their legitimacy as member of the public is put into doubt. And thus unrepresented in our images of 'the public', they are banished to a realm outside of politics because they are banished from the gathering places of the city." [12] [13]When will the threats end? They won't end. When will the need for rights cease? It won't cease.

[12] The Right to the City: Social Justice and the Fight for Public Space, Don Mitchell, Guilford Press, New York, 2003, p.141
[13]

Key to Hick City by Marie Baker

another woman found covered in hickies
gang members staged a kiss of death
all over the victim's body no private part
spared in this senseless brutal attack

in hospital every hour on hour ice cubes
are applied generously to torso hips neck
toes behind ears behind the behind but
she has survived another random act
of violence bestowed with surprise to all
dis-associate it just another example
body art and ritualistic scars performed
habitually by the young to mark territory

times ago the curious reddish spots
on the skin did indicate trophy status
especially for exhibiting souvenirs
nights of passions not inhibited ever
wild guess about rash or bedbug bites
wearing a neck brace to work suggested

speculation has begun as to whether
the men involved had been raised
by mothers who bit birchbark designs
(always a genetic excuse for depravity)

the mayor of hick city offered rewards
so culprits might get apprehended before
tell tale criminal evidence faded out
his announcement punctuated by frequent

hiccups he could not or would not cure
in the old west a wild man hitchcock
reputed to have given calamity jane
a hickey the size of a variegated lone star
blanket such remarkable markwomanship

for aggravated accumulation of love bites
officials give away keys to the city maybe
to maintain a lofty tradition of sexy skin
suckered yet sequestered should sign remain

Singing for Cleofe: Music at the Malatesta Court in the Early Fifteenth Century

by Donald Beecher, Carleton University, Ottawa

The Rimini and Pesaro courts of the Malatesta do not figure large in the history of music, not only because they were remote from the great cultural centers of the quattrocento, Venice, Florence, and Rome, where chapel and household musicians were fostered, but because populations were small, and because the lords of Rimini were often more preoccupied with marauding and skirmishing than with peacetime activities—or so the old-fashioned historians would hold. Burckhardt found only words like "scoundrels" to describe their role in the politics of northern Italy.[14] Yet there was a moment in the 1420s when Malatesta pretensions in the production of music were clear and manifest, and bespeak a distinct desire to participate in the politics of culture through the musical life of court and chapel. That resonant and revealing moment may be reconstructed, but only on a handful of facts and a considerable degree of historical innuendo, for such is the nature of music history in

[14] *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy* (New York: The New American Library, 1960), p. 55.

general in the early fifteenth century. During the papal schism, the musical establishments of Rome and the papal territories had fallen off sharply, so that with the naming of Pope Martin V in 1417, there was general rebuilding to be done everywhere, beginning in Rome. Florence had known a musical flowering in the trecento, but Venice was to assume leadership early in the next century with the presence of Johannes Ciconia in nearby Padua. Nevertheless, of the composers active during those first two decades of the quattrocento, the names of only three dozen Italians are known, whose surviving compositions typically number but one or two, and, in the case of several, none at all. As for the sociology of music, the best of data is but sparse and indirect. Altogether noteworthy, then, is the fact that three compositions, still extant, and by an outstanding composer, can be associated with important occasions in the ceremonial life of the Malatesta court between the years 1420 and 1426, the very production of which entails a musical establishment in residence of a relatively high caliber. Even more remarkable, the composer of those works, presumably in residence in Rimini or Pesaro for at least a part of that time, was the young Guillaume Dufay, destined to become without much contest the leading European composer of the first half of the fifteenth century.

These three works, with their designated occasions, are a limited testimonial, for

there are no surviving church or household records through which more can be known of Dufay's appointment and official activities, or of the performance of his works upon those special days. Yet they hint at much: that Carlo da Rimini and his wife of more than thirty years, Elisabetta Gonzaga of Mantua (some say Isabella), in collaboration with the cousins in Pesaro, had musical ambitions inducing them to grace these occasions with original compositions; and that sufficient musical resources must have been in place to draw the aspiring Dufay from Cambrai to their remote court on the Adriatic.

Malatesta exposure to the allurements and prestige of Franco-Netherlandic music, and the commissioning of Dufay, would most probably have taken place in Constance during the remarkable Council that convened there in 1414, and that drew to a close in 1418 after the resolution of the papal schism. Carlo da Rimini attended as the papal rector of the Romagna and as spokesman for Gregory XII, while his cousin, Pandolfo Malatesta da Pesaro, attended the Council to his benefit in becoming Bishop of Brescia in1416, and of Coutance in October, 1418. Dufay, born circa 1400,[15] and thus still a young musician in training in Cambrai under Richard Loqueville, would

[15] Alejandro Enrique Planchart, in "Guillaume Du Fay's Benefices and his Relationship to the Court of Burgundy," *Early Music History* 8 (1988), p. 121 suggested 1397, given Dufay's ordination in 1427, traditionally granted at the symbolic age of 30. Charles van den Borren offered the even earlier date of 1395, but it was based on a misdating to 1416 of events at the Malatesta court that took place only in 1420 and 1423. *Guillaume Dufay, Son Importance dans l'évolution de la musique au XVe siècle* (Brussels: M. Lamertin, 1926), p. 51.

have been present as a young chorister in the chapel of Cardinal Pierre d'Ailly, one-time Bishop of Cambrai and formerly chancellor of the University of Paris.[16] D'Ailly attended the Council with his musical entourage as one of the leading theologians of the age. He, furthermore, would have known Carlo da Rimini from the Council of Pisa in 1409. But precisely how the parties met and arrangements were made for the young composer to leave for Italy, perhaps as early as 1418, can only be imagined.

The importance of the Council of Constance for the history of music can hardly be overemphasized, for it was nothing short of a four-year festival of the arts at which musicians from all over Europe were in attendance under the sponsorship of their princely or ecclesiastical patrons. The effect was that of a "musical melting pot," for it led to the dissemination of new performance styles and the hybridization of compositional designs that would change the directions of western music.[17] That Dufay, at an early age, had absorbed so much of the musical vocabulary of the English composer Dunstable is perhaps only to be accounted for by his presence in Constance, where several of the English choirs performed. Meanwhile, Carlo and Pandolfo, in

[16] David Fallows debates this point at length, concluding that Dufay's presence in the D'Ailly retinue alone explains how he managed to absorb so many European musical styles at such a young age, and how he encountered the Malatesta delegation, even though there is no documentation to establish the matter. *Dufay* (London: J.M. Dent and Sons, 1982), pp. 16-17. See also Alejandro Enrique Planchart, who states that "Du Fay was a protégé of d'Ailly and was among those whom the cardinal took with him to Constance," in "Guillaume Du Fay's Benefices," p. 121; and C. Wright, "Dufay at Cambrai: Discoveries and Revisions," *Journal of the American Musicological Society* 28 (1975), p. 178.

[17] Julie Cumming, *The Motet in the Age of Du Fay* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999), p. 68.

those same surroundings, may have taken particular note of the politics of culture at play, in seeing so many among the powerful surrounded by their private musicians. A marker of that age, in the words of Gustave Reese, was that "every potentate big or little had his musicians, who usually went with him if he journeyed abroad."[18] Just how many such there were at the Council can be estimated thanks to the quantitative obsessions of one of the local townsmen, Ulrich von Richental, who kept an elaborate account. Those present at various times included five patriarchs, 33 cardinals with retinues of 3,056 men, 145 bishops with 6,000 men, 47 archbishops with 4,900 men; among them all there were 1,700 trumpeters, fifers, fiddlers and players of all kinds. It is an astonishing statistic.[19] Richental made note, as well, that Pandolfo and Carlo arrived accompanied by 40 horsemen, although he does not mention that Marco de Franzia, organist to Pandolfo III, Carlo's brother, was on loan to him from Brescia and was also present in that entourage in the summer months of 1415.[20] The papal chapel, itself, was present, which served during the late trecento as the model for ecclesiastical music throughout Europe. The engravings made in Constance of their performance on February 1, 1415 at the coronation of Brigitta of Sweden are valuable for our current

[18] *Music in the Renaissance* (New York: W.W. Norton, 1959), p. 6.
[19] This and subsequent references to the [von] Richental [*Chronicle*] are derived from the edition included in *The Council of Constance: The Unification of the Church*, trans. Louise R. Loomis, eds. J.H. Mundy and K.M. Woody, (New York: Columbia University Press, 1961), pp. 84-200. For further information on the musical activities of the Council, see Manfred Schuler, "Die Musik in Konstanz während des Konzils 1414-1418," *Acta musicologica* 38 (1966): 150-68.
[20] Allan W. Atlas, "Pandolfo III Malatesta mecenate musicale," *Rivista italiana di musicologia* 23 (1988), p. 70.

understanding of the performance practices of that age.[21] But it was perhaps the English choirs that were setting the trends, as suggested by Richental's enthusiastic description of the arrival of the bishops of Lichfield and Norwich in September, 1416, and of the beautiful singing of their musicians, accompanied by organ and "prosunen," or brass instruments.[22] These were likely slide trumpets similar to those used by the players in the entourage of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was also in attendance in earlier months.[23] Not only did these choirs perform Vespers for the feast day of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, but the bishops invited the town counselors and worthy men to a sumptuous banquet served on gold and silver platters, accompanied by pantomimes, a nativity play, and a play of Herod performed in costly costumes. Envy in high places must have ensued, for their composers and instrumentations were widely imitated in the years to follow. Intimations alone link such descriptions of events as these with the occasions to follow in Rimini that express a similar concern for musical sophistication and ceremonial splendor. But in all probability, the events in Constance had been decisive for Carlo and Pandolfo, and Dufay was to provide a handful of compositions whereby some of those newfangled delights might be heard in Malatesta territory.

[21] Preserved in *The Chronicle of Ulrich von Richenthal*, in the Aulendorf codex (1460), Spencer Collection, New York Public Library.
[22] *The Council of Constance*, p. 146.
[23] David Fallows, *Dufay* (London: J.M. Dent and Sons, 1982), p. 19.

There is no clear indication of just who hired the young composer, whether Carlo da Rimini or Pandolfo for the family back in Pesaro, for while the three documented occasions pertain to events in the lives of members of the Pesaro branch, two were celebrated in Rimini, and one in Patras in the Peloponnese.[24] The first event that actually points to Dufay's presence in Rimini arose in 1420, although he may already have been there for several months. With or without his presence, Cleofe Malatesta da Pesaro, Pandolfo's older sister, was to marry Theodore II, Palaiologos, Despot of the Morea, second son of the Byzantine Emperor, Manuel Palaiologos, and Dufay's music would grace the occasion. His palace was in Mistra, on a rocky slope not far from ancient Sparta—something of an outpost for the thirty-two year old woman who had been raised at her Uncle Carlo's court in Rimini. Her destiny, too, had been confirmed at the Council of Constance, for the Emperor had sent a delegation seeking six Catholic brides for his six sons in an effort to bring the West into league with the

[24] This point has been much debated among musicologists. Perhaps Allan Atlas offers the best solution in considering the Malatesta of Rimini and Pesaro "as a single patronal unit, since. . .while the Malatesta honored in those works are members of the Pesaro branch of the family, the events themselves were celebrated—and the pieces possibly commissioned and certainly performed—at Rimini." "Dufay's 'Mon chier amy': Another Piece for the Malatesta," in *Music in Renaissance Cities and Courts: Studies in Honor of Lewis Lockwood*, eds. Jessie Ann Owens and Anthony M. Cummings (Warren, Mich.: Harmonie Park Press, 1977), p. 18. One tell-tale detail, according to Alejandro Planchart, is that a fellow musician, Hugo de Lantins, received a benefice through the Pesaro court in June, 1423, whereas Dufay did not, pointing to Hugo's association with Pesaro, while by default, Dufay must have been in the employ of Carlo in Rimini. "Guillaume Du Fay's Benefices and His Relationship to the Court of Burgundy," *Early Music* 8 (1988), pp. 124-26. More will follow on the potential relationship between Lantins and Dufay as fellow collaborators or rivals in the service of the Malatesta. Only Nino Pirrotta has questioned Dufay's presence in Italy during this period, given the prospect that Pandolfo took him in his ecclesiastical entourage back to Coutence in Normandy. But he offers no further thoughts on how the three "occasional" pieces for Malatesta celebrations made their way to Italy, much less how Dufay was so familiar with the music of Ciconia, knew the two Lantins so well (both were attached to the Pesaro court) and composed in collaboration with them, why he otherwise wrote seven early songs to Italian lyrics, or how to account for the several other tell-tale features of his early career that associate him with life along the Adriatic. "On Text Forms from Ciconia to Dufay," in *Aspects of Medieval and Renaissance Music: A Birthday Offering to Gustave Reese*, ed. Jan LaRue (New York: Pendragon Press, 1978), p. 676.

East in their decades-long stand against the Ottoman Turks. That embassy was largely ignored among the more pressing matters of rooting out heresy and settling the papacy upon a single man, but a contract was eventually signed on May 29, 1419 by Pope Martin V for the marriages of Cleofe and of Sophia da Montferrat, the child widow of the Count of Pavia, who was to wed John, the Emperor's eldest son.[25] The moment of Cleofe's departure came in August, 1420, for which there were celebrations of an ethos only to be imagined. Sampaoli states that the betrothal, according to the *Antichità del Peloponneso* of Spiridione Lambros, was celebrated by proxy in Pesaro, where a silver bull with a gold band was presented, written by Theodore's own hand, but that a festive celebration which included the music under discussion was held for her on the eve of her departure from Rimini.[26] There is some confusion about the trip to Venice, however, where she was to join Sophia, and more uncertainty as to whether the two women celebrated their marriages together in Constantinople on January 19, 1421, the date of Cleofe's wedding. Clementini, in his *Raccolto istorico della fondatione di Rimino*, under separate entries for the year 1416, and correctly for the year 1420, tells how Cleofe's ship was returned to port by contrary winds, and how she then made her way to Venice in a "carretta," accompanied as far as Ravenna by Carlo her uncle, Roberto

[25] Steven Runciman, *Mistra: Byzantine Capital of the Peloponnese* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1980), p. 69.
[26] Luciano Sampaoli, *Guillaume Dufay: Un musicista alla corte dei Malatesti*. Biblioteca della Sagra (Rimini: Luisè editore, 1985), p. 42.

her nephew, and her own father, Malatesta di Pandolfo "dei sonnetti," along with many other worthy gentlemen.[27]

Such was the event, or series of events, for which Dufay composed his first isorhythmic motet, "Vasilissa ergo gaude." The stateliness of the occasion can be presumed by Dufay's choice of musical forms, for traditionally this rather gothic and academic genre was reserved exclusively for state occasions. That was most certainly the case in Venice where the isorhythmic motets of Ciconia were written in honor of doges, dedications of palaces, and military victories. Of the thirteen surviving motets by Dufay, eleven can be attached to historical events and public celebrations. The history of the form has been researched in detail, most recently by Julie Cumming, who has traced its two-hundred year development literally in Darwinian terms as a genre in continual evolution, one that had become so academically defined by Dufay's time that it was soon destined to implode from its own formal demands. By definition, then, the composer who could meet its rigorous criteria was simultaneously placing his genius on display, to the advancement of his own career and of the patron's cultural ambitions. In the musical arms race of the Adriatic, Ciconia was the standard-bearer, and hence served Dufay as a model to be imitated closely and surpassed in subtlety of

[27] Cesare Clementini, *Raccolto istorico della fondatione di Rimino* (Rimini: per il Simbeni, 1617), Vol. II, pp. 101, 298.

detail and invention.[28]

Traditionally, the isorhythmic component pertained to the bottom line, the tenor, upon which the piece is built, a melody in long notes, the talea or rhythms of which were repeated, but using different pitches. Ciconia had raised the bar, however, insofar as four of his ten motets are panisorhythmic, which is to say that the iterative rhythmic pattern applies independently to all four lines, the tenor, the contratenor, the motetus, and the triplum. Dufay would not only match this practice in his tribute to Cleofe, but perform it in more strict and literal fashion, meanwhile tipping his hat to the master by imitating the exact design of Ciconia's "Ut te per omnes celitum," while basing his tenor melody on the Gregorian chant gradual "Concupirit rex." This citation of a liturgical *cantus prius factus* was standard practice in the north, but Ciconia had not employed it, allowing Dufay to work out his own new hybrid form. Only the top two lines are texted, thankfully it may be suggested, and both lines make use of the same text, which was often not the case in the trecento motet. In his fourth motet, "Apostolo glorioso," Dufay would in fact revert to that rather gothic feature of having two simultaneous texts. Concerning the performance of the little codettas between the texted phrases in the upper parts, and the untexted lower two lines, debate runs

[28] Gustave Reese has calibrated that between the years 1400-1420 there are on record some 25 north Italian motets, of which ten are by Ciconia, four of them isorhythmic, and none of them having previously written canti. The innovative characteristics of Dufay's work can be calibrated against this historical background. *Music in the Renaissance* (New York: W.W. Norton, 1959), pp. 26-27.

sharply. It is never wrong to sing these to vowels or syllables, although the *passaggi* style makes instrumental performance a natural choice. One option is to have the singers of the top lines double themselves on vielle or harp, performing the ornamental codettas instrumentally, or to have their lines doubled by separate players on lute, harp, vielle, or recorder over the two lower lines instrumentally performed by any of a variety of instruments able to sustain the long notes from slide trumpets to the organ.[29] What Cleofe heard on that momentous occasion, if much at all as her mind churned upon other preoccupations, was a four-part *tour-de-force* Latin motet, featuring subtleties of rhythm, musical citations, and an exact employment of traditional forms that only the composer himself could fully appreciate, performed by as many musicians as could crowd around a single music book in an age when part-books were still unknown. Alternatively, the music is not beyond learning by heart, and for all we know, the lines could have been doubled by the entire Malatesta chapel, whatever its forces, with instrumental parts to match, if music of state was their intent. But in these matters we are beyond documentary corroboration. Let us imagine, then, some four to six musicians joining forces to sing out the words "Cleofe clara gestis, A tuis de Malatestis, In Italia principibus, Magnis et nobilibus!" In this, poor Cleofe was but half a pretext

[29] For one discussion of the matter see Keith Polk, "Ensemble Performance in Dufay's Time," *Dufay*, ed. Allan W. Atlas (Brooklyn: Department of Music, City University of New York, Brooklyn College, 1976): 61-75; for another see the introduction by Ross W. Duffin to Guillaume Dufay, *Chansons* (Miami: Ogni Sorte Editions, 1983), pp. 18-22.

for chanting the name of the clan, to the best music that Malatesta money could buy, and potentially to the fullest ceremonial sounds their musical establishment could proffer.

Only one further fact remains to complete what can be known of this musical festivity for the departing bride, namely that "Vasilissa" was not performed alone, given that an Italian song entitled "Tra quante regione" was composed for that same occasion by the Liège-born composer Hugo Lantins. This ballata was an extensive work, 638 minims in all, and likewise featured the declamation of her name, "Cleophe Malatesti." Of Hugo little is known, except that he makes his entry upon the musical scene along the Adriatic with this composition, and disappears altogether a scant decade later, leaving behind him liturgical music such as movements for the mass, motets, and more than 20 songs. That he composed parallel pieces to those by Dufay, not only for this but subsequent occasions, suggests that he was also attached to the Malatesta court, and more particularly to the Pesaro court because of a benefice he was paid there, and that he served as a friendly spur and rival to Dufay, through whose copybook most of Lantins' music survives.[30] That Dufay was not, at the same time, in the payment records of Cleofe's father in Pesaro has suggested to Alejandro Planchart

[30] For a summary of what is known of Lantins' career, see Hans Schoop and J. Michael Alls article in Vol. 14 of *The New Groves Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, ed. Stanley Sadie (London: Macmillan, 2001), pp. 255-56.

that he must have been in the employ of Carlo da Rimini, even though his documented works were composed for members of the Pesaro branch.[31] But perhaps Carlo commissioned them all, for in those years the families were on good terms: both Cleofe and Carlo da Pesaro spent much of their time in Rimini; Pandolfo da Pesaro had accompanied Carlo to the Council in Constance; and Pandolfo III, Carlo's brother, once lord of Brescia, after losing his holdings in the north in 1421, would also spend much of his time in Rimini with his own harpist and organist.[32]

If Pope Martin V made a difference in the lives of the Malatesta in finding a husband for Cleofe, he did so again in offering his niece, Vittoria di Lorenzo Colonna, in marriage to Carlo Malatesta da Pesaro, Cleofe's brother. The union took place on July 18, 1423 amidst celebrations featuring music specially composed by Dufay and Lantins.[33] Again, we are to imagine all the dignity and splendor of a state occasion, which is confirmed by Clementini's description of the event as a "sontuosissime nozze."[34] Dufay's contribution was a grand epithalamion in the form of a showcase French ballade, "Resvelliés vous et faites chiere lye." The work begins with a complex

[31] "Guillaume Du Fay's Benefices," p. 124.
[32] Allan W. Atlas, "Pandolfo III Malatesta mecenate musicale: Musica e musicisti presso una signoria del primo quattrocento." *Rivista italiahna di musicologia* 23 (1988), p. 83.
[33] Lantins' presumed participation is based on the fragment of an Italian ballata "Mirar non posso" attributed to him in Oxford Bodleian MS Canonici misc. 213 (a manuscript about which more will be said in a subsequent section of this article). The ballata speaks about a lady and musically highlights the name "Colonna," strongly suggesting that Lantins composed this work for the same wedding ceremonies. See Allan Atlas, "Dufay's 'Mon chier amy': Another Piece for the Malatesta." *Music in Renaissance Cities and Court: Studies in Honor of Lewis Lockwood*. Eds. Jessie Ann Owens and Anthony M. Cummings (Warren, Mich.: Harmonie Park Press, 1997), p. 18, n. 58.
[34] Cesare Clementini, *Raccolto istorico della fondatione di Rimino*. Vol. II. (Rimini: per il Simbeni, 1617), p. 297.

instrumental introit leading to the three sections of the ballade, texted in the cantus alone over instrumental tenor and contratenor lines. Again, the phrases of the poem are separated by florid *passaggi* sections, perhaps calling for instrumental doubling. The most striking feature is the rhetorical treatment of the tell-tale words "Charle gentil, c'on dit de Maleteste," which concludes each of the three sections, set to white notes with formatas above, and texted in all three parts. The flattering intent of this declamation, including the family name, would have been strikingly clear, even for those lacking an ear for the many other more subtle musical parallels, puns, and graces that mark this composition. Most telling among these many features is the musical allusion to Ciconia's madrigal "Una panthera," with its opening descending figure, which is the same unusual sequence that marks the words "Qui sedes" in the "Gloria" of an undated but early mass known as the "Missa sine nomine." The observation of such allusions and markers have allowed music historians to fill in probable stories, as in the case to follow.

The relationship between this mass and the wedding ballade has been much discussed, given that later in the century it became all the fashion to employ popular melodies from secular song as the pre-written canti of the masses, the secular tune integrated into all the mass movements, as in Dufay's own "Missa se la face ay pale,"

based on one of his love songs. Yet because the "Resvelliés vous" theme does not occur in all the movements of this mass, and because the parody mass proper was still twenty-five years in the future, consensus now holds that the wedding ballade came second, and was derived, instead, from materials of the mass. What then of the prospect that the liturgical music was likewise commissioned for the wedding, and thereby merits its renaming by David Fallows as the "Missa resvelliés vous?" That hypothesis now enjoys wide acceptance, in turn inviting us to imagine the performances of both works as part of the festivities solemn and gay on that auspicious but otherwise undocumented day.[35]

Concerning the performance of the ballade, little is known except what the words themselves imply, for they urge the bride to shake off sleep and to put herself in the best of moods for all that is to follow.[36] The lyrics then address the groom, who is congratulated for his fine taste in brides and his prospects of future happiness, leading to the drawn out celebration of his family name. Thoughts are free whether this entails an outdoor, early-morning performance at the bride's window. But revels there must

[35] Fallows, *Dufay*, p. 23. But see also Allan Atlas, "Dufay's, 'Mon chier amy,'" p. 3, where he confirms the relationship as "undeniable," even though, in speaking of himself in the third person in footnote 4, he "questions Fallows's assertion that the mass must have preceded the ballade."

