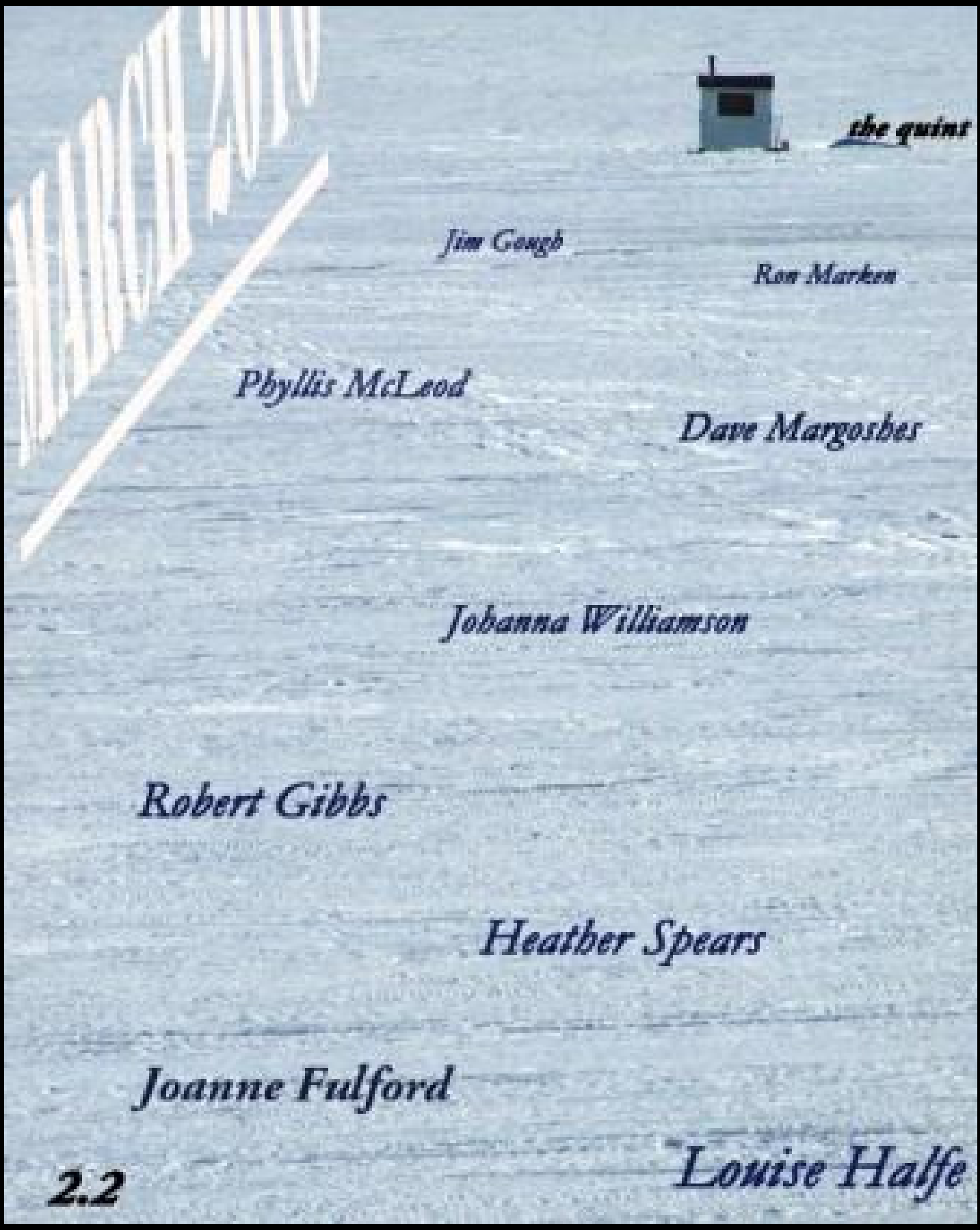
the quint
Jim Gough
Ron Marken
Phyllis McLeod
Dave Margoshes
Johanna Williamson
Robert Gibbs
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EDITORIAL

Finally, it is March. Winter is ending… no, spring is beginning--to borrow the changing of the seasons from poet Robert Kroestch. As our local readers know, it's been a very mild winter up North this year. That is to say that winter began late and seems to be ending early. The snow is disappearing from the ditches, and I can see grass and rocks and dirt as I drive to work on my two-hour commute into The Pas. It's a wonderful sight. Still, a March issue needs to be introduced with snow--thus the icehut, the Northern man's sanctuary, on the cover. I was thinking of sanctuary while this issue of the quint was being produced. Towards the end of the Northern winter, articles, poetry, drama, art, and reviews are our sanctuary--taking us to other times and places--and most importantly into the company of others. This issue of *the quint* contains a wide range of extremely skilful offerings: papers from Japan, Saskatchewan, and Alberta; poetry from Denmark, Canada's East Coast, and the Prairies; drama and visual art made by northern Manitobans. Again, I invite you to sample our fare and enjoy. We had you in mind when making *the quint.*

.

Sue Matheson
Managing Editor

Marilyn

Her breasts no larger than mine,
her legend spilling
from his hands on her dress,
frozen
in the photographer's silver sizzle.

She hauled her name like a stone albatross,
its weight bashing her
at awkward moments.
"Sex goddess found dead, naked."
Asleep one last time, alone,
closing her luminous eyes,
their invitation rescinded.

In this morgue of a museum,
her memory shimmers, stereo rainbows on every wall,
gawked at like a sideshow wanna-be goddess
replete with embellishments and relics,
taffeta dresses and chipped Meissen teacups,
her face like Dresden china.
One onlooker, a teenaged mother-girl,
scant halter-top over generous tattoos,
gap-grin teeth wide with youth's audacity,
holds her teething baby
smiling in rattletrap stroller. Her baby loves breasts too,
small hands reaching for the comfort of skin.

Taking Flight

"I want to imagine being in my element."
- Daphne Marlatt

The sun rubs the ashes from the forehead of the sky.
An end to mourning: her element has become air,
absolving the soil's magnetic draw.
Not the solidity of mountain slabs, their steady rock
and angled planes like arrowheads.
Forgotten the sweet disguise of mud,
the decades of springtime's call
so fecund it pulled
at her skin, sucked her deep
into its steaming heart, its green desire.

The earth
has held her so long
suddenly released, its pull unstrung,
the archer's crossbow crumbled into dust.
Fly
she must, plumes beneath her thighs,
grow wings, or faith.
Ride
downdraft,
uplift,
cross-current,
invisible wind holds her secure,
flight,
improbable
as the pulse of sprouting seeds in soil.

Finding Faith

Behind the buildings,
through the trees,
narrow as a deer track,
a pheasant has touched down,
its feathered wing-kiss
a brush of angels on the snow,
its footprint inscribed in Braille.

The walk feels like the wild.

Across the field,
snowmobiles have been through.
In their wake,
faux implants,
firm and immobile white breasts.

We fall through to the real snow's soft arms.

Through the weeping birches,
so-blue spruce,
no birds sing,
trees' naked arms
northbound under the silent blue dome.

Inside the quinzie,
constellations trace their silver
sparkle on washed blue and green cut glass.

Each wintry breath an unspoken hope
the sky may crack, shower
gems from a goddess's mantle.

God holds the hammer in the final end

(for Dave Margoshes)

Father Aloysius is shoveling snow again,
looking more peasant than priest,
in flop-eared cap and winter boots.
No cassock.

He stands beneath the snowflakes,
still, regarding the void between each drop.
The monastery's pavement beneath his boots
turned to diamonds that he treads with calm,
a sense of rightness.

He leans forward on his shovel,
runs down the walk,
a celestial curler
clearing the house.

His glorious slide an invitation
through the four foot ring,
bring on your shot rock.

Four Poems by Dave Margoshes

Advertisements for ourselves

"Her breasts no larger than mine…"
The first line from a poem called
"Marilyn" by dee Hobsbawn-Smith

We go out into the world in the bodies we inhabit,
advertisements for ourselves. Passing a mirror, you
might pause, startled by the unexpected stare back
of a stranger, the person you once were, the person
you might have become, even the person you might
already be, still growing into yourself, your future
undetermined. You might be a woman with breasts
smaller than you'd like or larger than you think
they should be. You see the eyes of men on you
and even those of other women, judging, comparing,
finding fault. Flipping through a magazine, you find
photos of a great beauty long dead and are surprised
to see her breasts little different than yours. But when
you mention this to your friends, there is laughter,
whether at the brazenness of your boast or in the shock
of recognition, you cannot say. Is it the costumes
she wore, the photographer's art or the sleight of hand
of the movies that makes her appear so much more
than she was, you, in the naked light of day, so much
less? Or the sumptuousness of her lips that creates
an illusion we are all too ready to accept? *Live fast,*
leave a beautiful corpse, she did that. You walk out
into the world, shoulders back, feeling the daily decay,
the bewildering passage of time, the ripening.
Shoulders back, best foot forward.

Birthday

I was born on a day in July, my father liked to say,
when the birds ceased their singing, held their breath,
gathered in silent flocks on the highest branches
the better to see, a day when the rickety earth seemed
to pause on its axis and even the activity of angels
in heaven came to an abrupt stop, as if to note
the occurrence of something extraordinary, my father
said. But no, I protested, I was an ordinary child,
third and last child to my loving parents, first son
with two sceptical sisters to reckon with, born on
an ordinary day in the all-too-ordinary month
of July, but, agreed, in an extraordinary year, when
there was war to contend with, war and fear
and a shifting along fault lines, but still,
an ordinary child born to an ordinary family,
the start of an ordinary life, nothing for birds
to concern themselves with, let alone angels. But
no, my father insisted, the sky held its breath that day,
pulling the air out of his own lungs. *I was there,*
he said, *I saw it.*

Overexposed

A shy painting,
hung in a place where everyone
passing by can't help but see it,
must bite its lip and soon get
accustomed to new light.
Emboldened, its blushes
are replaced by the bristling red
of anticipation, then the ocre
of complacent hesitation, finally
the rust of disappointment,
faces turning away. So quickly
what we least desire
becomes habit, then burden, finally
a belief almost beyond belief,
disgrace.

New York City summer

Bottles rattles their bones in the alley,
a tomcat syncopation as pleasing to the ear
as a Brubeck break into five/four time,
that dazzling left hand. Garbage trucks
hum their own tune, an off-key melody
patched together from scraps. The song
of the city rises with the tincan perfume,
the heat of the day before still holding us
like a child with an injured bird cupped
in her hand. Soon enough that hand will close,
choking us, sending us out onto the fire escape,
the roof, the sizzling street, seeking solace,
the cool glance of the passer-by. All day long,
sun's white-hot poker, all night long,
the long slow hiss.

YEATS'S PROSODY

by Ron Marken, University of Saskatchewan
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In 1884, in a review of Edwin J. Ellis's long poem, *Seen in Three Days*, Yeats says ". . . poetry is not an amusement and a rest, but a fountain of ardour and peace, whither we must force our way even through briar and bramble."[1] Six years later, in "The Symbolism of Poetry," using a characteristic lapidary metaphor, Yeats asserts: " . . . the beryl stone was enchanted by our fathers that it might unfold the pictures in its heart, and not to mirror our own excited faces."[2] Both are images of penetration; one unfolds, the other must be forced. The prosodic critic's wary contemplations are conducted between the beryl stone and the bramble: when to wait passively for the poem to unfold more than one's own face, when dig, hunting for the fountain?

[1] *Uncollected Prose* by W.B. Yeats, Vol. I, ed. By John P. Frayne (London: Macmillan, 1970), 317.

[2] *Essays and Introductions* (London: Macmillan, 1961), 163.

It is one thing to ponder, in the abstract, the myths of the gods as they romp and rant on distant Olympian heights, aspects of Yeats one can know but from a distance. The man himself being dead, many sides of him will remain inaccessible, legendary, or academic. However, when one of the Olympians takes flesh, becomes a dove, a swan, Cuchulain, conversing "bone to bone" with a solitary human being, he starts to 'mean' something altogether different from the pictures and abstractions of, say, systematic theology. The Virgin Mary, in "The Mother of God," manifests an inquiring *physical* theology:

> What is this flesh I purchased with my pains,
>
> This fallen star my milk sustains,
>
> This love that makes my heart's blood stop
>
> Or strikes a sudden chill into my bones
>
> And bids my hair stand up?[3]

The sensation in the hair-follicles at the nape of one's neck kept each of us reading Yeats again and again, long after the first encounter. We all know the sensation does not diminish or we would have set Yeats aside long ago. At another annunciation, Leda is surprised and physically mastered by the brute beauty of godhead; her body

[3] *The Variorum Edition of the Poems of W.B. Yeats*, ed. By Peter Allt and Russel K. Alspach (London: Macmillan, 1965).

feels the welter and terror of rape. The poem's first images are staccatic, flesh against flesh, external, but in lines seven and eight a fearful intimacy, an awful calm before the orgasm, joins the unusual couple in a union more than merely sexual: "And how can body, laid in that white rush,/ But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?"

Whose heart is beating? We cannot be certain. But after that heartbeat, and after the genital shudder, the violence is no longer immediate. Now in her womb and latent, that sex and violence, a simultaneous penetration and revelation, will shape history and myth in a fearful symmetry. The questions raised in the sestet of "Leda and the Swan" no longer concern themselves with the woman's feelings; instead, we are asked to contemplate the Knowledge and the Power thrust upon her by the godly impregnation. The larger shape of the sexual encounter, spanned by the "sudden blow" and the "drop", pivots around the intimate, perhaps even sympathetic rhythm. Sensing the heart-beat rendered Leda receptive to divinity. After the event, she did not flee, but, according to Yeats's "Lullaby," the swan sank from Leda's limbs into a sound sleep, and, indifferent though *he* might have been, she stayed with him, caring and protecting. The familiar heart-rhythm is vital both to Leda's submission to the bird and to the arrangement of her subsequent responses to those alarming events. The octave's "strange heart" links with the sestet's "knowledge" in such a way as to provide us with

an allegory of prosody. That vital beat is Leda's first sense of the swan as something more that a terrifying barrage of inchoate sensation.

It is stimulating to wrestle with those large poetic angels of *Zeitgeist*, stylistic evolution, or personality, and all must agree that such scholarly and critical bouts are necessary. We must also be reminded continually of the critical ballast we are expected to carry as we plumb the depths of Yeats's verse. F.A.C. Wilson sums it up neatly: "When we read 'Chosen,' we have . . . to take into consideration all Yeats's philosophical knowledge."[4] This is certain and sage advice, if not always practical or encouraging . One should be reminded also to *feel* the strange heart beating in the poetry. To do so, one's fingers must be lost in the poem's feathers, pressed to its skin, sensing "a subtlety of detail," as Yeats wrote in his 1902 essay on Spenser, "describing those great rhythms which move, as it were, in masses of sound."[5]

In *The Wanderings of Oisin*, as Niamh carries Oisin across the sea away from human lands and into the faery-world of Danaan, they are accompanied by explicit images of poetry:

The horse towards the music raced,

[4] F.A.C. Wilson, *W.B. Yeats and Tradition* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1958), 206.

[5] *Essays and Introductions*, 380.

Neighing along the lifeless waste;

Like sooty fingers, many a tree

Rose ever out of the warm sea;

And they were trembling ceaselessly,

As though they all were beating time,

Upon the centre of the sun,

To that low laughing woodland rhyme.

Immediately, they are in the world of faery, and the metaphors of transportation are notably metrical: "beating time" and "woodland rhyme."

"All art is, indeed, a monotony in external things for the sake of an interior variety,"[6] says Yeats in a statement that complements his remark on God in "The Death of Synge": "He asks nothing but attention."[7] When one approaches the poem as a reader, in the solitary moment of reading it, meeting the swan eye to eye, "All things hang like a drop of dew / Upon a blade of grass." To adapt Charles Morgan's phrase, the poem is "form in suspense." Because the poem measures time, speech framed to be heard for its own sake, the form is neither complete nor incomplete until

[6] *Essays and Introductions*, 18.

[7] *Autobiographies* (London: Macmillan, 1955), 522.

the poem's meter has run out. "This suspense of form," says Morgan, "by which is meant the incompleteness of a known completion, is to be clearly distinguished from common suspense – suspense of plot – the ignorance of what will happen."[8] One knows for certain only that the poem will end, that the form will complete itself. As it passes, however, the poem makes combined disclosures, fulfilling the form and, hence, making meaning. Susan K. Langer, in *Feeling and Form*, describing the differences between stage action and genuine action, makes an apposite observation:

> We know, in fact, so little about the personalities before us at the opening of a play that their every move and word, even their dress and walk, are distinct items for our perception. . . . We can view each smallest act in its context, as a symptom of character and condition. We do not have to find what is significant; the selection has been made – *whatever is there is significant.*[9]

Yeats cites Blake, in a review of Robert Buchanan's *The Wandering Jew* (1893): "As poetry admits not a letter that is insignificant, so painting admits not a grain of sand or a blade of grass insignificant, much less an insignificant blur or blot."[10] Such fine

[8] "The Nature of Dramatic Illusion," *Essays by Divers Hands*, n.s. Vol. XII, ed. By R.W. Macan (1933), 70.

[9] *Feeling and Form* (New York: Scribner's, 1953), 309. (italics mine)

[10] Uncollected Prose, I, 265.

details will, in concert, prove to be symptomatic of the poem's meaning as each becomes an aspect of the form in suspense, when the ". . . words are as subtle, as complex, as full of mysterious life, as the body of a flower or of a woman."[11] After the important textual work of scholars like Jon Stallworthy and Curtis Bradford, there can be little doubt that Yeats's lines from "Adam's Curse" are not a conceit, but actual:

A line will take us hours maybe;

Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought,

Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.

"We achieve," he says in *Autobiographies*, ". . . in little sedentary stitches as though we were making lace."[12]

Better go down upon your marrow-bones

And scrub a kitchen pavement, or break stones

Like an old pauper, in all kinds of weather;

For to articulate sweet sounds together

Is to work harder than all these.

[11] Essays and Introductions, 164.

[12] Autobiographies, 154.

"Articulate,"[13] an explicit metaphor of connection, is the second of only two verbs employed when the speaker and the two women talk of poetry in this poem. The first, "stitch," is a more commonplace connecting or joining verb. The implication, of course, is that making poetry is the euphonious grafting together of many disparate particulars, like sewing, and such articulation is tedious, hard work. Yeats has concealed an apt macaronic pun in "stitching." Although "stitch" has Old English roots (*styce*: a piece, fragment), it has a Greek homonym in στίχος (*stichos*), a line, row, or verse of poetry. His poetry, quite literally, becomes "a *stich* in time."

Other important possibilities are implied by this pun, however. While scholars claim to have difficulty unearthing from his prose proofs of Yeats's prosodic sophistication,[14] perhaps the poetry harbours, in puns like these, a more thorough metrical self-consciousness than has been acknowledged hitherto. In the *Autobiographies*, we find this strange, vivid simile: "my thoughts were a great excitement.

[13] *O.E.D.*: "Articulation. . . ad. L.*articu-lus*. . . dim. Of *artus* joint, f. *ar* – join. cf. . . . ART". Lewis and Short, *Latin Dictionary*: "*Articulus*. . . a small member connecting various parts of the body. . . . *Ars*. . . skill in joining something. . . ."

[14] A letter of 1937 is typical: "You will see how bothered I am when I get to prosody – because it is the most certain of my instincts, it is the subject of which I am most ignorant." *The Letters of W.B. Yeats*, ed. By Allan Wade (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1954), 322-23.

. . . When I tried to do anything with them, it was like trying to pack a balloon into a shed in a high wind."[15] "The Balloon of the Mind" is called up immediately:

Hands, do what you're bid: *5 syllables*
Bring the balloon of the mind *7 syllables*
That bellies and drags in the wind *8 syllables*
Into its narrow shed. *6 syllables*

The narrow little quatrain both describes and embodies the poet's labour of wrestling thought into form. While all four lines have three stresses, the second line stretches the syllable-count by two, and the third bellies and drags out the syllables from five (of the sprung line one) to eight. Line four presses it down to six – a poem about form; a poem about hard work.

In her study of the Renaissance, Annabel Patterson has praised another type of Yeatsian pun which, again, depends upon syllables:

> Yeats chose to write "High Talk" in lines of fifteen syllables, subsuming in one wild prosodic metaphor both the difficulties and triumphs of those who [after the Elizabethans] still attempt high talk:
>
> Processions that lack high stilt have nothing that catches the eye.

[15] *Autobiographies*, 41.

What if my great grandad had a pair that were twenty foot high?

And mine were but fifteen foot, no modern stalks upon higher.[16]

A similar pun on metrical feet recurs in the five-times-repeated refrain to "Street Dancers":

If these merry ones should know,

Footing in the feeble glow,

Of a wide wood's leafy leisure,

Would they foot so fleet a measure?

Ah no!

And through the poet's lifetime[17], this kind of allusion can be observed in at least a dozen more poems written through the poet's lifetime, one of which, a song from early *Deirdre*, is an apt embodiment of the theme and the measure:

Love would be a thing of naught

. . .

Were his measure running dry.

Lovers, if they may not laugh,

[16] *Hermogenes and the Renaissance: Seven Ideas of Style* (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University, 1970), 96.

[17] *The Wanderings of Oisin*, I, 11, 97-98; "To Ireland in the Coming Times," 11. 10-12, 15-16, 19-28; *The Old Age of Queen Maeve*, 11. 30-33; *The Shadowy Waters*, 11. 483-84; "Under the Round Tower," 11. 15-16; "Shepherd and Goatheard," 11. 80; "Tom O'Roughley," 11. 15-16.

Have to cry, have to cry.

The last line's measure *does* run dry into plaintive repetition and syllabic depletion from seven to six. In another play, *Purgatory*, the Old Man, having just stabbed his son, chants:

Hush-a-bye baby, thy father's a knight,

Thy mother a lady, lovely and bright.

No, that is something that I read in a book,

And if I sing it must be to my mother,

And I lack rhyme. (11.195-199)

In a passage in which rhyme is conspicuously lacking (it follows a clear couplet), the speaker admits its absence just as the reader is likely to notice it. Several poems employ three or four metrical puns or literal prosodic comments:

. . . I thought of rhyme alone,

For rhyme can beat a measure out of trouble

And make the daylight sweet once more.

("Shepherd and Goatherd")

For God goes by with white footfall.

I cast my heart into my rhymes,

That you, in the dim coming times,

May know how my heart went with them.

("To Ireland in the Coming Times")

Considered in a prosodic light, the poet's concept of "knowledge" in this poem is not really different from that of "Leda and the Swan"; in the rhymes one knows the heart.

Direct, ordinary speech, even cliché, can be transformed by meter, because "ordinary speech is formless."[18] Meter is, in other words, affective. "The speaker who has some little of the great tradition of his craft . . . understands how to assume that subtle monotony of voice which runs through the nerves like fire." [19] On the other hand, meter and structure can likewise be affected by that ordinary speech which the poet has taken it upon himself to transform.

Wade's *Letters* contains this report to Dorothy Wellesley, 26 July, 1935: "My wife said the other night 'AE was the nearest to a saint you or I will ever meet. You are a better poet but no saint. I suppose one has to choose.'"[20] It is no news that "one cannot both write a great poem and live one," but Yeats chooses to turn the cliché into a jewel in "The Choice." Barbara H. Smith, in *Poetic Closure*, says that "art inhabits the

[18] "Speaking to the Psaltery," *Essays and Introductions*, 17.

[19] "Speaking to the Psaltery," 18.

[20] Letters of W.B. Yeats, 838.

country between chaos and cliché."[21] Perhaps truer and more appropriate to Yeats here is to say that art creates or defines that country. For "The Choice," Yeats chooses a single stanza of ottava rima. That choice itself is notable, considering Yeats did not even begin with this form until he was over sixty, and the first ottava rima poem he ever published was "Sailing to Byzantium," a poem that stands at the entrance of *The Tower*, shining and perfect.

