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June 2011

Gail Whitter

Debra Cutshaw

Terri Elders

Lorie Galenic

Sarah Frevor

Avery Ascher

Dawn Cherry

Linda Mandes

Karen Clarke

the quint

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EDITORIAL

I am afraid that I will have to pass on some very sad news received last week: Robert Kroetsch, Canadian Prairie writer, was killed in a car accident. A national force and important inspiration for Canadian writers, Bob, a wonderful man, was quite simply one of our best talents and a supportive and enthusiastic proponent of the small press industry in this country. Sadly, *quint*, in its third summer, finds itself extending condolences and sympathy to Bob's family, friends, and the Canadian writing community—he is irreplaceable. Our loss is personal, professional, and profound. As a young man, Bob worked on the MacKenzie River barges and understood the North, its culture, and its people. Bob and I could talk for hours. If you haven't read his work, this summer would be an excellent opportunity to make his acquaintance. It is always well worth the experience.

This issue of *quint* is one which would have intrigued Bob, because it focuses on the theme of disability—cultural, social, political, and personal. When we began thinking about the nature of disability, it seemed that we would be working with a specialization. Surprisingly, the area broadened and became inclusive (*quint* has always been serendipitous) rather than exclusive—Bob always valued and promoted breadth, as well as depth, in experience and fields. Advertised as Canada's Mr. Postmodern, he was a Renaissance man in person—well-versed, comfortable anywhere, and conversant in many mediums. I like to think that Bob (a master of the long poem) would have been very pleased and excited that for the third time, *quint* is offering another premiere from bill tremblay's *Fire With Fire*. Like "PANIC BREATHING" and "ELECTRICIANS' UNION BUILDING," CONSTITUTION PLAZA is simply stunning—another illumination from tremblay's unpublished study of the amazing life and powerful murals of Mexican social realist and revolutionary David Siqueiros. *Fire With Fire* is currently seeking a press, so we are among the very first to see selections from this long poem. We would like to thank bill for his generosity, sharing his work with use, and wish him the best of luck finding *Fire With Fire* a home. B.C. Artist and poet Gail Whitter has provided us with a selection of beautifully crafted haiku from her canon. And we would like to welcome non-fiction writers Debra Cutshaw and Terri Elders and their beautifully crafted works to *quint*.

As well, our 2011 June issue is honoured to be able to display the works of artists from *Infinite Beauty / Finite Resources: the 2011 Community Art Show* which is currently housed in the Sam Waller Museum in The Pas. Our reviewers, John Butler and Gary

A. Kozak, as always, have been doing some very interesting reading to provide you with books to consider for your summer reading. As always, this *quint* is designed to stimulate the mind and satisfy the eye. Dr. John Butler, another of Bob's many friends and colleagues, has generously provided the first part of a thought-provoking paper about disabling effect of the colonial project in Korea (in the next issue, he will enlighten us about the murder of Queen Min), and, given our focus, I thought you may be interested in a piece of my work on Post Traumatic Shock Syndrome and combat culture in the United States.

I won't keep you from this issue of *the quint* any longer. We are looking forward being back in September with with more from the North for you to discover.

Sue Matheson
Managing Editor

selected from *Fire With Fire*

by bill tremblay

“PREFACE”

In the winter of 1997-98, I was on a bus in Mexico City with Phil Garrison heading southwest on Insurgentes when I saw a big billboard with the word SIQUEIROS in red, featuring a processed portrait of him in photographic black wearing a crown of thorns made of bayonets. It was an ad for his permanent exhibit, *The March of Humanity*, at the Polyforum. Maybe it was Mexico, the mixture of folk art and liberation theology, but it astonished me that at least some people regarded a modern painter as a Christ-figure.

The metaphor set its hook in me, though I had already been to Coyoacán taking notes for what would become a book of poems about Leon Trotsky’s death in Mexico. So Siqueiros was set on the back-burner. After *Shooting Script: Door of Fire* was published [2003] and I went through my usual period of gathering strength, I turned my attention to him, wondering if there could be a verbal equivalent to his style, a kind of *concrete expressionism*, as opposed to the Cubism, abstract expressionism and easel painting that were prevalent during his lifetime. The trope of this book has become that the poems are murals, operating on a big canvas, that they are stills which are made to move and come alive, that they are, like Siqueiros’ work, illuminations...

CONSTITUTION PLAZA

A fifty-foot flag pole with huge silk

Mexican flag luffs in the May Day breeze.