[36] There has always been some confusion concerning the social use of the epithalamium, for the term means "at the bridal chamber," but the *Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics* assumes that it is "any song or poem sung outside the bridal chamber on the wedding night" presumably as "the encouragement of fertility" p. 249. Nevertheless, that written by Spenser for his own wedding begins with a morning, bride-waking ritual. But Dufay's use of the song depends more specifically on Italian or perhaps Franco-Burgundian practices, current early in the fifteenth century.

have been, with a musical entourage apt to perform so technically demanding a work. Again, without memorization, three or four singers and players must have gathered around a book and performed with as much *sprezzatura* as the circumstances would allow.

As for the wedding itself, on uncertain evidence Sampaoli states that it was celebrated in the Cathedral of Santa Colomba, of which I believe only one of the ruined bell towers survives today.[37] If the hypothesis holds concerning the "Missa resvelliés vous"—that by dint of its shared motifs it too must have been commissioned for the wedding—those in attendance at the ceremony heard the premier of a full mass cycle with its Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei, performed as much after the style of the papal chapel, one might imagine, as emulation would allow, and embellished with all of the learned devices that Dufay could bring to bear in this musical homage to a patron. Among its features, the words "Jesu Christe" are set to the same device using white notes with fermatas that marked off "Charle gentil" in the ballade, and the "Gloria" winds to its spectacular close through long melismatic passages punctuated by hocket in all the voices. The treble dominates the writing and carries most of the text, virtually assuring the employment of instruments, the organ

[37] *Guillaume Dufay: Un Musicista alla corte dei Malatesti*, pp. 48-49.

certainly, and trumpets, if the Malatesta chapel had achieved the height of fashion. Such unifying features as the identical time signature sequences in the Kyrie, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei, together with the many figures of imitation, might have escaped the notice of listeners, but would have caught the eye of the performers. Those in attendance were hearing the latest and the most fashionable music of the age both for church and chamber. In this way, Dufay made his contribution to the glorification of the occasion upon which the Malatestas incorporated the pope's niece into their own dynastic holdings.

If Dufay was present in Rimini, that he remained so long after the wedding is perhaps to be doubted, given the allusions to the region of Laon in such songs as his "Adieu ces bons vins de Lannoys," dated to 1426. Moreover, this newly acquired dynastic strength on the Pesaro side marked the beginning of the decline of the three-generations-long period of harmony between the two branches of the family.[38] Yet further Malatesta commissions would follow, including the music composed in 1426 for a ceremony in Patras in the Peloponnese. Pandolfo da Pesaro had been appointed archbishop to the see of Patras in 1424, the last stronghold of Catholicism in the

[38] That decline in relations was largely related to matters of succession, for the Rimini branch of the family had failed to produce legitimate offspring, and there was increasing fear, as the death of Carlo da Rimini became imminent, that the succession would pass entirely to the Pesaro branch with its several legitimate children. The will of the papacy was the determining factor, and in the end Sigismondo, an illegitimate son from the Rimini line, won out, after the Pope had legitimated the three bastard sons of Pandolfo III, Carlo's brother, in 1427.

Eastern orthodox empire, which, for lack of Venetian support, was destined to fall shortly thereafter in 1429 to Constantine, one of the emperor's younger sons.[39] Cleofe, for her part, had converted Mistra into "the leading intellectual centre in the Greek world," according to Runciman, but only by learning Greek, converting to Orthodoxy, and subjecting herself to excommunication by Martin V.[40] During his brief sojourn, Pandolfo arranged for the restoration of one of the churches dedicated to Saint Andrew, the martyr apostle crucified in Patras in the first century. For the dedication, Pandolfo was in need of music, and Dufay responded to the call with another of his isorhythmic motets, by all indications his fourth, built upon the antiphon melody "Andreas Christi famulus" from the feast day liturgy of Saint Andrew. This work features an instrumental introit, followed by the motet proper in which all five parts receive isorhythmic treatment. Different stanzas are sung simultaneously, this time in Italian, describing the apostle's martyrdom; together the lyrics form an Italian sonnet. "Apostolo glorioso" is a worthy academic piece, performed under circumstances only to be imagined, and in far-away Patras where Dufay is unlikely to have been in attendance. With that documented occasion, Dufay's affiliation with the Malatesta family appears to have come to a close.

[39] Massimo Mila, *Guillaume Dufay*, 2 vols. (Torino: G. Giappichelli, 1972), I. 142.
[40] *Mistra: Byzantine Capital of the Peloponnese*, p. 70.

But there are a few additional innuendoes yet to be explored. Mere probability would hold that Dufay composed far more than this handful of pieces during these early years for performance in Malatesta circles. This is particularly so if intimate social gatherings at the respective courts also called upon Lantins and Dufay for recreational chansons, ballades, and rondeaux, of the kind they were known to have composed. Moreover, given the preoccupation with games of love and the expression of amorous sentiments and flirtations in song, the presence and inspiration of women would appear both natural and necessary to those occasions—and such women there were. Galeazzo da Pesaro, the eldest son of Malatesta di Pandolfo, was married to Battista da Montefeltro "celebrated as one of the first Italian ladies to excel in humanist learning."[41] Cleofe, moreover, had sisters both younger and older, and her mother was Elizabetta Varano dei Signori di Camerino. Their social and musical tastes will likely never be known, but the prospect remains that they were among the subjects of the courtly songs in the *trouvère* tradition that figure among Dufay's stylistically early compositions.

Ultimately, the two brothers, Carlo and Pandolfo III, must be considered the leading Malatesta patrons of the arts in the early fifteenth century, and the facilitators

[41] Philip J. Jones, *The Malatesta of Rimini and the Papal State* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1974), p. 166, n. 1.

of this burgeoning musical culture. Carlo da Rimini was a condottiere, but he was also a man of letters celebrated by Bracciolini, and known to his people as "Marcus Cato." He was at times a devout and pious man, and a player of both lute and harp.[42] By the same token, Pandolfo was a harpist, albeit of unknown ability, who built up an impressive musical establishment during his years as ruler of Brescia.[43] Carlo had attended the Council of Constance where he had seen the best of that musical age in performance, but he also passed through his brother's court, where he had seen one of the finest musical establishments in northern Italy. Inspiration for building up his own musical forces may have come from no further abroad, and the emulation may have been entirely within the family. Hypothetically, then, these two brothers, dilettante musicians and patrons of the arts, may have engaged in friendly rivalry in gracing their respective cities with musical courts and chapels, the records of which survive only from the Brescian side. According to those accounts, what Pandolfo achieved in the years prior to 1421 is as remarkable as it is unexpected. By 1409 he had his requisite three or four German *pifferi* or wind players for ceremonial occasions, musicians who

[42] Concerning the musical literacy of Carlo and Pandolfo, and of their roles as patrons of music, see Allan W. Atlas, "Pandolfo III Malatesta mecenate musicale", p. 78. In the household records of Pandolfo's court in Brescia, there is an expense listed for strings for Carlo's lute during one of his visits. That same set of accounts also mentions expenditures for harps and harp strings on several occasions for Pandolfo III, providing rather clear evidence that both brothers were musicians, and may well have performed recreationally together, or in conjunction with the musicians in either of their musical establishments. Atlas concludes in his article "Dufay's 'Mon chier amy': Another Piece for the Malatesta" that both were "presumably musically literate (certainly music-loving) Malatesta patrons," p. 20.

[43] For these details, see Allan Atlas, "On the Identity of Some Musicians at the Brescian Court of Pandolfo III Malatesta," *Current Musicology* 36 (1983): 11-20.

may have doubled on the "muted" winds such as recorders for indoor recreational music. He had, as well, a miniature *cappella* of two singers, Jacobinus and Francesco, and an organist, Marco di Francia, while for his household music he retained the services of Leonardo, a German lutenist, and a harpist, Michele da Venezia, who became a personal friend, and who remained in the service of the Malatesta for 33 years. By 1415 his chapel had grown to five singers, some of whom also helped out with administrative and ecclesiastical duties. The turnover was considerable, however, for during the four-year period from 1414 to 1418 as many as 14 singers, mostly from the north, passed through his household and chapel before moving on to other appointments. Beltramus Feragut, the composer, spent 11 months working for Pandolfo in 1415-1416, and musical groups from nearby Ferrara and Venice also stopped by to perform. Even Pope Martin V, traveling with the papal chapel, would spend a week as Pandolfo's guest in October, 1418.[44]

This brief account is far short of the detail provided by the surviving documents, but it serves to profile the musical forces of the Brescian court, forces that surpassed those of the surrounding city-states, with the exception of Venice. By comparison, the

[44] Worthy of note, is that Pope Gregory XII, with his musical entourage, had stayed in Rimini in 1408-1409 as a guest of Carlo; in his choir was a singer and composer, Nicholas of Liège, who later found his way to Brescia. Musicians were circulating among the courts throughout the second decade, and Rimini was a peripheral participant in such exchanges during those same years.

Ferraran court during this same period retained only seven professional musicians.[45] If Carlo needed a model, he had one ready to hand, featuring the winds, lute, harp, and organ configuration of instruments that was perfect for performing at civic celebrations, as well as recreational ballades and rondeaux in intimate settings, the *passaggi* of the more formal motets, and the instrumental components of the masses and other liturgical music. Cultural politics of the era suggest that Carlo had built up similar forces in the Dufay years, and that Dufay's compositions were another manifestation of the new fashion for German and Franco-Netherlandish music, much in parallel to Pandolfo's favouring of northerners. But if there was a kind of rivalry between the two brothers, it came to an end in 1421, when the city of Brescia passed into other hands, and Pandolfo returned to his family residence in Fano. There, the account books fall silent, or nearly so—there are records of the purchase of a new organ for the cathedral—but while disbursements to a few remaining musicians are implicit, Pandolfo would never rebuild what he had achieved in the northern city. Yet, it appears that he retained in service his long-loyal harpist and friend, Michele, as well as his lutenist Salamone, and Marco his organist. It appears too that Pandolfo spent a

[45] L. Lockwood, *Music in Renaissance Ferrara*, 1400-1505 (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1984), p. 315.

great deal of his time in Rimini between 1521 and 1526.[46] Speculation is then free whether Pandolfo's remaining household musicians were also present in Rimini and Pesaro swelling the number of performers in the years before Pandolfo's death in 1427—whether they performed at the wedding of Carlo of Pesaro, or joined in the rendering of Dufay's "Mon chier amy" at the time of their patron's death.

Concerning the musical life of the courts in Rimini and Pesaro, a little more may be added. Some 200 of Dufay's compositions have come down to us, many of them in the pages of two large collections in Bologna, and hence going back to his Italian years, including his time in the papal chapel that ended in May, 1437. But the most revealing collection is that which is today in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, and known as "Canonici misc. 213," a collection which has by no means escaped musicological and bibliographical inspection. Views differ on the provenance of this miscellany, although consensus holds that it was Italian, perhaps originating in the Veneto as early as the 1430s, perhaps the work of a Milanese copyist (more familiar with Italian than French) dating to the mid-1470s.[47] Among the texts there are 23 in Italian, and more than 200

[46] For these details on Pandolfo and the musicians in Brescia drawn out of the household account books, see Allan W. Atlas, "Pandolfo III Malatesta mecenate musicale," passim.

[47] David Fallows says it was copied in the Veneto, *Dufay*, p. 28, as does Pirrotta, "On Text Forms from Ciconia to Dufay" *Aspects of Medieval and Renaissance Music: A Birthday Offering to Gustave Reese*. Ed. Jan La Rue (New York, 1966), p. 675. But for further information on this collection, see the introduction and main text to *Dufay and His Contemporaries: Fifty Compositions Transcribed from MS. Canonici misc. 213, in the Bodleian Library*, eds. J.F.R. Stainer and C. Stainer, intro. by E.W.B. Nicholson (London, 1898; repr. Amsterdam: Frits A.M. Knuf, 1966); the introduction to *Guillaume Dufay, Chansons*, ed. Ross W. Duffin (Miami: Ogni Sorte Editions, 1983); *Oxford Bodleian Library, MS Canonici Misc. 213* (facsimile), ed. David Fallows (Chicago: University of Chicago

in French, entirely in keeping with early quattrocento practices in Italy, where French remained the language of choice for song texts.[48] That none of the works represented was composed after 1436, and none of the composers was new to the papal choir after Dufay left in 1437, are facts that serve to narrow the field concerning the book's first owner. Among the composers included are Binchois, Ciconia, Hugo de Lantins, Richard Loqueville, Johannes de Sarto, and Arnoldus de Lantins. Of Dufay's 80 surviving secular songs, 45 are contained in this collection, attributed to Guillermus du Fay, his name spelled exactly as it appears on his tombstone. Such a configuration of details suggests that only a collection belonging to Dufay personally could have served as the copyist's source, for he alone could have assembled works by his childhood teacher Loqueville, by his colleague from the Malatesta years, Hugo Lantins, as well as by Hugo's kinsman, Arnaldus Lantins, who was a fellow member of the papal chapel. If the source of Canonici misc. 213 was Dufay's Italian songbook, as all appearances would indicate, and if, as would seem reasonable, he had in his possession up to a third of the 300 works that make up the collection, including those by Ciconia, Binchois, and Loqueville, during his Rimini and Pesaro years, Dufay was equipped to entertain

Press, 1995), and Gilbert Reaney, "The Manuscript Oxford Bodleian Library Canonici Misc. 213," *Musica Disciplina* 9 (1955): 73-104 .

[48] On this point, see David Fallows, *Dufay*, p. 22, where he states that "most of the early fifteenth-century music manuscripts from northern Italy contain French songs with accurately copied texts; and very little music with Italian text survives from the years 1420-80."

his listeners with a wide variety of songs by his own hand, as well as by composers in Venice and the north.

Sampaoli was merely guessing that "Pesaro must have been a propitious environment for pursuing and refining his art," for it is uncertain that Dufay spent a great deal of his time there; but the spirit of Sampaoli's statement may well be right.[49] Dufay's songs in general have a strong sense of occasion about them, as though addressed to specific persons at specific gatherings, even if they propose merely the fashionable courtly compliments to a lady. Among such works in the collection, there is a disproportionately high number devoted to New Year and May Day celebrations. The evidence is circumstantial, but songs celebrating festivals entail the existence of those festivals, and the simple conclusion, for songs written in Italy, is that Dufay introduced Burgundian Maying conventions through song culture to the Malatesta circles, and animated their New Years' festivities with musical love games and flirtations.

More authoritatively, scholars such as David Fallows and Charles Hamm, through a careful scrutiny of the technical features distinguishing the phases of Dufay's career, have been able to establish the relative dating of many of his otherwise undated

[49] *Guillaume Dufay: Un musicista alla corte dei Malatesti*, p. 38.

compositions. Hamm discerns the characteristic features of the "Group 1" pieces going back to the years1415 to 1423, and places with some confidence within that group such works as "O sancta Sebastiane," "Resvelons nous," "Mon chier ami," "O gemma lux," "Vergene bella," and "Je me complains pitieusement," as well as individual mass movements apart from his "Missa Resvelliés Vous."[50] In all, he estimates that 17 of the 45 songs in the Oxford miscellany were written during the Malatesta years, including two in Italian: "L'alta belleza" and "Passato e il tempo." The development of Dufay's musical career has been at the center of these dating debates, but the discussion also matters to the profile of the musical life at the Malatesta court. Which are the authentic Malatesta works, as opposed to those merely dating to the Malatesta years? The question may be over-perplexed. That compositions from an era imply occasions and audiences during that era is a circumstantial mode of investigation, but it has its own levels of probability. Residence in Rimini is, itself, something of a self-fulfilling circumstance.

"O sancte Sebastiane" is a prayer asking for deliverance from the plague, having many musical features in common not only with Ciconia, but with the composer's own wedding ballade, "Resvelliés vous," while certain details of his "Resvelons nous" are

[50] Charles E. Hamm, *A Chronology of the Works of Guillaume Dufay Based on a Study of Mensural Practice* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1964), passim. See also Graeme M. Boone, "Dufay's Early Chansons: Chronology and Style in the Manuscript Oxford, Bodleian Library Canonici Misc. 213." PhD Diss., Harvard University, 1987.

derived, in turn, from "O sancta Sebastiane." Fallows therefore dates the work to 1421 or 1422, making it the second of Dufay's isorhythmic motets. "Resvelons nous," by contrast, is one of the early Maying songs, in which the lover is called upon to celebrate the season by going to the jolly woods, there to sing a virelai to his lady and so bring in the new season.[51] "Mon chier ami" is a song of consolation for one who has lost a close friend or relative in death. Tradition holds that it was written from Bologna in 1427 for Carlo da Rimini at the time of his brother Pandolfo's death—the brother who was Lord of Bergamo and Brescia, for many years Captain General of the Church, and later in life Archdeacon of Bologna, and Chancellor of the university—a man who had been a patron of humanists, three-times married, and the father of three illegitimate sons, one of whom was Sigismondo, born in 1417, and destined to become the next Malatesta ruler. Allan Atlas has come to the rescue of this thesis in a complex argument that includes a glossing of the "trios chapiaux" mentioned in the text as pertaining not only to the three heads on the Malatesta crest, but to Pandolfo's three illegitimate sons, who had been recently naturalized by Pope Martin V, not to mention an elaborate argument based on the "gematria" numerological system whereby the 87 notes of the tenor line are understood to spell out the name "Malatesta."[52] The work is

[51] For a closer study of "Resvelons nous," see Massimo Mila, *Guillaume Dufay*, 2 vols. (Torino: G. Giappichelli, 1972), pp. 100-102.
[52] "Dufay's 'Mon chier amy': Another Piece for the Malatesta," p. 6.

remarkably melancholy, dwelling on the *contemptus mundi* theme, which offers for consolation only the certain knowledge that all must meet a common fate.

"O gemma lux" the third of his grand isorhythmic motets, was written in honor of Saint Nicholas, Patron of Bari, undoubtedly for another ceremonial occasion that has now fallen from historical view. That Hugo Lantins supplied a matching composition for the event, "Celsa sublimatur," further confirms that Dufay's work was written during the Malatesta years, given the pattern of collaboration and rivalry that characterized their association.[53] A pair of mass movements, the Gloria by Lantins, the Credo by Dufay, further links them as fellow artists, both composing liturgical music, whether for chapel or cathedral. That Dufay was thoroughly involved with sacred as well as secular writing is further confirmed by a Kyrie, Gloria, Credo sequence of musically non-interrelated materials, dated to the early 1420s.[54] The date of "Vergene bella" remains under investigation, but whether before or just after the Malatesta

[53] Fallows, *Dufay*, p. 250, describes these two composers as being "in direct collaboration or competition," and their creations inevitably invite comparison insofar as they were out to gain the approbation and admiration of the same circle of patrons. In this regard, Dufay was the more ingenious of the two, more mathematical and theoretical in his approach, as well as the more adventurous in his search for musical effects and surprises, and the more driven to highlight the components of his musical forms, while Lantins was an entirely worthy match in compositions that were more level and mature, less angular, but more conventional, and perhaps, for that reason, less expressive, yet fully representative of all of the received compositional forms of that age. Lantins was also an imitator of Dufay, for, in his own isorhythmic motets, he adopted the canonic introduction and two-taleae design. Equally revealing, Dufay copied 21 of Lantins compositions into his own music miscellany. Hans Schoop and J. Michael Alls claim, in fact, that "*Celsa sublimatur* may "have served as a model for Du Fay's St Nicholas motet *O gemma lux*." "Hugo de Lantins." *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. Ed. Stanley Sadie et al. (London: Macmillan, 2001), Vol. 14, p. 255, and that both works probably date from 1424 or 1425 "when Antonio Colonna was briefly viceroy of Apulia," p. 255. Should these dates prove correct, there is reason to think that Dufay remained in Italy some months after the wedding in 1423, and that their matching compositions and implicit association covered half a decade.

[54] This work survives in five manuscript sources, but principally in Bologna, Liceo G.B. Martini, MS Q. 15, ff. 164v-168v. See also *The Oxford Anthology of Medieval Music*, eds. W. Thomas Marrocco and Nicholas Sandon (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1977): pp. 203-04.

period, this work is of interest as one of the earliest settings of lyrics taken from Petrarch's *Canzoniere.* According to Mila, this setting of a Petrarch text is predated only by a work from the 1370s by Jacopo da Bologna, although Reese describes a motet by Ludovico da Rimini, "Salve cara Deo tellus," composed early in the fifteenth century, which offers a setting of Petrarch's Latin poem in praise of Italy, and features the same fermata-marked block-chords seen in the rhetorically declamatory sections of Dufay's works.[55] The fact remains that as musical texts, the lyrics of Petrarch during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are essentially unknown, arguably because there was no commensurate expressivity in music to match them before the sixteenth century. Dufay creates a Marian cantilena from the first stanza of Petrarch's Canzona 49. The work is through-composed, and unusual for the period in its expressive handling of the text.[56]

Dufay's residence along the Adriatic is a moot point, but one composition in particular provides compelling circumstantial evidence for at least a temporary sojourn. The *rotulus* seeking benefices for musicians at the Pesaro court dating to June 1423 does not contain Dufay's name, but it contains the names of four of his fellows, Arnold and Hugo de Lantins, as well as Johannes Humblot and Didier Thierry, and

[55] Massimo Mila, *Guillaume Dufay*, p. 13; Gustave Reese, *Music in the Renaissance*, pp. 27-28.
[56] The closest modern study of this work as a devotional cantilena and of its probable performance by voices alone is Alejandro Planchart's "What's in a name? Reflections on some works of Guillaume Du Fay," *Early Music* (May, 1988): 165-75.

possibly a fifth, Johannes Radulphus, who, as Planchart points out, figure among the nine colleagues named in his song "Hé compagnons."[57] The song can be imagined as belonging only to that year, composed for those Malatesta court musicians, gathered in Pesaro, where alone he could have known them all, attesting not only to his presence among them, but to an even larger delegation of northern musicians posted there than has ever been imagined. Pandolfo da Rimini had led the way in his hiring of singers for the court in Brescia. If "Hé compagnons" is a measure of the musical establishment in Pesaro, it can no longer be said that the Malatestas lacked the status and means to be musical patrons.[58]

There is but one last dimension to add to this musical profile of the Malatesta courts on the Adriatic. The harps, vielles, portative organs and lutes, the instruments of choice for the intimate music-making of the court coterie, rarely made appearances out of doors, for want of being heard. That the Malatesta had a full compliment of players and singers in their chapels and courts is surely to be presumed by dint of the music already described. But they must also have had their "loud" instruments for public occasions, so important to the political life of the city-states. For outdoor dancing, there may have been bombards, shawms, sackbuts and drums, the instruments of the

[57] "Guillaume Du Fay's Benefices," p. 124-25.
[58] Nino Pirrotta, "On Text forms from Ciconia to Dufay," p. 677.

pifferi and minstrels, but more certainly there were trumpets and other "posaunen" for stately processions in the Venetian style. On these matters, Cesare Clementini's *Raccolto istorico* contains but one intriguing entry. Carlo appears to have made a happy and triumphal return to Rimini following his success at the Council of Constance, and one of his first acts following his arrival was to restore the port of Rimini, which had fallen into decline. In the late fourteenth century, the city had been a center of shipping with some 60 locally owned boats. But by 1411 the population had already declined to about 5,000 souls, and, despite all efforts to rebuild, by 1424 no local ships would remain. That the Malatesta did not establish their rule on a solid mercantile basis had profound implications for the future of their state. Yet on that November day in 1415, Carlo convened a solemn procession to mark the dedication, no doubt calling for the full musical forces of the city, for there was not only the singing of many voices "di variate voci," but "più chori de stromenti," together providing "un bellissimo ufficio," followed by benedictions and blessings. The composition of those many choirs of instruments can only be imagined, but the phrase is fully indicative of multiple contingents of wind players attached to the cathedral and court. The entire clan had clearly gathered for the occasion, for many of them are listed by name, including Cleofe, whose early life was spent in Rimini. Given these precious fragments of

evidence, it would appear that as early as the second decade of the fifteenth century, the Malatesta had amassed enough talent both in players and composers to hold civic and ecclesiastical processions, to celebrate the grand events marking their dynastic life with solemn or festive music, and to provide recreational works of pan-European inspiration for recitals, dining, dancing, and seasonal rituals.