To list Yeats's *ottava rima* poems is to summon a dozen masterpieces probably unmatched by any other group of his poems: "Sailing to Byzantium," "Meditations in Time of Civil War," "Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen," "Among School Children," "Coole Park, 1929," "Coole Park and Ballylee, 1931," "The Choice," "A Woman Young and Old," "The Gyres," "The Municipal Gallery Revisited," "The Statues," and "The Circus Animals' Desertion." My point is a simple one: for "The Choice," to consider the alternatives, "perfection of the life or of the work," Yeats chooses a lone, resonant stanza of ottava rima, the narrow shed he builds and fills best.

According to Shapiro and Beum, "The repeated rhymes [of *ottava rima*] create a certain acoustic intensity which will complement serious lyricism."[22] "The Choice" is a

[21] *Poetic Closure: A Study of How Poems End* (Chicago: University of Chicago, 1968), 14.

[22] Karl Shapiro and Robert Beum, *A Prosody Handbook* (New York: Harper and Row, 1965), 123- 24.

poem about art, and Yeats's art was, in part, to find a rhyme for the final couplet that was not going to be obvious and predictable ("purse/verse," for example). He chose instead an imperfect rhyme, "purse/remorse." That word's Latin root (*remorsus*, to bite again) embodies a biting sorrow, one that originates in the emotions, the belly, the counterpart to which, "intellect," begins the poem. *Intellectus* means to choose, and that poise of heart and head is affirmed in the poet's choice of form, diction, and even rhyme.

Such equilibrium characterizes the entire poem. Line 2 balances "of the life" and "of the work" evenly around "or". Line 4 poises another symmetrical pair of images on either side of the caesura: "A heavenly mansion, raging in the dark." The poising effect continues until the end: "In luck or out," "an empty purse / Or the day's vanity." Such concern for proportion, for opposition, of course, is not unique to this poem; it forms the very core of Yeats's cosmology. Still, in "The Choice," a close look reveals that lines 1–4 are trimmed to be proportional to lines 5–8, the whole balancing nicely upon the balanced stresses of the poem's first spondee: "thát stóry." The story is also the cliché, the prime mover of the poem.

One might also notice the dangling participial phrase, "raging in the dark." Who or what is raging in the dark? The syntax of antecedents says the heavenly mansion

rages, but that seems highly unlikely, not to say paradoxical. The participial rage is clearly meant to modify "intellect"; yet, Yeats so splits the intellect and its dark rages that they quite literally enclose the entire first quatrain between them. With that stroke, Yeats withholds the first quatrain's most graphic image, poising it longer than correct syntax would permit, then allows it to fall with an utterly unexpected metrical flurry right through the regularity and near-triteness of the "heavenly mansion": "Ráging in the dárk." It is almost melodramatic, but Yeats saves the poem by his strict and daring control of the form, or, if you will, the perfection of the work.

And, lucky or not, the craftsman, the perfectionist, is marked by toil.

Yeats now extends the scope of the cliché: there is choice within the choice. He who chooses perfection of the work renounces heaven. He then can expect either the entangling frustration of poverty or the nocturnal agony of vain, if profitable, success. The resonance of the internal rhyme ("that old perpléxity" and "the dáy's vánity") is both defined and diminished by the pyrrhic feet. The caesura, a silence, precedes the poem's ultimate image, "the night's remorse." The reader is left with a bleak echo in those three words (an echo which is structural, figurative, and literal) of "raging in the dark." One must be satisfied with such closure: no easy victory for empty cliché, no

glib arrogance of the aristocratic aesthete. Ottava rima's couplet and Yeats's thoughtful precision create the expectation of nothing. The choice must be made daily.

In a reference to Yeats's use of ottava rima, Annabel M. Patterson reminds us that Yeats "rejected the characteristic meters of the Renaissance as a medium for his expression of the Irish 'Heroic Age', [but] when he returns to the unheroic present, Yeats uses the verse forms of the Renaissance as a form of metrical parody and satire."[23] Elsewhere,[24] I have argued, using prosodic evidence, that Yeats's poem "Death" can trace its roots to the trimeters of *Julius Caesar* and *Coriolanus*. I add to my previous observations on Yeats's use of prosodic puns and his shaping of plain statement to prosodic paradigms the final contention that Yeats's metrics can sometimes lead readers to his sources and, therefore, to clearer understanding of the subject-matter of those poems.

To undertake a prosodic study of sources is clearly beyond the scope of this short paper, but it does, in a sense, have the blessing of Elisabeth Schneider:

> Your true poet is an imitative animal, and why should he not be? Words, phrases, tunes, and even atmospheres may run like quicksilver from poet to poet. . . . The

[23] Hermogenes and the Renaissance, 176.

[24] "Yeat's 'Death': A Reading", *Irish University Review*, 10:2 (Autumn, 1980), 244- 50.

> tracing of these echoes may seem – may be – mere academic pedantry. The hearing of them, however, with the mind's ear adds immeasurably to the charm of the poetic effect. . . . From the standpoint of the poet, these exchanges are the freemasonry of the craft; . . . they are the invisible linking of one beauty with another, enriching both. The work of art – like its maker – is both self-contained and not self-contained. Its aesthetic effect, indeed, derives in large part from this very fact.[25]

Yeats's metrical puns and parodies should remind us of Yeats's "General Introduction to [His] Work":

> I must choose a traditional stanza, even what I alter must seem traditional. . . . Talk to me of originality and I will turn on you with rage. I am a crowd, I am a lonely man, I am nothing. Ancient salt is best packing. The heroes of Shakespeare convey to us through their looks, or through the metaphorical patterns of their speech, the sudden enlargement of their vision, their ecstasy at the approach of death.[26]

Much earlier he wrote: "I wanted the strongest passions, . . . and metrical forms that seemed old enough to have been sung by men half asleep or riding upon a journey."[27]

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[25] *Coleridge, Opium and Kubla Khan* (Chicago: University of Chicago, 1953), 269-70.

[26] *Essays and Introductions*, 522-23.

[27] *Autobiographies*, 124.

Consider, for example, these lines from James Clarence Mangan, when next reading "The Lake Isle of Innisfree":

The tempest driven torrent deluges the mead.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,

It overflows the low banks of the rivulets and ponds,

And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;

The lawns and pasture-grounds lie locked in icy bonds

Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,

So that the cattle cannot feed.

And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

("O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire")

The cadences and line-lengths are certainly similar, and the natural dignity of the lines somehow inspired Yeats to use Mangan's meters.

Whether the beryl stone has unfolded some of its secrets or whether we are hopelessly tattered by briars and brambles remains for each reader to judge for himself. In the seventh century B.C., the poet and man-at-arms, Archilochos, provided the postcript:

Heart in confusion, faltering start to beat.

Rise and ward off the spears and foes and fight.

Winning, disdain display. Defeat's no reason to

collapse and moan.

If you are grieved, then grieve. In joy, rejoice,

indulging in excess of neither one.

What must be done is recognise a rhythm.[28]

[28] *Archilochos*, translated by Michael Ayrton (London: Macmillan, 1977), 6.

The Doctors by Heather Spears

There is a new program on, called *The Doctors*
new in Europe anyway
it's the strangest thing
you have never seen
such an assembly of I dunno
clowns clones or how to describe them
- alien dolls? I'd better start from the start:
it's a talk show with a panel of four
and the usual blares and trashy lights
and enormous chairs that tilt
and a dressy audience to clap and squeal
on cue. That's normal and the themes are too -
how not to be fat, or old, or stricken
with high cholesterol and how to look good
which would be, especially the last, beneficial
if these guys talking to you
in their overbearing voices
looked good as well, but they're freaks
and the weirdest part is they're enjoying it.

Take the host there's something terribly wrong
with his shoulders they slope
unnaturally to the point where normal human
elbows would start, and instead
of hiding them he wears
hospital scrubs, he's just strolled in
from the theatre we're supposed to think
and hasn't had time to change.
He should get help

and it must be explained to him
that the scanty greens
exaggerate his disability and thick square
neck but he swings
happily in his chair and smiles
and has no idea.

Then there's the self satisfied jerk
to the far left who is called
at every opportunity a Prominent
Plastic Surgeon and pronounces with authority
on liposuction and breasts, he's the best in his field you can tell
his brain's full of images of bosoms
small perky pendulous or otherwise
he's proud of it and you wonder where he has been
with those big hands and he reassures
about wrinkles too and cellulite
to desperate groomed women brought in to complain.
The funny thing is he has this
burnished waxy hide
all over his face, it's dark orange as if some comic book
artist had chosen the wrong bottle he's an old guy
with coarsening features but his skin's
smooth as a dress shop dummy
he's full of botox of course, he's full of it.

Then there's the token woman and token Afro
American rolled into one with child eyes
and a mane of straight hair
well you can expect that it's the style
expensive and necessary even Obama's
little girls endure it, it's called
relaxed you get it done but this huge fall
could have been pinned back I mean
it has to get in her way
when she bends over a bedside, or a birth –

she deals with the women's stuff
whenever it's scheduled, and the others turn to her
and lean back, with the obligatory
chuckle first (wait for it) about women
and their unending, adorable
gynaecological ways. She's pretty too
and she knows it but comes off hard as nails
from a facelift she didn't need, the scared
vulnerable clever girl is mostly
behind her ears now, yet she's young could have stayed
soft and credible, what have they done?
Putting her next to his Big Neck too
it's thick as her waist I can't help staring
at those horrible shoulders, I am trying to stare away,
to her tiny throat and her stretched smile.
Hardly less discomposing.

The fourth guy's a paediatrician I can't fault him
he's ordinary even short and his only
bow to vanity is a little black moustache.
He doesn't say much. Probably wondering
how he got into this, though perhaps
he could offer some sound advice
to the other three, learned on the ward
among the incubators and then get back
to the babies many of whom
he'll fix to grow up in a world
where this kind of assault is the norm
(and my fault too, for my fascination)
and what ought to be fixed goes unfixed forever.

Understanding, Communication and Argumentation about the Environment across Open and Closed Systems

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Introduction

It is by now quite common to hear people discussing the environment, problems associated with our treatment of the natural world and proposed solutions to these problems all centering around some idea or concept of a system or systems. [29]If we are to clearly understand what system or systems [30] are at issue in these discussions, then we need to look carefully and critically at (a) the nature of the systems involved in the debates, (b) significant similarities and differences between one or more relevant systems, and (c) possibilities for cross-system or inter-system mediated resolutions to conflicts or problems involving the natural world.

An Open System–The Economic Free-market

There are two main systems which are at one and the same time independent of each other and dependent on each other. In some sense, the relationship between

[29] A draft of this paper was presented to the Canadian Sustainable Discovery Centre group at Red Deer College, and an earlier version of some of the ideas in this paper, "Information and Argumentation Across Open and Closed Systems" was refereed and then presented to the *Canadian Society for the Study of Practical Ethics* conference, May 27, 2006, Toronto, Ontario and a version closer to the current one presented as a refereed presentation and poster session "Environmental Solutions Across Open and Closed Systems" to the first national BIOCAP conference on *Capturing Canada's Climate Change Advantage*, February 2-3, 2005, Ottawa, Ontario. I appreciate all the helpful comments made in response to earlier versions of these ideas and hope that this version has benefitted from these comments, although I hold no one responsible for any mistakes in it.

[30] The systems model that I develop in this paper benefits from but is not identical to the work of W.V.O. Quine and his use of the "force field model" of belief sets in From a Logical Point of View, Harvard University Press, Mass, 1980 and Word and Object, MIT Press, Mass, 1960.

these two systems is symbiotic, with each parasitic for its existence on the other, but the dependency is different in each case.[31] To understand this complicated relationship, it may be useful to highlight some of the significant features or components of each of the systems: the free-market system of distributing wealth and the global ecosystem which is a system for distributing the earth's life forms in the most efficient way possible for the sustenance of the system and the surviving components of it.

First, what characterizes a free market distribution is the idea that active players within the system "ideally" freely choose to operate within the system.[32] It is not the case that we are determined to be free-market bargainers but that we freely choose that over other alternatives. The integrity of the free market system depends on the value of free choice and the value added to property by free labour apportioned off in private ownership. If, for example, free market transfers, exchanges or prices are fixed or controlled by a small monopoly, then the integrity of the system is threatened. There is an open set of possibilities for which an individual member or members of a system of free market transfers benefits and which member or members take on the burdens of various transfers. So, the system is open in the sense that it is *individual invariant* (II); that is, it doesn't matter [on any non-economic system determined basis] which individual takes on the role of beneficiary of the transfer of goods and services and which individual takes on the burdens of such transfers. This is called "free on board", such that once the game is started and we are playing it, it is possible for players to make all kinds of changes to advance the game further in order to achieve the game's

[31] This relationship between systems is described in different terms by Holmes Rolston, III, in Philosophy Gone Wild, Prometheus Books, NY, 1989, especially pp.22-24.

[32] A detailed critique of the approach called *free-market environmentalism* can be found in my "Economic Reasoning and the Environment: What is wrong with Free-Market Environmentalism?" Professional Ethics, Vol.11, No.4, Fall, 2003, 37-55.

objectives.[33] It is in this sense, impersonal, and in this sense, open to variations in its composition, while the laws that it operates under remain relatively the same over time.

Second, a free market system operates on the impersonal forces or influences of supply and demand, with the latter reciprocally determining the former and the former influenced by the latter. The integrity of the system depends on these forces not being compromised or manipulated to the unfair competitive disadvantage of any individual or set of individuals within the system. Although it is possible to substitute through a finite set of variations (contrary to Simon's false claim to an infinite set of possibilities[34]) the supply of different resources considered as services to satisfy different demands, leaving it open that there could be flexibility and alterations, these forces must be a natural part of the system and not manipulated from without the system.

So, for example, in some sense this system, invented or discovered by human beings, must remain open to supply and demand substitutions by different people making it an open system of free transfers. So, *supply and demand variations* (SDV) are one of the features that identify this as an open system.

Third, the resources that this system uses to supply the demands within the system are themselves open to a variety of possible substitutions. The set of what is being transferred, services to provide energy or nutrients, fuel to provide power, copper, iron or zinc to provide the means to produce cookware or automobile parts, and so on, is open to a finite set of possible substitutions. Sometimes these

[33] We discussed this in our paper (with Mano Daniel, Philosophy, Douglas College) "Old Strategies, New Weapons" presented to the Philosophers for Peace section of the Canadian Philosophical Association conference, Hamilton, Ontario, May 27, 1987 in relation to a hermeneutical approach to two-person zero sum game theoretic moves open to military strategists.

[34] "Natural Resources are Infinite", Julian Simon, 60-65, in Environmental Ethics: Concepts, Policy, Theory, edited by Joseph Desjardins, Mayfield, CA, 1999 and critiqued in my "Economic Reasoning: What is wrong with Free-Market Environmentalism?"

substitutions are possible because of new technological advances, so development of pressboard from wood particles and glues has replaced solid wood boards because of the depleted supply of good quality wood, and these boards are sometimes replaced by laminated plastic wood coloured panels. These are two possible substitutions for the original solid wood panels. When one supply of material or resources is depleted from the natural world, then this loss is not a serious one for the economic system which can find substitutes for it. There is nothing intrinsically or systemically valuable about either the origin or the substitution outside the value confines of the economic system. The original may have a natural source and the substitution an artificial source, which is irrelevant to the integrity of the system or the ability of the substitution to do the job in the supply component of the supply/demand pull and push model. So, there is a finite set of *open substitution instances* [SI] in a free market, which is one of the reasons why the free market remains one of the most efficient ways of making transfers work. The system retains its integrity despite a finite set of substitutions of the components of the system.[35] The free market has a history of such substitutions.

Fourth, the psychological motivation for operating and acting within a free market system is either self-interest or a modified version of naked, unrestrained self-interest called *enlightened self-interest*. In this case, the interests of others are taken into account in order to satisfy one's own self-interested pursuit but not because the interests of others have equivalent inherent value as our own interests.[36] For some

[35] Simon, 65

[36] This is a questionable view in light of the public/private duplicity in values involved in the strategy, whereby I pretend in public persona to be interested in others but in my private life I acknowledge my own self-interest as the only source of value, expressed by Jesse Kalin, "In Defense of Egoism", Part III, Chapter 4 of Ethical Theory: Classical and Contemporary Readings, edited by Louis Pojman, Wadsworth, CA, 1989, pp.85-97.

evolutionary views,[37] it is believed that an enlightened awareness of self-interest is what has made the human species one of the most successful on earth and contributed significantly to improved mortality rates and improvements in longevity and standards of living. It is argued that successful selfish genes were passed in an evolutionary way from one generation and adapted to the next. Unlike some other species, this has the effect of making our success a long term intergenerational gain.[38]

The free market, it is believed, contributes to competition which has a honing effect of helping to make individuals better by rewarding effort and good choices and not rewarding failed choices and poor decisions. So, the free market system is produced and maintained by the consistent human motive of self-interest, which is the consistent and persistent engine of achievement not found in other species. This is an open system in which self-interest preserves *individuality and achievement* [IA] with a wide variety of possibilities for this to be realized. This allows individuals within the system to be separated off from the system, while the system continues to operate with no significant loss of continuity, coherence or internal inconsistency; that is, individual players may be substituted with no loss to the system so that there is no unique connection between this or that individual and the operation of the system or its internal integrity.

Fifth, the free-market economic system is characterized by ideal unlimited growth. A free-market is constantly expanding its borders to encompass new initiatives, new dynamics and new ways of increasing wealth. Such growth is often, but not necessarily, dependent on new preference patterns, new technological

[37] Dawkins, Richard, The Selfish Gene, Granada Publishing, London, 1978.
[38] This speculation depends on the controversial claim that "Cultural transmission is analogous to genetic transmission in that, although basically conservative, it can give rise to a form of evolution", Dawkins, 203.

developments, new found external resources, new demands or more efficient means of supply of existing demands, and so on. This *ideal unlimited growth* (IUG) constrained by Pareto Optimality[39] conditions where no one is made worse-off and no one could be made better off but isn't when it comes to growth and a new awareness that the system has limits not within its internal dynamics but within its external constraints on resources. In other words, limited growth is a realistic constraint on IUG that is introduced primarily for political and ideological, but not necessarily economic reasons. If there are economic reasons, for example the more efficient use of limited resources for a longer period of time to a greater gain of a larger population, then these would seem to be secondary gains and not core to the IUG claim which is central to the system.

Finally, the free market economic system is a *human invention*, not a natural discovery. It is in this sense anthropocentrically focused, although not necessarily anthropocentrically biased. This means that the system is open to human manipulation, control and determination. So, there are, in principle, no problems in simply closing down the system and introducing another distribution system with the same goal but better able to maximize individual wealth. This is not to argue that this should be done but merely to suggest that in principle it could be done. The means are relative to the end(s). However much hardship this might produce, the earth would continue on its axis since the free-market is not essential to human survival. Humans invented the system humans can change it or abandon it for some other system. The set of conditions identified, from II, SDV, SI, and IA to IUG, serve to identify the particular ways that the free market economic system is an open system. Despite significant

[39] Pareto Optimality is discussed in Game Theory. Morton D. Davis, Basic Books, NY, 1970, pp.118-120 and 169-170.

changes, substitutions and limitations in the system, it will still manage to maintain *system integrity*. A system's integrity is the combination of its function and purpose or telos, which is identified by the satisfaction of the set of conditions of its structure: II, SDV, SI, and IA to IUG. While not the same system throughout the changes, the system's integrity remains intact throughout significant alterations to it. Such a system has the advantage of being flexible and adaptable to changing circumstances and conditions. Practices and behaviour can be modified or changed.

A Closed System – The Global Ecosystem

The other major system, that is identified as being of significant value and important is the global ecosystem. Scientists often divide what I call the global ecosystem into the biosphere, the layer of air , water, soil and rock that encompasses the earth which contains the conditions to support life, and ecosystems inside this sphere each of which is a self-sustaining, self-regulating community of organisms interacting with the physical environment within a defined geographic space [40] such systems are "not static" but constantly changing internally because of changes to the environments outside of them, like the biosphere. What has been characterized as a set of interrelated and interactive systems, I am identifying as a single integrated system (perhaps taking the grandeur of systems thinking to non-sensical heights) for the sake of explanatory clarity and simplicity of comparison, hopefully without committing any mistakes of illicit comparison. [41]

[40] Desjardins, 47

[41] Holmes Ralston III, in Philosophy Gone Wild, 192-194characterizes this system in terms of value system transfers which I do not see as providing an effective characterization of what is happening in an ecosystem –which cannot self-reflect on values—but I cannot develop an argument in response to his view here.

Scientists believe for good reasons that the biosphere and ecosystems within it, the global ecosystem has a certain capacity for accommodating change or stress from without and that this threshold (waterline) can be exceeded. This may happen in stages, making the tracking of changes and their effects both difficult and costly. The global ecosystem initially reaches its capacity for acting as a sink to absorb some pollutants and as a throughput to absorb some loss of its constituents. This can cause the alarm bells to sound the possibility of system overshoot occurs, that is, there appears to be reasons to believe that the system has reached a crucial point where, if nothing changes for the better, the forces creating overshoot will eventually lead to a catastrophe.[42] This could be a minor catastrophe, if there is such a thing, in an individual ecosystem or a major catastrophe in the biosphere or global ecosystems. Such major catastrophe's can be avoided, but often time is a crucial factor in acting fast enough to prevent a catastrophe.

Sometimes, as well, we think we have averted a catastrophe, only to discover that we may have a temporary reprieve from the catastrophe. So, for example, the reduction in the use of hydrocarbon propellants helped to diminish the damage to the delicate ozone layer around the earth.[43] However, this may be only the occasion for a temporary sigh of relief, since weather patterns and effects operate on a long time frame and scientists have not abandoned the possibility of doomsday scenario, given more evidence of warming effects across the world. In a closed system, the individual systems within it form a closed loop, making it difficult to discern the possible predicted effects of changes to the system as a result of changes to or substitutions to

[42] The system's collapse is the catastrophe as identified by Donella Meadows, Dennis Meadows and Jorgen Renders in Beyond the Limits, MIT Press, Mass, 1972.
[43] The procedure, timelines and process of bringing in restrictions to the use of aerosol propellants is documented in Desjardins, 87.

or losses of individual components of the system. As well, the effects of any remedial changes to correct or make the system retain its stasis or dynamic equilibrium may be difficult to predict and could be either beneficial or disastrous to the system. This is when we need a risk management "strategy of precaution" which "advises protection against the worst possible outcome" because "some risks are never worth taking", according to Haller.[44]

The closed system is so internally connected, functioning primarily on the process of natural succession, that system changes take a considerable time in a gradual progression so that no human life span is long enough to directly confirm any reversal in the degradation of closed systems. For example, the cumulative effect of too much individual bird sport shooting in Europe and commercial fishing off both coasts of Canada will have long-range effects that are perhaps predictable but not known completely or with great assurance now.[45] This means that measuring change and its effects to humans will have the possible effect of the use of some kind of *discount thinking*. That is, the value of future effects to the closed system (how bad they could be) will be lowered in comparison to the immediate cost or burden to an existing human population who will benefit little or not at all from their sacrifice. Discounting,[46] however, is short-sighted and driven by the components of an open system, where external interventions have a more immediate effect, either positive or negative. System integrity, in the case of the global ecosystem, is different from that of an open economic system in several significant ways. This kind of thinking works only for an open system not a closed one.

[44] Haller, 100.
[45] The case of the fisheries in Canada is identified in Desjardins, 517.
[46] The use and criticism of *discounting* is discussed in my "Economic Reasoning and the Environment: What is wrong with Free-Market Environmentalism".