In hiring Lantins and others, possibly including Dufay, the courts of Rimini and Pesaro were pioneers in the importation of Franco-Netherlandic composers and styles into Italy at the outset of a trend that would not culminate before the end of the following century, and that would alter the direction of Italian music. It was an avant-garde move on their part, further encouraged, no doubt, by the *bouillonnement culturel* that was the Council of Constance. Dufay went on to a stellar career, one that included, along the way, his ninth isorhythmic motet, "Nuper rosarum flores," written for the papal consecration of the duomo of Florence in 1436, before he returned to the north. But for a time, Rimini and Pesaro had enjoyed the first flowering of his genius in all the major contemporary genres from masses and motets to ballades and rondeaux, the very works by which the scope of their musical culture can now be defined. In light of these compositions, we must presume, in spite of nearly complete documentary silence, that the courts of the Malatesta commanded perhaps limited but

adequate musical resources for the production of both private and public music, and that, for a time, they not only cultivated the musical pastimes that accompanied an emerging humanist consciousness, but made strides toward rivaling the courts and ecclesiastical institutions of northern Italy.

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four poems by bill bissett

hungr he sd

is evreewher
n at th heart uv life

thers a deep insecuritee

n at th heart uv life

ther is love

tho not alwayze

dew yu heer th echo uv wher yuv bin

ar yu captivatid or entanguld by its
sounds its memoreez its manee

langwages smells time senses ths
is alwayze now bettr 2 keep going if
yu can they all say make art out uv th

echos relees thos entising siren voices
n th fresh countree air kleen watr treez

ther is no echo 2 go back 2 maybe ther is
no back 2 yet i cum up on th hi green
hill agen north coverd ths time in snow

n watch th sunset from th porch not
remembring th chattring attachmentz n

care 4 ths dwelling place uv wood n dreems
as th moon slides in2 th ocean places wher

yu ar down south on th coast all th stars
in th world reflektid in th watrs neer yu
4cast 2 rise 7 metrs in th cumming yeers

n submerg vankouvr bc nu york citee
n prins edward island representing what
a nu definishyun uv watr front or as top

doktors ar now saying what yu may have
long undrstood transisyun is th reel main
stay uv life

d r e e m s

dreems
me em mee seems ees ms
see sm eem dr whn i wake up skreeming
is it th self undr th self undr th self th self most
undr whos amayzd at thers no time 2
meet on
sumwun by accident like thr usd 2 b whn was that
on th islawell wanting 2 navigatend uv plentee th seeming place
uv evree being n whn thn we wake up
opportunitee glayshul lov dreem s e always melting dr fan

tasee heers th voyage yu eem me yu dreem me all th
lerning n unlerning n trying myself thru if yu had turnd
round 2 me i wud have stayd tho i was happee bizee
making my appointments ther ar sew manee meers mesrs meserrs
mees ms seem dr emm dreem a tray
uv doktors nd th strange mesyur uv being or whn a dreem
redeems us returns us 2 our reel far close up being our self
fles elf same aim 4 well whats best n whn thn we wake up happee is it
a dreem sequins all repeetid aktivitee leeds 2 habits habits uv deeling
habits uv thinking reems meer d erds ds ders er its how wellyuns
we pick up relees lessr lessr drees whers aee espeshulee if ther is no
noffis uv whos 2 not groov with if we can let us us 2 let welkums
n n they want 2 how manee rooms in each uv us relax th kodependensee
dreems rems dr md m a lessr dreems
sd den dem taking care
ed ed dre its howevr we seem 2 us b digestiv solar
touching th glass we se things what tensyuns syuns
red rend med ned deemstr
thy n slipt in yes der dee r dem emd
deerall th words ride from hide from rideages

wun word no dr obvious wuns wer missing know its
lessr dreems whers anee hierarkess uv othrs espeshulee
all ok feeling that hat n endlesslee
wundring dr mees eems sr deem meed rs eemlesslee en

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th tiny librarians

in our heds oftn dont know how 2 file sum things n ths cud b wun uv thos times

th itches uv witche whethr whatevr male or female th hiddn switches uv witches evn tho they ar oftn gud n othrs who oftn bhave sew badlee contain like all seeds uv destruksyun a hi degree uv unprediktabilitee is uv kours 2 ther victims uv theyr bad behaviour whn theyr gud theyr veree veree gud is uv kours 2 theyr victims th wuns they violate lerning strange n unhappee cares 4 life oftn th suddn turns on wun unprediktabl distr uv kouirs without warning me n sistr

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uv theyr mind switches tarnis burnish up fast turrets n tunnuls brain change neurologika

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as i sd me n sistr barb wer droppin in on wun uv thm th glowneek wun me n her have workd a lot 2gethr ovr 30 yeers we have a lot uv his her storee 2gethr enerjeez

outside th main streem yes bluberree pancakes she n her tall son in th close quartrs kitchn arguing jokularlee ths n that back n 4th i knew sumthing was eskalating i didint know what she had sd th day b4 that paranoia had such a bad rap it was reelee great par xample hitchcock detektiv storeez great dramas wasint paranoia th basis uv sew much great art th bluberee pancakes wer amayzing thn as that day b4 i had politelee refusd a hair cut alredee from her she was she was wildlee giving me an ipod n as she was adjusting th hed set n th phone n i sd N0

agen looking imploringlee at my sistr barb 2 dew sumthing who was going in2 trauma shock as th witchd grabbd a giant pair uiv scissors cud sistr barb stop ths hair carnage n almost noislesslee in 2 fell swoops cut all my hair off hacking large chunks it had bin veree long NO NO i sd stop with all ths samson n deliah stuff my sistr barb lookd sew shockd she cud not moov n th witch put my hair in th cup uv her palms n blew blew in2 it n stuffd she did all th hair she had cut in2 a shrine sum kind uv sistr barb sd aftr ther wer 266 uv my favorit jazz artists inklewding sarah vaughan my all time favorit n evreewun th witch put in th ipod 4 me its not as if she didint have love in her heart in is wundrful shes cruel 2 most uv my frends its just th word consensual dusint meen that much 2 her sew i sd 2 sistr barb n looking at my watch we best get along we want 2 b in kamloops in a few hours n thn latr salmon arm 4 th nite yes n we ragd out th door backwards th west is wild but not b4 we didint get out yet b4 th witch jumpd up n stradduld me n got in2 wet kissing firm lushyus

she saying eye love yu eye love yu ovr n ovr agen n me saying i love yu back n keeping my eye on th huge scissors

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scissoprs wer HUGE i didint want her or sistr barb or her tall son or me 2 get hurt

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eye remembr th doktor whos name we cant say how he tried 2 rape me threw me down i rose up n i held him down made him listn 2 danny kaye sew brillyant in th kastul moovee th pistol is in that pestul is in th pestral in th flagon is in th dragon in th kastul no its bin changd now th flagon is in th dragon in th kastul n he almost apologizd n i onlee wuns or twice saw him agen aftr a few mor insidents uv his xtreem verbal abuse tho ther had bin a long time b4 ths whn evreething was sew great

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A Dutch Accountant in Korea: Hendrick Hamel's Curious Adventures

by John Butler, University College of the North, The Pas, Manitoba

Hendrick Hamel was a man of comparatively little importance from the city of Gorinchem in the southern Netherlands, where he had been born in 1630. Gorinchem was not a large city either then or now (in 2005 it had a population of about thirty-five thousand) but it was an old city dating from the thirteenth century, with a magnificent city-wall which is still well-preserved, and it had come to be an important trading centre by the fifteenth century. Once part of the Spanish Netherlands, Gorinchem had been invested by the Protestant forces of Prince William "the Silent" in 1572, after which a massacre of Catholic priests had taken place contrary to William's orders, and the victims are still remembered as the Martyrs of Gorinchem. At the time of writing, however, Hendrick Hamel is not remembered in his city of birth, but there were plans to erect a statue to him in Seoul, although it has not yet been done. This is the story of how an obscure seventeenth-century Dutch accountant came to be commemorated in a place many thousands of miles from his homeland by an alien people whose existence he barely knew about until he accidentally landed on their shores.

Of course Hamel never set out to become one of the first Europeans to go to Korea or the first to write about it. Even if he had ever imagined doing so, it would never have occurred to him in his wildest dreams that he might actually end up

spending the better part of thirteen years there, living in Korean style, serving the king as a royal guard, and possibly even taking a Korean wife, although this last tantalizing fact, hinted at by later scholars, is not alluded to in his account. Not a great deal is known about Hamel beyond that period of his life when he was in Korea, and all personal evidence must be gleaned from a close reading of his journal, which was published in 1669. We do know that he went back to Holland and for a while settled in Amsterdam, after which he departed once more for the Indies on a second voyage. Hamel returned again in 1692 to end where he had begun, in Gorinchem, still an accountant and still (technically, at any rate) a confirmed bachelor.

Hendrick Hamel, at first glance, does not sound like a very interesting or promising traveler, certainly not one who was likely to provide a riveting and colourful account of his experiences. This is to be expected, since Hamel's report was intended for the eyes of his employers in the Dutch East India Company, not for literary gatherings, and in fact followed a template devised by the Company. However, if Hamel's account does not exactly scintillate, and indeed in some places is very dry, he proves both informative and honest, a man whose story one can actually believe. Sometimes a too-colourful account makes a reader think of "travel-liars," people who faked journeys to exotic places,[59] but Hamel is far too earnest and unadorned in his writing for the slightest suspicions to ever raise their heads. After all, the man was an accountant, not a travel-writer, a practical man, not a poet. He gives statistics or measurements, rarely writing anything particularly personal, and although sometimes emotions escape through the flat relation of events, it is hard to guess what sort of a

[59] Curiously enough, the most notorious "travel-liar" whose story mesmerized English readers in the eighteenth century was one George Psalmanazar, who claimed to be a "Formosan." He even provided a faked Formosan vocabulary in his book, and was cultivated by people as diverse as Dr. Samuel Johnson and Horace Walpole, amongst others.

person he was or what the people he was with were like. Names come and go: Jan Janse, Mattheus Eibokken, Gerrit Janzse, Jan Weltevree-– who were these men and what were their stories? And what about personal encounters with Koreans? Hamel gives some tantalizing but sketchy details here: a governor is a good man, the King treats them kindly, someone or other is harsh or brutal, but there's little depth and no attempt to give us living, breathing personalities, Dutch or Korean. Even Hamel's *Description of Korea* is very cursory; after thirteen years there one would think he could come up with a little more than twenty or so pages, but he doesn't. Hamel's world-outlook remained a limited one, and his interests were limited, too, yet from time to time he manages to convey feelings, especially those connected to bewilderment and isolation, and it must have seemed strange indeed for the accountant from Gorinchem to find himself trying to make sense of such an alien world. He tackles it by simply writing about familiar things such as religion, government, measurements, marriage, housing, and of course book-keeping, strictly following the template. For Korea and its early contacts with the West, Hendrick Hamel is all we have, and we must be grateful that he kept the journal and wrote his short description.

What sort of a place was Korea in 1653? The Koreans, as Hamel tells us in his *Description*, called it *Choson-kuk* (52), and then, as now, it was a beautiful country with a rather severe climate. One freezes in the winter and sweats profusely in the summer, for it can get very humid. Just about anywhere one looks there are mountains, none of them exceptionally high by Asian standards, but some have snow on them and many are covered in pines. Sometimes, as in many Korean paintings of mountains, they are shrouded in mist, through which, when the sun shines, they take on a golden-white shimmer, although in shape the mountains are not quite like the strange, almost finger-

shaped mountains of Chinese scroll-paintings. There are waterfalls of clear crystal, lush green vegetation appears on the mountainsides in spring and summer, and flowers are everywhere, especially forsythia and azaleas. There are numerous shrines and temples in the mountains, and there one experiences the ever-present serenity and silence which provided endless inspiration for Korean poets from the personal to the universal. "The blue mountains are as they are," the poet In-hu Gim wrote, "So are the green waters!/ Mountains and rivers are as they are,/ So am I as I am" (Zong 27). Here, nature parallels life; it is not something that human beings must conquer and use, for humans are simply a part of nature, doing what everything natural does. Mountains are as important as people; Zong interprets Gim's poem as suggesting that "man is nothing but a mountain among mountains" (28). The ever-present mountains strike deep metaphorical chords within Korean poets; they provide so many symbolic meanings, as In-sob Zong, himself a poet, observes of one of his own poems, "Mountain-climbing." In explaining this poem, Zong says he wanted to compare "learning and becoming educated with the hard and tedious task of mountain-climbing." He also uses mountains as a metaphor for hope, truth, dreams and reality itself (41-2). For him, the top of the mountain may also represent illusion, and those who climb it without thought might find their dreams are on an unattainable summit. "Look down " Zong writes, "and on the earth your footsteps keep" (43).

Some Westerners found (and still find) the Koreans a rough-edged people, much more boisterous than, for example, the Japanese. They are outgoing and generous, and can be direct, blunt-spoken. Hamel said on the one hand that they "were much inclined to stealing, lying and cheating," but also that "they like strangers, especially the monks." He also believed, wrongly, that the Koreans were cowardly; "as soon as some

fall in combat," he wrote, "others flee," and he is repelled by the fact that, according to him, "they do not consider committing suicide to be shameful" (67). This observation is curious, given that Confucius taught that courage was one of the highest human virtues, and that Korea was, in its own estimation, a state founded on Confucian ideas. On the other hand Hamel has high praise for Korean education and for the way they treated children; indeed, even in today's Korea there is almost a "cult" of childhood, so important is it considered.

In fact, what Hamel had observed was simply a carrying-out of the Confucian education programme; "the nobility and well-to-do people," he wrote, "give their children a good education" (64). Geography, however, was not one of their strong-points; according to Hamel, the Koreans' knowledge of the outside world was severely limited, even by seventeenth century European standards. They believed that there were only twelve countries in the whole world and that they had all been once subject to the Chinese Empire, although "in their old writings it is written that there are 84,000 countries in the world" (69). They called Holland *Namban-kuk*, but that, Hamel tells us, was "what the Japanese used to call Portugal" (69)! The reason for this is strange, too; in the early seventeenth century the Japanese had introduced the Koreans to tobacco, whose seeds, they told them, "came from *Namban-kuk*" (69), which means "country of the southern people." Koreans were then, as now, very heavy smokers, and Hamel noted that even women and five-year olds smoked. "One finds few people," he wrote, "who do not smoke at all" (69). The more things change, the more they remain the same.

Korea in the seventeenth century was, like Holland and England, a seafaring nation, and had until quite recently been quite a considerable maritime power. In 1592

Toyotomi Hideyoshi, the powerful and militaristic Japanese shogun, had invaded Korea. The land battles went in favour of the Japanese, whose army included some fifteen thousand foreign troops. One of Hideyoshi's principal generals, Konishi Yukinaga, was a Christian (in Japan known as *Kirishitan*) who had re-named himself Agustìn Arimardono.[60] He led the attacks on Pusan and Seoul, and would later be responsible for the defence of Pyongyang. At sea, however, it was a different story altogether; Korean ships under the command of Admiral Yi Sun-sin defeated the Japanese fleet, and Yi inflicted another major setback to Japanese power when his navy attacked the Japanese naval base at Pusan and sank half the enemy fleet. In a way, these battles were the Korean equivalent of the English victory over the Spanish Armada in 1588, for Admiral Yi had triumphed using lighter and faster vessels. He had also invented a strange craft nicknamed the "turtle ship," which boasted an armour-plated deck-cover and bristled with the latest model guns. The "turtle" was a structure built on the bows and shaped like a turtle's head, which was stocked with sulphur; when the sailors lit it the sulphur provided a stinking smoke-screen so that the Korean ships could move about freely under its cover. In some accounts, it also had its decks fitted with sharp spikes to repel boarders. Yi's most famous victory was at Hansan Island, where his turtle ships, in a special wing-formation, charged at the tightly-packed Japanese fleet with guns blazing and clouds of sulphur emitting from all sides, a terrifying (and smelly) sight to the Japanese, who scattered in all directions as they tried in vain to avoid the terrible carnage Yi was inflicting upon them. Chinese forces

[60] Konishi Yukinaga (1555-1600) was the powerful *daimyo* (lord) of Arima (hence his name) who became one of Japan's most distinguished converts. After his services in the war with Korea, he sided with the forces arrayed against Ieyasu, who eventually became shogun. They were defeated at the battle of Sekigahara (1600), and Konishi was captured and ordered to commit *seppuku*. As a Christian he could not comply, and was executed.

recaptured Pyongyang from Konishi Yukinaga in 1593, and even though the Japanese achieved a major victory in a huge battle at Pyokchegwan, they were forced to withdraw from most of their captured land.

Admiral Yi and Korea's Chinese allies had, despite their efforts, forced only a temporary withdrawal of Japanese forces, and in 1597 they came back with a larger army for what they called the Keicho Campaign. The Koreans, again with help from China, fought them bravely and sometimes effectively, finally managing to keep Hideyoshi's troops confined in the southern part of the country. The battles were as furious as ever but the Koreans resisted so strongly that in 1597 Hideyoshi admonished the samurai for not trying hard enough. The next year, shamed by the Shogun's words, they redoubled their efforts and won the battle of Sochon. As proof that they were now doing their best, Hideyoshi's generals had "the ears from 38,000 Chinese and Korean heads," cut off, then "pickled in salt, and sent back to Kyoto as a token of the earnestness of the invaders" (Cotterell 126). Hideyoshi did not long survive the pleasure of receiving this present, for he died soon afterwards, which allowed his exhausted generals to find a face-saving way of getting out of a bad situation. As for Admiral Yi, far from receiving what he deserved from the Korean government, he was constantly plagued by its political infighting, which reduced his effectiveness and was at least indirectly responsible for his being killed in a skirmish shortly after Hideyoshi's death. He had been sent against a larger Japanese squadron with only twelve ships of his own. But at least the Japanese gave up the war-effort and returned home, and for the moment Korea was almost free again, although the Japanese were to remain in Pusan until 1876 However, "systematic destruction of towns and villages by the Japanese invaders....left the peninsula in an exhausted state"

(Cotterell 126), which nevertheless did not stop the Koreans from attempting to mend relations with Japan by sending their first full embassy to Edo in 1607, a tradition which they kept up at regular intervals until the end of the Yi Dynasty.

By 1653, then, Korea's moment of glory was over. The Koreans, ruled by the Yi Dynasty, had sided with the Ming Dynasty in China when the latter's empire had been attacked by the Manchus under their powerful general Nurhachi, who had proclaimed himself "Emperor of Chin" in 1616. The Manchus achieved victory after victory over the Mings, and the Koreans were no match for them either. In 1627, a year after the death of Nurhachi, the Manchus under the command of his son Abahai captured Pyongyang (now the capital of North Korea but then the royal capital), forcing King Injo and the Korean court to flee and agree to the terms of a treaty demanded by the victorious Manchus. This was no ordinary treaty; the Manchus had interesting ideas about what to do with the Koreans, which were reflected in the nature of the treaty. It was a rather curious agreement modelled on the Confucian idea of the relationship that should exist between two brothers; in this case the elder "brothers" were the Manchus, the younger the Koreans, who must of course pay respect (and tribute) to their elders, and, as a vassal state, they bound themselves to support the Manchus against the Ming Dynasty. What the Manchus were doing was simply blending Confucian ethics with politics by applying the principle of *t' i*, the respect that Confucius had said should be between a younger and an elder brother. If that was what made a man good, which, according to Confucius, it did, then it would also make relationships between nations work, too, as long as one was "superior," in this case militarily, to the other, and was recognised as such.

King Injo, who does not seem to have read Confucius as carefully as he perhaps

should have, played for time from his new base on the island of Kwangha, and eventually ignored the treaty, again lining up his fortunes with the Mings, a bad move as it turned out. He went as far as to refuse tribute to the Manchus in 1632 and then declared war on them. Soon King Injo regretted his show of defiance; he found himself blockaded by the Manchus in his island fortress and he was running out of provisions. At first the Koreans resisted the Manchus, who then added insult to injury by capturing the Korean queen, together with members of her entourage and a number of stray courtiers, so Injo was forced once again to submit. This time the Manchus took no chances, demanding that some of his family be sent as hostages to the Manchus as a guarantee that this time the conditions would be met. By 1644 they had defeated the Mings and established Abahai's son Fu-lin as the first Manchu emperor under the reign-name of Shun-chih. Thus when Hendrick Hamel came upon the scene in 1653, Korea had been a tributary state of the new Manchu rulers of China for little more than a decade or so, a fact which Hamel duly noted. The king, he wrote, "is sovereign in Korea, although he is a vassal of the Tartar" (54). Hamel would come to know two Korean kings, Hyojong (1649-1659) and Hyonjong (1659-1674); when Hyojong died he duly noted that it was "with the consent of the Manchus his son became King in his place" (21).

Culturally, Korea in the seventeenth century had already developed its own literature and art quite distinct from China and Japan, its nearest cultural influences. King Sejong (1418-50) had personally designed a new Korean alphabet in 1443, a move which "completely separated the Korean language from the classical Chinese....enabling Koreans to further their native literature" (Zong 12). The King had thought that there were far too many characters in Chinese, so he reduced them and

added some that expressed particular Korean sounds. "Chinese characters are incapable of capturing uniquely Korean meanings," King Sejong stated in his proclamation, "therefore many common people have no way to express their thoughts and feelings. Out of my sympathy for their difficulties, I have invented a set of 28 letters." He concluded that as the letters "are very easy to learn," he hoped that "they improve the quality of life of all people" (*Guide* 47). Nowadays there are twenty-four letters. After this reform, Korean poets developed their own poetic forms, which flourished alongside the folklore tradition that produced most Korean prose writings. Poetry, however, continued to be written by some Korean poets in classical Chinese, known in Korean as *hanmun*, a tradition which lasted into the nineteenth century, although it was mainly the aristocracy who kept it going. One such poet was Ch'oe Ki-nom (1586-1665), who had been a slave, but when his poetic skills came to the attention of his master, who was the King's son-in-law, his poetic reputation was made. He wrote poetry in the style of the T' ang Dynasty in China:

> The beautiful willow outside my gauze window--
> In days past, my man planted it himself.
> The willow branches already droop and tangle,
> But in those long years he still has not returned.
>
> (Min 163)

Here, the male poet, following the Chinese *wihang* pattern, writes the poem from the female point of view, imagining her looking at the willow-tree her lover planted long ago, which is now drooping, and mirroring the way she feels because he hasn't returned. It is deceptively simple but sophisticated, a very small example of the rich culture which Hendrick Hamel was entering, and of which he remained almost completely unaware. His *Description of Korea* does not mention art, music, philosophy or

literature at all, subjects which were probably of little interest to an accountant and none at all to the Dutch East India Company officials.

The development of Korea as a Confucian society had been started when the Yi Dynasty seized power in 1392. The Buddhist monasteries which dotted the land were, like the monasteries in Henry VIII's England, great landowners, and when Yi Songgye, the founder-king, began his reign, one of his most popular measures had been to take land from monasteries and aristocrats, which was made into public land. Unlike his English equivalent, Yi Songgye did not simply dissolve or destroy the monasteries. In addition to their ownership of land, the Buddhist monks didn't have to pay taxes, and by the time of King T' aejong (1401-18), Confucian officials were reported denouncing Buddhism as being a superstition that "deluded the world and deceived the people" (Cotterell 117). After that Confucianism, encouraged by the Ming Emperors of China and their Manchu (Qing) successors, flourished, remaining strong until the nineteenth century. Of course, it was from China that Buddhism had come, too, but the Koreans also exported it, for in the sixth century C. E. it had been monks from Korea who first brought Buddhism to Japan and who taught it to the great Japanese reformer Prince Shotoku.[61] Buddhist art flourished everywhere, especially in the eighth century under the Shilla Dynasty, and never completely disappeared.

In some scholars' opinions, Christianity may have come to Korea at about the same time Hamel and his party landed; In-sob Zong, for example, believes that Christianity actually took hold at that early date, and that "when the new religion established churches, schools and hospitals on the European pattern, a large number

[61] Prince Shotoku (573-621), whose name means "wise virtue," was the son of Emperor Yomei (585-87). He is revered as the reformer who introduced Buddhist principles and Chinese culture to Japan, and gave it the first constitution.

of men and women turned to it" (170). This isn't quite accurate, although it is possible that Zong is referring to the Jesuits mentioned previously or to a much later date in Korean history. In fact, Christianity seems to have arrived in Korea during the eighteenth century, when Chinese monks arrived with their Chinese bibles. Nicolaes Witsen,[62] reporting his conversation in about 1692 with Mattheus Eibokken, the assistant surgeon from Hamel's ship the *Sperwer*, says that he was told that whilst "people in Korea have a heathen faith, somewhat like the one in China," by which he presumably meant Confucianism but possibly Buddhism, "nobody is coerced in matters of faith." The Koreans didn't even care, Eibokken told Witsen, when "other Dutch prisoners mocked the idols" (Witsen 56, in Hamel 76, n. 15). Witsen does not mention Christianity at all, let alone the establishment of any Christian missions in Korea. Hamel observed that the Koreans "have more respect for the public authority than for their many gods" (59).

Hamel himself does not mention that there were already Christians in Korea, either, but he does notice that "monks are not highly esteemed in this country" (60), referring, of course, to Buddhist monks. The exceptions, however, Hamel says, are "high-ranking monks....known as the King's monks," who were "esteemed....for their erudition" (60). In-sob Zong notes that "[Buddhist] priests and monks in Korean folk tales are often treated with disrespect and with great irony" (169), a fate that seems to have befallen priests of all religions since earliest times; we only have to remember what Chaucer wrote about the Monk in *The Canterbury Tales* or the sexually-active

[62]Nicolaes Witsen (1641-1717) was the author of a work entitled *Noord-en Oost Tartarye* (1692). "Tartary," the name often used in the West at that time to denote China, also included Korea, Siberia, and even Mongolia (see Buys, in *Hamel's Journal* 93). Witsen, a board member of the Dutch East India Company, was a cartographer and civic official from Amsterdam. His account of Korea was not his own, as he himself had never been there (he had, however, been to Russia); he drew largely on printed sources, but it's likely he interviewed some of Hamel's friends when they returned to Holland in 1668, as in the second edition of his book(1705) he actually mentioned some of them by name.

priests and nuns in Boccaccio's *Decameron*. The Yi Dynasty, to which King Hyojong belonged, had established itself in 1392, approximately at the time of Chaucer and Boccaccio; under it Buddhism finally declined, and then was finally suppressed. Hamel's account notes the profusion of monasteries and nunneries, but he observed that King Hyojong "abolished [the] nunneries and gave the nuns permission to marry" (62). A few years later King Hyonjong dissolved the Buddhist nunneries altogether, in rather the same way that Henry VIII did in England.

During this turbulent time in Korea's history it must have seemed that Korea was truly a "hermit Kingdom," for any Western encroachments hardly threatened its security, if they were even noticed at all. However, in 1582 an anonymous white man, together with some Chinese sailors, had appeared on Cheju-do island, a location which will figure fairly prominently later in our story. The Koreans called him simply "Ping-ni," or "Man." No-one knew who he was or where he came from, but according to the Korean royal records, he was swiftly sent back to China. However, Konishi Yukinaga, the Japanese convert and general had engaged, as chaplain to his foreign soldiers, a Portuguese Jesuit, Father Gregorio de Céspedes, who came to Korea in December 1593 and stayed there until April 1594, the first European to spend an extended time in Korea. He did not, however, keep a journal or write an account of his experiences. Jan Huyghen van Linschoten, a Dutch navigator who worked for the Portuguese, mentioned in 1595 that the Japanese traded with a place called "Cooray" (Buys xvi) and that it was known to the Portuguese, but he himself never went there.

Hideyoshi's army captured some three hundred thousand Koreans during the campaign, most of whom ended up as slaves, and here our story becomes even more

interesting.[63] Five Korean slaves were bought by an Italian adventurer and slave-buyer, Francesco Carletti, and by 1597 they had converted to Christianity. When Carletti's business-interests took him to Holland, one of these men, by now re-named Antonio Correa [*sic*], accompanied him, and in 1610 we find this same Correa being sent by the Vatican back to his homeland to engage in missionary work. He never saw Korea again; he was sent back immediately as he tried to enter through Chinese territory, and ended his days in Italy, even marrying an Italian woman and having children, whose descendants, it is claimed, are still alive today. He died in 1626. In 1630 we find Captain Richard Cocks, who had previously run the English factory in Nagasaki, noting that "the Flemynges...have som small entrance already into Corea" (Cocks, *Diary* II, 258; Hamel 90); he also complained that it was impossible for the English to get any trading privileges there. As Hamel and his friends told the Governor of Nagasaki, who interviewed them on their return from Korea: "Nobody carries on trade but [Japan], which has a lodge there" (38).

These events did not exactly constitute a western invasion of Korea, doing nothing to "open up" the country in the sense that Commodore Perry's ships would, so American historians claim, open up Japan in 1853. So far a few obscure people, mostly by accident, had found their way to Korea, but no-one had had stayed there long enough to write an account of this mysterious country known as the Land of the Morning Calm. Others had attempted to gain a trading foothold in Korea, but had only barely succeeded. At least one Korean had reached Europe, but he too wrote no account that we know about. We do know that in 1631 a group of Korean scholars had brought back from a trip to China some European medical books translated into Chinese, which shows that the west was not a completely unknown quantity. Meanwhile back in Europe, Rubens had produced a drawing of "A Man in Korean Costume" (1617), likely a portrait of one Nicolas Trigault, a French traveller who had

[63] After the Keicho Campaign the Japanese also took back to Japan some potters from Korea, who set up workshops and were responsible for producing the famous "Japanese" pottery styles known as Satsuma, Arita and Hagi ware.

been in China (1610), taken a Chinese name and who since his return had been trying to arouse interest in Chinese culture by travelling around giving lectures for six years (1612-18), which is likely when he met Rubens. The costume may well have been authentic, but there is no evidence that Trigault had ever been to Korea, nor did he ever claim to have done so. In fact, the portrait was one of a series of drawings by Rubens illustrating "Chinese" costume.

These isolated events and anecdotes constitute almost all the meagre connections between Europe and Korea up until the mid-seventeenth century.

Hendrick Hamel's remarkable journey began on June 18, 1653. From the thriving port of Batavia, now the Indonesian capital of Jakarta, he sailed out in a ship called the *Sperwer* (*Sparrow-hawk*) with of a group of men travelling to what is now Taiwan. At that time Taiwan was a Dutch "dependency," the word which Hamel used, and it was being developed as part of the great Dutch overseas trading empire, in 1653 already well on its way to becoming established. He belonged to a party accompanying His Excellency Cornelis Caeser [*sic*] to Taiwan, where Caeser was to replace the acting governor, one Nicolaes Verburgh. In July they arrived safely in Taiwan and Caeser duly disembarked, after which they were instructed to sail to Japan, where the Dutch had a compound and a trading-station or factory in Nagasaki. They were the only foreigners permitted at the time to be in Japan, and even they had barely escaped the condign justice of the Japanese government when it went into one of its periodic xenophobic frenzies and decided to expel or kill foreigners in the name of the Emperor but usually at the orders of the shogun.

So far, there was nothing unusual about his voyage, and Hamel hoped that the rest of it would be "as speedy as possible in the name of God" (1). His hope was granted, although not likely quite the way Hamel wished; he certainly got his speed, but

it came in the form of a terrific storm on July 30, which blew them off course, and after a very rough night or two, they awoke on the first day of August to find themselves very near a small island. "We did our best to anchor behind that island," Hamel recounted, "to shelter from the strong wind and deep waves. Finally, in great danger the while, we were able to drop anchor behind the island." They were safe, but they were also trapped by a very large reef behind them, although even this was better than the alternative, which would have involved having the ship "smashed on the reef and lost." Fortunately the captain had been "looking out of the window of the galley on the stern" (2), and the men were saved.

What happened after this was much worse. As Hamel and his comrades were breathing sighs of relief and the storm cleared, they could see that they were being observed by groups of soldiers whom they identified as Chinese, and they were so close to the shore that they feared running aground and being left at the mercy of the Chinese, who seemed to be waiting "like hungry wolves" (2) for just that eventuality. They decided to get out as fast as they could, and everything seemed well again for two days; it must have been very frustrating for them to have to sail in the opposite direction but by August 3 they were back within sight of Taiwan, or Formosa as Hamel calls it sometimes, but they could also see the coast of mainland China. Then they were becalmed for a week, although they sometimes drifted about, and finally it happened again: another storm blew up, the wind howled, the ship listed, and water poured into the hold. Frantically, they pumped to keep it dry, but they were no match for the fury of the elements.

"Towards evening," Hamel tells us, "the sea almost broke off the bow and the stern....we were in great peril of losing the whole bow." The sailors loosened the

foresail "to escape the worst the heavy storm could do," but to no avail; the water kept coming, and by now the wind was so strong and the waves so high that the men were in imminent danger of being washed overboard. "One or two more waves like that and we must all die together!" the despairing captain shouted, but they persevered, and at last they heard a welcome cry from the look-out: "Land, land!" They dropped the anchors and managed to turn the ship, but this time they were really in trouble; the anchors failed to hold and the ship hit the rocks. "With three shocks, the whole ship instantly broke apart in splinters," Hamel recalled; those men who had gone below to sleep off their exhaustion were drowned in their bunks, others abandoned ship, and still others were washed overboard. The fifteen men who got to land "mostly naked and quite hurt," could only sit on the rocks and listen helplessly to the "moaning of men in the wreck," whom they could not reach because of the darkness and the weather (3). And so there they were, cold, half-naked and perhaps bleeding from impact with the sharp rocks, stranded on the rocky shore of an unidentifiable island. Their prospects did not look very good.

Hamel and his small, wet band of comrades probably had no idea where they had landed. They were no doubt happy to be alive and out of the range of Chinese soldiers, but they were scared, bewildered, and wondering what on earth to do next. "We looked at each other with sadness," Hamel remembered; "such a beautiful ship broken into pieces." Thirty-six men all told had survived in the end, and now they had to look for bodies that had been washed up, bury them, and then try and find anything edible that the sea had brought in, "as during the last 2 or 3 days we had eaten very little." At first it seemed that they had landed on an uninhabited island, and the best they could do was make a tent with the remains of the sails and take shelter from the incessant

rain. By August 17, "all of us feeling very sad and forlorn," they were posting a lookout to see whether any people were about, and hoping that if they were they would be Japanese. Soon the lookout saw a man, "about a cannon-shot away," but when they hailed him he took to his heels. Then three more men appeared, "dressed in the Chinese fashion, but they wore hats made of horsehair," and the Dutch were afraid that they were pirates. One brave man approached them and, "presenting his gun," managed to get them to give him some material to make a fire (4), but as the evening fell another one hundred armed men appeared, made a head-count of the castaways, and then settled down around their tent to keep an eye on them, which must have made them very nervous indeed.

It seems, however, that Hamel and his companions were not molested, because he recorded them "busy making a large tent," but suddenly nearly two thousand more men, some of them mounted soldiers, came on the scene and, as Hamel remembered, "encamped around the tent," after which they demanded that the Dutch send them four of their men. These men must have been terrified out of their wits as the commanding officer of the soldiers "put around each one's neck an iron chain on which a bell was hanging;" Hamel noted that each bell was "like the one the sheep in Holland have around their necks." Worse was to come; forced to crawl on their knees, the hapless Dutchmen "were thrown face down in front of the commander," and the people in the tent, who had been fearfully observing the proceedings, afraid that they were going to be executed, an anxiety which increased when they were ordered to kneel down, too. They attempted to explain to the commander that they wanted to go to Nagasaki in Japan, but of course no-one understood them, and at this point Hamel tells us that the word for "Japan" in Korean is "Ilbon," the first indication that they

were now on Korean soil. Of course, when this was happening, Hamel and his companions probably had no idea at all where they had landed and were likely too frightened, in any case, to care very much.

At this point there was a strange about-face; "the commander ordered each of us to be served a small cup of arrack (likely *soju*)," and told them to go back inside their tent. The Koreans then inspected their provisions, which consisted of "meat and bacon," and then brought them some boiled rice. Hamel added the curious comment that "they thought we must be starving and too much food would hurt us." In the afternoon they returned, this time "each one carrying a rope, which frightened us very much, for we thought they had come to bind and kill us," but instead the Koreans used the ropes to drag from the wreckage of the ship anything that was still useful, and again they brought rice. The chief navigator, Hendrik Janse, who had been one of the four original "prisoners" and who will play a prominent part in this story, was now evidently free (although Hamel doesn't tell us when they were unbound), because he "made an observation and found that we were on the island of Quelpaert" (5), the island known in Korean as Cheju-do.

Relations between Dutch and Koreans now began to improve; some of the Dutch officers paid a friendly visit to "the commander and the admiral of the island" (6), bringing with them some red wine and a silver cup to drink it from. They offered it to the Korean officials who "liked it very much and drank so much that they rejoiced greatly," as Hamel put it with grave understatement. Next day the Koreans continued collecting iron from the wreck and burning the wood, but "two charges of explosives went off, sending everyone fleeing, officers and soldiers," which naturally made the Koreans rather cautious, but when they were assured there would be no more

problems with the charges, they resumed work. Hamel was impressed with what happened next; some thieving had taken place during the salvage operation, and the culprits were apprehended. The Korean soldiers fastened the stolen goods to the men's backs and then brought them before the Dutch to show them that "our goods were not to be plundered." They then punished the men by beating the soles of their feet with sticks "about 1 meter long and as thick as the arm of an average boy," as Hamel carefully noted. He also recorded that "some lost the toes off their feet," and that "each one received 30 or 40 strokes" (6).

After this incident the Dutch were then told by signals that they would be leaving, and they set out for the nearest town, Taejong, where they stayed the night in a warehouse and the next day they went to Cheju so that they could be presented to the local Governor. The Koreans made them assemble in an open area in front of the town hall, and gave each of them "a cup of water in which rice had been boiled to drink." As there were three thousand soldiers there, together with guns and "war material," Hamel and his companions thought once more that their last hour had come, but suddenly the Koreans came and fetched the same three people whom they had singled out before, whilst the others were made to flatten themselves on the ground. "Amidst shouting and pointing," Hamel wrote, "we saw someone sitting like a king on a raised platform in front of the town hall." This was, of course, the Governor, who motioned to the men to get up and then be seated near him. After Hamel's party had been questioned by the Governor, who apparently understood something they had said about Japan and Nagasaki, they were boarded in a house "which had been the residence of the uncle of the King." The Governor, "a good and understanding man, as we later found out," Hamel says, told them that he would write to King Hyojong so

that he could know what had to be done with these foreign castaways. It would take some time for an answer to get back from Seoul, so meanwhile the Governor ordered the men to be fed and even entertained to cheer them up. "Every day he encouraged us, telling us that we could be sent to Japan once the answer from the King arrived," Hamel recorded. He even saw to it that the sick were tended by a doctor: "Thus we were taken care of by a heathen in a way that would put many Christians to shame" (8).

Here our account takes an unexpected turn. When I first became interested in these encounters between Asians and Europeans, I had not expected to find a Korean account of Hamel's landing, and even if there was one, it would not likely be available in English. This was a mistake on both counts: it turned out that one Yi Ik-tae, a mid-level government official born in about 1633 (and hence quite young when Hamel's men had been undergoing their ordeal), had put together an account of the *Sperwer* incident some forty years after it had happened (1696). At that time Yi Ik-tae had been an Acting Deputy Commander in Cholla province, which included Cheju-do Island, whence he had found himself posted in 1694. He had probably heard from local people about the "barbarians" (the term used in his account), and he discovered that there had been no proper record of their arrival written down at the time. Yi decided to compile one from what there was in the local archives, which he then wrote up in book form, using classical Chinese, for the use of future administrators who might get called upon to deal with foreign visitations.[64]

Yi begins by telling us that "sixty-four men headed by Haendulk Yamsuin,

[64] Gari Ledyard, in his article "The Dutch come to Korea," writes about another, later record of Hamel's arrival compiled by Song Haeung (1760-1839) in which it appears that Yi's account was perhaps used as a source. See Ledyard's introduction to Yi's account (1),

barbarians from a western country....were wrecked along the coast near the Taeya River" (2). "Haendulk Yamsuin" was the Middle Korean transliteration of Hendrik Janse, and its existence shows just how carefully the Korean officials must have been with their record-keeping in 1653, taking the trouble to transcribe the strange-sounding foreign names as best they could. In both Yi's account and Hamel's journal the figures are the same, too: there had been sixty-four men in the ship, twenty-six of whom had drowned, two had died of injuries, and thirty-six had survived. Another Dutchman mentioned was (in his Korean guise) "Pak Yon," otherwise known as Jan Weltevree, whose story will soon be told, and a third, thirteen-year old "Nones Kobulsuin," or Denijs Govertszen, noted because he lived near the town where Weltevree was from. Hamel himself, unfortunately, is never mentioned by Yi, because he was not of any great importance to the Koreans.

On October 29 the friendly governor prepared a real surprise for three of the Dutchmen, "the book-keeper [Hamel], the chief navigation officer [Janse] and the under-surgeon [Mattheus Eibokken]." They were ushered into the presence of the Governor, where they found "a man with a long red beard" standing there with His Excellency. Jokingly the Governor asked them what sort of a man they thought he was, and when they answered "a Dutchman, like us," he roared with laughter "and signalled to say he was a Korean." This was Jan Weltevree. Yi Ik-tae's moving and compassionate account states that "Pak Yon," as he always calls Weltevree, "looked at them carefully for a long time, and then said, 'It's as if they are my own brothers!' Then he talked with them and they cried sadly for a long time. Pak Yon cried too" (3). Hamel himself tactfully doesn't mention the crying, but notes instead that Pak Yon "asked us in a very broken way in our language what kind of people we were and

where we were from" (8).[65] Pak Yon would remember his native language "within a month of mixing with us" (9), a relieved Hamel wrote. Yi Ik-tae supplies a few more conversational details than Hamel; for example, Pak Yon was curious about the Dutchmen's clothing, remarking how much different styles were now, and he asked young Govertszen about his family and neighbourhood, occasioning more "sorrow and grief" when the boy told him that "the house where they [Weltevree's family] lived has been torn down, and the old foundations are completely covered with grass" (3). At that moment Jan Weltevree must have really felt that he was alone in the world; he had nothing to go back to even if he were to receive permission to leave after all those years. It might also have made him resolve not to be quite as helpful as he could perhaps have been to Hamel and his friends, for they were his only links to the past.

As they conversed with Weltevree and waited for the King's answer, the Dutch were given both good and bad news. Weltevree informed them that he had been in Korea since 1627, when he had been captured together with two companions whilst collecting drinking water on Cheju Island. They were eventually taken to Seoul where they seem to have been enlisted in King Injo's army, but two of them were killed fighting the Manchus. Weltevree survived the wars, and now lived in Seoul where he had been well-treated by the King, who had actually sent him to Cheju when he had received the Governor's message. What he told them next must have stunned Hamel and the others. Weltevree had more than once asked to be sent to Nagasaki, but King Hyojong had finally said to him: "If you were a bird, you could freely fly there. We do not send strangers away from our country. We will take care of you, giving you board

[65] Song's account also mentions the meeting between Jan Weltevree and Hamel's companions and the conversations they had together, Ledyard, in his introduction, gives an interesting and detailed account of how Yi and Song used different Middle Korean transliterations of the Dutch names (Yi 2).

and clothing, and thus you will have to finish your life in this country." Weltevree went on to tell them that should they meet the King, they "should not expect anything different" (9). Yi Ik-tae's account corroborates Hamel's, although it omits King Hyojong's reply to Weltevree, and notes that the latter advised them "to join with me, go back up to the capital city and be assigned to the *hullyon togam* (the Military Training Commission). As gunners you would have food and clothing to spare, you would be personally secure and have no problems" (3). Did Weltevree secretly hope that King Hyojong would not send them back, and that he would have some fellow-countrymen to keep him company in his involuntary exile? In the end this is almost exactly what happened to Hamel and his friends, who, as Yi wrote, now "gave up all hope of returning to their homeland and had great confidence in the encouraging remarks about working with Yon" (3).

Hamel had noted that the Koreans had removed "iron" from the *Sperwer* together with cannon and any muskets that had survived the wreck. This was confirmed in Yi Ik-tae's report: "their military weapons, large, medium, and small cannons and other items, were all deposited in the armoury of this district" (4). Now Weltevree was telling them that they should join the Korean army, as he himself had done, and serve as gunners. His account is filled with descriptions of large bodies of Korean soldiers. If Hamel had wondered why this course was the best, he would soon find out, and the reasons were both interesting and potentially dangerous. We've mentioned that because King Injo had broken his treaty with the Manchus he had been required to provide hostages to ensure that it did not happen again. One of these hostages had been Prince Bongrin-daegun, now King Hyojong, and when he had returned to Korea after his Manchu captivity he was in no mood to be an obedient

vassal to the Chinese. In fact, he still felt loyal to the ousted Ming Dynasty, and regarded the Manchus as usurpers. Hyojong may also have met some of the Westerners at the Chinese court whilst he was there, which may explain his toleration of them and his willingness to look after them in return for their services to the Korean state. He also seems to have had a good idea of the effectiveness of European weapons.

One of King Hyojong's ministers was his old tutor, an eminent Confucian scholar named Song Si-yeol (1607-1689); one of the first pro-Western thinkers in Korea and at the same time a staunch supporter of the sacred authority of the Korean king, he was currently formulating secret plans to attack the Manchus, and King Hyojong had been building up his army for this purpose. He needed new cannons and muskets to replace out-of-date ones, as well as people to help train his soldiers to use them, and both were in rather short supply. That was why the Korean soldiers had been so keen to collect all the working armaments they could from the wreck, as well as iron to help forge more weapons. In fact, King Hyojong had never been able to carry out his desire, although he had personally met with Song Si-yeol in the Gigukjeong Pavilion to discuss the scholar's plans. How serious this was can be gathered from the fact that it was very unusual, even a violation of the strict protocol of the Korean court, for the King to meet one-on-one with a subject, even if he was a respected scholar like Song. For most commoners, the etiquette was plain. "The King may not be looked in the face by the common inhabitants," Witsen wrote, citing Eibokken; "When he approaches everyone must conceal his face or turn around" (58; Hamel 80).

Unfortunately for the King, he was asked by the Manchus to supply Korean

troops for their own army instead, as they feared incursions into Manchuria by Russian forces, and because he had not built up a strong enough army to refuse the request, let alone attack the Manchus, he found himself complying. On two separate occasions Korean musketeers served the Manchus well; they took part in the battles of Hutong (1654) and the Amur River (1658), defeating the Russians both times. Hamel's (actually it was a remark Weltevree made) charge of cowardice against Korean soldiers certainly doesn't seem to have been noticed by the Chinese, who had specifically requested the Korean musketeers. When Hyojong died in 1659, his successor Hyonjong, evidently believing discretion to be the better part of valour, allowed Song's plans to fade into obscurity and they were never carried out.

Meanwhile, Hamel and his companions were anxiously awaiting King Hyojong's answer. The friendly Governor continued to treat them well and kept telling them they should wait patiently in hopes of a positive response from Seoul. Weltevree visited them once, and when it came time for the Governor to leave at the end of his three-year term in office, he ordered tailors to make the men long padded coats and other clothes for the winter. He also returned some of the ship's "books" and gave them a large jar of oil. Finally, he invited them all to his farewell dinner and "feasted us well," then told them that he was sorry he couldn't send them to Japan or take them back with him to the mainland. He also promised that "he would use every means and make it his task to secure our liberation, or to get us off the island as soon as possible and bring us to the court" (10). When the new Governor arrived, however, the first thing he did was to order "all our side dishes" removed, so that they had to eat "rice and salt, with only water to drink." Luckily for the Dutch, because of contrary winds the former Governor had not yet left, and he wrote to the new Governor, who "provided us now

and then most soberly with side dishes to avoid further complaints." He did not restrict their freedom of movement, and groups of men were allowed out at regular intervals.

Shortly after the new year (1654) began, the wind changed and the old Governor set sail for home, after which the new authorities seemed to have decided once more to reduce the foreigners' rations, and this time they even took away the rice and gave them barley instead. There were no side dishes at all! Hamel and his companions now "had to sell our barley in order to get some side dishes," and this made them miserable, especially since King Hyojong's instructions still had not arrived. It was at this point that Hendrik Janse. and some others decided to make an escape-attempt by either seizing one of the boats moored at the quay, or perhaps stowing away, although Hamel isn't very clear on this point.

However, these vessels were securely guarded by soldiers and watchdogs, so it was going to be impossible. Hendrick Janse and his men finally found an unwatched boat in a small village near Cheju, which they decided to steal. One man went back to get some bread and water; when he returned they set off, dragging the boat across the sand, but some villagers saw them, and one went to get his gun. He came back and ran down to the shore, but the Dutch managed to push off, although one man, left behind to loosen the hawsers, remained behind and was detained.