Closed Systems – Significant Features Using the Force Field Model

The significant differences between the two systems are the basis for many misunderstandings of proponents of either system. The global ecosystem, for example, is a natural, self-actualizing, closed system. That is, whatever the initial origin of the system in a big bang or God creation, the present system is self-actualizing, creating itself, its shortages and shortfalls, its successes and failures, the mix of animal and natural cultures, sustaining a mosaic that is of its own recent origin. All the components necessary for the continued survival of the system are contained within it. All of the values establishing the integrity of the system are within it. Significantly, human beings are also an important part of this system as we classify, categorize, investigate and discover more about the system in a process of understanding it and ourselves. This human process can produce a dis-equilibrium within the system. Such a closed system has initial difficulty adapting to changes brought about in it from without it, changes to the content, constitution and composition of the components and to the relationships between the components and external factors. It is possible for the system to adapt to changes in its contents, for example, with the loss of some species of plants or animals, other plants or animals seem to fill part of their place. However, *system integrity* is threatened with each loss of a constituent to a system that is closed.[47] Human science and imagination have penetrated the global ecosystem to understand a good part of it, but still some of it remains a mystery to initially well-informed and thorough scientific inquiry. The value of any system cannot be calculated

[47] For a more comprehensive study of this kind of system see: Ecologism, Brian Baxter, Georgetown University Press, Washington, DC, 1999 where he argues that "we are a species of animal with a highly distinctive set of capacities, but once we begin to view ourselves in the appropriate context, one the basis of our awareness of the rest of the natural world, we can see important kinds of continuity between ourselves and that world." (232)

or determined on what we don't know about it.[48] However, what we continue to learn about the system consistently confirms that it is much more involved and complicated than initially believed, that the relationships are more far reaching and intricate than initially understood. In a closed system, system integrity depends on the stability and continuation of the initial components or parts of the system. If there is a loss of any of the parts, then system integrity is seriously jeopardized since each part constitutes a unique component that makes the system the very system that it is over time. This means that there is no possibility of retaining the integrity of the system, based on substitutions or alternatives provided inside the system or from outside the initial system. System coherence can only be retained or maintained by regaining the initial components of the system and the relationships they experienced with other members of the system. This means that in a closed system the preservation of the *status quo* is one important component of *system integrity.* (SI) Of course, such a measurement of the *status quo* is itself nothing more than a snapshot in time, not comprehensive from an absolutely objective point of view. There is no free choice operating within the purview of members of a closed system, so freedom of choice is not a value or a component of system integrity. In a closed system, the factors which constitute the integrity, unity and coherence of the system do not (and by constitution could not) play a deliberative role in intentionally altering the design, form, purposes (goals or aims) or the intentions in the system. A closed system is a physical system operating on the behaviours of its participants but there is no metaphysical or internal contemplative component of the system. There is no invisible hand, as Adam Smith

[48] This would be to appeal to a mistake in reasoning called appeal to the authority of ignorance or no knowledge, which is an irrelevant appeal to any decision since no knowledge cannot compel us to do anything but get knowledge (however much this might seem ungramatical!)

proposed, to take us from competitive self-interest to cooperative outcomes. This is *not* contrary to the view that the natural world may be divinely inspired or may itself inspire divine thoughts or musings in the minds of human observers, but it is *contrary to* the view that the natural world is itself a god or the manifestation of a god or gods.

In a closed system, only external (non-internal) factors, influences or forces can alter or change the system in significant ways to alter system integrity, unity, coherence and stability. The forces, factors or influences within the system which alter behaviour of individual components of it are not likely to adversely affect system integrity, even though they may bring about internal change. Since a closed system is a self-actualizing system, a process of self-creation and self-renewal, self-change is consistent with the integrity of the system, while any technologically created innovation from without will inherently violate the self-actualizing component of system integrity. The integrity of a closed system is quite *fragile to changes* from without it. Or is it? There are some reasons for optimistically believing that the system is robust and capable of managing significant threats to it. To preserve a fragile system of this sort (even if we concede some robustness to it) requires not just preserving some components but all or most of them in the original relationships they enjoyed. System balance and coherence is internal and because of this is not always well understood from without the system. Integral components and processes within the system are concerned with the *preservation or survival of significant components of the system*; species, for example in adapting to internal changes within the system. The system can adapt to the resources available to it and to the wastes deposited internally within it. In this sense, a closed system is identified as essentially self-sufficient unless forces and behaviours within it are altered by forces or factors outside of it.

In a closed system, change is a dynamic, reaching various levels of dynamic equilibrium, which are brought about by ***natural succession*** (***NS)***. This natural succession is gradual, sequential and more or less predictable (see explanations) within the composition of the more or less stable components of a biotic community[49]. The stages in NS flow into each other. The transitions from one stage to the next are brought about by interrelated processes of natural selection, non-deliberative co-operation between species, following a gradual sequence which, if not fulfilled, could lead to the internal decay of the system. Within this dynamic there is a predominant tendency toward the survival of the constituents of the system through a mix of diversity and continual variation with few, if any, unintended consequences brought about by internal changes inside the system.

However, external interventions into the system, by contrast, destruction through contamination or pollution of the system constituents (introduction of toxic materials into air, water or land constituents) , external interference with established and working patterns or processes (e.g. animal migration patterns), external introduction of new constituents into the system (e.g. the introduction of gold fish into streams below Banff caverns with the resultant destruction of a unique and indigenous fish species), can produce unforeseen and sometimes disastrous consequences to **NS.** From a steady state dynamic, disequilibrium is produced, creating in its wake a loss of internal system control within the prevailing system. The consequence may be an interference with **NS** which is abrupt and potentially damaging to both the system's integrity, adaptive ability and any ability to predict with rigorous accuracy the eventual outcome to the system. New space may be introduced into the components of the

[49] This term is coined by Leopold and refers to the integration of the pyramid organization from soil to plants to animals defining what the land ethic should value, Desjardins, 233.

system by external alterations, which leave all past predictions open to doubt, as a result of the unforeseen alterations of internal processes or patterns of behaviour and relationships within the components.

It might be argued, at this point, that the very existence and significant success of the population numbers of human beings, a success built on the efficiency of a free-market open, adaptable system of transfers, necessarily interferes with natural succession. And success of any species ought not to be penalized in relation to the lack of success of other species. Any human footprint in large numbers will prove disastrous to the more or less stable dynamics of a closed system, like the ecosystem. However, this response is based on two mistakes. First, there is a mistaken comparison, known as slippery assimilation[50]. It is not logically acceptable to argue that one change (still gradual) in a closed system is equivalent in structural dynamics or effects, or in causal antecedents, to any other change in the system, even from the same source. This is to –without intervening argument - assimilate all changes to the same effect and source.

Second, success within a closed system is not measured by numbers, as it might be if one were focusing on a popular notion of the theory of evolution based on the principle of the survival of the fittest. Success in a closed system is measured by the achievement of a state of dynamic equilibrium, the coherence and consistency of the community and its internal system integrity, not the successful population growth of individual components of the system. Indeed, the success of some populations at the expense of others is indeed a serious problem for a closed system's integrity, stability and continued survival. The measurement for success in this response is that of an

[50] This mistake in reasoning is detailed in A Practical Study of Argument, Trudy Govier, Wadsworth, CA, 2010, pp.342-343.

open system, not a closed system.

Third, the critical response might be that any abrupt change in a closed system is equivalent to any other in its structural effects and negative values to the system. This, however, is both illogical and an inaccurate characterization or misunderstanding of an internally fragile closed system, a system always open to serious problems created from outside it. System integrity in a closed system requires the protection of a fragile internal dynamic, not internally fragile but externally fragile, open to serious external threats. For example, it is not just humans whose population increase can cause serious problems. When the natural predators of a species are eliminated and the environment that nourishes the species is protected, this species is likely to flourish well beyond any others, which has been demonstrated with the deer populations in North America, the rabbit populations in Australia and the rat populations in various parts of the world.

Finally, it is equally illogical for some extreme proponents of deep ecology to argue that no externally initiated change in **NS** is acceptable to the integrity of the system. This kind of *essentialist/purist* reasoning also involves a mistake in logic identified as appeal to a false dichotomy.[51] The world is not neatly divided into black and white segments, with no overlapping gray, moderate or mediating alternative. The essentialist/purist view is inaccurate of the way the world can operate and it is myopic or narrow-minded in its overly simplistic view of the nature of a system. Obviously, any system has an internal, system relative, dynamic which can bring about previously unforeseen or hitherto unrecognized, unpredicted results or changes in qualities, characteristics, properties, processes, patterns or individual components of the system. New patterns of behaviour, new processes and relationships, new components or

[51] Discussed in Govier, 196

characteristics can emerge from the continued operation of a system, even if there are no external causes for these changes. Proponents of so-called *chaos theory* have suggested that unintended and unforeseen flows of energy in a system can cause minor, and eventually perhaps even major, alterations to a system.[52] Without succumbing to this controversial view of the nature of a system, it is possible to understand that changes to a system may be a natural aspect of the system, even abrupt changes, and that our predictive ability, even in the case of a closed system is relative to our knowledge at the time. So, it isn't necessarily change or the source of change that is the problem to a closed system. Rather it is the nature of the change in relation to the system dynamic and *system integrity*. Both may or may not be preserved under some conditions of external or internal interference with the processes of dynamic equilibrium.

Open Systems – Free-Market Distributions

Alterations can occur with some frequency in an open system, like the free-market system of economic distribution, and many of these alterations do not necessarily have a negative effect on the efficiency, stability or coherence of the system. That is, the composition of the system can vary considerably without significant or irreversible damage to the system. This is often cited as one of the important positive features of the economic system of open transfers. The transfer relations might change, the components that are transferred might change, and the process of transfer within the system might change while retaining system integrity. These changes may

[52] This possibility is discussed by Donald Worster in "The Ecology of Order and Chaos" in Desjardin, 246-255.

come about because of external factors (what economists call "externalities"[53] or unforeseen but influential consequences, what Quine calls "peripheral beliefs" that affect a system but are not crucial to its integrity[54]). For example, the loss of one individual component of the system can be substituted by another, while not threatening system integrity. The economist Julian Simon describes this situation in his well-known "Crusoe Example".[55]

The open system is a system which is primarily focused on the *process of free exchange or transfer of goods or services* valued within the system, rather than the original members or constituents of the system. What has to be preserved in the system is the process of free exchange or transfer of goods or services. This system is not as internally fragile as a closed system. An open system is identified by being accommodating to change brought about by factors outside the system, loss of resources or services, introduction of new technologies, demands and influences. An open system, when faced with stress from without it, is much more capable of adapting to change and providing flexible alternatives to it, provided that the integrity of the process of free exchange is preserved in the system. These factors first impact practices (it is no longer practical to make furniture out of costly wood) which then influence policy (the amount of wood used in certain components of a home may be limited).

Value in an open system is not found in the components of the system (as in a closed system) but rather in the means of facilitating transfers (economic relations) between components of the system. *Process integrity* is contrasted in an open system with

[53] Critically evaluated in my "Economic Reasoning and the Environment: What is wrong with Free-Market Environmentalism?"
[54] This is found in Quine's work cited in endnote ii, above.
[55] Simon uses this example in "Natural Resources are Infinite", Desjardin, 64.

components integrity in a closed system. In a closed system, the components of the system must remain relatively stable, secure and in tact for the system to retain its identity over time. In an open system, internal dependency rests with a process and not individual components of the process or participants in the process.

All of the choices to operate within the process of transfers within the open system are "ideally" or "in principle" (although perhaps not in practice) freely under the control of the individual participants in the transfer relations. What need protection, for system integrity, are the voluntary relations, where the focus of integrity lies in free choice. Economics is a dynamic, not static predictor of the economic behaviour of free individuals. In the open economic system, some have argued that there is an infinite set of possible substitutions for existing resources in the natural world. I have argued elsewhere that this is a serious mistake in reasoning, unless one is willing to identify resources (copper) with the means or services (air, water, soil) to satisfy certain specified free-market consistent satisfactions or preferences as the end. This is a means-end confusion.[56]

The set of what is being transferred, services, goods, property to provide energy, nutrients, and so on, are open to a large (but not infinite) set of possible variations or substitutions, allowing the adaptability and flexibility needed to provide the means to continue to replace one exhausted set of services or resources with another. This is possible even though the alternative set of services does not resemble the initial or original set in significant ways, ways that are irrelevant to their economic value as components of an exchange process. For such substitutions to be possible or acceptable there is a need to believe that there is no inherent value in components of

[56] In my article "Economic Reasoning and the Environment: What is wrong with Free-Market Environmentalism" I claim that his examples just do not operate as parallels or analogies to the case of the natural world and its integrity.

the transfer relations, only instrumental value in achieving the goals or aims or purposes of the process, an increase in overall wealth.

New technological discoveries are often initiated in the open system of exchanges; new technologies operate as more economically viable substitutions and are often sought because of the increase in value of the initial components of the transfer process, although too often these evolve from discipline bias rather than economic efficiency (since often there is no disinterested measure of such efficiency). As the supply of the original components decreases, this raises the price of the scarce commodity, initiating a need to discover lower cost alternatives to replace the lost or prohibitively expensive supply. Scarcity in an open system of transfers can have the positive effect of initiating new discoveries, while scarcity in a closed system could seriously threaten the survival of some of the components of the system and the system's internal integrity. In an open system, new technological solutions are sought, while in a closed system they *can* sometimes operate as external stress on the system and its integrity (but not always since any new technological breakthrough in preserving the life of organisms will conceivably help to preserve the integrity of the system overall).

System Integrity and Systems Integration

The integrity of a system is what keeps the system alive, keeps it within a dignified range of possible existences, and keeps the system more or less in tact. In the case of an open system, system integrity is primarily protected or preserved by the (a) the process of transfers being free, (b) the participants making decisions within the process being free, (c) the availability of both alternative resources and technology to

continue to supply the services and resources necessary to continue the process, (d) the motivation of the participants being primarily self-interest (which can be construed broadly to include a collective, club, community, stakeholder group or organization) to preserve the survival of preferences and the values of these preferences, to a lesser extent (e) the use of a more or less stable exchange medium, like money, to provide a more or less constant and uniform value for exchanges.

The system's open transfer possibilities are only limited by the free choices made by the participants, so dependent on individual freedom of choice, or the resources and technology available to supply the means to the efficient transfer of goods and services. The free market is dependent on free individuals and the resources needed to satisfy the preferences of these free individuals. The system does not depend on the existence of any one of these free individuals as an integrally important component of the system.

In a closed system, dependency is different. A closed system has the capacity to correct itself but it does not have the capacity to adapt to or efficiently meet the stress or the threat from external forces. In this sense, a closed system is dependent on itself as it has been initially defined or designed and not forces it has created and can change and adapt to alteration from without. A closed system does not create or design the forces or influences that operate it, as in the case of an open system. So, a closed system is not able to freely decide on changes to the relationships within it, making it less likely to adapt favourably to an influence from without it.

How to Argue Between Systems

When arguing it is important to set the conditions for possibly resolving the controversy or contentious issue that separates the two arguers. To do this requires

developing an argumentative critical response meeting the challenge of a system's integrity and dynamics described internally to the system in the most system sympathetic or charitable way as possible --without unreflective and demeaning abuses in language and classification to persuade instead of argumentation.

There may be similar values shared by many, if not most, human beings but differences occur when these values are aligned with an ideology, an ideology which can obscure the actual situation. What we should take from this analysis of a closed and open system is minimally: (1) a better understanding of the essential nature (not necessarily the individual components and the laws they operate under or are believed to operate under) of each system, (2) the significant ways the systems differ, (3) the significant ways the systems are similar, (4) the holistic, non-isolated nature of any response to one system from the perspective of another system and the interaction, inter-relationships between systems.

We need to be constantly vigilant that the irrational and indefensible ***simplification and reduction (SR***) (not simplification, following the principle of parsimony, which claims the simplest explanation is preferable to the more complex) of the beliefs and/or structure of one system to another is an inaccurate representation or characterization of the second system. It is also a serious hindrance to both the effective communication between system proponents, efficient discussion and argumentation between adherents of each system, and clear argumentation that could have the effect of convincing one proponent to accept some critical responses from the proponent of an alternative system.

Practical Applications of the Critical Discussion

This critical discussion should provide us with the basis not just for conflict resolutions but for understanding the foundational basis for the conflict and ways in which the conflict can be eliminated, since a human replacement for a closed system will not likely replicate it but remain a human replacement for it. A system's integrity identifies the uniqueness of the system to itself and its dynamic components, which have a particular functional ability to produce dynamic equilibrium or satisfaction of the maximum number of individual transfer preferences. A system is based on both structure and the beliefs about the structure and its essential components, laws, processes and patterns. The destruction of a closed system is much more immanent if one mistakenly carries beliefs about the structure and essential functioning of an open system to beliefs about the closed system. The false beliefs about a second system based on true beliefs about another system, can seriously impede and progress based on effective communication and cogent argumentation to resolve differences.

If we seriously want to facilitate change, then we need to change belief systems and the structures of these systems. Radical deep ecologists should not shout or attempt to religiously convert economic realists to their system of beliefs, since conversions, without rational support, are rarely effective or even permanent. Often the passionate zeal of the immediately converted is replaced by the cool light of reason, which questions and doubts the conversion. We all need something more permanent and lasting. For example, we are competing in an open system for limited resources in a closed system, when we mistakenly believe or choose to believe the resources are unlimited.

If economic realists falsely attempt to simplify and reduce the structure and

beliefs inherent in their open system to the closed system of the ecosystem, then any attempt to persuade the radical deep ecologist will likely fail of its own ideologically defective dogma. Entrenchment only digs the hole deeper for the one with the shovel. It does not bring the light of reason to a process or rational persuasion.

The resolution is at once both simple and complex, starting with the clear, effective understanding of a system of beliefs and its structure and moving to the effective communication between different system proponents, in order to effectively employ argumentation as the means of persuasion (not conversion) to change our thinking and actions about the environment as informed by the economic world.

The analysis in sections 4-9 above can help us to understand how to argue about ecological issues that have economic effects or consequences. The differences between sustainability and preservation and how these two ideas interact and can possibly act as complimentaries.

What to do next?

An answer to what to do next is, in some sense, relative to what we take an interest in doing, what we are intentionally *disposed to prefer*. We have become accustomed to an open system, understand its dynamics, and value its outcomes and the freedom we have to manipulate the means to these outcomes. However, the efficiencies of an open system are inefficient in relation to a closed system. It does not seem possible to translate the means and the end from one system to another, no translation manual—involving sustainable growth or development, for example—can accommodate the significant differences between the two systems. So, what needs to

happen is a transformation in our thinking about, the values we prefer, the outcomes[57] that are possible in a closed system.

[57] As Aldo Leopold observed "No important change in ethics was ever accomplished without an internal change in our intellectual emphasis, loyalties, affections, and convictions.", 221, Desjardins.

Two poems by Robert Gibbs

These Our Entrances: These Our Exits

Counterclockwise this door
turns It takes in more
than it lets out I lower my eyes
to my book and see Iris fade
in and out Iris always
elusive even to John her spouse
and memoirist Without looking up

I watch the endless round of halt
and hale caught together between
clear blades that snatch at others
too as they pass down the hall
to *urgence* or *diagnostic imaging*
where right now my brother Don
lies prone his inside out
to see if there's a blood-leak anywhere

Back to Iris I read how
a mist sneaked up behind her
and stole from her those keen lines
she'd threaded through 27 novels
plus philosophical pieces besides
the daily things held dearest
by those who knew and loved her

That mist slipped in and left her
with only the question marks anxious
on the front edge of nowhere only
her childlike innocence intact

I glance outside and see them
one by one and two by two
the ones sloughed off the revolving
door They go down the steps
in wet fog and disappear into the parking
lot backed by dark woods

A lull The propeller blades flatten
to a stop Halls clear and the cleaner
comes Perched high on his yellow
machine he plies up and down
and scrubs away the footprints

of those who come and those who go
and those who stay on perhaps
to exit by some other door

Caring a Hoot`

"as far as the light of God is concerned
we are all owls" *Thomas Merton*

Allow an entrance in your score
for the least of musicmakers
a triangle maybe whose thin
tingling will keep nimble
the measures of your philharmonic
thunderstorm a slit
of light among brooding
cellos and ominous drums

A call softer than a whisper
a trickle of melt from old
rotting snow will tickle
violets under frozen
pinestraw to seek the sky's eye

They who think upon zero
with a steady pulse will
look past it over and under
to the one father of particles
and dayblind peculiars
even to the least of them
the ears and eyes of owls and owlets

Osamu Dazai's Literary Activities after 1945:

Dazai and the Established Writers

by Stefan Wundt, Chiba University, Japan

Last year marked the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Osamu Dazai, the Japanese novelist about whom French filmmakers, director Gilles Sionnet and assistant Marie-Francine Le Jalu, were going to make a documentary and introduce to a wider audience in Europe. "Dazai is a writer on a global level though he is not well known in France," said Sionnet, 60, who first encounterd Dazai's works about 20 years ago when he read a French translation of *Shayo* (*The Setting Sun*). Sionnet himself was attracted by "Dazai's delicate writing style, which contained even brightness in moments of pessimism and darkness". It was after reading *Shayo* that he first conceived the idea of making a film about Dazai. He asked his colleage Le Jalu to join

him in making the film. After conducting research that included regular visits to Japan over the past four years, Sionnet and Le Jalu began shooting in the spring in 2008 and wrapped up in March of the following year. Among other places, footage was shot at Dazai's birthplace memorial, now a museum called Shayokan, in Goshogawara, Aomori Prefecture, and in Mitaka, western Tokyo, where Dazai committed suicide. The documentary mainly is comprised of interviews with Dazai's editors and relatives as well as experts on the author; it explores Dazai's personality and examines the writer's inner conflicts and mental state just before his death.

Le Jalu said she was surprised to learn that Dazai's works are still avidly read in contemporary Japan, despite being more than half a century old. Young fans appear in the film conducting readings of Dazai's works.

"By introducing young people who are attracted by Dazai [to European audience], we can depict certain aspects of contemporary Japan," Le Jalu said. "I'm sure Dazai's sincere question of 'Why do we live?' can be conveyed to Europeans."

Osamu Dazai was born as Shuji Tsushima on June 19, 1909, in Aomori、the northernmost prefecture of the main Japanese island of Honshu. His birthplace was the small town of Kanagi, located at the base of the Tsugaru Peninsula midway between Aomori and the Sea of Japan. On June 19, 1948, precisely thirty-nine years

later, the Tokyo police pulled the corpse of Dazai Osamu from the Tamagawa Canal along with the body of Tomie Yamazaki, the author's mistress. The young Dazai, whose family had extensive landholdings and enjoyed a lot of prestige, decided that that these things were meaningless; in hopes of bolstering his own respect for the family, Dazai looked into his genealogy for persons of worth, but he found none. As he publicly confessed later, the family had risen to prominence only when his great-grandfather managed to acquire large tracts of land in Aomori. His father became a member of the House of Peers by virtue of the extent of his property holdings. For the idealistic Dazai, the family, despite its property, had really nothing in the way of artists or philosophers, for example, of which he could be proud.

From the times of his earliest memories, Dazai felt himself isolated – at first from his parents and brothers, and eventually from those closest to him during his childhood, his sisters and his nursemaid. At the time of Dazai's birth in 1909, his parents were already burdened with a large household. Dazai's three brothers and four sisters, his great- grandmother and grandmother, and his aunt with four daughters all lived under one roof. The birth of Dazai's younger brother, Reiji, and the presence of a large entourage of servants and attendants ministering to the needs of the family increased the number of people in the house to about thirty.