At this point the whole episode got rather comical. First, the Dutch didn't quite know how to handle Korean boats, and when they tried to hoist the sail the mast went overboard. They fished it out and then the wooden support for the mast broke off, once again pitching mast and sail into the sea. This time they couldn't get the sail hoisted at all, so they started drifting back towards the shore, at which point the villagers launched their own boat and drew up alongside them. The desperate Dutch then jumped into the pursuers' boat and "commenced throwing them overboard

intending to continue in that vessel" (11). The Korean boat proved leaky and useless, however, so they all simply gave up and went back to the island, where they were rounded up and brought before the somewhat bemused Governor, who asked them how they intended to go all the way to Japan in such a ridiculous craft and without much water. Then men said that they didn't care, they just wanted to die if they could not escape; instead, the Governor merely ordered that they be treated like naughty schoolboys and had them beaten soundly on the bare backsides "with paddles as wide as a hand and thick as a finger" (12). Some of them had such sore bottoms that they stayed in bed for a month.

What did the Koreans make of these barbarians from a distant western land? Yi Ik-tae's compilation begins by noting that "the barbarians speak their given names first and their surnames last. Their writing goes from left to right, with the letter forms similar to our alphabet." That last statement is rather enigmatic, since Korean script, known as *Hunmin Chong-um* or *han' gul*, does not look a bit like European writing. Yi added that Western writing "was all irregular and slanted, and we could not come to any understanding of it" (3). Yi's sources were observant, but critical, when it came to describing the physical appearance of the Dutch sailors:

> As to their persons, the eyes are blue and the nose is
> Prominent. The skin is white in the young ones, yellowish
> White among the adults. The hair is either red or blonde.
> When trimmed, some is left to hang in the eyelids and
> in back to the shoulders. Some of them are completely
> shaved, while others shave their beards, but leave a
> moustache. They are between eight and nine *ch' ok* tall
> (159-179 cm, 5'3"-5'11"). In showing respect to others
> they remove their hats and their shoes and touch
> the ground with both hands, kneeling for a long time

with their heads lowered. As for head wear, their
hats are of thickly-woven wool.
(3-4)

This is a fairly accurate description of typical mid-seventeenth century European men. Again, Yi's source's notion of "respect" seems a little strange for Europeans; certainly, it was the custom to remove one's hat in the presence of superiors, but taking one's shoes off and kneeling on the ground might simply have been their way of looking as humble and helpless as possible in the face of perceived danger to their persons. Normally they might have bowed, or even gone down on one knee if they were being presented to a king or another extremely important person, but it was certainly not European practice to act the way Yi's source recorded!

For his part, neither in his journal nor in *The Description of Korea* (1668) does Hamel give a similar physical description of Koreans in general, although he does write about their particular characteristics, religion and customs. Hamel is more interested in how the Koreans live and govern themselves than he is in what they look like or even how they dress. Perhaps that is because he was acquainted with Chinese and Japanese, and possibly thought that all Orientals looked alike, whilst the Koreans had seen so few, if any foreigners, that they were fascinated by the most minute details. Big noses seem to be something that Asians noticed when they met Westerners for the first time; this feature figures more than once, for example, in Japanese descriptions of Americans in 1853, when the Japanese delegation visited the United States. In the *Description* Hamel gives an outline of many details of ordinary Korean life, such as weights and measures, housing, education and printing, but very few personal details. In part this is likely due to the fact that he was not a man with any great imagination or descriptive power in his writing, but he didn't set out to be; most of the time he writes

like an accountant, noting everyday facts and making few guesses or speculations. Apart from the few details given in his journal, the reader rarely, if ever, finds out what Hamel *himself* thought, felt, or believed. There is little sense of wonder; his style is usually flat and business-like, although he occasionally betrays a self-deprecating humour. What gives Hamel an edge as an observer is that he had no preconceived ideas about Korea because he couldn't have had any, neither could he have read any account of the country: as far as he knew he was the first European to go there. Perhaps the most curious aspect of his account is that he never uses the first person; all the experiences are group ones, but it was being able to stay in small groups that probably kept these men from suicide. They were to be in Korea for thirteen years, but it was a closed society in which the Koreans knew even less about them than they did about Korea. As such Hamel and his companions were curiosities to some, monsters to others, and always strangers in a strange land, however hospitable and welcoming Koreans sometimes were. They would be in a recurrent state of fear– often they did not know whether they would be treated well by the Korean authorities or just killed if they were deemed to be nuisances. Above all, they wanted to go home, and made three attempts to get away before the last one was successful.

Let's return to Hamel and his friends as they await the King's reply, which finally came at the end of May, 1654. By then, of course, they were all very anxious; Weltevree's story had not been encouraging, and the farrago of their attempted escape must have been humiliating. In fact, they were lucky just to have got away with sore bottoms: it could have been a lot worse. "To our sadness," Hamel recorded, "we had to go to the court, but to our joy we would be liberated from this oppressive prison" (12). Indeed they were; they were embarked on four junks, but their "liberation"

consisted of having both legs and one arm locked into a wooden block, because the Koreans were worried that they might try and take over another ship. When they disembarked for the overland portion of their journey the blocks were taken off, but they were very heavily guarded as they set out on horseback for the King's court in Seoul. Once they arrived in the capital, they were divided into small groups and billeted at the houses of some Chinese traders who had come to live in Korea. There they waited for the summons to court and an audience with King Hyojong, which had been arranged for them through Weltevree, whom Hyojong seems to have trusted.

The Korean monarch, as we have seen earlier, was technically a vassal of the Chinese Empire. Manchu envoys came on a regular basis every year to collect the tribute, but apart from that there seems to have been little attempt on the part of the Chinese Emperor to exercise much political control beyond the occasional request for soldiers. As Hamel states in the *Description*, the King "exercises unlimited authority, without obeying his Crown Council" (54). In Korea itself, vassal or not, the King was regarded with great awe and respect; Eibokken told Witsen that "the King is so seldom seen that those who live far away believe he is super-human" (Witsen 58; Hamel 80, n. 24). We've seen that King Hyojong was no lover of the Manchus, and that behind their backs he was hatching plans to build up Korea's armed forces with a view to asserting his independence from Chinese suzerainty. He seems to have had quite a strong navy in addition to "several thousand" royal guards in Seoul alone, as Hamel noted, whose task was "to protect the King when he travels" (54), and to which group Hamel and his friends would be seconded. Eibokken described King Hyojong to Witsen as "a coarse and strong man," who, it was said, "could bend a bow keeping the string under his chin and pull the bow with one hand" (Witsen 59; quoted in Hamel, 75 n.8). This

was the formidable monarch with whom Hamel and his friends would have to deal.

Hamel himself does not give us much more detail about what King Hyojong was like. What he does do is record the audience he had with the King when he and his friends arrived in Seoul. We don't even know exactly where the audience was held, but it was probably not in the Deoksogung Palace (Palace of Virtuous Longevity), where the court had moved in 1593 after the Japanese had destroyed most of the other royal residences, because this building was not the most important palace.. Hamel and his friends were likely received by the King in the Changdeokgung Palace (Palace of Illustrious Virtue), which had become the main palace in 1615, when King Kwanghaegun moved the court there. This was a fairly old palace even by Hamel's time, having been erected in 1405 by King T'aejong, and today it is still a most impressive complex; successive rulers added many buildings, and even though the Japanese had ravaged this palace as well as the others, and a fire in 1623 had destroyed much of the reconstruction, when Hamel saw it the Changdeokgung Palace must have been a magnificent sight, especially as its rebuilding had only been completed in 1647. The audience would have taken place in the Injongjon, part of the "outer palace," and the building used for coronations and other state functions.

Approaching the hall from the front, the visitor passes through the Injongmun or gate, which is also a rebuilt version of an older structure, and then through to the audience-hall itself, which has two stories. There are some curious stone tablets in the courtyard of the building which mark places where each grade of officials would stand when the King was giving audiences, and Hamel's party would have passed serried ranks of colourfully-dressed functionaries as they approached the royal presence. These men were the *yangban*, land-owning nobility who saw to it that people paid their

taxes and who administered justice. The woven horsehair hats which Hamel noticed were an indication of their rank; they were expected to know Chinese and to live by Confucian principles which they learned by rote. In practice, of course, matters were otherwise, and the *yangban* conducted themselves as noblemen in other states did; they vied with each other for power, played politics, and indulged in family feuds. Today, as in Hamel's time, the throne is reached by white stone steps framed by magnificent red-coloured pillars, and in the background are screens painted with scenery and other motifs. To the Dutch the room must have looked both alien and familiar; there was a throne to be sure, courtiers, officials and other royal trappings, but the faces were strange, the costumes different, and the atmosphere very alien as they passed along the line of cringing courtiers. They must have been awestruck at what seemed to them the "pagan" or "oriental" splendour of the Korean court. Perhaps they also noticed the royal eunuchs, who were, at least technically, dedicated to the King's service and well-being, who guarded him night and day, and who gossiped, plotted and intrigued constantly.

We have no way of assessing the accuracy of reports about what was said during the audience, but according to Hamel the King "questioned us about everything," and they told him how they had been shipwrecked on his coast. They begged Hyojong to send them to Japan so that they could arrange with the Dutch in Nagasaki their passage home to Holland, and they explained that some of them had loved ones they wished to see. The answer was at once astonishing and distressing to the men. "It was not his way," Hyojong told them, "to send strangers away from his land," and further that "we would have to live there to the end of our days," adding "that he would take care of our support." What happened next was certainly unexpected; having

unequivocally told the men that they would have to stay in Korea, Hyojong then "made us dance in the manner of our country, sing, and exhibit to him all kinds of things we had learned" (14). If Hamel had been alive today, no doubt he would have been compelled to entertain the King with a bad *karaoke* performance! The embarrassed Dutch obviously had no choice but to comply, and the fact that most of them had few singing or dancing talents likely would not have bothered the King, who probably just wanted a good laugh anyway, and the sight of the Dutch awkwardly capering around and singing out of key seems to have worked. "Having treated us well in his way," Hamel drily commented, "he presented each of us with two pieces of linen cloth to clothe ourselves for the first time in the way of this country" (14).

There was no doubt what King Hyojong wanted; the next day the men were told that he had made them all royal bodyguards. It appeared that Weltevree's prediction about their fate had come true. Of this interview Yi Ik-tae's sources appear to have said nothing, for he does not mention it in his document. What is a little odd is that apart from the absence of the bird-metaphor, the words which the King had spoken to Hamel and his friends were almost exactly the same as those he had said to Weltevree, although the order was different, making it sound almost formulaic. Whatever the case for the authenticity of the King's words, the result was the same: the Dutch were not going to get permission to leave. What reasons the King had for making this decision were not shared with them, and would remain a matter of speculation, although it is likely that humanitarian reasons played a part. At one point the Koreans had tried to repatriate Weltevree through the agency of the Japanese, but had been told that since he was not Japanese it could not be done. In the event, Hamel and his companions made the best of a bad thing. They had to present themselves to the general

commanding the royal guards, who happened to be Weltevree, and they were each issued what amounted to "identification," which consisted of "a round wooden plaque on which our names (according to their writing), ages, what kind of people we were, and the capacity in which we served the King." They were issued guns but had to buy their own ammunition, and every full or new moon they had to go and bow to the commanding general to show him how loyal they were. As royal guards they were not just ceremonial; they were required to spend six months per year attending the King wherever he went, and they had to exercise and drill, in addition to taking part in what to-day we would call "war games." Weltevree was engaged to try and teach them some Korean language and customs, and he certainly succeeded in the former with Eibokken, who provided Witsen with a list of over a hundred Korean words, the oldest-known such list from the memory of a European. His list included numerals, names of the month, and basic words like "God," "chicken," and "dog." Frits Vos calls this word-list "the most important contribution to Hamel's narrative" (Hamel 103), and points out that its existence means that Eibokken could probably read and write Korean as well as speak it, which makes him only the second European to do so after Jan Weltevree.

Many Koreans, far from exhibiting hostility to these strange foreigners, were very curious about them, and were constantly inviting them to their houses and introducing them to their families. Hamel noted with some pride that many upper-class Koreans considered the Dutch to be very attractive people because of their fair skin, "which they liked very much." Hamel sometimes does not seem quite sure of the differences between the *yangban*, the nobility, and the *chungin*, the merchant, professional and military class, but it's likely that most of the people he knew in Seoul were from the

latter group, although the Dutch did have some contacts at court. On the other hand, the *sangmin*, the common people, had heard all sorts of peculiar tales and half-truths about Westerners, for example that "in order to drink something we had to place our noses behind our ears," and for them, blonde hair did not make the Dutch look attractive, but rather "more like underwater creatures than humans" (15). People of this sort would follow them around whenever they went out, sometimes making fun of them, and the narrow Korean streets made it very difficult to escape the crowds; finally they had to be rescued from any further harassment by the King himself, who said that they should not visit anyone without his permission, and that people needed to go through him if they wanted a visit from the foreigners. But at least life was not boring.

When the Manchu ambassador paid his annual visit to collect the tribute, King Hyojong sent his guards, including the Dutch, to the mountain fortress of Namhansansong, the very place where King Injo had been under siege in 1635. Why he did this was not made clear by Hamel; it is possible that he didn't want the Manchus to see foreigners amongst the soldiers, or that he may not have wished them to see how many guards he had, for Hamel mentions that the fortress could house "several thousand men" (16). There were also many Buddhist monks living there, and Hamel states that many important people and courtiers were also present. After the Manchus departed, the Dutch went back to their usual quarters, but they found themselves unable to cope with the cold Korean winter, and because they were short of money, they did not know what they could do to alleviate their misery. Weltevree came to the rescue again; he asked King Hyojong to help, and the Dutch were allowed to take some of the hides from their ship so that they could sell them to buy clothes. Since these hides were not in very good condition, they pooled their resources and managed

to buy a few small houses, so they could get away from the Chinese landlords who were treating them like servants, using them to fetch wood and perform other menial tasks.

In March 1655 the Manchus returned, and this time Hendrick Janse, who had masterminded the failed escape in the leaky boat, decided to try and persuade the Manchu envoys to help the Dutch get away from Korea and back to Nagasaki. Janse and another man pretended that they were going to get some firewood, and as the Manchu envoys went by Hendrik Janse jumped out and seized the bridle of the horse belonging to the most important-looking Manchu. The other man followed Janse, and they stripped off their Korean clothes to reveal their European ones, which they were wearing underneath, "immediately creating such a commotion that there was a great stir" (17). The Manchu envoy, somewhat taken aback by this sudden revelation, tried to find out who these rather rude strangers might be, but of course he couldn't understand anything they said. In the end he told Janse to come with him to where he was staying, and he asked for someone to find an interpreter. King Hyojong, who seems to have been kept well-abreast of what was happening obliged by sending along the now-indispensable Weltevree, but the Dutch who had not been with Janse were ordered to go immediately to court, where they were questioned by some of the Royal Council. When asked whether they had known what Janse and his friends were doing, they replied that they didn't (probably a lie), but were sentenced to another round of bottom-caning anyway, which they escaped because King Hyojong intervened, "saying that we had come to his country because of a storm and not to rob or steal" (17), and they were sent to their homes instead.

The King now had to decide what to do with the others. He seems to have been

concerned that if the Manchus found out that the Koreans had taken Dutch guns and other salvaged material, the "Great Khan" (as Hamel calls the Chinese emperor) might want it for himself. His solution was to offer the Manchus a large bribe not to tell the Emperor, and to order Janse and his companions put in gaol, where they all eventually appear to have died. Hamel sadly wrote that "We never heard for certain whether they had died a natural death or were beheaded, since we were never allowed to visit them" (17). A Korean account says that "Nam Puksan [Hendrik Janse]," one of the Dutch "starved himself to death" (Ledyard 62), but Witsen, whose information came from Eibokken, said that "the chief navigation officer" (Janse) was beheaded and that the Koreans threatened to kill the others (Witsen 50; Hamel 46, n. 24). Whatever happened, the event went well for King Hyojong, as the envoys never reported it to the Emperor. However, we do know for certain that the men were indeed under some form of restrictive arrest, because Hamel stated that he and his friends had received a letter from them saying that "they were in a fortress in the extreme southern corner of the country" (18).

We can see from the above how ambivalent the Koreans were about what to do with the Dutch and how to treat them. As far as King Hyojong was concerned, they would be treated well provided that they did as they were told and gave up all ideas of "escape." After all, Weltevree had been in Korea for decades and he had accepted his fate, even serving in the King's army and behaving loyally, trying to discourage his countrymen from doing anything rash, and they were not, on the whole, being treated badly. However, Hyojong seems to have lost his patience with Hendrick Janse and his friends, although Hamel and the others were not included in the consequences of the royal wrath. We might wonder what Hyojong was afraid of if he let the Dutch go?

Certainly, their contact with the Manchu envoys might jeopardise his acquisition of the cannons and supplies, but by itself this could not have been the reason, because they had already been told they could not leave. Was he worried that the foreigners might go home and then return with missionaries or troops? Probably he didn't think about missionaries but troops might have been a possibility. Hyojong had been in China and he certainly must have known that there were Jesuits in China, even at the Emperor's court; perhaps he feared their influence, but given the apparent indifference of his subjects to religion, this may not have been a reason either. He may also have actually been concerned for the men's safety if the Manchu emperor ever demanded that he hand them over. All he would say was that he did not send people away from his country, and apparently neither did his predecessor, given that Jan Weltevree was still there. What he did not want at any event was to allow the Manchus to find out too much, nor, at least according to what Hamel and the others told the Governor of Nagasaki, did he want Korea "to be known by other nations" (41). This was the likely reason for his decision, but what exactly Hyojong meant by it we will never know.

The Manchu envoys returned twice in 1655, and Hamel recorded that they did not seem over-interested in the previous incident with the foreigners.Unfortunately for the Dutch, some members of the Royal Council had other ideas, and "urged the King to do away with us" (18). The Dutch had the support of the King and his brother, as well as one of the important generals, but the latter's idea was to have each Dutchman fight two Koreans until the Dutchman was dead, which meant that "the King would not be known among his people to have strangers publicly killed" (18)! The Dutch weren't told what the Council was discussing, but they probably weren't very reassured when Weltevree cheerfully informed them that "If you people live more than three

days, you'll live longer" (19). Their luck changed when they confronted the King's brother, who had to pass through their neighbourhood on his way to the meetings, which he was chairing, and "fell down in front of him, highly complaining" (19). This worked; the King's brother told Hyojong, and the men were saved once more by the King, who now decided to send them to Cholla province for reasons of their own safety, and said he would "give us 50 catties of rice per month from his own income" (19). They remained in Cholla for the time being, their treatment depending on the whim of the garrison commandants, but they always got their rice from the King, and they were all allowed to live together. It was, sadly, the last time they saw Jan Weltevree; when the Governor of Nagasaki later asked them whether he was still alive in 1666, they could only reply that "We do not know with certainty whether he is still alive, since we have not seen him in ten years" (37).

In 1659 King Hyojong died, and was succeeded by his son Hyonjong. He, too, had been a hostage in China, and in fact had been born there in the city of Mukden, but had been allowed to go back to Korea a year before his father, and his subsequent actions showed that he did not share his father's hostility to the Manchus. The succession of the new king did not alter the position of Hamel and his companions, but they were further burdened by the presence of a particularly oppressive commandant, who took up his position in 1663 and immediately made their lives as miserable as he could, ordering them to do petty tasks such as picking up arrows from the archery practices, which lasted all day and took place in all weather. They did not have adequate winter clothing any more, but the commandant would not let them have any, and they were working so hard they had little time to either buy or gather food. They were very relieved when this man's term was up, and were luckier with the new

commandant, who relaxed their ordeal so much that all they had to do was let the authorities know where they were.

The new commandant, Yi To-bin, seems to have been a kindly and sympathetic man; he wined and dined the foreigners, and then began giving them rather extraordinary hints about getting away from Korea. (He asked them why, since they lived near the sea, they didn't try and leave for Japan? "We always answered," Hamel recalled, "that the King would not permit us, that we did not know the way, and also that we did not have a boat to run away with." The commandant simply replied that it wasn't as if there were no boats lying around near the sea! Disingenuously, the men said that if there were, they didn't belong to them, and in any case they'd be punished for disobeying the King. "His Excellency," Hamel wrote, "laughed very much," but when they did attempt to buy a boat, "some jealous people" always got in the way of their plans (25). Their one consolation was that the former commandant had been summoned to court by King Hyonjong, who punished him for his cruelty, not just to the foreigners but to Koreans also– "for any small affair he had let them be beaten unto death" (25). The ex-governor received ninety blows on the shins and was then banished from the court for the remainder of his life. King Hyonjong, Hamel says, "has his spies throughout the country" (28), which is how he found out about the evil commandant and his cruel deeds. A Korean account written in 1666 concerning Yi To-bin, on the other hand, confirms Hamel's description of his benevolent character; "he was especially concerned," it read, "to treat his men with love and kindness....the local militia and regular soldiers attached to the garrison under his command praise him to this day" (Ledyard 72).

After these events Hamel and his friends seem to have resigned themselves to

their fate, at least for the time being, and much of the *Journal* from this point on records a succession of commandants, some of whom treated them well, others not so well. They never seem to have been summoned to court to meet King Hyonjong, for no audiences with him at all are mentioned by Hamel. However, at some point late in 1666, they found themselves once again under the rule of a particularly unpleasant commandant, the second one in succession, who made them do an unreasonable amount of heavy work. One task included having to make "100 fathoms of straw rope every day," a task which the Dutch complained was "impossible," and, after fruitless attempts at remonstrating with the commandant, they were afraid that things would get worse and worse until they became little better than slaves. If this happened, they would be in real trouble, for "once a practice has been introduced by a commandant it is not easily abolished" (28).

It was at this point that some of the men determined to escape. This time, their attempt seems to have been much better-planned than the spontaneous and failed hijacking of the Korean boat or the dramatic encounter with the surprised Manchu envoy. They had a friendly Korean neighbour, whom they persuaded to buy a boat "under the pretext of gathering cotton wool" on nearby islands. He duly purchased a boat from a fisherman, whom they paid for it, but the seller found out who the boat was really for, and stopped the sale because he was afraid of punishment, even death, if he helped anyone escape and the King found out. Hamel and his friends solved this problem by paying the man twice the asking price, which miraculously cured his fear of the legal system and King Hyonjong, and they began to get the boat ready for the voyage to Japan. They would be joined by Eibokken and several others who were living in Sunch' on; as they were still allowed to visit each other freely, they managed to

have everything prepared by September 4. Having loaded provisions overnight, they set out, and by the morning of September 6 they "were close to one of the first Japanese islands" (30). Several boats passed them as they went, and finally "a boat with six men in it, each with a dagger on both sides, passed us close by," and soon the Dutch were overtaken by this boat and some more like it. For some time they were apprehensive, and even considered fighting these people off "with sticks and bamboo poles we had made into pikes" (31), but there was no need; the men looked like Japanese. The Dutch "raised the small flag of the Prince," which they had made themselves in case they landed on Japanese territory, and shouted "*Hollando, Nangasaki*!" The men boarded their ship and took them to a fishing village. Hamel and his friends looked nervously around at the men who had captured them, and "it seemed there was not one man without one or two daggers at his side" (31). They were once more in danger of their lives, or so they believed; "We looked at one another with sadness in our eyes, thinking 'this is it'" (31). However, instead of killing them, their captors, who could not communicate verbally with them, kept pointing towards Nagasaki, and when a large vessel came into the harbour that night they were taken aboard and brought before an official, who gave them to understand that they were on the Goto Islands and that in five days they would be in Nagasaki. "The inhabitants and the authorities from Goto," Hamel wrote after they left, "had done us only good, without demanding anything in return" (33), and he confirmed this in his conversation with the Governor of Nagasaki.