Memories of his aunt and his nursemaid Take were especially vivid. His earliest memory, recorded at the very beginning of *Remembrances,* concerned an attempt on the part of his aunt to instill in the infant Dazai a proper reverence for the Emperor. Take was a less exacting preceptress than his aunt. Take often took her charge to see a painting of the Buddhist hell in a nearby temple and explained how the various punishments were awarded in accord with nature of the sin being punished. Dazai was horrified by the bottomless pit that sent forth smoke; the sinners were crammed into the pit, their tongues were plucked out, and they were crying out through their barely-opened mouths. Dazai burst into tears when Take told him this punishment was meted out to liars.

Take got married and went to another village. In his novel, *Tsugaru* (1941), Dazai describes meeting with Take again. Dazai vividly records each step in the hunt for his old nursemaid. His meeting with her occurred at an athletic meet. As they exchanged only a few words, the scene gives no sense of its real impact. The restraint of the description transmits the excitement and suspense of the search. He satisfaction in her presence: "I think I can say that I experienced at that moment genuine peace for the first time in my life. My deceased mother was a fine, gentle woman: but she never gave me such a marvelous sense of peace."

Dazai first achieved wide recognition in Japan in the latter half of the 1930s. During the years of World War II, he extended his reputation. Readers, however, tend to identify the author with his postwar works and his depression before his death. Critics who regard *No Longer Human* and *The Setting Sun* as Dazai's best novels emphasize the last years of Dazai's career. Readers familiar with Dazai's degenerate life following the war find in him a perfect expression of the bewilderment and nihilism often said to characterize the times in Japan.

During 1933 and 1945, he created his own myth by writing many short stories. He was the type of writer who depended on the works of other writers or his own experience and did not rely on his own imagination. Dazai was following one of the strongest trends in modern Japanese writing of autobiographical novels and stories. But, despite their autobiographical inspiration, few, if any, of Dazai's works can be called an "I-novel" because he did not attempt a minute and sustained recollection and reconstruction of the past. Instead of pursuing his past, he let it come to him: a vivid memory of certain episodes appear again and again in different parts of one story, creating in some readers an exasperating sense of *déjà vu*. The first-person narrator in Dazai seldom becomes a wholly reliable one. He is far from trustworthy. Nevertheless the I-narrator as Dazai emerges in a confiding mood, so skepticism on the reader's part

disappears. Tateo Okuno,[58] one of the most famous Dazai critics in Japan, finds the effect of this intimacy to be the key of Dazai's popularity among younger readers.

Generally Dazai's art serves the purpose of communication rather than truth. One cannot accept Dazai's descriptions literally, apart from the question of whether they are true or not. When Take took him to the temple to view a painting of hell, readers find Shuji (his younger self) leaving the temple grounds to be pitiful as well as comic because Dazai's description of his exit is too exaggerated, suggesting to his readers the sense of self-pity and self- mockery he felt for himself.

Dazai's reputation since the time of his death has dimmed to some extent. With his life now a part of history, he is safe from the sort of critical attack that Yasunari Kawabata once attempted in arguing against the bestowing of the Akutagawa Prize for Dazai on the basis of the author's immorality. Dazai's works, however, no longer have an emotional hold on people who were once attracted to his works by his decadent life style, and some critics have come forward to declare him a second-rate writer.

Regardless of his fortunes in the critical market, Dazai continues to be read with enthusiasm. Dazai seems to be especially popular among high school and university students, who are probably the most avid readers of serious literature in Japan. Dazai's

[58] Tateo Okuno was the author of *A History of Japanese Literature* (1970) and a biography of the author Yukio Mishima, who also committed suicide.

hold on the young is also reflected in the composition of the audience that is drawn to the memorial service which is held each year on the anniversary of his death in the grounds of the temple where he is buried. While the celebrities on the temple stage grow older with the passing years, the audience milling on the grounds remains perpetually young.

Making fun of his self-pity, Dazai used to refer to his writing as *sabisu,* in plain English, service. He used the expression, *umarete sumimasen* ("pardon my having been born"), repeatedly. Better than any other phrase, these words evoke a sense of simultaneous pity and mockery that Dazai often felt towards himself. Over the years, his idea of *sabisu* underwent strange permutations. At one point, the gifted novelist Dazai argued that writers ought deliberately to compose inferior works; a novel or story of high quality, Dazai contended, provokes in the reader a depressing realization of how inferior his own literary talents are. But Dazai also realized that the ideal of service would falter long before it reached a point of such absurdity. One could find two kinds of service, the "deliberate service" and the "desperate service", in his writing, but it is sometimes too difficult to determine which type a given piece of writing represents. If Dazai seriously thought that writers should deliberately compose inferior works, some of his writings which appear to be acts of desperation might have

been deliberately put together in a sloppy manner.

Kunio Yanagida, the founder of Japanese folklore studies, saw in Dazai a type very common among native farmers—the clown (*dooke*) who deliberately makes a fool of himself in order to amuse others. Dazai intended his clowning as an act of service. He naturally came to feel he owed people (and eventually his readers) a kind of service as a son in a family which was paternalistic toward its tenants and the neighboring poor. When Dazai attended the Aomori Middle School, he received from his family a monthly allowance of one hundred yen (a beginning teacher at the school received a monthly salary of thirty or forty yen.) Dazai continued to live off an allowance from his family during his highe school and university days and even beyond graduation. Dazai used a substantial portion of his allowance to help his poorer classmates as a means of allaying his own guilty feelings. Dazai's clowning can also be regarded as an equivalent of service, corresponding to that of native farmers in his birthplace, where many types of such service could be found.

Even after Dazai left Kanagi, he continued his career as clown in his writing if not in his behavior. During his life in Tokyo, he became more and more familiar with *rakugo*, a traditional storytelling art with pantomime, which helped him maintain and develop his comic gift. Dazai collected *rakugo* texts extensively, including the complete

works of the nineteenth century master Encho, and read them thoroughly, regularly, and enthusiastically. Dazai's comic art implies "deliberate" service. In it, he is a narrator of comic skits who is trying to entertain an audience during several rather somber decades in Japan. But in a number of works, Dazai does not appear to have the comedy under control, as a *rakugo* storyteller should. He often seems eccentric and, on a few occasions, absolutely inane. Each time he changes the narrative point of view in a radical and bewildering way or simply utters in his own voice that the story is breaking down. Dazai seems to be admitting that his own self-consciousness or impatience is more important than his art. These occasional failures compromise only in a slight way the judgment that Dazai is a superb comic writer. Readers who are used to Dazai's writing say that his writing has, while appearing outwardly comic, a kind of deep, intangible sadness within. Certain passages suggest that Dazai undertook his writing career out of desperation. There is evidence showing that Dazai often considered himself a misfit and a failure and that he sensed that others must feel the same way about themselves. He wrote in order to establish a bond among these outcasts. There is an intimate tone in much of the writing, a tone that creates in readers the sense that Dazai is speaking specially and only to him.

Dazai wrote not only to serve his readers, but also to console himself. That others

would read him meant that there were, after all, others like him. His immense popularity in the aftermath of the war suggests that many Japanese readers found in Dazai the sort of consolation and sense of identity that the author himself was looking for. Many young people will find in Dazai a reflection of their own concerns and derive a certain gratification from discovering that someone else has these same fears.

Some Japanese critics see in Dazai's appeal to the young indication of his limitations as a writer. At times, these critics suggest that Dazai himself felt his limitations so strongly that he despaired of ever developing a more mature vision. This despair eventually led to his suicide. However, Tateo Okuno described Dazai's influence quite sympathetically: Dazai has been the only author in the postwar years who could express the emotions of the young people and, the awareness of life of a whole generation and a whole epoch. There was a time during which the young people identified so much with him that they devoted themselves to him, even if it were a matter of life or death. Not all Japanese readers and literary critics, however, liked Dazai's e*cce homo* gesture. Some leading lights of the literary establishment, for example, Shiga Naoya and Yasunari Kawabata, criticized his way of living and made disparaging remarks which they did not mean seriously but which hurt Dazai's feelings more than they expected. He, in turn, reproached them for being hypocritical and for being

involved in the salon arts, and considered Shiga's family happiness is the source of all evils, because family members in their efforts to maintain this kind of happiness often caused the greatest harm to each other.

In particular, the postwar stories, "Father", "Cherries", "Osan", "Handsome Devils and Cigarettes", and "Family Happiness" could be regarded as a direct provocation of Shiga Naoya. "The Father" seems to be straightforward autobiography; this story presents, together with "Cherries", the point of view of the father. That father, a reflection of Dazai, does not appear attractive. He squanders his money on drink while his wife and children go out without proper food and clothing. One day, his wife asks him to stay home and watch the children while she goes to pick up their portion of rationed rice. Yet, when the lady from a nearby *oden* shop comes to announce that a woman is waiting for him, the father deserts the children. The story ends with the father, in the company of the woman, on his way for a round of drinks with several friends. Dazai has little to say in his reflecton's defense. He only declares: "The happiness of the hearth—why am I incapable of achieving that? I can't even endure being around it. There's something frightening about a hearth."

Tateo Okuno finds "Cherries" so closely connected with Dazai's imminent suicide that he describes it as a "last will and literary testament". The "I" narrator in

"Cherries" is referred to as Dazai and "father". The other persons in the story are referred to as "mother" and "children". The mother appears to be a stronger-willed person than the submissive wife of the "Father," and the son cannot walk or talk although he is already four years old. In "Cherries", Dazai confesses that he has no talent for handling the problems and tasks of everyday living. He declares: "It is not that I can't learn rationing, registration and such matters. I simply have no time to learn." Many readers will regard this comment as Dazai's expression of contempt toward a part of life he could not master, but he might have sensed the imminence of his own death. Okuno describes "Cherries" as a story of marital quarreling. The father is joking which can also be regarded as an irony of the service for the reader and clowning for people around him, because the father's jokes are inappropriate and made in bad taste. "Cherries" ends in a pub with the father intending to drink away the evening. As the owner brings him some cherries, the father reflects how happy his children will be to see these beautiful cherries. But then he decides to eat them by himself, saying, "The parent is more precious than the child."

Chikamatsu Monzaemon's[59] *The Love Suicides at Amijima* inspired Dazai to write "Osan". In the Chikamatsu play, Osan is married to Jihei, a paper merchant. Jihei has

[59] Chikamatsu Monzaemon (1653-1725) is often known as "the Japanese Shakespeare." He is probably the best-known Japanese dramatist, and his plays often contain tragic episodes leading to double suicides. Unlike Shakespeare, Chikamatsu is known as the first Japanese dramatist who did *not* act in his own plays.

fallen in love with a geisha, Koharu, and neglects his family and his business. Early in the play, Koharu receives a letter from Osan begging her to renounce Jihei. Koharu, moved by Osan's letter, breaks with Jihei, but he cannot forget her. His rival is on the verge of 'ransoming' her, which would be a great setback for Jihei's reputation as a businessman. Osan, aware of Koharu's nobility, urges Jihei to 'ransom' Koharu to rescue at the very least his reputation as a merchant but, in the end, Jihei and Koharu eventually commit suicide.

Osan, the narrator of Dazai's story, reviews the course of her marriage. During their ten years together, her husband has fulfilled his role as adequately as most Japanese husbands do in an arranged marriage. Their life continues uneventfully until the husband abruptly declares that he is leaving for a hot spring. Dazai's implied parallels with Chikamatsu, in the last part of the story, seem at least partly ironic. The husband asks his wife to put his traveling clothes in order. In the play, Osan's father comes at Jihei's prompting to take her back home. In Dazai's story a similar scene occurs when Osan cannot locate her husband's clothes. There are differences between the two Osans. Chikamatsu's Osan had urged Jihei to sell her clothes for Koharu's ransom. Dazai's Osan never shows such imaginative sympathy. The husband in Dazai's story commits suicide with his mistress. In the farewell letter to his Osan,

Dazai's husband declares that love is not involved; he simply determined to "mount the cross of the revolutionary…..If my death contributes even in a small way to making our contemporary demons ponder their own shame, I will be happy." To the wife, this is mere rhetoric. The facts of the autopsy alone reveal her husband's motive: his mistress was pregnant.

While both "The Father" and "Cherries" represent the father's point of view, in "Osan," Dazai had to rely on his imaginative understanding to portray the wife's point of view. The readers know that the father will yield to temptation. The wife, on the other hand, seems free to submit to her husband, to fight back, or to go her own way. In "Osan," at least, Dazai seems to be quite interested in how a wife might react to a scoundrel like himself.

After the publication of "Osan," Dazai became something of a celebrity. Popular among young people, he was hailed by many as the voice of the postwar generation. Fans thronged to his house, crowds sometimes gathered around him, and magazines sent reporters to interview him. Dazai, however, did not behave like a distinguished and dignified author. His personal life was a shambles—though he now had three small children at home and a baby daughter by Shizuko Ota. He spent most of his time with his mistress/ nurse/ secretary, Tomie Yamazaki. He was in ill health, drinking

heavily and writing at a furious pace. In spite of his popular acceptance, he was acutely sensitive to criticism, especially that coming from such "venerable" writers like Shiga Naoya[60] who had made a number of snide remarks about Dazai's work, and in March 1948—the same month that "Handsome Devils and Cigarettes" was published—Dazai launched his counterattack in the first series of his essays, entitled *Thus Have I Heard.* These essays were so vicious that the novelist, Masuji Ibuse began to distance himself from Dazai.

At the beginning of "Handsome Devils and Cigarettes", three elderly men of letters came into the liquor shop, where Dazai was drinking, proceeded to surround him and to disparage his writing in a disgusting, drunken, and thoroughly misinformed manner. He returned home and suddenly began to sob, because the seniors were treating him as a laughing stock. He was crying until his wife said: "Good night, dear. H'm?" A few days later, a reporter from a magazine came by and asked him to be photographed with some homeless children. The reporter guided him to his office. Dazai was liquored up with a strange whiskey, because the reporters wanted to engage him in a drunken dialogue with the children. The reporters were notorious drinkers, but they did not touch the whiskey. They took him by car to an underpass in Ueno, a

[60] Naoya Shiga (1883-1971) was a distinguished writer of what came to be called "I-novels," works based on a subjective recollection of the author's own experiences. This led to a drying-up of Naoya's imagination, as the experiences one has are not infinite. He is known now more for his short stories.

tunnel of sorts that was well known as a nest for homeless people. He walked to the exit of the underpass, where he saw four children standing in front of a grilled chicken stall, puffing away on cigarettes. He wanted to invite them to eat grilled chicken, but remembered the saying of Paul Valéry: "When doing good deeds, one must always apologize. Nothing hurts others as much as kindness." One of the reporters asked him: "Were you shocked?" Dazai answered: "No. The truth is, I didn't see anything. All I could think about was my own suffering, and I hurried through that underpass with my eyes straight ahead. But I did figure out why you chose to show that place to me in particular. It's obviously because I'm such a handsome devil." He then explained that all the people lying there in the darkness had handsome, classical features; in other words, good-looking men run a high risk of ending up living in an underpass. A man falls deeper and deeper in love with himself, not listening to what anyone tells him and the next thing he knows he's lying in an underpass, and is no longer even human. Dazai then guessed that people nowadays can reach rock bottom, end up naked, and still need to smoke. The reporters pointed a camera in the direction of Dazai and the boys, when he preached to them: "Don't let your looks concern you, don't smoke cigarettes, don't drink except on special occasions, and find yourself a shy, moderately stylish girl, and fall in love for a long, long time".

Later, one of the reporters brought Dazai two of the photographs, which Dazai believed would lead to the following misinterpretation: "Dazai's such a poseur. Look at him imitating Jesus washing the feet of his disciples." However, his wife, looking at the pictures, asked seriously, "Bums? Is that what a bum looks like?" He describes his wife as having no sense of humour. She simply mistook *him* for a bum. Also in this story he took on an *ecce homo* pose. Maybe he wanted to provoke the established writers by playing with his appearance as a handsome devil, a bum, and/or Jesus Christ, which a serious Christian might mistake for blasphemy.

"Family Happiness" was published after the author's death in July 1948. The reader soon recognizes Dazai in the "I" of the narrative. The thread of the story begins with the author listening to an interview program on the radio. A government bureaucrat is talking to a "man on the street". When he finishes, Dazai imagines this bureaucrat going home to be welcomed and flattered by his family. This, says Dazai, is one kind of family happiness; but government bureaucrats can earn only at the expense of people like Dazai. Finally, Dazai asks his reader to imagine another happy family, that of Shuji Tsushima. The name, Dazai adds, does not refer to anyone in particular. If he used another name, that person might take offense. Shuji Tsushima, a government bureaucrat, buys a new radio for his family to replace the one which was

broken three years ago. So anxious is he to return home to show off the radio that he refuses to wait on a lady who has come into the office just at closing time. The lady begs Tsushima to register a birth. When he tells her to come back tomorrow, she replies: "If not today, what trouble I'll have tomorrow." That evening the woman drowns herself in the Tamagawa Watercourse. Dazai ends "Family Happiness" with the remark: "Family happiness is the source of all evils." Possibly, Dazai was trying to rationalize his own rejection of "family happiness". But, since Tsushima's concern for the welfare of his family is destructive to society is one to conclude that Dazai's neglect of his family somehow benefits society?

In February 1948, Dazai started to write *Thus Have I Heard* It is his only work of literary criticism. It is written in a very emotional style and expresses Dazai's hatred towards those established writers who did not change their attitudes after the war. He felt they were opportunists and philistines who were only interested in their material wellbeing, their reputations as great men of letters and being flattered by younger people, because they wanted to maintain an order in which juniors have to obey seniors. Some critics say that Dazai exaggerated the Japanese feeling of disorientation after the war, since he preferred emotions to reason and invectives to logical arguments, although his nasty remarks in all directions and tirades of hatred lessened

his persuasive power. One has the impression that Dazai held back his anger for years deep in his subconscious until it finally exploded.

The style of this work is not at all simple. Some passages sound quite colloquial, there are quotations from literature and the Bible, and there are also sentences which he imitated the style of the Bible. Dazai dictated these essays in greatest haste. Some critics say he did not try to make himself understandable and also did not expect to be understood.

At the beginning of *Thus Have I Heard* is a quotation from the poet Paul Verlaine: "it is important to find the gods of the enemy and beat them up." Dazai attacks writers who study French literature and try to impress educated philistines by rattling off names of French authorrs, but the brunt of his criticism is directed at the highly respected masters of letters and their overwhelming self-confidence. Dazai says they are under the thumbs of their wives and there is even smell of bog in their masterpieces; they criticize Dazai's work as morbid, because they are so insensitive that they cannot understand the beauty of fragility, which lets them hurt others easily. Dazai reproaches some writers and scholars, saying they would have been guilty of complicity in crucifying Jesus Christ if they had lived at that time, and now they declare him as a martyr. Dazai, as a premonition of his suicide, might have compared himself

with Jesus Christ discussing with the Pharisees and Scribes who brought him finally to death by crucifixion.

Dazai argues the specialists for foreign literature have only a quite feeble knowledge about the Bible, which makes it impossible to understand western literature. They are only proud of their handsome features and their white gloves, he claims, and the culmination of their efforts is the translation of foreign literature, but they should not write essays, because they are not more than language teachers. They blindly admire a writer who has been regarded as a "genius" or a "master of poetry" for more than hundred years but they have no confidence in foreign language in which they specialize; for them "gracefulness" is a comfortable home life under a red-tiled roof.

Dazai is surprised that, when travelling to foreign countries, specialists in foreign literature are on the same level as the commoners, who are afraid of but interested in foreign countries; scholars' travels to western countries are not more than an excursion to Tokyo for the villagers. Dazai argues that their interest in foreign countries have been always very superficial but that nobody wrote about the depressing loneliness in those countries. Someone who can skillfully kill his time for three years in a western country has the chance to become a professor and make his parents happy, but the

stories about travels in foreign countries give an impression of emptiness and are not so different from those of villagers about their experiences in Tokyo. Dazai is also rather distressed about the stupidity of a specialist of foreign literature who wrote that the original Villon is different from Dazai's Villon. Another critic wrote that "The Father" was interesting while he was reading it but that the next day there was no impression left in his mind any more. Dazai, very puzzled about this reaction, commented that if this critic insisted on a hangover, he would be greedy and lecherous; according to Dazai, the most important quality of literature is "kindness" and the writer's efforts must have that quality in order to touch the reader's heart .He compares an author's efforts to those of a cook and concludes that readers and diners who demand a hangover are vulgar. As well, Dazai says that age and rank do not matter in the relationship among writers: in a democracy, he says, nobody is allowed to subjugate others. Nonetheless, seniors pretend to be "higher beings" and abuse their higher positions. This kind of violence and immorality, egoism, cold-bloodedness and arrogance results in the submissive attitude on the reader's side; seniors should respect juniors. Dazai laments nobody has learned that.

The reason for such venomous language (particularly against Naoya Shiga) can be traced back to Shiga's criticizing "The Setting Sun" and "The Culprit". Here, Dazai is

fighting back against Shiga's theme of comfortable happiness, his self-esteem which Dazai thinks is founded in his material safety, his egocentric behavior, his fake virtuousness, and an insincere anti-militarism influenced by Kanzo Uchimura, a Christian evangelical writer.[61] The splendor of Shiga's works is no more than his conceit about the strength of his muscles, and his virtuousness consists only in protecting himself and his family. With these terrible tirades of hatred against Shiga on one side, Dazai says he has to struggle hard with the commandment: Love your neighbor like yourself'—an injunction which he believes Shiga does not understand. When Dazai writes that he personally does not feel any grudge against Shiga, he does not sound either convincing or ironic. He, however, might be reflecting his own discrepancy, his own inability to reconcile his own uncontrollable hatred and the commandment.

How Naoya Shiga criticized Dazai's "Culprit" is the crux of Dazai's anger. Shiga pointed out in his critique that he did not read "Culprit" to its end because he already recognized the "point" of the story at its beginning. Replying to Shiga, Dazai emphasized that this story has no point and criticized Shiga's method of hiding his own point, a technique which is admired by great men of letters as the peak of

[61] Kanzo Uchimura (1861-1930) was a journalist and pacifist who first came to attention when he opposed the Russo-Japanese War in 1903. After spending some time in the United States, he became an evangelical Christian and wrote several works in English.

ingenuity. Literature is not sport, Dazai said, but a service for the reader, and the reader should not be hurt. He then commented on a picture of Shiga as a young boy, saying that Shiga looks like is a "muscle head" who likes to mob weaker boys; if he were a little bit older, Dazai said insultingly, a gardener's overall would suit him perfectly. According to Dazai, there is nothing but self-congratulation in Shiga's critique. He attacks Shiga further, claiming that "A Dark Night's Passing" is written at the level of an elementary school composition. Furthermore, Shiga lives in wealth and health with a good wife and children who respect him, Dazai says, and his visitors grovel at his feet and call him master. When one considers this *ad hominem*, it appears that Dazai is spitting blood at the same time as he is trying to write a "pure" novel. With three sick children, Dazai and his wife could not laugh from the bottom of their hearts, as their house had broken sliding doors and the paper of the windows was torn.

Dazai argues that Shiga's work has no message and only hypocritically describes sweet home life; the heroes in his stories are spoiled and moody, corrupted hedonists who are proud of the strength of their muscles. His stories "Kuniko" and "The Story of Child Abduction" are embarrassingly full of self-praise. Dazai thinks Shiga's stories are only a senile waffle; he is a lazy and shameless swindler, who has no idea of Akutagawa's sufferings and weakness, no idea of the Holy Bible, no idea of fear of life

or the prayer in fear of failure; he behaves bossily, like the leader of hooligans, and thinks he is general Nogi.[62]

Thus Have I Heard, Dazai's single work of literary criticism, remained unfinished. He planned to publish it in a monthly series over one year. In February 1948, being too weak to write, he began dictating the work to his secretary to his "secretary" Tomie Yamazaki. It was published in installments from March to July by Shincho Publishers (in April he took a break). In November the serial was released as a book with the title *Thus Have I Heard*. It is a pity that he could not have completed it. Aside from his personal attacks against Naoya Shiga, one learns much about the literary situation and the cultural life in Japan during the postwar era.