On September 14 they finally made it to Nagasaki, where the Imperial Governor interviewed them, after which they were handed over to Dutch officials on Deshima Island. It was all over. They were lucky to have managed to get to Japan at all, since

none of them had ever been there, and they had no map. Eibokken told Witsen that they had overheard Koreans talking about sailing to Japan, and that "although Koreans seldom sail to Japan, they know where it is" (Witsen 44; Hamel 47, n. 36), and that was almost all they had to go on. Hamel's group told the Governor of Nagasaki that "Some Koreans who had been to Nagasaki had indicated the direction" (42) and that they could still remember some of what Janse had said about it earlier. This indicates that some of the men must have learned enough Korean (although Buys does not think Hamel himself was one of them) and had the wits to keep their eyes and ears open, too, otherwise they would never have had the slightest chance of reaching Nagasaki. As for those who had not taken part in the escape, Hamel thought that King Hyonjong would probably let them go, too, "if the Emperor would write to the King...[who] would not refuse such a request, since the Emperor sends back his shipwrecked people every year" (41).[66]

And so Hendrick Hamel's great adventure came to its end. Willem Volger, the head of the Dutch trading mission in Deshima, noted the arrival of Hamel and the others, citing "rumours circulating about 8 Europeans, oddly dressed," and complained that there are so many conflicting stories "that one does not know what to think about it." He mentioned Hamel as well as Weltevree, "an elderly man looking like a Dutchman....and more than 70 years old." According to Volger, the Governor of Nagasaki "suggested....that we had better celebrate their rescue and said that he would write to Edo [Tokyo] about it" (Hamel 84). After this Hamel passed into obscurity

[66] Hamel makes the same mistake about the Emperor of Japan and the shogun as so many Europeans did until the Meiji era. The Emperor in 1666 was Reigen (1663-87), who "is known for absolutely nothing except that he, too, abdicated so that he could move to the far greater freedoms of the Retired Emperors Palace, from where he could, until his death in 1732, in turn pull the strings at the end of which danced the next two sovereigns" (Packard 181). The real power was in the hands of the Tokugawa shogun, to whom Hamel was probably referring. At that time it would have been Tokugawa Ienobu.

along with his friends, but he lives on as the first European to write about Korea, and thus bring it to the attention of the West. There is now a statue to Hendrick Hamel erected in Yeosu, and an association in his name has been established in Gorinchem. Only seven of the Dutch crew wrecked thirteen years earlier returned to Holland, and it would be interesting to know whether they re-connected with their families or whether, like Jan Weltevree's wife, the families had simply given them up and moved on.[67] Some of the men, however, may have remarried.

And what happened to those who did not come with Hamel and his friends? Ledyard cites a report made by the United East India Company in 1668 as mentioning that the eldest of the men, the *Sperwer*'s cook Jan Claeszen, had died soon after Hamel's departure from Korea (Hamel 89) and Witsen wrote that "through the intercession of the Emperor of Japan" they had all been handed over to the Dutch authorities via the Japanese trading station in Pusan, except for one man who wanted to stay in Korea "He was married there and declared to have no hair on his body that looked like a Christian or Netherlander**"** (Witsen 53; Hamel 89). The Koreans had treated them generously, giving them clothes and rice as well as other gifts. It seems that the Koreans did actually question Jan Weltevree, but they were more interested in how he himself had got to Korea. In September 1668 the remaining seven men landed in Nagasaki. As for Jan Weltevree himself, the first European to settle in Korea, he left no record of his life there, and, as Jean-Paul Buys remarks, "If Hamel had not told about Jan Janse and his life at the court in Seoul, nobody would ever have known who the man behind the Korean name Pak Yon was" (Hamel xvi).

[67] Weltevree had left Holland even before his child was born, and his wife later remarried, presumably having given him up for dead. Buys tells us that the child grew up keeping his father's name alive, and that "thirteen generations later, a Mr. Weltevree from Holland was present in Seoul for the dedication of a Weltevree statue in the city's Children's Park" (xvi).

After Hamel's time Korea returned to a state of near-isolation for centuries, although the Yi monarchy recovered much of its former glory and maintained a great deal of independence from both Japan and China. At the same time, as Western influence and ideas gained ground in China, they filtered through to Korea and some alternatives to Confucianism were promoted by Korean intellectuals through a fusion of Western and Eastern ideas. The entrenched Confucian hierarchy, which by now included the Court, opposed any innovations strongly and effectively, keeping the contamination at bay for a long time. Religion, on the other hand, was quite a different matter, and Catholicism had gained a foothold in Korea by the end of the eighteenth century, being known as *Sohak*, or "Western learning," a catch-all term which included other Western ideas in addition to religion. King Sunjo (1800-34) actively attempted to suppress Western learning, and his successor persecuted Christians in 1839,[68] putting more than one hundred of them to death. Yet by the nineteenth century Korea, like China and Japan, would find itself having to come to terms first with Western technology and expansion, then with the growing military might of Japan, the one Asian state which would, after the Meiji Restoration of 1867, effectively turn itself into an imperialistic power, ultimately swallowing Korea itself and bringing down the Yi dynasty forever.

[68] The Korean authorities had been quite hard on Christians. There was a persecution under King Chongjo in 1791, but this did not stop a brave and persistent Chinese Jesuit, Zhou Wen-mo, from clandestine missionary work that resulted in some seven thousand converts in six years (1794-1800).

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Minimum Wage Revisited

The higher you build the deeper you must dig
so the piledriver pounds all morning
moorings for the south boiler tower

And all morning I carry sheets of plywood
broad enough to land me in the ditch
if they catch a sudden gust

So I shift my grip and angle across
one more plank bridge
mind the nails on the ground
and wedge the wall into place
for the carpenter to hammer down

Two hundred times a day I figured once
at six fifty an hour that=s oh
thirty cents to haul each
eight-by-four sheet to the pit
and trudge back to the boneyard for another

Now cement trucks arrive
never one at a time
and pour the whole wall in a morning

A forest of rebars deluged
inside their plywood forms

that tomorrow we'll pull down

Block, pillar, slab and beam
will impress the board of directors one day
when they come to inspect the vault
with voices lowered as if in prayer

Wireless

I heard from our old friend today.
It must have been a dozen years.

It wasn't any impulse call.
This number isn't in the book.

Impulse that's what made him leap
instead of thinking of the kids.

He's seen them, he said, quite recently.
In fact that's why he called.

He asked if we can put them up
a day or two, him and the kids,

while he works out their next move.

At Sitting Bull's Grave

2007

Napoleon of the plains, you might have read
or (in Walsh's words) the Mohammed of his people
– his gravesite at Standing Rock is no more
than a scarred lump of glacial granite
mounted on end with a plaque that reads,
A noble and just leader but misunderstood by the white man.

I drove past the site on my way into town
before recalling the directions: "Behind Taco John's."
At the end of a trail where garbage collects
in the sage brush and willow brakes, and the smell
of deep frying and the dumpster carry farther
than the delicate scent of spring flowers,
the plaque and stone stand neglected
but for a few humble offerings – coloured pebbles,
some well-rubbed sticks, a dirty tennis ball.

Moreover (you may read) his remains are not here.
After many desecrations his bones were removed
by his aging nephews One Bull and White Bull.
Or some of his bones. No one can say they found them all
or that all the bones they found were his,
being amateur grave-robbers on a moonless night.
They didn't reveal where they moved them either,
whether south on the Missouri, nearer his birthplace,
or north to Turtle Mountain, gravesite of heroes.
Little matter; the removal didn't stop the abuse
or cause the neglect of his un-resting place.

What matter, anyway, where his bones lie?
I feel closer to him returning by road
through dry hills like the ones I roamed as a child

imagining I saw on the distant plains
a grazing herd of buffalo and, nearer,
an eagle feather caught in sagebrush,
waving like a prize just out of reach.

Why We Do It: Why Men Collect

by Richard Van Camp

My name is Richard Van Camp and I am a proud member of the Dogrib Nation from Fort Smith in the Northwest Territories. I'm an author, an educator and a storyteller. I also collect toys. There: I said it: It's out: I'm a full-grown man who collects toys of all sorts, but right now it's Star Wars figures all the way. I have a history of collecting Star Wars figures (bad guys only), He Man, Evangelion Neon Genesis Figures, comics, and the occasional Spawn Toy. How bad is it? Well, when I watched *Revenge of the Sith*, I had a brand new Clone Troop Commander in my breast pocket peeking out, watching the movie with me. Why party alone? *Revenge of the Sith* was a great movie, but what's even better is the toys that are coming out because of the new series. I find I always need something to look forward to, and the new toys coming out look so incredible!

You see toys, for me, are like a security blanket. Sure, I have RRSP's and accidental health insurance. But late at night, when I skim the events of the day, I know the bills are paid and food is in the fridge. What makes me smile deep down

inside is that I've got all these cool toys set up in my office and they are all given loving attention like you wouldn't believe. And I know I'm not alone in my passion.

My neighbor Morgan collects music, movies and is a photographer. We meet for lunch at Esquire's on Oak and 16th. "Why do guys collect?" I ask him. "Do you think it's the hunter and gatherer thing?"

"The hunter impulse. Yeah. Sure. It's about that. It's also about the Sublimated Sexual Desire."

"What!"

"Sublimated Sexual Desire. You never know when you're going to get laid but you can always count on your collection to be there for you no matter what."

"Brilliant," I say. Maybe my security blanket feeling was really just SSD!

"If guys put half the effort into their collecting as they would in understanding women, think about what a better social system we'd all live in."

I thought about it and nodded. "You're right."

"Also," he said. "It shows you have interests. You're not a one note wonder."

I thought about it. He was bang on. I find my respect for men extrapolates whenever I learn about something they love to collect.

"And," he paused, "it shows you care about something. You look at your record

collection and it's really a collection about your passions. I have stuff in my record collection I haven't listened to in years. It doesn't mean I'm going to throw it out. I can put something on and it'll take me back to where I was when I used to listen to it. I think, as well, that it's about, oh…what's the word?"

"Care taking?" I add.

"Yeah. Care taking. By taking care of your collection, you're really taking care of yourself."

"Hmm," I pipe, "and by taking care of yourself you become a better person, a better husband, father."

"Yeah," he says. "You know: your Star Wars collection baffles me."

"What?"

"Yeah," he said. "I can understand the whole mythos of Star Wars. It's brilliant, but the toys?"

(Baffled? Hmmm.) Before I watched *Revenge of the Sith,* I picked up some new figures from Big Pete's Toys in the North shore in Vancouver. I got The Power of the Force Stormtrooper with Battle Damage and Rifle Rack. I totally needed the rifle rack as I have quite a few rifles lying around and that's not cool if the boys have to move fast. You can add water to the Stormtrooper's chest and all of a sudden there's battle

damage. I won't do it, of course. Getting my toys wet is unfathomable. I finally got the Snowtrooper with the battle cannon. I just had to get it after seeing one at Dusty's house last week. And I got the brand new Clonetrooper with the Firing Jet Backpack. All of the other Star Wars figures I have can't wait to see their new buddies, and I feel so happy that these guys are coming into a loving home. No one will love these toys more than we will. I really believe that, like books, toys should go to loving homes and mine is a sanctuary for toys that deserve awe and constant adoration.

Because I bought these figures and one for my buddy Dusty, (I got him a Clone Pilot), I needed a box to pack the toys home. This morning, on my commute, I had this small box that reads: Hasbro Toys Action Figures: SW E3 Action Asst W2R1 05 Star Wars, and, in red letters, it says: On Shelf Date No Earlier Than April 2, 2005. It was funny: every guy I passed who noticed the box and who had time to read the box did this thing with their mouths like they suddenly wanted to pucker up and suck something. In fact, as I was getting my ticket, one of the newspaper handlers read the box, smiled and said, "What do you got there—toys?

"Yeah," I said as I fished around for another Loonie. "From the new Star Wars."

"Are you selling them?" she asked.

"No," I said. "I bought some yesterday before I saw the movie."

She was leaning forward, trying to look into the box.

I couldn't find a Loonie. "Have a look," I offered.

And she did. She looked through each of the four figures and smiled. "Cool. You must be a true collector."

I smiled and nodded. "I am."

And I felt so good saying it.

It was odd talking to a woman about Star Wars and collecting. I think for every one woman who collects something, there's three hundred guys who collect something. It's a male phenomenon.

Most people, when they come over to my house and see my dioramas, are stunned into how cool my collection is. Well, I think they are stunned by the coolness but maybe they're all baffled. All I know is a lot of people who have come by stay in my office for a long while studying each diorama I have set up. For my Star Wars Micro machines and Action Fleet toys, I have a Hoth Battle Scene in which the rebels are swarming the Snowtroopers. I have a scene in which Jar Jar's people take on the battle droids. Jar Jar and his folks ruined Episode 1 so, of course, they don't stand a chance in my diorama of tragic blood loss and doom. I have an Ewok scene where they are taking on Stormtroopers and it could go either way. I have a Jabba the Hutt

scene where he and his troglodytes take on the Stormtroopers. Jabba thinks he's got this one under control, but I have three Jedi outside who are going to take on whoever's left once the firefight is over. (Divide and conquer, hey?) I have a shelf of Star Wars figures and a shelf of nothing but other figures that are non Star Wars but very, very cool all the same.

I have one friend who is totally to blame for getting me back into collecting in my 30's as I had stopped while pursuing my undergraduate degree at UVIC: His name is Dusty Kamps. His code name is "D Mob." D Mob used to own Mystery Comics and Toys in Kamloops and, like any good dealer, he gave me a great deal on my first toy. I had stumbled into his store one day and saw the Micro Machines collection he had and I saw the Sandcrawler. "Awww," I said.

"Nice, hey?"

"Yeah," I said as I saw the C3P0 and Jawa that came with it. "I used to have Star Wars Micro Machines."

He immediately came around the counter and let me fondle it. I couldn't stand the thought of the Jawas and the Sandcrawler spending another night away from my loving arms. "How much?" I asked.

Dusty gave me a deal I couldn't refuse because he could tell I'd be back.

D Mob's looked out for me several times and has sold me many toys over the years and I am proud to call him one of my best friends. Currently, however, we are having a race war between us. I have more Stormtroopers than he does, but he has more Clonetroopers. What can I say? He's gone totally bananas on E-bay and I'm saving for a car so I have had to slow down on the E-Bay situation. D Mob has been known to sign his e-mails with, "May the force be with your hymen" and when I won my last auction on E-bay for the Stormtroopers Builders Set, I didn't realize it, but D Mob was bidding on it in Kamloops at the exact same time I was bidding away in Vancouver. It was only after I won that I received the e-mail: "You basterd outbidding me like that. I will be the king of the Stormtroopers, mark my words."

But the best quote from D Mob was when he called himself "The Mayor of Bonerville" after finding a bunch of Clonetroopers at the Kamloops Toys R Us on sale--and they were Clonetroopers I didn't own.

Whenever I get some cool toys that he doesn't have I e-mail him and say, "Bad news, Mayor. There's a new sheriff in town and he's got the super articulation Clonetrooper and you don't, so please only refer to me as the Sheriff of Bonerville from now on."

It's a little sad, I know, but it keeps us going.

What was really cool about the *Revenge of the Sith* last night was all the variations of the Stormtrooper and the Clonetrooper. I can't wait for Hasbro to put out every single one because guys like D Mob and me will be waiting.

"Dusty," I say over the phone. "Why do guys collect?"

"Why do guys collect?" he repeats. "Men love the thrill of the hunt. It's like hunting. The thrill is in finding the animal and laying the claim to it as your own. We need to find the outlet for our adventurism and that's where collecting comes in. Some men, their thrill is in finding that perfect car or women, women and more women...it's just an extension of our natural tendencies to hunt, to make things our own, to create our own kingdom."

I agree. And why do we like collecting the bad guys so much? I think it's because the good guys are always on the defense. If Darth Vader or the Cobra Commander wants to do something, they do it--and they're not going to take a poll first. The good guys always have to react to whatever it is that the bad guys have been up to over the weekend. Also, the bad guys have sweeter ships (Check out the Cobra HISS Tank, Boba Fett's Slave 1 ship, The Tie Defender, etc.), plus the bad guys just look cooler. Look at the bounty hunters in Star Wars: Bossk, IG 88 and the fact that Darth Vader had to tell Boba Fett not to "vaporize" Luke or Han Solo was totally cool. And look at

the evil women. Come to think of it: Star Wars never really had any evil women—I wonder why? But think of GI Joe: the Baroness versus Lady Jaye? Come on: The Baroness looked like Nana Mouskouri with voluptuous "get anything I want" curves and Lady Jaye, well, I kind of remember a little pixie who threw spears at people. No contest there!

I am proud to say that the majority of my Star Wars figures have not been won on bids on E bay. Most of my figs have been purchased from across Canada. In Vancouver, there's Big Pete's in the North Shore, Golden Age Collectibles on Granville, RX Comics on Main Street and The Comic Shop on 4th Avenue. Kamloops has High Octane Comics. In Edmonton, there's White Knight Collectables and Warp 1 and Warp 2. In Calgary, there's Another Dimension and in Penticton there's Castle Comics. One of the best moments in my life happened there. I was asking the owner, Richard Nobert, if he had any Star Wars Micro machines or Action Fleet and he said he did have an Imperial Shuttle in the back. When he came out, he showed it to me. It was so beautiful. "Nobody asks about these anymore," he said before he handed it to me. I caressed it and fanned its wing out, thus causing its landing gear to close. It even had its pilot. Oh, I ached for the chance to add it to my growing collection. I looked at Richard and must have had this sorry look on my face at the thought of having to

return it, but he nodded to me and smiled, "Take it."

"What?" I asked. "No--"

"Go ahead," he said. "From one collector to another, take it."

I looked at him, stunned.

"I know it's going to a good home," he beamed.

I know there is an acre in heaven for Saint Richard of Castle Comics because of what he did for me.

In Toronto and Ottawa there's Silver Snail Comics and in TO there's Third Quadrant. In Ottawa there's the Comic Book Shoppe and Jamie, the toy guy there, always remembers my name. I guess that's the thing about collecting: it's a brotherhood. I say "brotherhood" because I have yet to meet a woman who collects Star Wars Toys.

Because I do not hunt (no caribou or moose here in Vancouver), I wonder if these toys are trophies. I say this because I can remember where I was and what I was going through with every toy I acquired. Two years ago, I was in Paris on a book tour and ended up in a high-end toy store. There, in the display case, I saw the Action Fleet Bespin Twin-Pod Cloud Cars. They were out of the box and on a display case and they looked so cool! Although, they didn't have the pilots, I needed to own them. I don't

speak French but I did my best to communicate with the worker there that I wanted to look at the Cloud Cars and he held it up, away from me. Every time I made a motion to touch, to caress the toy, he moved back. *Oh for goodness sakes!* I thought. *Let Daddy hold his baby.*

He didn't.

When I asked how much it was, he turned it over: 60 Euros.

"Give me a break!" I said in Canadian English. "60 Euros?"

He looked at me like I was a scab.

I immediately made plans to get on E-bay as soon as I returned to Canada. Great news! I won the bid for the cars in mint condition, still in the box, with the pilot and Lobot. And I won it for $4 American. How cool is that?

I've had my share of victories on E-bay but nothing beats walking into a toy store and finding the very toy you've been looking for for years. Talk about euphoria!

Speaking of trophies, when I set up the Snowtrooper that I bought at Big Pete's, I carefully take him out of his box. I think it's so cool that some of the new figures have holsters. There's nothing cooler than knowing that if he he's cornered, he can quick draw his blaster and let loose. The cannon he comes with needs to be assembled and when it's done I realize I can fire a red bullet out of the gun that shoots across my

office when you tap the gun at the top. I make this sound that only people from Fort Smith understand. I think it was my brother Roger who started it. You nod your head and purse your lips and go, "Osssssssssss Jeeee-aaaaaaahhh."

I put the Snowtrooper by himself to the left on my bottom shelf. He's coming from winter espionage and he needs to be set aside from his colleagues who are cloaked in Spring, Summer and Autumn uniforms.

The Clonetrooper with the Firing Jet Backpack and Spring Open Wings is an angel, an absolute angel. Not only does he have a new gun design (rifle with scope), his Jet Backpack springs open with the touch of the little red button at the back. It's a copycat of the Micronauts Space Glider figure that came out in 1976 but that's okay: this firing jet backpack looks so good on the Clonetrooper that all is forgiven and the cherry on the top is there's two black missiles that are supposed to fire somehow out of the back. *Os jeah!*

The Storm trooper is the last guy to be opened and I place him next to the Stormtrooper Troop Builder Set of Four Storm troopers that I won on E-bay. They regard each other with utmost respect and now I have an equal amount of Stormtroopers and Clonetroopers: Eleven each. Plus one Snowtrooper.

When I see my toy and comic collection, I have to tell you: the weight on my

shoulders dissipates and, for some reason, I start to walk with a wiggle in my step because I have access to an instant archive of some of the most precious moments in my life: the fact that my father helped buy the last ten issues I needed to complete my *Warlord* collection, the fact that Dusty set aside a B Wing and Luke's X Wing for me on his wedding day, the time I found Darth Vader's Tie Fighter for 10 dollars in Toronto, or the AT AT Walker my brother, Johnny, bought for me on my birthday. There's the AT AT Walker I brought back from Australia, and there's the Hoth World set I've always wanted since 1982.

Everyone—man and woman—knows about the euphoria of collecting. Whether it's shoes, watches, coats, tattoos, dinky cars or music, there's an endorphin bath that occurs when we've all found that special something we've been looking for--yearning for--for a long time. It's fun. It's sexy. Collecting is an urge and, maybe, an instinct.

Now I know there's not going to be a luggage rack on the hearse that takes me to the bone yard, but I do know that I will pass my toy collection on to the folks and family who will give my toys the most loving homes. And maybe that's another aspect of collecting too that no one talks about: and that's a legacy you can leave behind.

I have joked that I will haunt my toys if whoever gets them doesn't treat them right and I can believe it. To think that these toys that have given me such joy and

comfort would be mistreated or stolen would really bring me down. I love my toys and I have included the toy makers and designers in my prayers. I know I'm not supposed to have attachments in this life, but so what? I am attached to these babies like a mommy to her litter.

And you know what? With the cashola I'm going to make for writing this piece, I'm going to buy even more toys. Dusty and I have a race war on, and I'm going to win. Dusty and I are building our kingdoms, you see, and one day, after we've climbed our hills to divinity, people we love will hold our toys in their hands and feel the love all the way from our sweet hereafter. *Os jeah!*

REVIEWS

John Butler

James Palmer, *The Bloody White Baron: The Extraordinary Story of the Russian Nobleman who became the Last Khan of Mongolia*. New York, Basic Books, 2009.

The Bloody White Baron

Sometimes Nature, with a singular lack of foresight and wisdom, places people on earth whom we would rather have seen placed elsewhere. Baron Roman Nikolai Maximilian von Ungern-Sternberg (1886-1921) is one of them. It's a commonplace to talk about the banality of evil when discussing monsters such as Hitler, Stalin or Pol Pot, but Ungern was, perhaps unfortunately, not banal; he was a fascinating man, the kind of monster that one would like to have met as long as he was behind bars or otherwise rendered harmless. He was violently anti-Semitic, he despised the Chinese, he hated peasants and workers (or at least the thought of them having any say in government) almost as much as he hated communists, and he slaughtered considerable numbers of all categories, including old people and children, remarking of the latter that "One must always cut off the tails." A mystical Buddhist as well as a nominal Lutheran, Ungern managed to build a quasi-religious mythology about himself which was persuasive enough to attract several thousand Mongolians, White Russians, Siberians and even some Japanese to join his irregular army of several thousand, with which he hoped eventually to invade Russia, capture Moscow, and restore the rule of the Tsar. For the Mongols, Ungern became a kind of incarnate war-god who would bring back the Mongolian Empire of Genghis Khan and reinstate the Bogd Khan, the nominal "Holy Emperor" of Mongolia, on his throne with real power. Like Hitler, this demented scion of noble Estonian-German descent was able to find people to assist him in his cause who were almost equally

Baron Ungern

pathological, and thus the book is full of walk-on parts for minor monsters like the terrible and shadowy (no first name is given) Dr. Klingenberg, a man who reminded the reviewer of Nosferatu creeping downstairs, who first endeared himself to Ungern by suggesting that "those men who were so sick as to be worthless for any future fighting be poisoned" (136). Using Mongolian hell-scrolls as his examples, Ungern himself, Klingenberg and others devised new forms of tortures in addition to burning people, burying them alive or exposing them on iced-up rivers. The only sensible actions undertaken by Nature in the case of Ungern were first, that his atrocities were on a relatively minor scale if compared with those of a Hitler or Stalin, and second, that the communists eventually defeated him and had him shot. Until this book came out, very few people, including this reviewer, had ever heard of the Bloody White Baron, and not a few who read it will probably wish they had remained ignorant. Unlike Hitler or Stalin, Ungern was a "hands-on" monster, which perhaps makes it more difficult to read of his atrocities, because it is hard to believe some of the things that this man did to his fellow-humans. Technology abstracts violence, and often it is impossible to pin down just who gave the orders, but there was never any question with Ungern, and he made no attempt to deny or cover up what he had done.