Dazai's death caused a shock in the literary world. The writers attacked in *Thus Have I Heard* reacted on hearing the news of his death as well. Kozo Kawamura, who was surely one of the "specialists for foreign literature", expressed his sorrow on hearing of Dazai's passing, saying it became clear to him that writing literature is not a way for getting pleasure. Although Dazai slapped the specialists in foreign literature in their faces and one cannot totally agree with his hysterical remarks, there is much advice in *Thus Have I Heard* he will respect in future; he will accept the criticism on men

[62] General Count Nogi Maresuke (1849-1912) was a hero of the Russo-Japanese War, after which he spent a great deal of his own money on hospitals and became known as a symbol of loyalty and sacrifice. He caused a sensation when he, together with his wife, committed *seppuku* (ritual suicide) with his wife at the death of Emperor Meiji.

of letters whom Dazai gave the label "foreign writers" and he will also reflect about the complaint that he has no sympathy for other contemporary writers.

Naoya Shiga reacted to the news of Dazai's death by saying that he accepts suicide as a mean of euthanasia, but that *shinju* (the suicide of two lovers) disgusts him. He apologized: saying that Dazai who was already psychologically and physically weak may have been hurt more than Shiga inteneded. The suicide was not only a great misfortune for Dazai, Shiga says, but also for himself; it was a pity that Ibuse did not cheer up Dazai a bit.

It should also be noted that Tateo Okuno praises *Thus Have I Heard* as "a historical monument of criticism on established Japanese literature": Dazai's well-written sentences, evidence of the author's fighting spirit, are directed against Naoya Shiga and other established writers whose arrogant self- confidence did not change during the war and postwar, about the flatterers surrounding them and the men of letters with their craziness for western literature, their authoritarian thinking and their slavish behavior without any point of view. These were suppressed for a long time in Dazai's subconscious, but suddenly, they came out in a wild explosion and Dazai wrote about them, as if he were risking his life. Many readers may probably think they are hysterical, but, I am a little naïve perhaps, as they are for me a historical monument of

criticism against established Japanese literature on the highest level.

Dazai was the only writer who protested against Naoya Shiga. No other writer or critic dared to do because Shiga was the "God of the I-Novel (*shishosetsu*)". His short stories and novels established one of the first literary styles with which modern Japanese thinking and feelings could be expressed convincingly and precisely. He could combine untranslatable or incoherent elements of the Japanese language, such as written and colloquial forms, and create a literary tool, with which he was able to describe the characters' feelings in details.

Some critics say that Dazai's furious protest against Shiga was evidence of his self-destructive impulses which could be already found between the lines of *No Longer Human*. Without *thanatos*, he would not have written such emotionally-charged and nasty sentences against Shiga, a fellow writer, who in return could have understood Dazai and his work. In the end, it seems that Dazai protested against Japanese traditional ideas, such as the senior-junior relationship (*senpai – kouhai*), the Japanese social obligation and feelings (*giri and ninjo*), filial piety (*oyakoko*) and harmony (*wa).* Naturally the target of his attack was the personification of all these ideas, Naoya Shiga. Although *Thus Have I Heard* was written more than sixty years ago and many names in it are perhaps already forgotten, what Dazai wrote about in it still offers

readers important information with which they may understand the Japan of today.

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Two poems by Louise Halfe (Sky Dancer)

Grouse

I placed his hand on the paper,
a grouse's fantail
splayed on a dancing tree.
My drawing stick outlines
as he patiently waits.

I purr into his jackrabbit ears
and nibble his lobes.
The braided candle
flames out shadows
against the mud-straw walls

We've few evenings like this
my father and I
when his voice drums
hunting stories.
His eyes spirit dance,
and his hands wave,
curve and buck
into creatures of the night.

Tonight I've caputured them.
They rest
bark, on cool leaves
and warm against my cheek.

from *Bear Bones & Feathers*, permission for use by the publisher, Couteau Books, 1994.

Ships on the Reserve

I grew up in mud
my dolls earth
scratching
on lye painted walls
straw, horsehair,
a bluebird's nest
plastered by my fingers
between wind whistling
aspen cracks and
mother's quilts.

I never saw a TV
never heard of ships
yet
ships were in the
bowels of the earth
where I dug tunnels
and ate earth crumbles
devilled with tiny red
and whie eggs
I'd stuff till my
tongue thickened
in blackness.

I'd emerge
slap bannock dough
on slabs of cardboard
charcoal stick figures
with long eyelashes
massive hearts
smiles stretched
across the slough
where string snakes sang

My ship moved and
I travelled in brick walls
starched, clean as Mary
in her bluebird robe,
heart throbbing
plastered against her
chest. I pried it loose
saw through the smile.

My ship, my ship
mud bricks
crumbling in my mouth.

--from *Bear Bones & Feathers*, permission to print by the publisher, Couteau Press, 1994.

The Coma

a play in one act

by Phyllis Mcleod

CHARACTERS

ANDREW GREY EYES: A tall, thin, scraggly-looking man who is in his late 40's with filthy fingernails, with long graying greasy hair, dark withdrawn brown eyes, and a look of sadness and hopelessness. He is dressed in a typical blue hospital gown throughout all the scenes except for the last scene. In the last scene he wears blue jeans, white socks and a white t-shirt.

MILES TWO HATS: A Cree Shaman in his late 50's. His braided hair is grey and neatly kept.
A quiet man by nature with a look of wisdom on his wrinkling face, he wears a white typical hospital gown.

DR. EDMUND MOORE: He is a local doctor with short blonde hair and blue eyes. He is dressed daily in immaculate white. He lives like the aunt scurrying about and always busy as a bee.

ELIZABETH BLUE SKY: The local nurse assigned to Andrew Grey Eyes and Miles Two Hats. She carries constantly an aura of love and caring.

MARCUS GREY EYES: He is the father of Andrew Grey Eyes and he is in his early 70's. A quiet man who doesn't say much, he keeps to himself. When he does speak, everyone listens intensively in show of respect.

CARLA GREY EYES: She is Andrew Grey Eyes mother and is in her early 70's. She has long black hair that she keeps tied up in a big bun and always adorned with a beaded floral hair piece. She carries an aura of wisdom and has a caring personality.

ANNA WHITE FISH: She is an ex- girl friend of Andrew Grey Eyes. She is in her late 40's. She wears long dresses with colorful Navaho print. Her hair is long and shines as black as night. She wears a far away look. You could sense her sadness.

SHAUN WHITEFISH: He is Anna White Fish's son. Shaun is 15 years of age and a tall striking young man. He has long shiny black hair that reaches his waist. He keeps it neatly braided. He is a typical teenager with Nike sneakers, blue jeans and big baggy shirts.

SCENE:

(The background stage is broken in two separate areas. The lighting would identify which scenery the actors are at. Anna White Fish's kitchen table is red with a lilac center piece. Clara Grey Eye's table cloth is purple with a white center piece of flowers. The other separate scene is two hospital beds. A mannequin lies on each of the beds. The mannequins do not face the crowd and both mannequins have wigs similar to the two actors. On each side of the beds sits a wooden chair on the right side of each of the beds. Andrew Grey Eyes awakens in a chair at the local hospital bed only to see his body lying on white immaculate sheets. Next to him lies the body of the local shaman, Miles Two Hats. The spirit of Miles Two Hats sits on a brown

wooden chair beside his body with his legs outstretched and his arms crossed against his chest. The bodies of both men are white as snow. White powder is used on the actors to portray their ghostly image.)

ANDREW: What the hell is happening? *(Scratches his head in confusion)* How can this be?

MILES: Hello Andrew and what happened to you?

ANDREW: I was beat up by two white guys at the White Horse Tavern.

MILES: Why did they beat you up?

ANDREW: First of all, what is happening? What are we? Are we dead?

MILES: No! We are not dead. Our spirits have separated from our body.

ANDREW: I really don't understand, but I do know I do not want to be here. The Creator has really played a good one on us. I really would not blame him for not wanting me. Why could he possibly not want you?

MILES: We're not dead, and we're still alive. We have unfinished business and we will not go on, nor return, until our unfinished business is complete. I guess we have to figure out what that is.

ANDREW: I'm only a town drunk, what possible unfinished business could I

Have? I drank, I got drunk, and then I passed out. No problem.

MILES: Let's figure yours out first.

ANDREW: How are we going to do that?

MILES: Well, let's start at your house and let's see what's happening there.

ANDREW: You lead the way. I'll follow. *(lights down stage right)*

SCENE:

(The lights go on stage left. They arrive at Andrew Grey Eyes parent's kitchen. It is the home where Andrew grew up. The kitchen table is covered by a purple table cloth. There is a center piece of lilac flowers. His mother sits at the table with her hands covering her face, as she cries softly, while her husband stands behind her slowly soothing her back.)

MILES: Your parents have a beautiful home.

ANDREW: *(sighs)* Yes, my father and mother worked hard to make us comfortable.

MILES: Can I ask how and why you became a drunk?

ANDREW: A woman of course. She had long and shiny black hair with the cutest dimple on her right cheek. Her name was Anna White

Fish. We were going to be married. I found her in the arms of my best friend, Leonard Two Hawks. It was then the darkness consumed me. Nothing could describe the pain I felt. I went into a deep and endless depression. Only liquor could numb the never ending pain.

MILES: Women! *(shaking his head)*

MILES: Both of your parents are home.

CARLA: *(Miles and Andrew stand at the doorway listening to the conversation. Carla Grey Eyes sits at the table sobbing quietly as her tears stream down her face.)*

Dr. Moore said our son is in critical condition.

MARCUS: How did he get side tracked and become his own worst enemy? Did I not teach him of the red road, the medicine wheel teachings? The teachings say if you are your own worst enemy, your heart will become closed and your spirit dark. We must learn to forgive one another. Now he will never know of his son. If he is to live, he must teach these things to his son.

ANDREW: If I had a heart on me right now, I would have a heart attack. I, I, I

have a son. *(yells at the top of his ghostly voice, but Miles is the only one who can hear him)* I HAVE A SON.

MILES: Congratulations. Who is the mother?

ANDREW: Anna must have had my child and not told me.

MILES: What ever happened to Leonard Two Hawks?

ANDREW: I forgave him but couldn't find it in my heart to forgive Anna. She moved to the neighboring town and I haven't seen her since. Leonard and I became the town drunks. Today he's short and stubby. He felt so guilty for what he did, and I guess he couldn't forgive himself. I just let him join me in my daily misery.

MILES: Remember that spirits can travel at the speed of light. How would you like to go and see Anna and your son?

ANDREW: YES! YES! (He yells with great excitement.)

MILES: Well, what are we waiting for?

SCENE

(The lights go out stage left to indicate that they have left Andrew Grey Eye's parent's house. The lights go on stage left to indicate and they have arrived at the scene of Anna White Fish's kitchen. In

the middle of her red table cloth sits a center piece of white roses.)

ANDREW: *(stands watching Anna who is sitting at the table crying)* I wish I could hold her in my arms once more.

SHAUN: *(a tall teen walks in and hugs his crying mother)* Mom, what's the matter?

ANNA: *(sobbing quietly)* I should have told you long ago, but your dad is alive. He is seriously ill in the hospital. We don't know if he will make it. There is a lot of things I should have done. Your father's name is Andrew Grey Eyes. I have always loved him. Maybe things would have turned out differently if I had told him so. *(starts sobbing wildly)*

SHAUN: *(Shaun has a shocked look on his face.)* Why didn't you tell me? *(His shock has turned to anger as he yells at his mother.)* I had a right to know! If he dies you will have taken any chance for me to have gotten to know him. I don't know if I can forgive you for that. I need to go and see him RIGHT NOW!

ANNA: *(now sobbing with hysterically)*

ANDREW: Oh, Anna please don't cry, I am right here.

MILES: She can't hear you Andrew. *(looking at Andrew solemnly with sadness)*

ANDREW I can't take anymore. I want to go back to the hospital.

MILES: Ok, let's go. *(lights go down stage left)*

SCENE

(Lights go on stage right. They are back in the hospital room. Their bodies lay in the same position they left them in. There is no change. Both men walk to their bodies to observe the condition of their bodies. No change. A Doctor and nurse walk in unaware of the two spirits.)

DR. MOORE: Mr. Grey Eye's comatose condition remains the same. Have another x-ray done to check on the condition of his blood forced trauma. He must have a strong heart because his blood pressure is stable. *(The doctor writes in his note pad and turns to leave the room.)*

ELIZABETH: Yes Doctor. *(The nurse puts a thermometer under Andrew's armpit. She removes the thermometer and writes on her medical clip*

board then removes a dangling hair from Andrew's forehead and whispers to him quietly.)

Come on Andrew, wake up. *(She turns to leave the room.)*

MILES: That is one caring nurse. Anyway, have you figured out your unfinished business?

ANDREW: Yes, I think I have.

MILES: What is it?

ANDREW: It is Anna and my son. They need me and I need them. I want to live. *(He gets on his hands and knees and begins to pray.)* Creator, I pray and ask for your mercy. Grant this old soul another chance so that I may live to honor you each day. I will work hard to live a balanced life according to the medicine wheel teachings.

I am sorry I wasted all these years. I have forgiven, my heart is no longer closed and my spirit is no longer dark. I want to live the red road you have given me. I want to live. I want to live. Please have mercy.

MILES: The spiritual world is real. To be a healthy human being one has to look after their physical, emotional, mental and spiritual well

being. Honor and thank the Creator daily for all your blessings. Do not forget to cleanse yourself by smudging daily. Smudge your eyes, ears, mouth, and your whole being. The medicine wheel teaches that we smudge to clean our minds so that we'll have good thoughts of others. We smudge our eyes so that we'll only see the truth about others. We smudge our ears so that we'll only listen to the truth about others. We smudge our mouth so that we'll speak the truth about others. We smudge our whole being so that we may portray the good part of ourselves through our actions. This is our guide for daily living.

ANDREW: We can now figure out your unfinished business. Where shall we begin?

MILES: You are my unfinished business. I have been sent to help you. My life has been full. By the time you return to your physical form I will be dead. It has been nice knowing you. I will see you again when it is your turn to join our creator.

ANDREW: *(The mannequins are removed and both actors are in their hospital beds when the lights go up stage right. The white powder has been*

removed from both actors to indicate they are no longer ghosts. Andrew holds his head moaning in pain.)

Good bye and thank you my friend, I will see you one day.

ELIZABETH: *(looks at Andrew who returns her glare)* Well, well, Andrew you are back with the living. How are you feeling?

ANDREW: My head is killing me. *(The nurse goes to check on Miles then runs out the door to fetch Dr. Moore.)*

DR. MOORE: (*takes his stethoscope and puts it to Mile's body then covers his body with a white cotton blanket.)*

Time of death July 18, 2005—3:25 p.m. Nurse Blue Sky, please note that on his chart.

ELIZABETH: Yes, Doctor Moore. Mr. Grey Eyes has also awoken.

DR. MOORE: *(walks over to Andrew and checks all his vital signs)*

ANDREW: Anna, can you ever forgive me for my stupidity all these years?

ANNA: I forgave you many years ago. I have waited for you all these years.

ANDREW: Anna, I have never stopped loving you.

ANNA: I have never loved anyone else but you, but I have something to

tell you.

ANDREW: (*glared at her with a fixated smile trying very hard to sound surprised)* I'm listening.

ANNA: I want you to meet your son Shaun.

SHAUN: Hi dad.

ANDREW: *(He looks caringly into Shaun's eyes.)* Hi son. Come and give your old dad a hug.

SHAUN: *(bends and kisses him on the left cheek)* Nice to meet you, finally.

ANDREW: Son, I am sorry for all these wasted years. I didn't know about you. I have years to make up for.

ANNA: *(says with a wavering voice)* None of that matters now because we have the rest of our lives to love one another.

ANDREW: I have been given a second chance and I am going to take advantage of every moment.

ANNA: *(She says with genuine concern.)* We want you well and able to Come home, so we had better let you get some rest. *(Anna and Shaun leave the room.)*

ELIZABETH: Well Andrew, no more hospital rooms for you. The Doctor

said you can go home in a few days.

MARCUS: *(With both hands in his pocket he strides into his son's room whistling quietly.)* Hello my boy. I am so relieved you are going to be well. Your mom hurt her leg, so she won't be able to come to see you today. So, I hear you are moving in with Anna and your son.

ANDREW Yes, I am. I have been given a second chance at life. Can you bring me some sweet grass, sweet grass, tobacco and sage? I made a promise to someone to return to the red road. Thank you for teaching me the red road Dad.

MARCUS: It is a responsibility we take on as parents. Now, you have a son to teach all that I have taught you. As a grand-father I will help my family in any way I can. *(Father exits the stage and the lights go out stage right.)*

SCENE

(*The lights go on stage left indicating that they are in the kitchen of Anna White Fish. Andrew, Shaun and Marcus are all sitting at the table. A medium sized wooden smudge bowl is positioned in front of Andrew. Anna stands to the left of Andrew. Carla stands to the right of Andrew. Andrew is wearing blue jeans, white socks, and a white t-shirt. His hair is neatly braided.)*

ANDREW: Anna, can you bring me my sage, cedar, tobacco and sweet grass?

ANNA: *(hands him the sage, cedar, tobacco and sweet grass)* Here you go dear.

MARCUS: I can't begin to tell you how my heart soars with such great happiness, my son, to have my family whole.

SHAUN: *(speaks quickly with great excitement)* I can't begin to tell you how awesome it is to have a dad, grand-father and a grand-mother. I am still a bit in shock, but a good shock.

CARLA: I am the happiest mother, hey now I am a grand-mother. *(looks at her grand-son and smiles)* I am going to enjoy my family.

ANDREW: *(Andrew lights the four sacred smudges and begins to pray.)* Creator, I thank you for sending me Miles. Thank you for my second chance at life. I pray that you continue to guide me in all aspects of my life. I thank you for my family and my parents. Bless this house and all who dwell within. I pray that all may feel your presence within our home. I smudge in all four directions in your honor. I thank you for all the teachings you have sent me. I pray for your continued guidance and presence in my life.

(The curtains close with Andrew Grey Eye's arms uplifted honoring the Creator. There is the background music of a drum beating and an Honor Song being sung.)

FINIS

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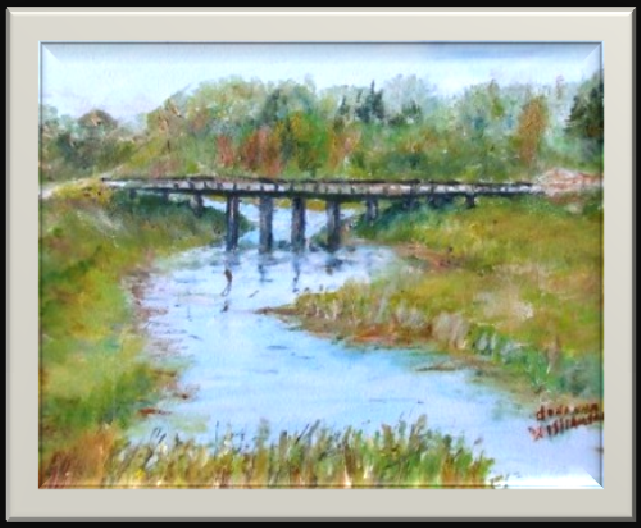
gallery *quint*

Joanne Fulford

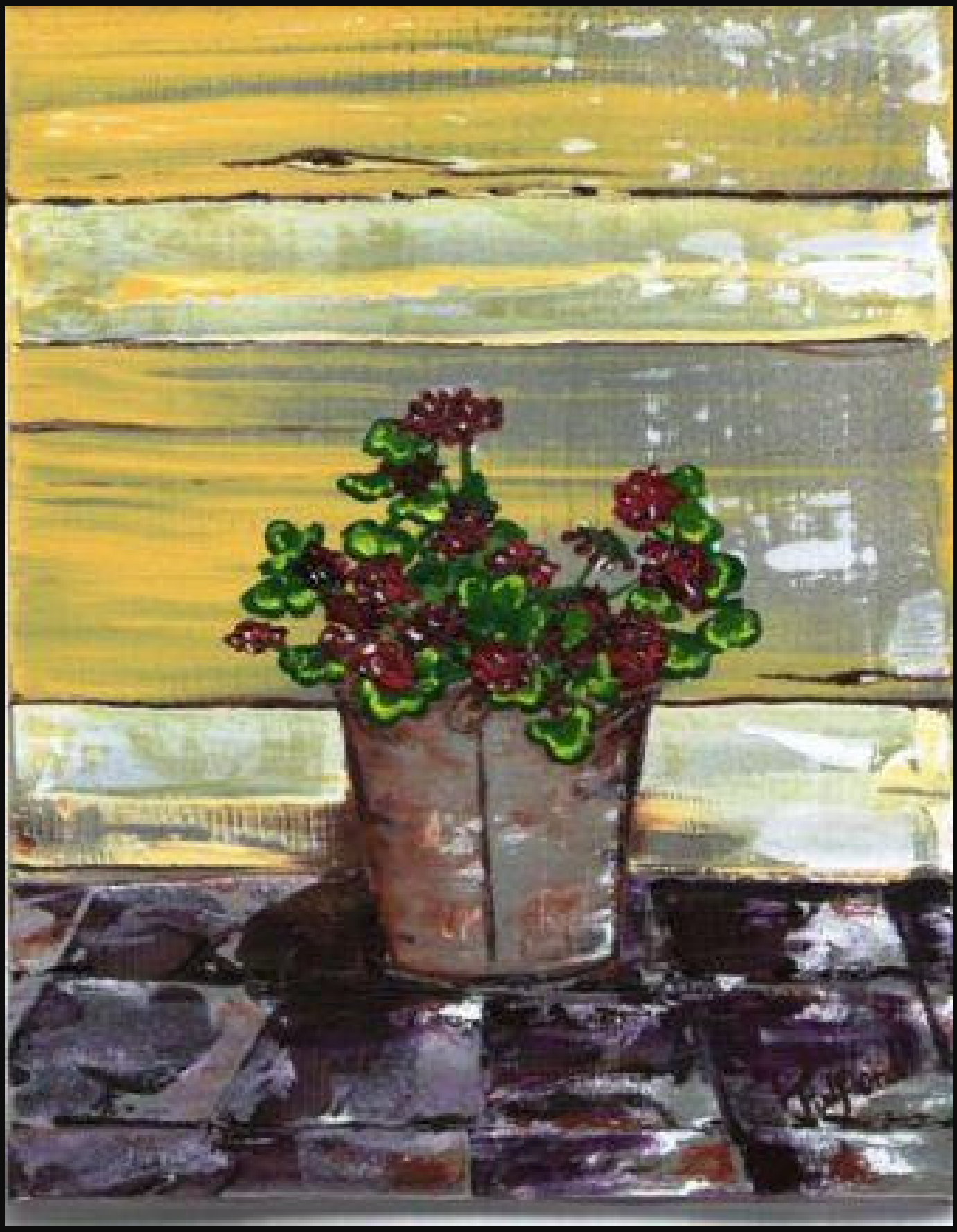
Johanna Williamson

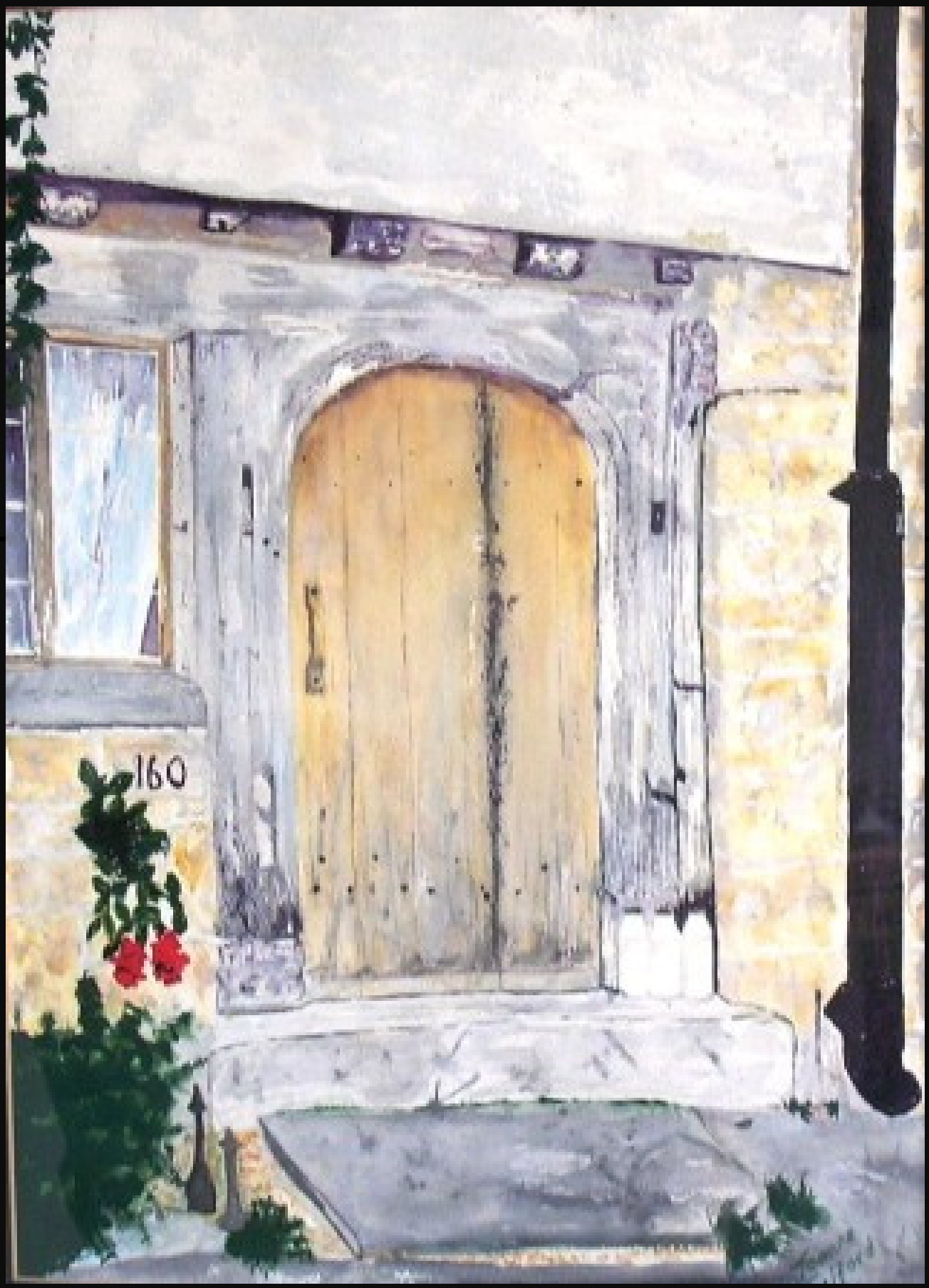


Joanne (Chrisp)Fulford

Born in Virden and and raised on a farm near Clandeboye, Manitoba, Joanne Fulford discovered her love for art as a young teenager. In Grade Seven, she began drawing and took her first painting class. After marrying and moving to The Pas, she began to paint more often. Currently, she is interested in questions of detail and texture. She finds old wood particularly compelling, as her studies of fences, doorways, and trees attest. Primarily self-taught, she continues to develop her range, which already runs from the representational to the naif. Fulford works with many mediums—watercolour, acrylic, oil, stained glass, and fabric. Well acquainted with canvas and paper, she enjoys mixing media and employing folk art techniques: in some cases, her subjects provide her with the materials for their own surfaces. However Fulford chooses to work, her inspirations are always ones deeply rooted in her love for family, home, and the natural world.


Fulford
'07

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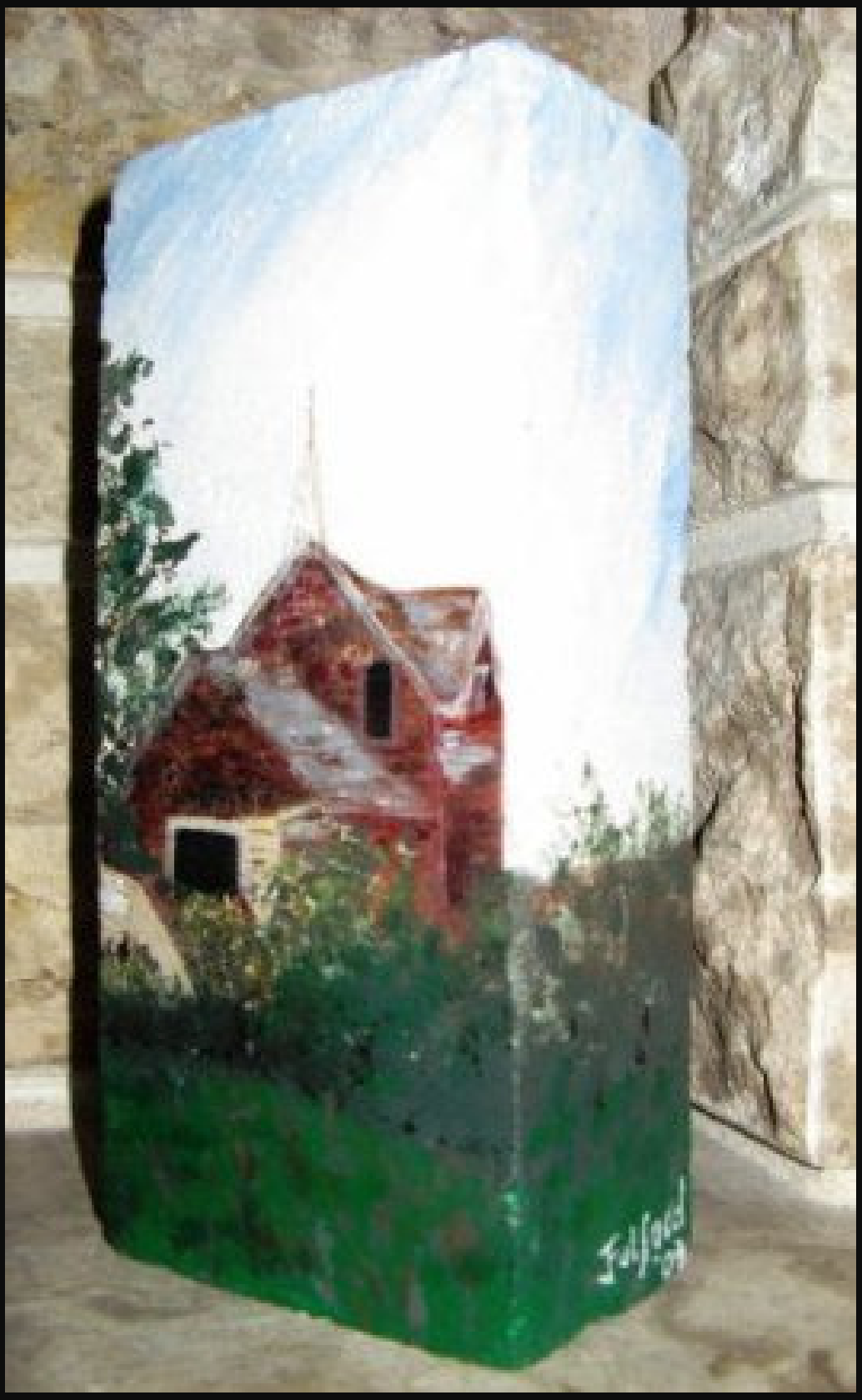
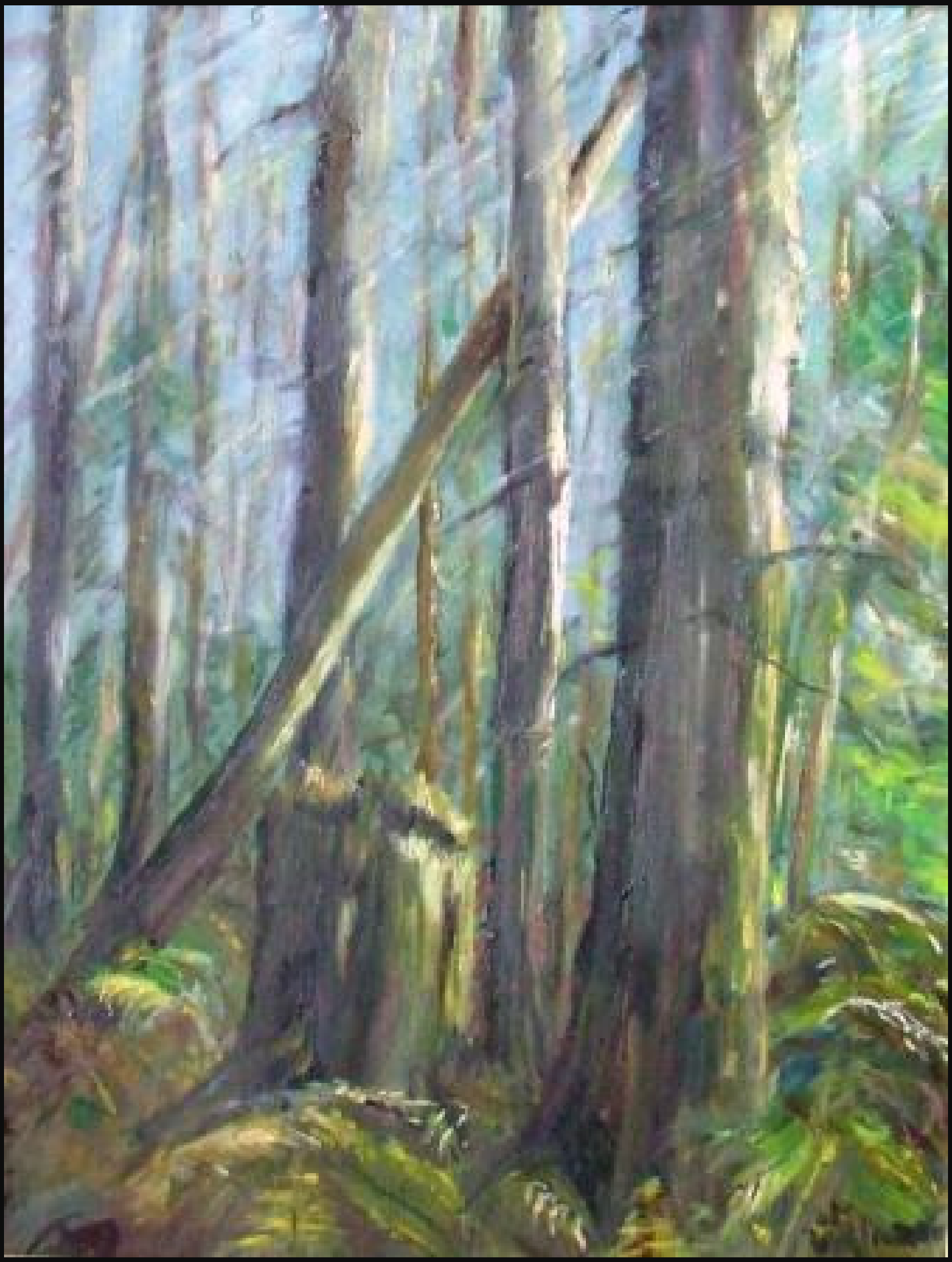



SWEET
JAZZ

Johanna Williamson

Born and raised in Prince Edward Island, Johanna Williamson moved to Manitoba in 1959. In 1969, she settled on a farm in the "Valley" just outside The Pas. Working in acrylic and oil, Williamson specializes in landscapes. Her mural work is found beside the Opasquia Times in The Pas. Williamson's formal training in composition and technique took place at an early age, but she did not continue with her art until later in life. Painting, she says, is an activity which she picked up again when recovering from an illness. Primarily self-taught, Williamson continues to develop her style, exploring the relationships between form and light in the North.



REVIEWS

John Butler

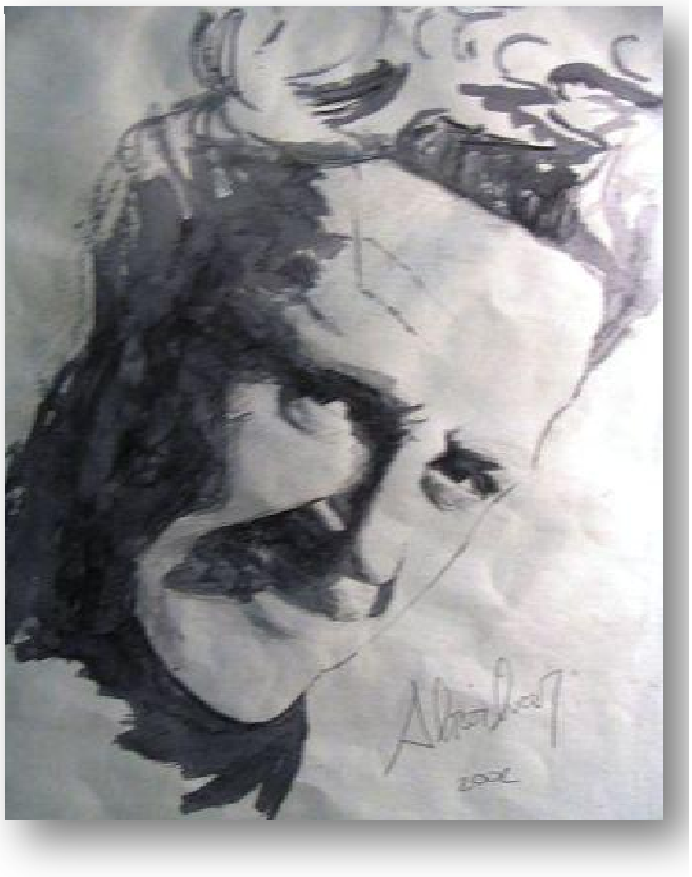
Nazim Hikmet, *Poems of Nazim Hikmet*. Revised and expanded edition. Randy Blasing and Mutlu Konuk, Trs., with an Introduction by Carolyn Forché. New York: Persea Books, 2002. $29.95.

Standing Up for the Human Spirit

One cold December day this reviewer was casually leafing through an anthology of Turkish love-poems when I came across someone by the name of Nazim Hikmet, a name which meant absolutely nothing at all at the time, but whose poems jumped out from the page as being exceptional. They were cheerful and optimistic, even romantic, but the author, as I learned, was a committed communist for whom the number thirteen was truly unlucky, as it turned out he had spent thirteen years in prison and the last thirteen years of his life in exile. It didn't seem to fit that communists, dedicated materialists as they are, could also be romantics, and I wondered how Hikmet did it. More serendipitous events followed; I asked a colleague if she knew anything about Hikmet, and it turned out that she had just purchased this book, which I then insisted she sell me! I was keen to find out more about this writer, and ended up being astonished at my own ignorance; according to the Introduction, Hikmet is "known around the world as one of the great international poets of the twentieth century, and his poetry has been translated into more than fifty languages" (xiii). As much contemporary and modern poetry leaves me cold or indifferent, I was delighted to find that in the case of Hikmet, as with my third "prison" writer Mahmoud Darwish, I just wanted to read more and more. Randy Blasing, Mutlu Konuk, Carolyn Forché and Persea Books are to be congratulated for making this expanded volume of Hikmet's poetry

available, and for fittingly issuing it on the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth.

Nazim Hikmet Ran (1902-1963) was born in Salonika into a fairly privileged background when the Ottoman Empire was still intact. His father, Hikmet Pasha, was in the Ottoman Foreign Service and his



Nazim Hikmet

mother, Celil Hanim, was an artist and a grand-daughter of Mehmet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt; Hikmet's grandfather, also a pasha, wrote poetry, and it was through his family's friends that Nazim became interested in writing. The family moved to Istanbul, and after publishing his first poetry in 1919, Hikmet did some teaching, got married for the first time (he was to marry four more times) and studied at the Naval Academy, but soon became interested in the events following the Russian Revolution, leaving Turkey in 1922 for Russia, where he stayed for two years and attended university in Moscow, becoming increasingly radicalized and determined to fight social injustice at home. In 1924, after writing some articles for a leftist publication in Turkey, he was arrested for the first time; after two years in prison he escaped and returned to Russia, where he mixed in literary circles, meeting the crazy futurist poet Vladimir Mayakovsky (erstwhile husband of the equally crazy American dancer Isadora Duncan) and the relatively, but not too sane theatre director Vsevolod Meyerhold, for whom he worked until 1928, when he returned home once more, but during the next ten years he was in and out of prison on various spurious charges related to the fact that Turkey had outlawed the Communist Party, to which Hikmet now formally belonged. The years 1929-36 were poetically productive for Hikmet; he published no fewer than nine books and completely revolutionized Turkish poetry, employing free verse and colloquial

language instead of the formal structures and elevated language which were characteristic of Ottoman poetry and which had survived the demise of the Empire. He also published plays and novels and worked at several jobs in publishing, editing and screenwriting as he had to support his third wife, a growing extended family and an ageing widowed mother. In 1938 Hikmet discovered just how powerful his poetry was and how ridiculous, but dangerous, the stupidity of government authorities could be—he was arrested and sentenced to twenty-eight years in prison because it turned out that Turkish army cadets were reading his poetry, and that Hikmet's words, according to the police, had incited them to rebel. They had singled out as particularly pernicious *The Epic of Sheikh Bedreddin* (1936), which was about a governor's son who led a Turkish peasant rebellion in the fifteenth century and who preached communal property; the cadets were all supposed to be reading it and plotting the overthrow of the fledgling Turkish Republic. He was to remain in prison until 1950, when he was released following a general amnesty. During his incarceration Hikmet had continued to publish poetry, which he smuggled out of prison through letters to his family, and an international committee which included such luminaries as Jean-Paul Sartre and Picasso had opened a strong campaign to free him, all of which helped his reputation abroad.

Hikmet did not enjoy freedom for long; there were two attempts made to run him over in Istanbul, and then he was told that he would have to do military service, even though he was fifty and had heart problems. That was the last straw for Hikmet—he stole a motor-boat and took off across the Bosphorus one stormy night, and finally persuaded a passing Romanian ship to pick him up. He ended up once more in Moscow, where he was welcomed by the Soviet government and given a house in the writers' colony at Peredelkino; finally, he was safe, and although he had a heart attack in 1952 Hikmet did a lot of travelling, not just in Eastern Europe but to Cuba and Africa as well. In 1959 he was formally deprived of Turkish citizenship and decided to become Polish, "explaining that he had inherited his blue eyes and red hair from a Polish ancestor who was a seventeenth-century revolutionary" (xvi), although it was actually his maternal grandfather Mustafa Celaleddin Pasha (1826-1876) who had been the Pole; his name had been Konstantin Polzokic-Borzecki before he converted to Islam. Hikmet died of another heart attack in Moscow (June, 1963), and of course, as soon as he was dead his poems began once more to be

published in Turkey, where he still enjoys immense popularity, his reputation as a great national poet secure at last. Wherever he may be now, the irony would likely not be lost on him.

Orhan Pamuk, in his intriguing account of childhood and growing-up in one of the world's great cities, *Istanbul*, writes about a melancholy longing that he sees in the souls of anyone who lives there. The poetry of Nazim Hikmet, who grew up in Istanbul, exhibits some of this melancholy, but always worn lightly, with a sense of wry humour and a determination not to feel sorry for himself, at least not for very long. In "Letters from Chankiri Prison," for example, Hikmet writes:

I'm cold
But not sad.
This privilege is reserved for us:
on winter days in prison,
and not just in prison
but in the big world
that should
and will
be warm,
to be cold
but not sad. . .
(91)

And in one of his last poems, "My Funeral," written in 1963, his sense of absurdity and self-mocking rings out loudly and clearly:

If, as is the custom here, I'm put in the truck open-faced,
a pigeon might drop something on my forehead: it's good luck.
Band or no band, kids will come up to me—
they're curious about the dead.
(269)

Many of Hikmet's poems are about death or prison, as these examples show, but none express despair, depression or any existential *angst*. Hikmet loves life, and for him death and prison were parts of life, to be curiously celebrated along with nature, the poet's homeland and the ideals of socialism. "What is real is life… [*sic*]," he writes in "Letters from Chankiri Prison," and then the tinge of melancholy, "Don't forget me, Pirayé…" (88). Hikmet is at once "playful, optimistic, and capable of childlike joy," as Carolyn Forché aptly puts it in her introductory notes; in "Things I didn't know I loved" Hikmet writes, citing Heraclitus somewhat obliquely, "I know you can't wash in the same river even once/ I know the river will bring new lights you'll never see," and then follows it with "I know we live slightly longer than a horse but not nearly as long/ as a crow/ I know this has troubled people before/ and will trouble those after me." This is typical Hikmet; what looks like a serious observation is conveyed so lightly and laughingly, then turned into a rather profound observation still couched in

playful colloquial language. A few lines later we learn that in prison Hikmet "translated both volumes of *War and Peace* into Turkish," which explains the allusion in the previous line to Prince Andrei at Borodino, but also reminds anyone who has read Tolstoy's novel that it must have taken Hikmet a very long time to do it, and all the time "the guards are beating someone again" (261).

What about the Hikmet the "romantic communist?" The allusion to Tolstoy noted above brings this to mind; Tolstoy's attempt to get in touch with the soul of the Russian peasant and his idealistic views of possible new societies appealed to Soviet writers such as Maxim Gorky. And of course Hikmet himself by the time he wrote this poem was living in Peredelkino. In another poem about his own death, Hikmet asks to be buried "in a village cemetery in Anatolia," and chooses for his companions simple people, such as "The worker Osman whom Hassan Bey ordered shot" and "the martyr Aysha, who gave birth in the rye/ and died inside of forty days." These were people, Hikmet tells us, who "felt the great longing while alive./ maybe without even knowing it" (156). Hikmet's concern with socialism is probably best represented by the lengthy *Epic of Sheik Bedreddin* (40-71), whose revolution failed, but for Hikmet the *possibilities* matter at least as much as the realities; after all, the Russians themselves had tried to murder him, and he was certainly aware of the oppressiveness of the Soviet state in Czechoslovakia (there are several poems about Prague in this collection) and other countries, yet he could see the good in the ideals of Marxism. Hikmet never separated his intellect from his heart, and his poetry is all about life, love, nature and the wonder of humanity, which can survive prisons and oppression under any regime. When Hikmet is in prison he can still think of those on the outside who are struggling, and there is always hope; from his own situation, for example, he writes in "9-10 p. m. Poems:"

Our son is sick.
his father's in prison,
your head is heavy in your tired hands:
our fate is like the world's…
(98)

then follows it with:

People bring better days,
our son gets well,
his father comes out of prison,
your gold eyes smile:
our fate is like the world's…

Hikmet's poems allowed him to go back home, to be with his wives or family, to enjoy life with his friends even when he was in exile or prison. He could imagine

what they were doing, what they were feeling. He longed sometimes to be back in Turkey, but his poetry always took him there and made him happy in spite of his loss. In the end, Hikmet himself says it better than any reviewer could, and I quote this poem "Optimism" in its entirety, because there is perhaps not one single poem which gives us his essence more clearly than this one:

I write poems
they don't get published
but they will

I'm waiting for a letter with good news
maybe it will arrive the day I die
but it will come for sure

the world's not ruled by governments or money
but by the people
a hundred years from now
maybe
but it will be for sure

(204)

This poem was written in Leipzig, East Germany. What would Hikmet have made of the fall of the Berlin Wall? I think he would have welcomed it. Hikmet's art, like his whole being, was dedicated to freedom in all its forms, regardless of ideology; he may have believed that socialism was the way to achieve it, but he would not have opposed other liberations. For Nazim Hikmet, art and life are not two different things, but ways of standing up for the human spirit and proclaiming its harmony with nature and the world. We conclude on a note of optimism:

windows
windows
the windows of many houses fill my room
I sat in one
and dangled my feet in the clouds
you could almost say
I was happy

(220)

Sue Matheson

Lord Weeks, Edwin. *Artist Explorer: A Ride through Persia to India in 1892* (Illustrated by the author). The Long Riders' Guild Press. 2005. 152 pp. $13.00.