As a young man, Ungern seems to have steeped himself in Eastern culture and Western mysticism taking its cue from the East. Like many other relatively normal people, such as the poet W. B. Yeats, he became fascinated with theosophy, which was very popular

amongst young Russian aristocrats at the courts of Alexander III and Nicholas II, especially as its chief founder, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, was Russian. Blavatsky expounded her doctrines, which in Russia were given a Buddhist emphasis, in an unreadable work called *Isis Unveiled*, in which she proposed a kind of unity of religions based on a superficial reading of Hindu and Tibetan Buddhist scriptures combined with Western mysticism and, if we can believe Palmer, elements of popular fantasy-writers such as Edward Bulwer-Lytton, famous now for *The Last Days of Pompeii* and for opening a book with the immortal words "it was a dark and stormy night." Blavatsky also threw in some occultism, pseudo-scientific speculations and even a bit of genuine science; all this made for heady material, although Ungern was, we are told, no great reader, and probably skimmed over Blavatsky's effusions or listened to others explaining them. Ungern also learned about the "Yellow Peril," as Kaiser Wilhelm II explained it; one day the Asian hordes would overrun Europe, dislodge Christianity, and impose Buddhism upon the world if the Western powers did not unite against them spiritually and militarily Lastly, he became acquainted with the infamous *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, which detailed a Jewish conspiracy for world domination, a conspiracy which existed only in the minds of its perverted (and anonymous) authors, but which appealed to minds already open to anti-Semitism like Ungern's. Ungern's mysticism was probably learned, according to Palmer, from his sojourns in Siberia, where he had been posted after his rather chequered career in various military and naval academies, from several of which he had been expelled.

After the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, Ungern joined the anti-communist White Russians in their civil war against the Reds, fell out with their commanders, and removed himself east to a place called Dauria, which bordered on Manchuria, a decade or so later the site of the "restored" Chinese Empire under the Japanese-controlled Emperor Pu Yi, former child-Emperor of China. Ungern established himself in Dauria as an almost independent ruler, robbing, pilfering and murdering visitors to the town who were suspected by him of being either Jews or Bolsheviks and recruiting soldiers for his private army by promising them a large share of the spoils. Quite a number of people joined him, united in their hatred for their former colonial masters, the Chinese, and equally happy to slaughter anyone whom "the Baron" did not like. In the end, that amounted to thousands. White

Russian commanders of a sadistic stamp easily persuaded Ungern to turn

Dauria into a kind of extermination centre, to which, using the modern term, they "rendered" prisoners for elimination, a task which the Baron detailed to his underlings, although he occasionally kept his hand in by personally torturing or executing people. He was especially fond of tying people to the top of trees and leaving them there to die of exposure, although a more humane variant of this was to leave them there overnight and then use them as target practice.

In 1920 Ungern took his army across the Mongolian border to attack the city of Urga, now known as Ulaan Bator, the modern capital of Mongolia, which was occupied by the Chinese, who were holding the Bogd Khan, the titular ruler of Mongolia, a virtual prisoner in his palace. The Bogd Khan, otherwise known as Jabzandamba Ezen Gegen Khan, was a shrewd, manipulative and intelligent politician, a huge overweight womaniser who habitually wore sunglasses to shade his damaged eyes (he had syphilis), drove around in a large car and issued divinely-inspired proclamations to his people which they received with reverence and respect.

Ungern and the Bogd Khan needed each other, and their alliance resulted in the Bogd getting formally crowned whilst Ungern wielded a great deal of power as a kind of sub-king

Bogd Khan

and a Khan in his own right. He was not, in fact, the ruler of Mongolia, but came as close to it *de facto* as anyone could; fortunately, his reign of terror did not last long and he was eventually defeated by the Red Army. Ungern was tried by a military court and shot (by special request of Lenin and Trotsky), but not until he had cheerfully posed for a photo-op with the firing squad a few minutes before they did their duty. He wore his Cross of the Order of St. George (Fourth Class) for the occasion; a legend then arose amongst his faithful Mongolians and Buriats that it had miraculously prevented the bullets from

entering his body and that the Baron had escaped death. His last words? "I have nothing to say." He then dropped almost completely from the historical radar until James Palmer came along.

Palmer, an Englishman who now lives in Beijing, writes vividly and enthusiastically about his subject, but he never loses sight of the terror and cruelty inflicted by Ungern wherever he went. Palmer has a great love of Mongolia and its people as well as a superb sense of the drama of the country's history, but he freely admits having difficulty with people there who still regard Ungern as some kind of a hero. On the very last page of the book, for example, he quotes a Mongolian woman using "words I almost didn't believe at first;" those words, he relates, were "Oh, Baron Ungern? In my family, he is a god" (247). Just a few minor criticisms: Palmer, or his publishers, have annoying spelling habits. The Russian tsar appears as "Nikolas II," "Nicholas II" and "Nicolas II;" the usual English rendering is the second one, as the first makes no sense at all (it appears to be a hybrid form fluctuating between "Nikolai," the Russian word, and "Nicholas") and the second is French. Similarly, Trotsky appears as "Trotskii," presumably a Russian transliteration (and so does Dostoevsky as "Dostoevskii"), and the name "Evgeny" mutates into "Eugenii." Spelling should be consistent in a books purporting to be a serious historical study. Also, Palmer quite often mentions photographs, but there are none in the book. Ungern himself stares balefully from the cover, but he should be somewhere inside the covers as well; a brief glance at Google will reveal more of him. And what about the Bogd Khan? Or a view of Ungern's lair at Dauria? But all this is small stuff; James Palmer has written a marvellous book, a book palpably evocative of its time and place, a book which can send chills down the reader's spine and which is very difficult to put aside, even for a while. The ghastly characters who come and go in its pages are more thrilling and terrifying than any Bulwer-Lytton creations or Hollywood horrors; Ungern himself is almost unbelievable, and one can see how the legends grew. Mongolia was fortunate that the fact of Ungern was short-lived, and for once the world owes a debt of gratitude to Lenin and Trotsky.

Sue Matheson

James I King of England, *Daemonologie* (Illustrated). Dodo Press. 2008. 92 pp. $18.95
James I, *A Counter-Blaste To Tobacco*. Book Jungle. 2008. 37 pp. $7.45

Of Ghoulies and Gheasties and Lang-legged Beasties

Alright: I'll admit it. I just couldn't resist the opportunity to review the work of royalty. Who would be able to say no to such an offer when royal watching has become the equivalent of a blood sport and the persons involved are handled by professional publicity agents? It's the chance of a lifetime to praise or pan God's representative on Earth without being briefed about what one may or may not say. And when the subject is the misogynistic, tobacco-hating James I of Scotland—yes, the only son of Mary, the bewitching Queen of Scots—this opportunity was too good to pass up. It's common knowledge that James was an intelligent, well-read, humorous, talented scholar who was also a reasonably enlightened monarch for his time. Brought up by his Protestant "uncles," he preferred the company of men to that of women, and he did not care for his mother. Oh yes, the King James edition of the Bible was also his brainchild. Presented with two beautifully appointed paperbacks with glossy illustrated covers in the monarch's very own words, I grabbed them, entirely forgetting about acting in haste and repenting at my leisure.

At first, James' *Daemonologie*, written in 1597 and re-offered to the reading public by Dodo Press in 2008, promised to be an entertaining and delightful read: in it, James sets out to counter Reginald Scot's argument about witchcraft in Scotland in the 16th-century classic, *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*. In *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, Scot attempts to prove that witchcraft does not exist by providing full accounts of the charges against witches and witchcraft trials, exercepts from

Inquisition manuscripts, interviews with convicted witches, discussions of alchemy, and examples of spells. The woodcut illustrations in Scot's book are wonderful accompaniments to the text.

Imagine then my great dismay and my even greater horror when, ninety two pages later, I understood why the respectable Scots, with their leather caps on head and flails in hand (no doubt on their way to a witchburning), depicted on *Daemonologie's* front cover, looked so serious, so upset, and so desperately, desperately unhappy. It was not the prospect of witnessing a a close relative being toasted alive that furrowed their brows in such a fashion, for I looked in the mirror after reading James' tract and saw the same expression on my own forehead. Their expressions, in large part, must have been due to being a captive audience of readers—a very large capitive audience that was forced to participate in the buying and reading of *Daemonologie,* published by the King's own Printer.

Daemonologie, an excruciatingly boring and, at times, exasperating book, is enough to furrow the brow of a saint. Not to put too fine a point on it, *Daemonologie* is the work of a royal pedant. In *Daemonologie*, James sets out to prove that witchcraft does exist in Scotland, but he is cannot do so (in spite of having attended witch trials and having interviewed convicted witches), because he is unable to provide any hard evidence to make good his claims.

Unable to support his points in a cogent fashion, James does the next best thing. He loudly states them to be true. One wonders what would have happened if a loyal servant of the Crown had pointed the problems inherent in such a practise to James when he was doing so and then added that saying something three times does not make it true. But alas, it seems that no one did, and *Daemonologie* was published. Perhaps James' warning in his "Preface" that he was arming his readers against the wiles of the Devil so they may escape the "rod of correction" may have had something to do with Emperor being allowed to parade about intellectually naked for so many centuries.

So, *Daemonologie* plods along socratically, featuring a number of stultifying conversations which take place between two of James' countrymen, Epistemon (the expert) and Philomathes (the skeptic). After dividing the Black Arts into Magic and Necromancie and Witchcraft and Sorcerie, Epistemon enlightens Philomathes and the reader with "a discourse of all kindes of spirits and Spectres that appears and trobles persons: together with a conclusion of the whole work." At best, his performance is more than a bit like

watching someone sort knives, forks, and spoons into a cutlery drawer. At worst, one wonders how many kinds of forks the author intends to sort in order of size and function: serving forks, dinner forks, desert forks, salad forks, pickle forks, and so on and so and so on and so on…..

To be fair, there are a few interesting moments in *Daemonologie*, Epistemon's discussion of the etymological roots of Magie and Necromancie being one, his dissertation on the nature of Charmes, Crickles, and Coniurationes being another. One wonders what James' most Catholic mother, Mary would have thought of her son's description of a conjurer summoning up spirits like a Papist priest dispatching "a hunting Masse." Less interesting though is Epistemon's reason why more women than men practice witchcraft—the popular non sequitur that being the weaker sex, women are frailer than their male counterparts and are therefore more susceptible to the Devil's snares.

For the further edification of James' reader, at the end of this edition of *Daemonologie*, Dodo Press thoughtfully included "Newes from Scotland." This section of the text certainly caught my attention in a way that James' writing did not. A much more lurid and entertaining account of the Scottish witch persecution in the 16th century than *Daemonologie*, "Newes from Scotland" features some excellent (and graphic) woodcut illustrations of the trials and contains the confessions of the sundry witches and one warlock, "uttered in the presence of the Kings Maiestie." When one considers the examination of the unhappy Dr. Fian, a recluse who was put into "the bootes" and tortured until his "blood and marrowe spouted forth in great abundance," it is not surprising that the stories that he and others told the examiners are so very detailed and so very, very sensational. I, myself, would certainly have created a rattling good tale of murder, magic, and mayhem on the spot to have avoided having my own precious bodily fluids spurting about the room like those of the unlucky doctor, especially as it was the humane and common practice at the time in Scotland to strangle the witch first before committing his or her body "into a great fire, being readie prouided for that purpose."

Daemonologie is truly an appalling text—but not, I fear, for the reasons that James would have meant it to be. It certainly is worth reading as a historical document and may appeal to James I fanciers, but it is not the sort of volume I would take home. In fact, given the part that *Daemonologie* (and its author) played in fanning the flames of witchburning Renaissance Europe, I

can't imagine any reason why I would buy and keep such document—even the royal reason provided by a sword from France could not induce me to put it on my coffee table.

It was with a heavy heart then that I turned to James' next offering, only to be pleasantly surprised. First published in 1604 and re-offered in 2008 by Book Jungle, *A Counter-Blaste To Tabacco* has an extremely attractive cover which features the portrait of a young, sumptuously-dressed James in velvet, showing off his long, skinny, cross-gartered shanks. Including notes, it is only thirty seven pages long. Its typeface is large and charming. And best of all, the argument contained therein is far more cogent than that found in *Daemonologie*. In short, there is far less of James than there was before and what there is of James is far more interesting and entertaining.

James introduces his anti-smoking lobby in the *Counter-Blaste* in an innovatiave manner, by playing doctor—that is by imparting to the reader that he has activated the privilege of the King to serve his countrymen as "a Phisician, by discouering and impugning the error, and perswading reformation thereof." He has decided to do so, we are told, because it is for our own good. Having informed us that as King he is responsible for securing his subjects' "weale and prosperitie," James proceeds to do just that by listing several reasons why his readers should not be engaged in the "vile custom" of tobacco taking. As he does so, it seems that the anti-smoking lobby hasn't changed much of its doctrine at all. Four centuries later, one fnds much the same reasons given not to smoke, and, indeed, one must wonder if the anti-smoking lobbies have simply passed on updated versions of the *Counter-Blaste* to each other from century to century…as new medical discoveries were made that further proved tobacco is not good for us.

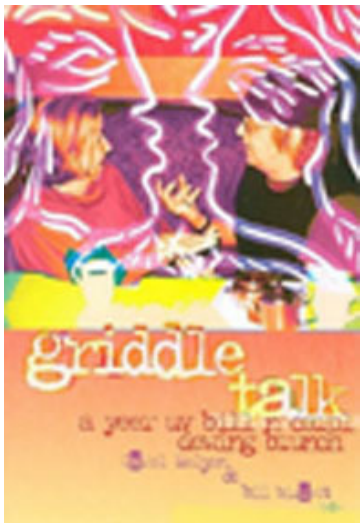
According to James, one should not smoke because it is highly addictive: in fact, he points out that tobacco could cause one to become like the children of Israel "lusting….in the wildernesse after Quailes." One also should not smoke because it is a "filthie custome." Smokers, James points out, are anti-social beings who do not respect the wishes of nonsmokers. He cites an example of smokers at a table which should be "a place of respect, of cleanlinesse, of modestie," "making the filthie smoke and stinke thereof, to exhale athwart the dishes and infect the aire, when very often, men that abhorre it are at their repast."

Interestingly, in the seventeenth century, the unhealthy nature of tobacco tar was no mystery. As James notes, smoking leaves in the lungs "an

unctuous and oily kinde of Soote, as hath bene found in some gret Tobacco takers that after their death were opened." James also cites the physical noxiousness of smokers as a deterrent to those thinking of indulging in the habit. "The sweetness of mans breath," he says, "[B]eing a good gift of God, [is] willfully corrupted by this stiknking smoke." The husband who smokes, he points out, reduces "his delicate, wholesome, and cleane complexioned wife, to that extremetie, that either shee must also corrupt her sweete breath therewith or else resolue to live in a perpetuall stinking torment."

Smoking, James concludes, is "a custome loathsome to the eye, hateful to the Nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the Lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomelesse." As an ex-smoker, I cannot argue with him. He is correct: smoking is a noxious, unpleasant, unsightly unhealthy, habit-forming, lung-blackening habit. It seems that there has really been very little more to be said on the subject. One must wonder why the habit has remained a popular one and persisted for four centuries after this treatise.

On finishing *Daemonologie* and *A Counter-Blaste to Tobacco*, it was impossible for this reader not to conclude that James took his royal responsibilities to heart. Given these texts, there is little question that he went about discharging his duties as he saw fit. But, one cannot help but wonder how desirable his subjects found their monarch's interest in their well-being. The zealous examination and subsequent burning of poor Fian and the old women in 1591 to correct their unhealthy spiritual conditions and the royal Physician's beheading of Sir Walter Raleigh, a recalcitrant tobacco addict in 1618, led this reader to conclude that, in the end, the treatment that James provided proved to be much much worse than the ailments it was used to cure.



Talonbooks (2009)
ISBN: 0889226067; $18.95 Cdn.

John Butler

Rumi. *The Masnavi.*A new translation by Jawid Mojaddedi. 2 volumes. Oxford World's

Rumi

Persian Poetry For the Western Reader

Most of us in the West have heard of "whirling dervishes," if only from having seen them when they appear with stultifying regularity on posters promoting Turkish tourist attractions, their pleated skirts a white blur and their eyes looking bright with the fire of ecstasy, or perhaps dull with the stupor or dizziness induced by continuous circular motion. People interested in Eastern mysticism will probably be familiar with the founder of the dervish sect, Mowlana Jalal ed-din Rumi (1207-1273), whose monumental Sufi poem *The Masnavi*, which he completed (with the assistance of his disciple Hosamoddin) just before his death, has been newly-translated by Jawid Mojaddedi, a native of Afghanistan, now an Assistant Professor of Religion at Rutgers University. These two volumes, however, do not constitute the complete text of Rumi's poem, which runs into six volumes (eight with commentary) in its previous English incarnation, translated by R. A. Nicholson (1925-40), seven in Persian; each book contains about four thousand verses. This reviewer hopes that Professor Mojaddedi will some day complete his version, which makes Rumi's masterpiece accessible, readable, and enjoyable to modern readers without losing the flavour and sense of humour of its original, a considerable achievement in the rendition of Persian into a language to which it bears no relation whatsoever, and a book which comes out of a culture so unfamiliar to most of its Western readers, although in the last decades there has been considerable interest generated by Sufism in Western readers of Idries Shah's works.

The advantage of Rumi's text was always its accessibility; the poet presented his spiritual and moral

teachings through the medium of stories, serious sermons, homilies and stories drawn from folklore, and the result is that the message of divine love and unity is easily and elegantly conveyed to the reader. Rumi employed a particular metre in his poem, the *masnavi*, a relatively simple verse-form in metrically-identical half-lines which employs internal rhyme and "changes in successive couplets according to the pattern as *aa bb cc dd* etc.," as Professor Mojaddedi tells us in his introduction. The translator uses rhymed iambic pentameters as the closest verse-form in English corresponding to Rumi's *masnavi*; this is a great advantage to readers because previous translations have been in prose, which of course takes away from the poetic sensibility of the text and fails to capture its very poetic nature. Mojaddedi's verse translation vividly reproduces what Rumi scholars see as the simple language, the entertaining and amusing stories and the profound wisdom which permeates this text, and should certainly increase the number of Rumi's readers from the merely curious to those who might learn something from what the poet has to say. It might be argued that modern readers would likely not have the attention-span to read thousands of lines of rhyming couplets, but we may be underestimating ourselves, as the success of modern verse-novels by Vikram Seth (who uses rhyming couplets) and others indicates. If the verse moves smoothly enough and its contents appeal, the strangeness of the form will fade into insignificance, as indeed it was supposed to. Rumi used verse because he knew that didactic prose homilies wear down listeners and readers, whilst verse, used since time immemorial to instruct and interest children, does a much better job. The audience is drawn into its rhythms and the lessons are imparted, at least in Rumi, with ease and grace.

One aspect of the text which might surprise many Western readers of Rumi is the absence of a "framing-story," such as writers like Chaucer used in *The Canterbury Tales*, a work written one hundred years later than Rumi's. Here there is no pilgrimage to tie the stories together, and no "characters" to tell them; Rumi himself, or at least his poetic persona, is behind all the narratives. Rumi himself had a reputation as a storyteller, and he seems to have thought that a framing-story would simply impose restrictions on the work that would impede the main object of the poem, which was to instruct his disciples as simply and effectively as he could. Rumi will, however, employ common themes, symbols and even *leitmotifs* to tie the stories together, and whilst the effect is extemporaneous it is never merely random. Somehow the

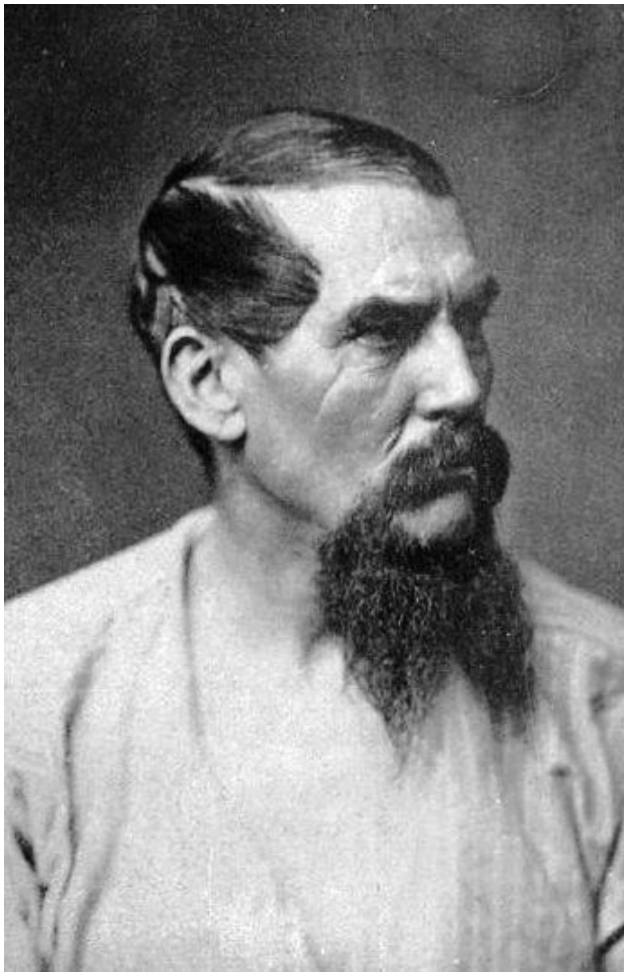
text holds together and is never incomprehensible; for Rumi, what he was saying was more important than how he was saying it, and there is never any doubt that content prevails over form. As Rumi says: "Words aren't for lovers to reflect upon,/ What then are words? Around vines, they're a thorn,/ Word, sound and speech I strike relentlessly/ So I can talk to you without these three" (I, 108), or "What lies beyond words how can I explain?/ This mystery would smash your brain to bits,/ When writing it the firmest stylus splits" (II, 104). Rumi compensates for this apparent lack of formal order by keeping the language simple, and here the translator has done a marvellous job, which is helped considerably by the verse-form which he has chosen. One could do without the too liberally-sprinkled American colloquialisms, such as "The lion said, 'If trust will guide, okay…" (I, 58), but generally Mojaddedi achieves a neutral but lively style, and the gentle but penetrating wisdom which Rumi sought to impart comes out loudly and clearly:

There is a saint for every era, friend;
This test continues till the very end
Those with good natures will be liberated,
But those with frail hearts will be devastated.
The saint is the Imam who'll rise each age;
From Ali and Omar's line comes this sage;
Seeker, he is the guide and Mahdi too,
Both hidden and right here in front of you! (II, 81)

Mojaddedi provides a comprehensive introduction for each volume of the work, as well as textual notes, explanatory notes, bibliography and chronology, in short all that is needed for Western readers to introduce themselves to a great classic, a work which has often been called "the Quran in Persian," and which, thanks to Jawid Mojaddedi and the Oxford World's Classics, is now available to Western readers. It is long overdue.

Sue Matheson

Sir Richard Burton's Travels in Arabia and Africa: Four Lectures from a Huntington Library Manuscript. Ed. John Hayman. Huntingdon Library Press. 2005. pp.109. $18.95.



Richard Burton

Travelling to Arabia and Africa

Sir Richard Burton (not the actor) certainly got around. A prodigious traveler, Burton, best known for travelling in disguise as a dervish to Mecca, spent a good deal of his life journeying throughout Asia and Africa. He spoke 29 languages, and was responsible for the publication of the *Kama Sutra* in English. A prolific author, he wrote on numerous subjects, among them, travel, sexual practices, fencing, and ethnography. Published in paperback in 2005, *Sir Richard Burton's Travels in Arabia and Africa: Four Lectures from a Huntington Library Manuscript* is a compilation of four of Burton's public lectures about his visits to Medina, Mecca, East Africa and Dahome. It is a beautifully designed paperback with wonderful, hand-drawn illustrations by the author, excellent photographs, and an engaging introduction to Burton's life and work by the editor, John Hayman.

Throughout this volume, as Hayman often points out, Burton's volatile temperament and fascinating personality are unmistakeably evident. He is one of a handful of authors with whom I wished I could spoken. Born in 1821, Burton was rebellious, defiant, and at times perverse—not a staid Victorian gentleman. In short, he was a man who was born to live outside the box. Sent down while an undergraduate

at Oxford for attending horse races, he left the school by driving a tandem (a forbidden vehicle) over Trinity College's flowerbeds. An unrepentant and inveterate noncomformist, he entered the army in defiance of his father's wishes, and married Isabel Arundel in spite of her parents' opposition. What could have been a brilliant career as a colonial administrator was marred by a number of disagreements with authority figures. Perhaps his inability to agree with bureaucrats was all to the good. He just wasn't made to sit behind a desk. At heart, Burton was an explorer and an adventurer—and it is on these aspects of his life that his reputation for shocking Victorian propriety is founded.