Weeks *and Weeks and Weeks* of Riding—Through Persia

Edwin Lord Weeks

An abridged version of "From the Black Sea through Persia and India," which was published in 1896, *Artist Explorer: A Ride through Persia to India in 1892* by Edwin Lord Weeks is a curiously unsettling read. Re-released by The Long Riders Press Guild, this volume is an attractive Equestrian Travel Classic—handsomely bound in a cream coloured jacket which sports delightful, royal blue arabesque detailing around its title and a sumptuous colour print of horsemen alighting at a richly detailed lodging by the Artist-Explorer himself. This is a beautifully and amply illustrated paperback, containing many stunning black and white reproductions of the author's drawings of the places and people he visited. *Artist Explorer* should be a riveting read, but strangely enough it isn't. I found that I could put this book down at any juncture and pick it up again at my leisure. The responsibility for my rather lacksidaisical relationship with *Artist Explorer* may be laid at the feet of the Artist-Explorer himself.

Edwin Weeks should be a fascinating personality, and in some ways he is. His life is certainly the stuff found in adventure stories. Born into a wealthy family in New England, he left Boston in the early 1870s for Paris. There, as a pupil of Léon Bonnat and Jean-Léon Gérôme, he developed his artistic talents into a distinctive and absolutely realistic style before setting off to paint the world. His first journey involved exploring a forbidden section of Morocco in 1878 from which he barely escaped being killed. After returning to Paris, Weeks produced glamorous paintings which showcased the Oriental mystery of Morocco. These paintings sold quickly and hung in prestigious Paris salons. Weeks' trip to Morocco succeeded in establishing him as a young and rising force in the art world. His next adventure, the equestrian ride from Persia to India, provided him with the materials for his paintings of mythical India that secured his artistic reputation. It was this trip that also produced the equestrian travel book currently

under review.

Accompanied by another noted American travel writer, Theodore Child, Weeks set off to ride and chronicle his adventures of over more than a thousand miles—from Trebizond to Bushire—encountering bad lodgings, bandits, and, ironically, the very cholera epidemics which the two travellers had sought to circumvent by riding to Kurrachee on horseback. Child and Weeks did avoid contracting cholera. They, however, were unable to steer clear of typhoid, and Child, when they had almost completed their travels in Persia, caught the contagion and died in short order, leaving Weeks to ride on to catch sight of the United States steamship *Brooklyn* in Muscat before sailing on to Kurrachee and the career opportunities that awaited him in India.

Artist Explorer: A Ride through Persia to India in 1892 begins in Trezibond, July 22, 1892, and ends when Weeks disembarks from the Brooklyn in Kurrachee on December 3rd of the same year only to be "swallowed up in the roaring and struggling throngs of cab-drivers, hitherto kept at a distance by the clubs of the police." There are moments when the travelers' lives literally hung in the balance—as they daringly forged onwards…over mountainous precipices, past plague-ridden towns and their bursting graveyards, onwards ever onwards by way of scorching, uninhabited deserts. Throughout it all (the bad food, the bad weather, and the badder company), I remained curiously unaffected by the hardships and mysteries of the Orient. I suspect that my lack of engagement with this book was due to the fact that Weeks' style of narrative curiously parallels that of his art. *Artist Explorer: A Ride through Persia to India in 1892* is undoubtedly the best piece of descriptive writing that I have ever encountered—but the engaging subjectivity that usually accompanies such writing, the engagement that was so much a part of the travel writer Richard Burton's works about Arabia, is completely lacking in Weeks' storytelling. Unlike Burton's *Travels in Arabia and Africa* which functioned as a vehicle for its author's personality to express itself, *Artist Explorer* showcases Persia, not the Persian explorer. The result is an unusually uncompromising realism—a piece of travel writing that is almost an absolutely objective description of the Artist-Explorer's travels…stunningly beautiful in its treatment of Persia's spatial logic and completely terrifying because of its absence of emotion.

Indeed, towards the end of *Artist Explorer*, I began to be seriously concerned about the unintrusive nature of Edwin Lord Meeks' psyche. His habit of moving in beautifully graduated sequences from foreground to background or from background to foreground or from one side to the other became totally predictable. I found myself disenchanted by his predictability and thinking (more than once), does this man not *feel anything*? I found myself thinking (more than once), he *should be* feeling *something* here. His comment regarding Child's death—"my friend died as we were carrying him by easy stages to Julfa, but, happily, unconscious of suffering"—is a prime example of what still bothers me about this book. Why didn't Weeks express his feelings at such a terrible time? After all, he had just spent months riding with Child through some of the worst terrain and most terrible conditions in the world. It should have been impossible not to have developed a sincere

and enduring relationship of some sort with his fellow traveler. He claims that Child is his friend yet he remains emotionally unengaged. His comments about the death of his friend are troubling. I, for one, sincerely doubt that it is impossible for anyone to die "happily" while unconscious. It is true that one may not be seeming to suffer while one is unconscious and dying, but is it possible to say that one is "happy" while doing so? I am afraid that the platitude here, placed in the context of Child's death, is so hollow that it cannot even echo its emptiness.

I understand that, as a visual artist, Weeks would be preoccupied with the activity of "seeing." And, of course, there are many reasons why people find themselves unable to speak, especially when speaking would reveal their emotions. Meeks may have been numbed by the strangeness of his experiences in Persia and the sudden, tragic nature of Child's death. His Victorian upbringing in Boston may have inhibited him so severely that he may have been unable to bring himself (like Henry James) to talk about what lies within the human psyche. But how many doorways, staircases, bridges, clumps of low-thorn trees and weather-beaten horses can one describe before one ventures a personal reaction (however mild) to one's situation? I found Weeks' descriptions of Persia to be too carefully drawn, too logically ordered, for his style to be the product of careful social conditioning however traumatic he may have found the traditions of Victorian toilet training to be at a tender age. His Persia is a pretty place—rich in rocks and sand dunes—but ultimately it is a very empty landscape, bereft of the human company for which the average reader hungers. Human forms appear and disappear on Weeks' way through Persia, travelling up and down the avenues and roads taken to Muscat, but the narrator's lens is like that of a camera, recording an absolute reality but not translating that experience into warm, breathing, believable, and interesting specimens of irrational human flesh and blood.

My concerns with the nature of this travel writing (and its writer) were furthered reinforced by the ways in which Weeks curiously distances his personal experiences from himself. He is absolutely correct in thinking that his reader would be interested in knowing what "an abortive attack feels like at the very beginning" (in the unikely event his reader would be well prepared), but seems to be at a loss to describe it, for cholera is experienced within oneself, rather than without. Apart from a feeling of "drowsiness' and an "immediately disastrous effect" produced on taking some "cholera mixture," "this morning's symptoms" (whatever they may have been) remain a mystery. At the end of Weeks' mild malady, the reader is not one whit the wiser about how an attack of cholera actually *feels*. If anything, I find it highly unlikely that cholera, as Weeks suggests, would not seem to be an unpleasant event. Indeed, if one were to believe Weeks, cholera may be something to which one may look forward to having because of its after effects. "[S]ufficiently to look forward to dinner with the usual interest," he experiences, at the end of his bout of illness, a "returning peace of mind and body" and "a blessed sense of perfect comfort."

After considering the narrator's inability to describe what is going on within himself, there seems to be what Henry James would recognize as a "fine white space" in the landscape that is so carefully drawn for the

reader in *Artist Explorer*—it is a discomforting experience when one reaizes that the blank space at the centre is the author: Weeks himself.

Unlike Weeks who finally reveals himself as an absence (decidedly not a presence), Richard Burton and his travel writing never present the reader with such a problem. If anything, Burton's feelings about anything and everything may be too much of a presence in his books. At times, one would like to see more of Arabia than Burton bounding about the landscape disguised as a dervish or a camel driver or a pilgrim. Compared with Burton, Weeks, as a narrator, seems very much to be an absentee landlord—almost, one thinks, a narrator who functions *deus ex machine*. At times it seems as if the Maker of the manuscript has stepped away from his work, and the manuscript continues to grind on along without him.

In Ispahan, for example, Weeks stops for a while to visit at "Chehar Bagh," the college of education for dervishes. "I *saw* the students poring over their books in the cloistered niches or sitting with their kalyans around the tank under the tall poplars of the court," he says (italics mine). Quite typically, at "Chehar Bagh," our artist explorer only *sees* when he travels about the institution: he does not engage with the intellectual world at work about him. Oddly, he does not attempt to talk to anyone while at the college. Instead, at "Chehar Bagh," he wanders around looking at and recording more architectural details. Questions that reader may have about the students at school remain unanswered. Indeed, it seems as though the narrator himself has no questions at all about what he has just seen. He merely records his impressions of the architecture (as he does all his other experiences of the physical world about him) and rides down the broad boulevarde to cross over the bridge of Ali Verdi Khan, a spectacular momument to Persian art and engineering. Again, he does not stop to speak to anyone. After finding his comrades encamped, he does not even talk to them. Instead, he leaves them to visit the Souk—there he strolls about with an Armenian shopkeeper from Julfa.

At last, I thought, a human being! But alas, it is the condition and nature of the architecture at the Souk, not their conversation or his or his companion's likes or dislikes, which are carefully recorded. Even when Weeks and his companion sit down for tea with the chief executioner of the area, one Monsiur Deibler of Ispahan, their discussion about the "working off of victims of justice" employed in other countries than Persia is not revealed in any interesting detail. Like Weeks' other generalities concerning the human condition and its day-to-day concerns, their talk is simply described as being "light and airy." Lately, business for the executioner clouds his face because it has been "very bad." One never learns more about the man's life.

An interesting effect of this emotional absenteeism on the part of the narrator is a heightening of the reader's awareness of the how exclusively masculine the nature of the world through which Weeks and Child travelled is. Weeks, of course, would encounter almost no women as he rides through 500 miles of Persia. Men come and go in the Persian public domain but women remain carefully cloistered. Rarely, Persian women are glimpsed as they watch the travelers from second storey windows as they pass by or are seen by Weeks from a distance.

Occasionally however, in *Artist Explorer: A Ride through Persia to India in 1892*, one finds Weeks encountering a European missionary who is a woman. And finally, then there is conversation about how Weeks *feels*. On the road, however, in the company of men, it seems that no one talks—or should I say, talks very much about how one *feels* or what one thinks. Indeed, it seems that no one wants to talk unless one is borrowing money to buy a horse or wanting to eat something. Is this a restful state of affairs? Weeks claims that it is. And, yes, for a while, it is peaceful exisiting without conversation. After a while, however, the silence becomes stultifying. One can only see so much. As the reader, with Weeks, passes one minaret after another, one spire begins to look much like the next. After a while, Weeks and Child begin to take on the appearance of T.S. Eliot's hollow men. I must report that I did not regret putting the book down when called on to do other things.

Nonetheless, *Artist Explorer: A Ride through Persia to India in 1892,* priced at a very reasonable $13.00, is worth the money spent on it. This book is a travel classic, and The Long Riders Guild Press should be commended for its re-release into print after so many years. After viewing the illustrations contained therein, even I would like to see more of Week's renderings. As for this book, I intend to give my copy away at the very first opportunity—to someone who is interested in Persian culture at the turn of the twentieth century or to someone who is an afficiando of realist painting and/or literature. It seems to me that individuals with these tastes would no doubt enjoy this volume more than I and that it should really belong to someone who will appreciate it for all its finer points.

John Butler

Siburapha (Kulap Saipradit), *Behind the Painting and Other Stories*. David Smyth, Tr. Chiang Mai: Silkworm Books, 2000. $25.46.

Skimming Siburapha

Thai literature is not well-known in the West, and the name of Siburapha probably means little to anyone reading this book review. It was the pen-name of Kulap Saipradit (1905-1974), a man from a modest background who first made his name by writing romantic novels based on Western models. The first Western novel to be translated into Thai had been, of all things, Marie Corelli's *Vendetta* (1900), which led to the first modern Thai novel, a send-up of Corelli entitled *Non-Vendetta* (1915).

Interest in romantic novels increased during the 1920's, with many of them appearing in serial form through the numerous magazines and journals available to the reading public at that time, but Thais wanted something a bit more home-grown, and instead of featuring characters with European names some authors began writing

books which introduced Thai characters and local life. It was at this point that Siburapha changed his writing strategy, and came into his own with a novel called *A Real Man* (1928), which proved extremely successful and secured his reputation. Siburapha had also begun a career as a journalist in Bangkok, editing several prominent newspapers, which fuelled his interest in political issues and confirmed his increasingly left-wing viewpoint, potentially dangerous in this very conservative country. After getting sacked from several editorial jobs for his radicalism, Siburapha turned to writing novels about social injustice, the best-known one being *The War of Life* (1932); unfortunately, neither this novel nor the one previously mentioned has been translated into English. In 1936-37 he was in Japan to study the newspaper industry; it was Japan which was to provide him with the setting of *Behind the Painting* (1938), his best-known work, appropriately the one chosen by David Smyth for translation.

By 1942 Siburapha had served his first gaol term (three months) for his political beliefs; five years later he left Thailand for Australia, studying the newspaper business there, returning home in 1949 to take part in debates and give lectures on various social and political issues. His opposition to the Korean War and involvement in the Thai Peace Movement inevitably led to government persecution; he was again arrested in 1952, sentenced to twenty years in prison, but amnestied in 1957 on the occasion of the twenty-fifth centennial of Buddha's birth. After his release Siburapha accepted an invitation to the Soviet Union for the fortieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, then visited China as an invited member of a Thai cultural delegation, where he learned of the military coup which brought the right-wing Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat to power. Some of his colleagues were arrested when they returned home, and Siburapha decided to remain in China, where he died in 1974.

Behind the Painting is actually a novella, with only three major characters and a minimal plot. Nopphon is a Thai student living and studying in Japan who develops an infatuation for a thirty-something Thai woman, Mom Ratchawong Kirati, married to Chao Kun, a older rich friend of Nopphon's father and visiting Japan on her honeymoon with her fifty-something husband. Nopphon is detailed by Chao Kun to show Kirati around Tokyo, and he soon decides that they are soulmates, although Kirati herself appears to be somewhat reserved and reluctant, under the circumstances, to return Nopphon's obvious rather melodramatic presentation of himself as a completely smitten would-be lover. If this is beginning to sound like a typical romance, it isn't. Siburapha develops the relationship with great psychological insight in the first part of the novella, probing into the social mores surrounding women like Kirati, whose title 'Mom Ratchawong' means "great-grandchild of a king," and who is subject to the stultifying customs surrounding people of aristocratic birth and upbringing. She is worried about ageing, about her unfulfilling relationship with her husband, and about the reality of Nopphon's love, which she realizes is probably infatuation, but which she cannot completely disregard because it appears to be so sincere. Kirati is tragically caught up in the expectations of her class and the limitations which it imposes on her; she only marries because it was her father's wish, and because she feels guilty that she has put off marriage for such a long time she consents

and accepts Chao Kun Atthikanbodi, who is also an aristocrat, the title 'Chao Kun' indicating high birth, and not the stereotypical villain that readers might expect in a story about a love-triangle. He is, as David Smyth points out in his too-short introduction, "a perfectly harmless creature" (6) who spends his time doing the society party rounds in Tokyo and not paying very much attention to his wife, although he had written to Nopphon earlier stating that he would "like to make her happy and feel that marrying someone of my age at least is not completely meaningless" (17). Nopphon and Kirati become closer and closer; Nopphon becomes more earnest and insists on making his feelings clear to Kirati, who does not rebuff him but will not give him a straight answer about anything, although at one point she admits that her marriage is not ideal and that her husband is rather inadequate. They share some apparently romantic outings to Kamakura and Mitake, but in spite of all the heavy breathing on Nopphon's part Kirati seems to suggest that he will eventually get over his infatuation. When she and her husband leave for Thailand and Kirati holds out her hand to him in farewell, however, Nopphon feels "as if my heart had attached itself to her lovely palm" (85).

It's in the second part of the novella that Siburapha's knowledge of psychology really comes into play. At first Nopphon writes letters at top speed, finishing two of them whilst Kirati is still on the boat home, but as months turn into years, her prediction comes true; his letters become less frequent and more dutiful, but she still signs her letters "Kirati," much more intimate than Nopphon, who addresses her as 'Khunying,' which means "lady of high rank," and never refers to her in the story as anything but Mom Ratchawong Kirati. He does not take the hint, and Kirati's misgivings prove right; at first Nopphon is writing things like "I feel that while I am writing our spirits are very close, and that makes me feel a little better" (89), but a few months later he feels that "when I considered Mom Ratchawong Kirati's advice and the utter emotional exhaustion I had experienced when she first left, my passion eased of its own accord" (95). Since she has "never mentioned love, (95) Nopphon decides that he must allow this natural fading away to progress, and two years later he can't remember what he saw in her, although "I am still surprised," the now-married Nopphon confesses later on, "and at a loss to explain why Mom Ratchawong Kirati so quickly lost importance for me" (96). It's called growing up, and the idealistic Nopphon will end up just like so many other men; as he tells Kirati, "Men probably have ideals connected with their work more than anything else. Like me, for example" (115). After the death of Chao Kun, the two meet again, but Nopphon's feelings are gone; he even rather cruelly notices that Kirati is beginning to show her age (forty) and tells her that he's engaged to someone he hopes he will love when they are married. The tragic ending, which I won't reveal here, results in the gift to Nopphon of a painting of Mitake which Kirati has done; it's not a great work of art, but of course what is "behind the painting" is what is important.

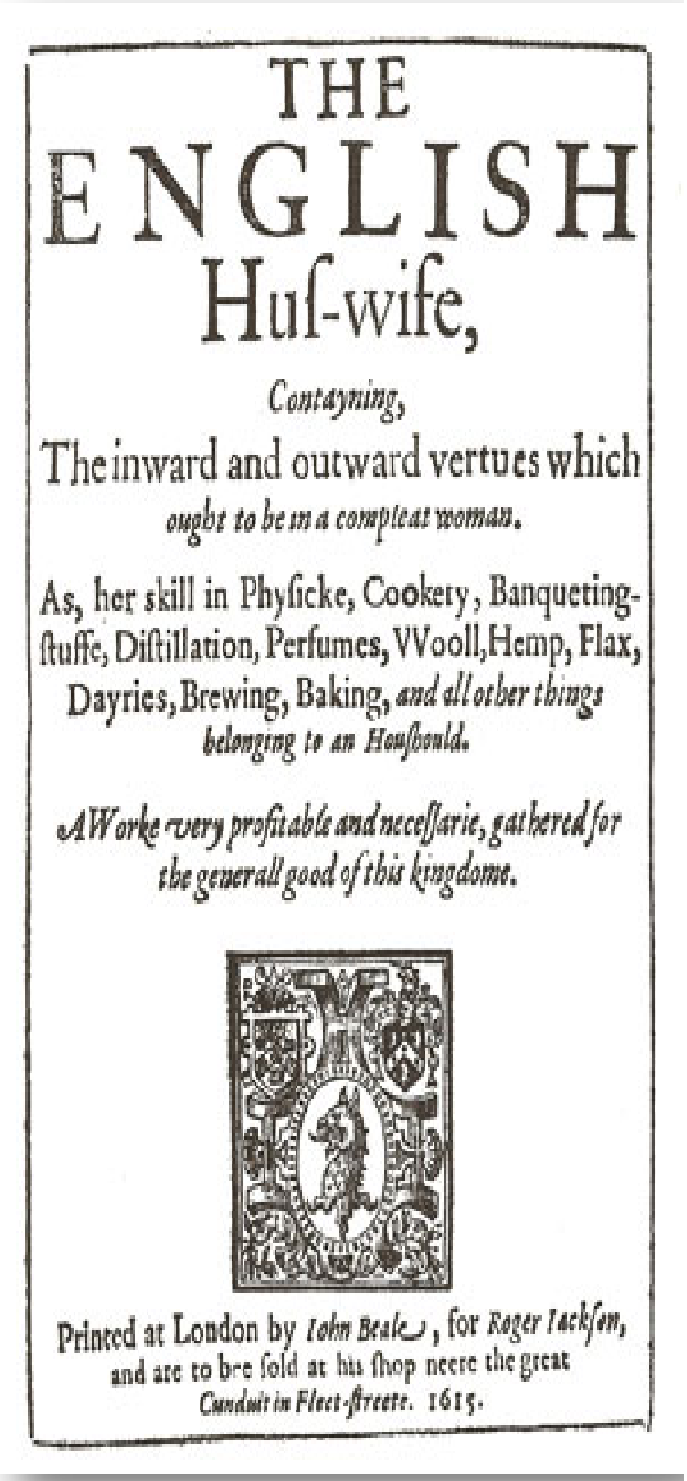
As Thai critics have noted, readers sometimes lose sight of the fact that *Behind the Painting* is as much Nopphon's story as Kirati's, even though he is not obviously a tragic figure. Siburapha's acute observation of mid-twentieth century social mores applies to Nopphon as well; he is as much bound by

traditional expectations of men as she is by those of women. Nopphon's father chooses a bride for his son as Kirati's father had persuaded her to marry an older man, a bride whom Nopphon probably does not love, and indeed whose character, as he puts it, is "quite the opposite" (15) of his. Concealing one's real feelings, as of course Kirati does throughout the novella until the bitter end, reflects the pressures on Thai women of the time, particularly if they are from aristocratic backgrounds. For Nopphon, who has had the benefit of a modern education, custom eventually overcomes him and he makes a loveless marriage with the girl of his father's choice. The painting reminds him of what is so often behind a façade; is the old passionate Nopphon still there somewhere, or has he matured into a creature of custom and appearances who has compartmentalized his real feelings, buried and suppressed them in spite of his "enlightened" education? Siburapha writes subtly about these questions; *Behind the Painting* is a lyrical masterpiece tinged with melancholy, a meditation on the universal themes of love and age, youth and maturity, but at the same time keeping its focus firmly on Thai culture.

David Smyth has also translated three short tories by Siburapha which show quite a different side of this writer. They are, unfortunately, much inferior to the novella, a fault which can be blamed on the rather obvious didacticism which Siburapha demonstrates; the characters are wooden and the politics obvious—rich people bad, poor people virtuous and persecuted. There is nothing subtle about these stories; "Those Kind of People," for example, is about a rich girl who wants to understand the underclass, to whom her parents refer as "those kind of people," and join in the revolution. She sympathises with the cook when the latter's child becomes ill and dies, she refuses to go to America to complete her education, and finally develops an unfulfilled affection for the family driver's son, Bao. When Bao leaves at the end of the story to study engineering, the daughter muses "one day she might choose a warrior from *those* kind of people to be her partner in life" (134). The other stories are much in the same vein; when Siburapha suppresses artistry for polemics he becomes strident and dull; his characters become predictable cardboard cutouts of heroes and villains. Read the novella and skim over the stories.

Sue Matheson

Markham, Gervase. *The English Housewife: Containing the inward and outward virtues which ought to be in a complete woman*…. McGill-Queen's University Press. Ed. Michael R. Best. 2008. pp.321. $22 .36.



THE
ENGLISH
Huſ-wife,

Contayning,

The inward and outward vertues which *ought to be in a compleat woman.*

As, her skill in Phyſicke, Cookery, Banqueting-ſtuffe, Diſtillation, Perfumes, VVooll, Hemp, Flax, Dayries, Brewing, Baking, *and all other things belonging to an Houſehold.*

A Worke very profitable and neceſſarie, gathered for the generall good of this kingdome.

Printed at London by *Iohn Beale*, for *Roger Iackſon*, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop neere the great *Conduit in Fleet-ſtreete.* 1615.

How to keep house (and be a complete woman) in the seventeenth century

The English Housewife: Containing the inward and outward virtues which ought to be in a complete woman…is one of the most entertaining texts that I have picked up in a long, long while. What used to be called "a scream," *The English Housewife* wasn't written as comedy when it rolled hot off the presses in 1615, "but, almost four hundred years later, this book had me rolling about on the floor in gales of laughter. Written by Gervase Markham, this reprinting of *The English Housewife* is purported by Michael R. Best (its editor) to be "the most comprehensive, the most practical, and the most readable of the many books of instruction written for women in early seventeenth century." Best's edition, under review, is (we are told) a valuable social document and is intended by the editor to bring Markham's record of the activities and responsibilities of the housewife of this time to a wider audience.

I believe that this book should have a wider audience, but probably not for the reasons that either Markham or Best would cite. Before I reveal why I think this, I believe that it is important to understand (in advance of reading this review) that the author of *The English Housewife* was a younger son of an aristocratic family whose fortunes had taken a decided turn downwards. Financially

insecure, Gervase Markham, a failed poet turned hack writer, took to churning out books later in life to make money as a means "whereas to live in his old years." *The English Housewife* is only one title in a list of many which are attributed to Markham's pen. As a hack , Markham was impressively prolific: he produced six books on the titillating subject of animal husbandry alone—so many that the Stationers stopped any more from being produced by requiring his signature on a memorandum which read "I Gervase Markham of London, gent., do promise hereafter never to write any more book or books to be printed of the diseases or cures of any cattle, as horse, ox, cow, sheep, swine, goats, etc."

As well as the books on husbandry, Markham, who was an accomplished equestrian, tossed off four books on horses, four on military matters, and four on sports and recreation in the country. I suspect we should count ourselves lucky that *The English Housewife* is the only opus written and published by this author on the topic of housewifery. Wisely, Markham does not pretend to be an expert on this subject. He compiles information from other manuscripts on the subject of housewifery as well as conscientiously reporting what other non-experts (those who have many opinions about the matter but are not intimately acquainted with the ins and outs of this area) think of the matter at hand, by acting as "a public notary who records the most true and infallible experience of the best knowing husbands in this land."

Even if Markham had not included the caveat above, it becomes glaringly obvious at the outset of *The English Housewife* that no living, breathing housewife was consulted as to the details regarding a housewife's role in her household or the nature of her daily duties when Markham wrote his treatise. Indeed, one is tempted to say that*The English Housewife* is a prescriptive text which could only have been compiled and written by someone unacquainted with such tasks— in short, a man. No housewife (not even one raised in and faithful to the Pauline tradition of marriage) could have produced the twaddle that appears in the first chapter of this text about what sort of woman one must be in order to manage a home competently or how that activity is to be accomplished.

To begin: after offering the neophyte an "Introduction" to the art of housewifery (by Markham) *The English Housewife* divides itself into nine chapters. The first establishes what the "inward virtues" of every housewife should be and outlines the general knowledge of of physic and surgery required for the household; the second chapter concentrates on the "outward and active knowledge" of housewifery, and instructs the reader on the making of "sallats of all sorts, with flesh, fish, sauces, pastry, banqueting stuff, and ordering of great feasts"; the third chapter offers information regarding distillations and perfuming; the four, information about wine; the fifth, instruction in the art of cloth making and dying; the sixth, outlines what one needs to know about dairies, butter and cheese; the seventh introduces the reader to the office of the malster and the secrets of making malt; the eighth instructs one in the excellency of oats; and the ninth and final chapter outlines the office of the brew-house and the bakehouse. Throughout, one finds useful and interesting woodcut illustrations of the subjects listed. At the end of the housewife's instruction is a particularly interesting

Appendix containing the "model" (floor plan) of a "plain countryman's house." The design supplied indicates that average English country home in the seventeenth century was designed to be much like a small factory—it was a place of production, not pleasure, with its dairy, buttery, and milkhouse being integrated parts of the house on the main floor, adjoining what would now be considered the parlour.

Nonetheless, as one reads, absences in Markham's instructions regarding the management of one's household become immediately apparent to anyone who has been engaged in the care and maintenance of a home. Among the more glaring gaps in Markham's handbook ,the following were noted by this reviewer: not one word is spoken about the bearing, caring, raising, and training of children in the English home; not one word is said about the necessities needed for and the methods of washing clothes and bed linens; nothing is said about the cleaning of dishes or the household utensils used for cooking; the issues involved in maintaining a clean lavatory or the making of soap and lye are not addressed. Markham also ignores the necessities of the making of candles and salting and storing of foodstuffs for the winter. The maintenance of fireplaces and flues is not treated in any way. The important issue of spring cleaning is not broached. And the management of the household staff is not discussed.

In short, the day-to-day affairs of the seventeenth-century English household found in *The English Housewife* is very much a figment of the masculine imagination: in this book, every Englishman's castle is a place in which meat, butter, bead, and ale are prepared and put on the table, medicine is provided for his sore muscles and other physical ailments, and warm clothes are made to adorn his back—very little else seems to occur—or is considered to be of much importance—or is necessary.

According to Markham, if one follows the dictums of *The English Housewife*, not only will one's home become a perfect place in which a man may live, but (in addition) that man's wife will beome a perfect person with whom to live as well. As well as being of "an upright and sincere religion," the English housewife, after reading *The English Housewife,* shall "shun all violence of rage, passion, and humour," towards her husband , "coveting less to direct than to be directed, appearing ever unto him pleasant, amiable, and delightful; and though occasion, mishaps, or the misgovernment of his will may induce her to contrary thoughts, yet virtuously to suppress them, and with a mild sufferance rather to call hm home from his error, than with the strength of anger to abate the least spark of his evil."

According to Markham, *The English Housewife* will instruct its gentle reader, even in times of her greatest distress, to restrain herself from behaving like Shakespeare's shrew, by calling "into her mind that evil and uncomely language is deformed though uttered even to servants, but most monstrous and ugly when it appears before the presence of a husband." Markham sums up the "general vertues" of the English housewife before beginning his lists of physics and recipes. "Our English housewife," he says, the woman who dispenses such delights, must be "chaste of thought, stout courage, patient, untired, watchful, diligent, witty, pleasant, constant in friendship, full of good neighbourhood, wise in discourse, but not

frequent therein, sharp and quick of speech, but not bitter or talkative, secret in her affairs, comfortable in her counsels, and generally skilful in all the worthy knowledges which do belong to her vocation."

After I picked my rather decidedly twentieth-century, chauvnistic self up off the floor and wiped the tears of laughter from my eyes, I shook my head. The poor, poor man.. ..what could his and the other wives have been saying to their Elizabethan husbands? What could these men have been doing to elicit such anger from their wives? And finally…for whom was such nonsense written? No woman, be she alive, dead, or fictional, in my experience would believe or ascribe to such nonsense. That the perfect female figure, the angel of the hearth, that fantastic figment of the masculine imagination, simply does not exist (never has and never will).

Perhaps Markham had been thinking of his patroness when he penned this piffle that, as a married man of many years and many children, he could not have believed himself. At the beginning of *The English Housewife*, he does make a rather awkward bid for patronage by dedicating this text to "the right honourable and most excellentest of all ladies, Frances, Countess Dowager of Exeter." Markham's having the nerve to pitch a prescriptive volume like *The English Housewife* to the said Dowager, who is known "to be a mistress so full of honourable piety and goodness" that she surely does not need such instruction, does makes one wonder at the extent of the compiler's transparent callowness and Frances' overweaning vanity. Even though Markham suggests to the Dowager that this text will do service to all those that serve her, he only succeeds in adding insult to injury. Could the married women of Exeter, serving and emulating the Dowager, have been such incompetent managers that they would have needed such instruction? And, even if, as Markham claims, the materials compiled in *The English Housewife* are gleaned from manuscripts acquired from an "unnamed" Countess' own household, how could such a claim made by a hack writer really entice any woman to allow a man who demonstrates that he knows little about the running of a home to teach her how to manage her own home and, even worse, instruct her in her personal relationship with her husband?

Women, trained by other women in any century, would undoubtedly have turned their noses up at such an attempt to teach them what Markham considered to be the finer points of an art that they already knew intimately and in which they were well versed. Early modern women may have kept Markham's book in the house, because it is a compilation of other treatises on the subject (probably written by women) on the topic and offers standard recipes and domestic standbys. It may even have been a domestic status symbol of sorts to have had the book containing the secrets of a Countess' household in one's kitchen just as it is a domestic status symbol to keep a Julia Child cookbook on the counter or copies of *Bon Apetit* on hand by the microwave today. I do not think it too far a stretch of my imagination to suspect that some women may even have humoured their husbands by keeping such a book on their shelves (thus the reprints), but I strongly doubt that they would have taken much stock of the advice regarding their relationships with their spouses. Men who hoped to convince their wives-to-be to

become the "excellentest" stuff of their wildest domestic imaginings may have bought *The English Housewife* and taken it home to their sweethearts, but I would lay money that their fiancées paid little attention to the dictums regarding marital etiquette in Markham's first chapter after their wedding nights had been secured.

Aside from all this, one must ask what *The English Housewife* is about…really. The easy answer that one is tempted to provide is that this book is not really about much, because it was just another one of Markham's cashcows. That, however, is an uncharitable comment and not…exactly true. There is some substance concerning the art of housewifery in this text. The recipes, for example, are interesting and useful: in particular, some of the extremely nasty ones involving baked eels, roasted cows' udders, and calves' muggets, which could be used to persuade the denizens of my own home to behave better than they do at present. Also, if one is interested in making malt or beer, *The English Housewife* may be handy in a pinch. As a general guide to the art of housewifery, however, this book cannot be considered a comprehensive effort concerning the arena of domestic engineering, however well meaning its intentions are or how vast its scope may appear to be to the uninitiated.

Ultimately, I suspect that it was because of the deficiencies in Markham's compilations that *The English Housewife* did not sell as well as some of his other efforts. Unlike his books on husbandry and horses (subjects with which that author was well and intimately acquainted), this text appeared only in one edition. Ironically, *The English Housewife* seems to have been reprinted often in the twentieth century as it was in the seventeenth—after all, one is to believe the information on the flyleaf of the latest reprint. Its current popularity is no doubt due to the niche publishing industry that has grown in response to postmodern curiosity regarding women, life, and literature in Europe's early modern period.

Some consideration of this matter suggests that Markham, who compiled 321 pages on the subject of housewifery to make money, must have been attempting to cash in on one of controversies that was raging in the streets of London in1615—and fuelling the production of numerous, popular, bestselling pamphlets that went into many reprints. Embroiled in ongoing issues of the woman controversy (that debate which began in the Middle Ages over women's worth or lack thereof), such works were in constant demand in England during the early seventeenth century as English society, court, and culture attempted to adjust to the shock produced by Elizabeth I's death and heightened by the succession to the English throne of her unpleasant, witch-burning nephew, James I. Given the anthrocentric nature of English culture under James I and the type of information dispensed in *The English Housewife*, I doubt very much that Markham thought that the work done in his household by his wife was worth recording for its own sake. I believe that there is ample evidence in *The English Housewife* to suggest that he wrote this book because he judged the market to be eager and ready for yet another publication geared toward the ongoing debate in the seventeenth century about the dubious nature of womankind. Although that debate was far from over and the edition before me went into "many" reprints in the seventeenth century, in the twentieth first century, it seems that *The English Housewife* should simply be

considered another in the long line of practical writings produced by the pragmatic Markham.

Putting *the querelle* to one side for a moment, *The English Housewife* is a great deal of fun to read, and McGill-Queens Press must be commended for championing this text. But I'm not sure how valuable *The English Housewife* really is as a social document. Was Markham's document really written for "the general good" of the kingdom? Someone much wiser than me in these important matters should be the judge of that.

However, if you are looking for hours of entertaining reading, this is a book to consider buying. I would be interested in seeing the manuscripts that Markham used to make this text were like—but that is another project, and, with any luck, another review in the not too distant future.

John Butler

Mahmoud Darwish, *Unfortunately, It Was Paradise: Selected Poems.* Munir Akash and Carolyn Forché, Ed. and Tr. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2003. $16.75.

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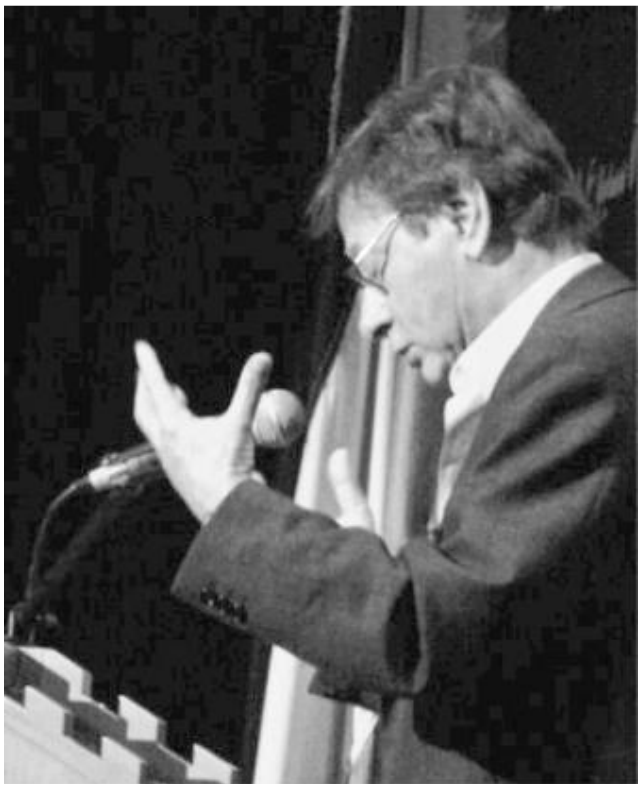
Darwish: A Freed Spirit

Mahmoud Darwish died in August 2008, and the whole of Palestine went into mourning for him; the streets filled with people for his funeral. Darwish was not a Hamas politician or a self-proclaimed martyr blowing himself up in a futile attempt to get Israel out of Palestine, but a poet. Few, if any poets in our western society, unless they are bad "popular" poets, could ever hope to achieve the kind of respect, love and adulation given to Darwish by his readers, and in spite of the fact that several of his books had been translated into English at the time of his death, he was not very well-known in the West outside the circles of university readers or the Palestinian diaspora. Serious artists have little enough status (or notoriety) in Western societies when they are alive, unless they pickle dead cows in formaldehyde like Damien Hurst or become Presidents like Paderewski or Vaclav Havel, but in the East it can be different, as the huge outpouring of sorrow at Darwish's death proved so eloquently. As the cover blurb noted, Darwish "is the poetlaureate of Palestine, one who shares the fate of his people while providing them with a language for even their most private anguish and dreams." For many Palestinians, this man was their voice; he represented the yearning they have for their stolen land and their rightful heritage, and he spoke out loudly and clearly for them against the occupiers. His death robbed the Palestinians of one of their most effective voices; many people of all walks of life could recite poems by Darwish, for he was one of them and he expressed both their past memories and their future aspirations.

Mahmoud Darwish was born in the village of al-Birwa in Galilee, Palestine, on 13



Mahmoud Darwish

March, 1942. He soon felt the might of the oppressor when the newly-formed state of Israel occupied his village in 1948, subsequently destroying it together with four hundred more Palestinian settlements. All that remained of al-Birwa was the cemetery, but even that was bulldozed in 1998. Darwish's family escaped to Lebanon, but returned the next year only to find themselves "internal refugees," deemed to have returned illegally and constantly harassed by Israeli bureaucracy and military. Darwish was put in prison several times as a teenager, and in his twenties he discovered that travelling around reciting one's poetry was also illegal and likely to land him in gaol again and again. In 1970 Darwish left his homeland, to which he did not return until 1996, when he settled in Ramallah. Although Darwish joined the PLO (1973) and the Communist Party of Israel, he was never an advocate of out-and-out-violence, and he deplored the infighting between Hamas and Fatah which further divided the Palestinians. Like Nazim Hikmet, Darwish suffered from heart problems; after a heart attack and two operations, his health was always a little precarious, and he died from heart failure.

The phrase "Palestinian poet" is really an oxymoron, as there is, of course, no state of Palestine yet. In a sense, however, whether the poets live in Gaza or on the West Bank, they are still in Palestine. They live in what used to be Palestine, albeit under British mandate, and are foreigners in their own land, or what is left of it after Israeli settlers have seized it and built upon it. Palestinian poets are also Arab poets, but they are distinguished by being from nowhere, and they must write about a land of dreams and memories, unlike poets from Jordan, Syria or Saudi Arabia, Arab poets who have concrete locations and are not living under the yoke of foreign occupation, whatever they might think about their own governments. Palestinian poets' nearest relatives are, ironically, the Jews in 1948, formerly persecuted, scattered all over the world, still belonging nowhere, yet on the threshold of going somewhere at last, except that the Palestinians look *back* and now, so far, have nowhere comparable to go, except a parcel of land under foreign occupation, and the people once oppressed and displaced have become, in their turn, oppressors and displacers. "When a Palestinian poet writes about sustained suffering and loss of identity and belonging," writes Omnia Amin, "it means more than when the issue is addressed by a poet of any other Arab nationality." It should not be inferred, however, from this that all Palestinian poets are poets of resistance. Ibrahim Nasrullah (born 1954), for

example, who might perhaps be characterised as more "avant-garde" than Darwish, is a poet whose work, at least according to his translator Omnia Amin, "transcends any determination of personal strife, reaching to universal themes, where the sorrows of all humanity are realized" (xiii). Yet he, too, lives an exile, this time in Jordan.

As the title of Darwish's book states, "Unfortunately, it *was* (my italics) paradise." A further irony might be read into the fact that one of Darwish's favourite writers was the late great Israeli poet Yehuda Amichai (who died in 2000), whom Darwish read in Hebrew (four of Darwish's books have been translated into Hebrew), and who wrote of peace "Let it come/ like wildflowers,/suddenly, because the field/ must have it: wildpeace" (88), a vision of a dynamic peace spreading everywhere because it is a necessity of life.[63] Indeed, Palestinian poets, like it or not, must deal with the reality of Palestinian politics, and Darwish, the "national" poet, faced this reality head-on; in fact, he himself had been displaced as a child from British-mandated Palestine when the Israelis levelled al-Birwa. "I never said goodbye to the ruins," he writes in "Mural," one of his longer poems; "Only once had I been what I was" (135). Another favourite poet was Federico Garcia Lorca, slain by the Fascists during the Spanish Civil War in 1936, and whose lines "But now I am no longer I,/ nor is my house any longer my house," are cited by the translators at the beginning of the book, lines which Darwish echoed in his identity with selfhood and place. Darwish also pays tribute to Lorca with his imagery; lines such as "You will find a star residing in its own death" or "Death, O my shadow who leads me, O my third person" are reminiscent of the Spanish poet's *cante jondo* (deep song), a phrase describing serious flamenco, which Lorca compared to "the ruins of history, the lyrical fragment eaten by the sand," a rather apt turn of phrase which evokes Darwish's ruined birthplace. As Darwish stated poignantly in his acceptance speech for the Prince Claus of the Netherlands Award (2004), "A person can only be born in one place. However, he may die several times elsewhere: in exile or in prison, and in a homeland transformed by the occupation and oppression into a nightmare." By the time Darwish died in 2008, Palestine was about as far from a paradise and close to a nightmare than even he could ever have imagined, although in "Mural" he says "It was enough to know how time/ collapses like a Bedouin tent in the north wind,/ how places rupture, how the past/ becomes the ghost of a deserted temple" (135).

From what has been written above, it might appear that Mahmoud Darwish is just another political/ patriotic poet. However, this would be to grossly misjudge him; Palestine in his work is as much a metaphor as a reality, a metaphor which speaks for the displaced everywhere. Palestine is not an actual Eden for Darwish, although it had Edenic elements, but an Eden of the heart, one which stands for something lost, a place where the wanderer longs to go and which stands as much for an idea as it is an actuality: "Winds shift against us. North wind with

[63] Darwish's relationship with Amichai was very complex. He once described the Israeli poet as "a challenge to me, because we write about the same place. He wants to use the landscape and history for his own benefit, based on my destroyed identity" (Cited by Maya Jaggi, in "Poet of the Arab World: Mahmoud Darwish." *The Guardian*, June 8, 2002). At the same time Darwish understood that Amichai, like himself, desired peace and identity, perhaps an identity note based on the perception of his countrymen as an aggressive or imperialistic force in the Middle East.

southern wind, and we shout:/ *Where can we settle*?" (18). Darwish is a wanderer, an exile, his own experience a microcosm of the Palestinian experience; al-Birwa was gone, shadows and rubble, but as the translators point out in their rather brief introduction, "The vanished village became, for the poet, a bundle of belongings carried on the back of a refugee" (xvi), and as Darwish was not allowed to become a citizen in what was now Israel, he had to look elsewhere for his identity. "Who am I? This is a question that others ask, but has no answer./ I am my language, I am an ode, two odes, ten" (91). His identity, like that of Palestine itself, or Eden for that matter, is a word, a poem, a book of poems representing and standing for something which, at least concretely, is not. "How much past," he says in the same poem, "tomorrow holds! I left myself to itself, a self filled with the present" (92). What is striking here is that Darwish can move beyond the particular situation of the Palestinians into a universal realm; many people who are not Palestinians are seeking to recapture an Eden of lost innocence, and the poetry can speak of that loss to anyone. In "A Soldier Dreams of White Tulips" the soldier has the last word in the poem: "Homeland for him, he said, *is to drink my mother's coffee, to return safely at nightfall*" (168).

Darwish never specifically mentions Israel or even Israelis in these poems. What he writes of is universal and profound, the loss of self and the loss of place, losses which are inextricably bound togther in the Palestinian experience. "I can't achieve my private freedom," Maya Jaggi reported him saying, "before the freedom of my country." He does not have to say why these losses took place or who caused them, and if readers wish to do so they can extrapolate their own experiences from the poems; that is why Darwish's poetry works. When we understand that these experiences are universal we can then go back, as it were, and apply them to the particular case of Palestine. In "The Hoopoe" the first line reads "We have not yet come to the land of our distant star" (31). The Israeli occupation looms, ominous and invisible, in the background, but Darwish does not allow the particular to obscure the general. He is a universal voice, although he never loses sight of his origins or his passionate hope for a Palestinian homeland. "One day I will be what I want to be," he writes; "I am the message and also the messenger,/ the briefest of addressees and also the mail" (121). Mahmoud Darwish is a true poet, a man for whom poetry always comes first, but for whom the paramount purpose of poetry is freeing the spirit, wherever it is oppressed, by giving it hope and visions.

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Call for papers

the quint's seventh issue (June 2010), its Summer Art offering, is advertising an open call for original art in any media. We are also seeking theoretically informed and historically grounded submissions of scholarly interest which are also accessible to non-academics for future issues. 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 May 25, 2010—but please note that we accept manu/digi-scripts at any time.

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