Burton's first major expedition, his pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca at the age of thirty two, has been recounted at length in a three-volume account, published as *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah in 1855*. As well, "Lectures 1 & 2: The Visitation at El Medinah & The Pilgrimage to Mecca," which begin *Travels in Arabia and Africa*, were previously published in 1901 in *Wanderings on Three Continents* by W.H. Wilkins. Hayman's revision of these lectures, however, is timely and welcome. As he points out, Wilkin's deletions and alterations of Burton's handwritten manuscripts were extensive, and his transcriptions often proved inaccurate. *Travels in Arabia and Africa* offered to us by Hayman is a valuable volume, for it contains correct and complete versions of Burton's addresses.

Delivered to a distinguished and select audience of politicians and aristocrats when Burton was working as the British consul in Brazil in 1866, "Lectures 1 & 2" are abridgements of his three-volume account of his adventures in the Middle East. But even when abridged, Burton's audacity in disguising himself as a dervish and being the second Westerner to enter Medina and Mecca unchallenged as a pilgrim is breath-taking. Had his ruse been discovered he would have been put to death immediately. I must admit that I consider this daring simply incomprehensible and therefore all the more highly compelling. Why, I found myself wondering, would anyone want to endure the danger and discomfort of the Desert to be the first to see and record any place—however exotic? Burton's ambitions were those of someone wanting to climb Everest or walk on the moon—and to be able to say that one is the first to have done it. For me, such an activity holds no value at all. For Burton, however, the significance of this type of adventure was all consuming. Perhaps it is the sort of fascination that is still the property of men; it may even be one of the last

secrets of the brotherhood that has not been annexed by the other sex: the more people I talk to about Burton, the more I find that men have heard of him. Indeed it seems that several generations of men were brought up on his adventures. Women, it seems, have not had more than a nodding acquaintance with him (at best).

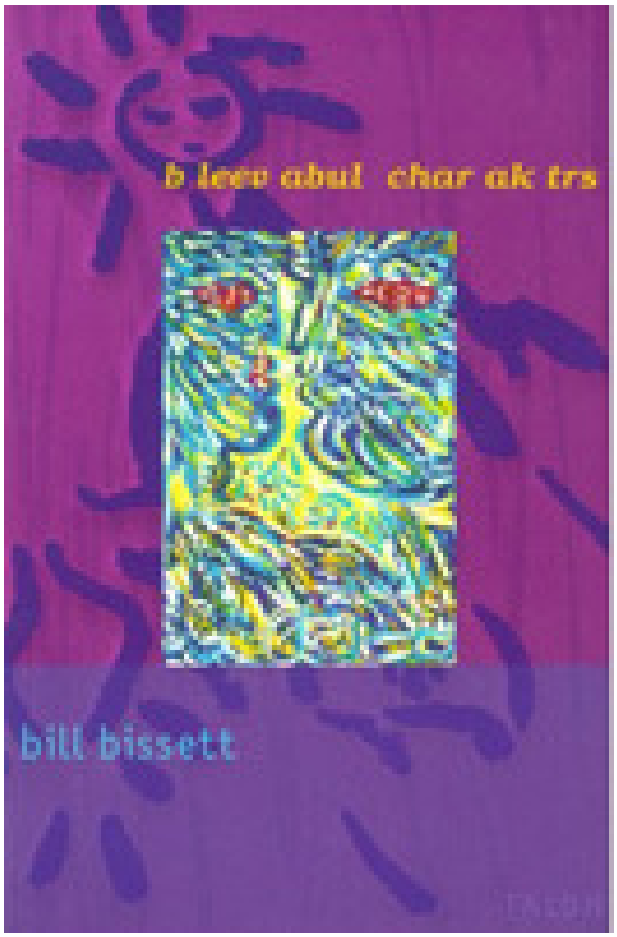
Another curious and oddly refreshing aspect of Burton's personality is his complete lack of concern about and apology for his adventuresome curiosity. Exploring in the nineteenth century was, after all, a highly respectable activity, and to be an explorer for the Royal Geographical Society and the Anthropological Society was a very desirable profession in which to be engaged. Then, one did not apologize for one's culturally intrusive actions however politically incorrect or socially questionable they may be deemed today. Burton certainly does not apologize for who he is or what he thinks of other cultures. In fact, such a thing never crosses his mind. The result is a wonderfully liberating view of cultural stereotypes—both British and Other. Burton's blunt criticism of colonial practices won him no favour from his superiors, and his experiences while travelling balance a number of scales. His depictions the Bedouin as cut-throats, thieves, and scoundrels who killed and robbed women and children on pilgrimage during his travels to Medina, for example, challenge the popular stereotype of the Bedouin as desert noblemen, a notion that has become a cultural mainstay since *Lawrence of Arabia* (1962) appeared in its stunning 70 mm.

Also intriguing conflations of travel writing and ethnology, Burton's "Lectures 3 & 4" chronicle his adventures in East Africa while searching for the source of the White Nile and his audiences with the King of Dahomey. Again, Burton makes no pretense to be a dispassionate and unpredjudiced observer. He also makes no attempt to understate how disgusted by and how disapproving he is of the sacrificial customs practiced in the Kingdom of Dahomey during his visit. According to Burton, the king's court was a "den of abominations." Indeed, one is reminded of Kurtz's station in Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," when reading his grisly descriptions of the corpses of sacrificial victims which festooned the approach to the palace the day after Gelele's "evil night."

In light of his experiences, Burton's opinions about the slave trade are also still worth considering. As he himself points out, his ideas about slavery in Africa are highly controversial. And as he notes, "the checks on human sacrifice are at present the hopes of sale." Although the continuation of

slavery lessens the number of people sacrified, Burton does not argue in favour of reinstating the export of African slaves. Rather, he sees the opportunity to leave Africa (and what he considers its abominable customs) as a positive step for Africans. He looks forward to a time that will benefit both "black and white," a time when a "free emigration from the benighted shores of Africa will take place not a forced exportation."

Priced at a very reasonable $18.95, *Sir Richard Burton's Travels in Arabia and Africa: Four Lectures from a Huntington Library Manuscript* is well worth the money spent on it. Burton's books have the reputation of being travel classics, and this collection of lectures definitely belongs in that category. Huntington Library Press should be commended for producing this volume. I would like to see more of Burton's work re-offered by Huntington Press—after treading *Travels in Arabia and Africa*, I'm afraid I just can't resist purchasing a two-volume set of *Two Trips to Gorilla Land and the Catracts of the Congo.*



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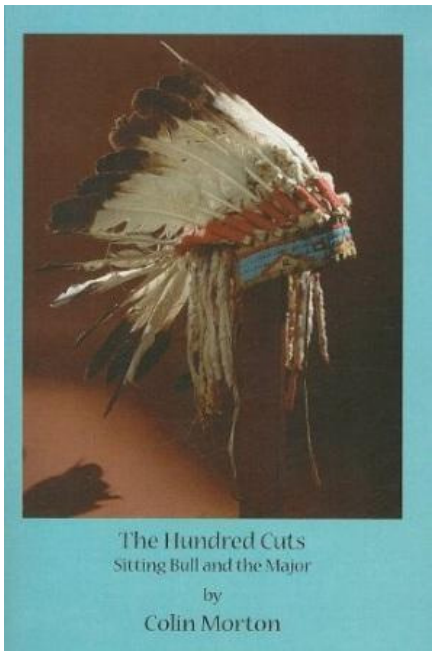

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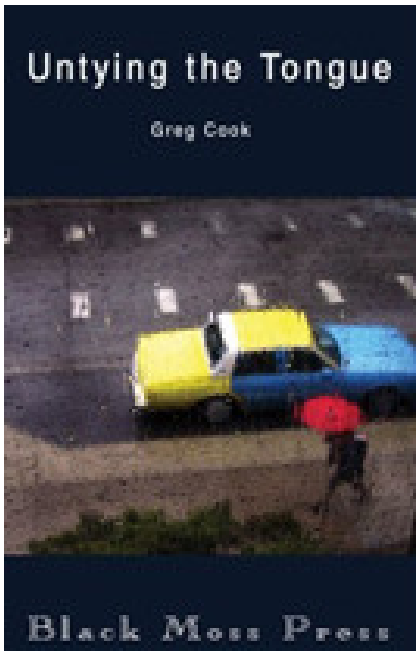

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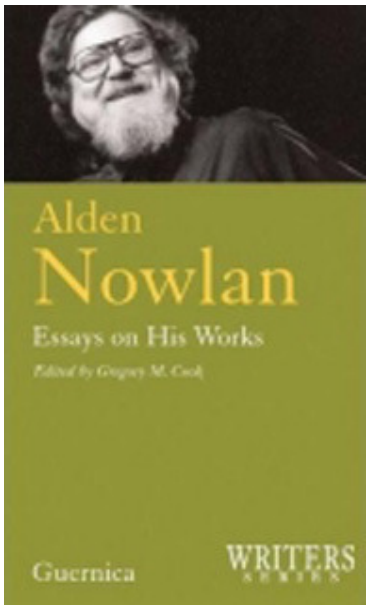

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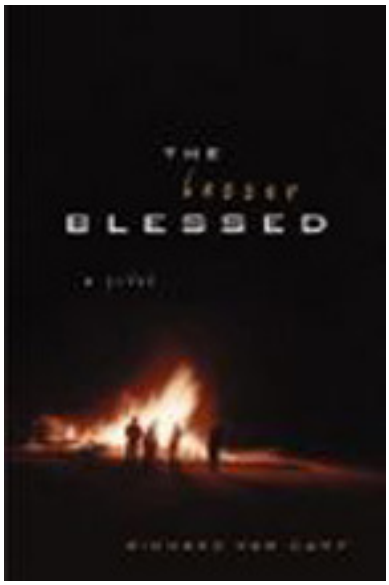

D&M Publishing (2004)
ISBN: 1550545256;$18.95

Interview: Daniel David Moses
"…a compelling complexity…"

Quint Poetry Editor, Yvonne Trainer talked to poet, playwright, and editor, Daniel David Moses about his work, the nature of aboriginal storytelling, and his plans for the future.

Quint: How do you know when what you are writing is working?

DDM: I suppose if the piece I'm writing is working, if the work is going well, if it's "in process", I'm experiencing not the writing itself but whatever story I'm telling, whatever character I'm voicing, whatever idea I'm exploring in those seconds or minutes or hours. I don't know during that time, don't have the knowledge of whatever success I'm having, not until after I'm done for the day and can look back at what's been uttered and rendered and see if it has weight, variety and clarity in its imagery, diction, music et cetera. If I've achieved that, it should be experienced, I have to assume, by the reader or audience, as it was by me as I was writing it out, as a compelling complexity.

Of course there are moments when something is so pleasing or funny —small successes!— that I do break from my writer's trance to grin or laugh. I mostly write in a room alone, so I don't have to take time out or off to explain the joke.

Quint: As a poet, do you

feel that you have lived an ordinary life--whatever "ordinary" means in the 21st century?

Moses: As a poet/playwright, I do feel that way. No journalist would write about my uneventful progress because, so far, so good, nothing extraordinary happens in this story.

I do acknowledge that the life I've managed for myself, so focused through the art and craft of wri(gh)ting, on assuring myself of the time and place to practice, practice, practice ("How do you get to Carnegie Hall?"), does not, as the sociologists might say, conform to the most conventional expectations of my class or ethnicity. (Have you noticed how the most 'successful' artists are scions of the middle class?)

But though being unmarried, un-partnered, un-licensed for driving, for the longest time only sporadically employed —I only work, I used to say, to support my poetry habit— may be unusual, it's not unheard of. A poet might want to get away with being a Romantic island of an individual but as a playwright, I also realized I needed and actually relished the experience of fellow artists, actors and directors, stage managers and designers, few of who, like some poets I knew, enjoyed suicidal thoughts. Those vital fellow travelers, all usually as individual as myself, create, in the best of collaborations, a miniature society whose conventional expectations move beyond the ordinary to categories having to do with understanding life and expressing those realizations.

What could be more ordinary than that?

Quint: How does your work-life as an academic hinder or inform your poems?

Moses: It takes time away from the work of making poems. It takes energy, too, I've realized as I get older and each winter's darkness gets more frigid.

I do give priority to my effort to guide or encourage my students, so more students means fewer poems —and plays. So when I do have the time, I seem to work on poems that grow longer. My lyrical impulse is still alive but by the time it gets embodied in a poem it now looks more like a tall and not so narrow philosopher.

But is that my work-life or my age at work?

Beyond that, though in the academic environment I'm able to read what other poets write about contemporary poetry, yes, ideas about aesthetics are more readily available for picking, consuming and digesting, but I don't gather much, remaining a bit of a primitive aesthetically. Maybe that's the influence of my interest in storytelling, or of my work in the theatre, that (if it's working well) most vulgar of the performing arts. I'm vulgar enough to need to hear musical language to recognize poetry but sophisticate enough to also need it to be jazzily concise and precise. Beyond that, I don't seem to be learning in school anything much that's new.

What's I do seem to be learning, despite school, is ways to fit more of my own particular voice and thoughts into my poems, but, once again, that's got to just be a matter of growing older with my art(s).

I am intrigued by efforts others make to break through the constraints of language and convention. I do understand that feeling of being trapped in the imperfect and un-perfectible binds our given language and artistic conventions are. But I leave the work of experimenting to those less concerned with getting something done and working, as vulgar as that may be. It's been hard enough for me —I do feel at moments the foreigner in Canada, having been brought up on the Six Nations, even if our reserve is geographically inside the country— to come to a sense of the consensus about what the 'given' of the language is.

Even in theatre, where I have been one to break some rules ("What a peculiar play," began the Globe and Mail critic about my *Almighty Voice and His Wife*…), I only do it because it does work emotionally and the audience gets that, even if the critics have to take their own thoughtful times…

Quint: I heard you read many years ago. I think it was, about twenty years ago. I don't remember the content of your poems, but I remember the tenderness of them. Where does that gentleness in your poems come from?

Moses: If it was twenty years ago, it might have been the last vestiges of the tenderness of my youth, that oversensitive state my hormones threw me into where I perceived the world in bright and simple colours and responded to the ideal without feeling a need for detail.

Recognizing that immaturity, when I began writing, I did charge myself with trying to be truthful, accurate, with trying to step beyond my own delicate body, which meant that, in practice, I made it my habit to at first use only the simplest language. I made myself pause to look up any multi-syllabic word I had the urge to utter. I'm still surprised by how often I have misunderstood words I think I know. Just last week I caught a character in a play I'm writing substituting the word 'officious' for 'official'—I thought she was making an (albeit entertaining) error, but when I checked the dictionary, I discovered the character was actually using the word correctly!

But this may be just some of the technique that brings my sensibility to play through the poems and the plays and that sensibility I know I got from my dear and kind parents.

Quint: Who were / are your mentors? Were / Are they real people or "dead poets"?

Moses: My parents, as I've indicated, have been my mentors in my life.

In my arts, I've tended to work against, rather than with, my teachers. The worst were so self interested, looking for acolytes, rather than students. Of course I was self-centred as well. It was years after the fact that a fellow student informed me that entertaining Irving Layton, for instance, had actually married one of our class mates! I was so out of that loop. The best teachers for me have been the ones who just gave me the room or time to figure out things for myself.

I have admired the work of historical or soon to be historical writers at

different stages in my development, say, Edgar Poe and Gwen MacEwen during my high school years, or Sylvia Plath and Joe Orton in early university. I still have admiration for their accomplishments. But, after finding out more about the unhappy lives of such writers, I didn't want them as mentors or role models.

I realized I had to figure out the life and the work, clearly two separate successes, for myself.

Quint: Do you believe there's such a thing as "writer's block"? If so, how do you overcome it?

Moses: Writing serves me as the way I figure life out. So of course if something's still puzzling me, I won't be able to write it out clearly. Maybe part of me doesn't want, not right now, to figure the problem out. That's my experience of "writer's block".

But I always have a number of projects in process, so if one of them slows down and stops, I can be pretty sure one of the others will yield to my efforts and keep moving forward.

Then that momentum might actually shake the blocked one loose.

Actually any shift of attention, like going for a walk or to do errands, can often do the same job.

Quint: Tell me something about your latest collection of poems --anything you want to tell me about it.

Moses: At the top of my mind is a C.D., *River Range, poems*. It should be available by the year's end. I've gathered previously published family poems that focused around the image of the Grand, the river than runs along the northern border of the Six Nations, my home reserve. A director friend (Hello Colin!) guided me as I read them and a composer friend (Hey, Dave!) created music to support the readings and it's kind of lovely, if I do say so myself…

Quint: Just in case I want to spy on a poet or something (humour intended!) do you have a set time and place when and where you write?

Moses: I try to get my writing work done in the mornings at my desk beside the window. I'm on the third floor —so you'd have to be tall— and look across the street —this is nicely true both my homes in Toronto and Kingston— when I need distraction, to a day care centre. My energy at that time of day is freshest, maybe I'm closest to my dreams, and seeing all those young parents arriving with their kids in arms or strollers helps me place myself in the world's broader context.

I've learned over the years that audiences tend to like to hear a certain thing from a poet--all humorous poems, or all serious poems, or whatever they perceive is that poet's forte. If the poet changes direction in his or her work, they find it disturbing. What I'm asking by this, is how does the audience affect your writing?

Not all that much.

I don't do a lot of readings, so there really isn't all that much anticipation when I approach the podium. It is nice when occasionally members of the audience do know some of my work and make a request. But usually, since I do write in a variety of moods, I try to make my

readings, if I have the time, as varied and entertaining as possible with poems about mortality.

Could that be my forte? Or is that my problem, not being easily categorized? Why I'm not asked to do a lot of readings…

I can think of one example where a question about the interrelationship between my poetry and my plays —the student questioner could see the poetry in the plays but didn't see any drama in the poetry— inspired the impulse to write my poem about theatre, A Small Essay on the Largeness of Light. I'd been thinking about some of the ideas and images in the poem for a while, but after that question, I knew how to put them together.

Quint: What lies ahead for Daniel? Can you give us a hint about the theme of your next book, or is that a secret of secrets?

Moses: My books come together out of the mass of poems I've got growing in the Finished Poems file. That mass grows out of my life and its concerns and intrigues. So beyond suggesting maybe more of the poems will be about getting on in life —I will be (how did this happen?) fifty-eight next year— I don't really know what will focus the book. Secret of secrets or life's occasions, it is still a mystery to me.

Quint: Where does the poet stand in Canada today? Is there any longer such thing as "Canadian Poetry" or have we toddled off into the global horizon?

Moses: Was there ever really such a thing as Canadian poetry? There seemed to be a historical moment marked by such spirits as Birney and Layton, leading on to, say, Ondaatje and Atwood, when poetry might have mattered to Canada. But then those later folks turned into novelists and walked out onto the World Class stage. Even with the way the Griffin Prize pries the media's attention toward the art, it's still the last to be added to any guest list. Will, for instance, any word-drunk soothsayers bring the Olympic spirit safely back to earth?

Quint: What do you think lies ahead for First Nations poets living in Canada?

Moses: Our job as First Nations storytellers, my storyteller elder used to tell me (Hello, Lenore!), has always been about three things, entertaining, educating and healing. The emphasis has been on the healing and the educating for the last generations, getting past the residential schools et al.

The time is coming for more of the fun part of the job…

gallery *quint*

Northern Residency Maquettes

In February 2009, 12 First Nations and Metis artists set up stations at Irvin Head's Northern Buffalo Sculpture Gallery in Cranberry Portage and developed maquettes, small scale models of sculptures to be Manitoba's contribution to the Vancouver 2010 Venues' Aboriginal Art Program. These sculptures were group efforts: the artists worked at each station, adding to and morphing the maquettes.

When the group finished the clay modelling, the maquettes were sent to the Olympic Committee. In the end, the Olympic Committee chose the raven models, which will become six-foot tall bronze castings outside the Olympic Curling Venue.

Gallery Quint is proud to present the Olympic Raven macquettes by MAAC Northern Residency Artists: Carmen Hathaway, Abenaki; Colleen Cutschall, Lakota; G Jazz deMontigny, Anishinabe; Gayle Sinclair, Cree; Ian August, Métis; Irvin Head, Cree/Belgium; Jackie Traverse, Anishinabe; Jasyn Lucas, Cree; Jeff Monias, Ojibway/Cree; KC Adams, Métis;Liz Baron, Métis; and Roger Crait, Métis.

CONTRIBUTORS

Marie Baker has received the two G's. No, not the Governor General's Award yet, but the distinction of grandmother and graduate student. Ms. Baker is a First Nations writer who lives, writes, and studies in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Donald Beecher is a member of the Department of English and Chancellor's Professor at Carleton University. He has worked in several areas over the years from English theatre studies to the Italian novella, and from history of medicine and witchcraft to literature and the cognitive sciences. He is the author or editor of some 25 books, and of as many more editions of early music. He is also a passionate collector of sea shells.

bill bissett is a highly recognized interntional sound poet who divides his time between Toronto and Vancouver. He has been writing poetry for more than 50 years and has published more than 50 books of poetry and CD's, mainly with blueointment press and Talonbooks. bill is "xcellent and raging"; for half a century his poetry keeps growing more and more "xcellent and raging" too.

Formerly Professor of British Studies at Chiba University, Tokyo, John Butler is an associate professor of Humanities at University College of the North. He and his wife Sylvia live in The Pas with their 2 cats.

Greg Cook is a Maritime poet and biographer who has been active in the Canadian writing community for over forty years. For several years, Greg and his accomplice drove a poetry van throughout the Atlantic Provinces selling Canadian Poetry books out the back and living on $5.00 per week for food, mostly peanut butter and bread. It was not unusual to see them headed down narrow gravel roads in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia to the free lobster festivals to sell their wares. These days Greg and his significant other reside in Nova Scotia where they continue to write, teach, and provide spirit and support to the Canadian writing scene.

Jim Gough has taught philosophy at four universities and two colleges. He is a former president of the Canadian Society for the Study of Practical Ethics, former chair of the Humanities and Social Sciences Department, Red Deer College; a reviewer/adjudicator for three journals; a former Canada Research Chair; the author &/or co-author of 37 articles/book chapters, 58 reviews and 57 conference presentations/workshops.

Sue Matheson is a twentieth century generalist who teaches literature and film studies at the University College of the North. Her interest in cultural failure has become the base of her research: currently, Sue specializes in popular American thought and culture, Children's Literature, and North American film.

Nancy McLennan has operated as an independent producer and freelance writer for her entire career. Her poetry has been written alongside a steady stream of journalistic, heritage and social documentary writing projects for many Manitoba media over the past 25 years, including *The Brandon Sun*, CKND television, CKLQ radio and the CBC. She is also active in the Manitoba folk music scene. Nancy currently lives in Minitonas, MB.

Novelist and poet, Colin Morton was born in Toronto, grew up in Calgary, and lives in Ottaway. He began his writing career by publishing his works in the new small literary magazines of the 1970s. The recipient of numerous awards for his writing including the Archibald Lampman Award for Poetry, Colin has retired from the Civil Service and is now a freelance writer and editor.

Yvonne Trainer works as an Assistant Professor in English at The Pas, UCN campus, with teaching interests in Canadian Literature after 1925, Contemporary Poetry, Indigenous Literature, Creative Writing and Literature and Health Care. She lives among books and poems in The Pas and enjoys fishing, especially here in the rivers and lakes of the North.

Born in Fort Smith, N.W.T., Richard Van Camp is a proud member of the Dogrib Nation. Currently, he teaches Creative Writing at the University of British Columbia when he is not living and writing in Yellowknife.

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Call for papers

the quint's sixth issue (March 2010) is issuing an open call for paper s on any topic that interests writers. We are seeking theoretically informed and historically grounded submissions of scholarly interest which are also accessible to non-academics. As well as papers, *the quint* accepts for consideration creative writing, original art, interviews, and reviews of books to be published throughout the academic year. The deadline for this call is February 27, 2010—but please note that we accept manu/digi-scripts at any time.

quint guidelines

All contributions to *the quint* will be forwarded to a member of the editorial board. Manuscripts must not be previously published, nor should they be submitted for publication elsewhere while being reviewed by *the quint's* editors or outside readers.

Hard copies of manuscripts should be sent to *the quint*, University College of the North, 504 Princeton Drive, Thompson, Manitoba, Canada, R8N 0A5. We are happy to receive your artwork in digital format, PDF preferred. Email copies of manuscripts, Word or RTF preferred, should be sent to the appropriate editor: poetry/fiction ytrainer@ucn.ca; interviews/reviews sbarber@ucn.ca; articles jbutler@ucn.ca; art smatheson@ucn.ca ; creative nonfiction dwilliamson@ucn.ca.

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