On the plaza, hundreds massed for the manifestation,

mariachi bands in *charro* costumes

bright spring morning,

banners everywhere: TROTSKY OUT NOW!

He, Angelica, Adrianna, and Luis among them

throngs eager as track stars for the gun to sound

as the parade marshals with CMP armbands walk up,

all smiles.

What a crowd! What a day!

Contreras blows his whistle, the marshals form the crowd.

Angelica steps out in front as the march

takes its first step along government buildings,

turning toward the cathedral's iron gates.

Military trucks tear up

National Guardsmen jump out

form into phalanxes, bayonets on rifles,

so many they surround the march and move in

like lions herding antelope.

The crowd panics, breaks ranks, groups sprinting

a rainbow suddenly explodes into its colors
each exit blocked by trucks.

A platoon stamps its boots as it closes in,
rifle-butts Contreras down, unconscious, face bloody.

shots fired, screams.

David nods to Luis, takes Angelica's hand, picks up
Adrianna, they all sprint for the cathedral.

In the sun-less interior where Mass is being sung
he sees a Satan hovering red above the faithful,
its black claws clutching nave buttress columns
blocking Heaven.



The priest turns to face the people

“orate fraters,” startled to see refugees
striding straight toward him down center aisle
 gunshots outside.

A shaft of colored light through stained-glass windows,
clouds of incense upon a larger-than-life Jesus.

The priest makes a quick sign of the Cross.

—Do you seek sanctuary?

—Only passage.

The priest motions them forward, unlocks the altar rail.

All run up the steps and disappear around the altar,

making our way through sacristy, door, sunlight,

down brick walkways onto the street

hail a taxi, jump in, speed off just missing

being cut in half by the scissors of law and army.

A Bird's Wings

by Debra Cutshaw

They said that I was going to die. What velvet talking. No big deal. All I could think about was birds' wings. Is their sound the same as Angels' wings? Guess you have to believe in Angels first. To compare: an infinitive. To wonder. Feel. I'm 84 now, and the sunlight feels good and warm and so good and so warm. Coffee and burnt toast. Wake up and smell the coffee. Wonder what I'll think about next? Blank-touchings. They're serving breakfast and mopping floors, but not necessarily in that order. My eyes hurt from the smell. "Rise and shine," she said to my roommate.

President Lincoln was in a coma once before he died; the doctor held his hand. At least, that's what the book said. My hand is being held. The President must have liked it too. Did he hear everyone around him crying? Do I hear everyone around me crying? I'm carefully listening, but trying to wake up more. But, it's hard when the sheets are clean, and you're not hungry or thirsty, and there's no job to report to.

I hear a bird. Not more. A window must be open. I remember windows in the room—my room. My room. *A room of one's own*, by Virginia Woolf, who killed herself walking. Did she hear birds by the ocean? Or was it the sea? But I only read one of her books.

My hand turns cold now. But, I still hear birds' wings; and it's still warm on my face which smiles.

The End

King Kojong and the Foreigners: A Tale of Broken Promises

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

In the last chapter on Korea we saw how after the departure of the Dutch castaways in 1668, Korea began a serious policy of isolating itself from what its increasingly inward-looking government believed was the pernicious influence of Europeans. In 1785 King Chongjo had declared Christianity a heresy and had prohibited its practise. Christians were persecuted, and Confucianism became entrenched. The occasional brave missionary like Zhou Wen-mo sneaked into the kingdom, but traders were rebuffed, and contacts with the outside world came only through China or Japan. However, one event took place which seemed to galvanise the Korean authorities in their xenophobia; this was the so-called “Silk Letter” incident of 1801. In 1801 a Christian convert, Hwang Sa-yong, who had taken the name Alexander, wrote a letter on silk to the French bishop in Beijing in which he suggested that if the Catholic Church wanted to convert the Koreans, they should send over one hundred ships filled with soldiers, who would then assist missionaries in their work and force the King to grant religious freedom. The letter was intercepted and Hwang

was summarily executed. King Sunjo (1800-34) had become frightened that the promotion of foreign religion was simply a cover for foreign invasion, and his government clamped down on everything Western that had not already been suppressed. Socially, there was a lot of unrest, with peasant rebellions occurring at fairly regular intervals through the eighteenth and early nineteenth century which, although they ended in failure and repression, contributed to the gradual undermining of the social system and forced successive governments into taking repressive measures. In 1860 the British and French took Beijing, which must have given a profound shock to the Koreans, who still paid lip service to Chinese suzerainty, and who reacted by further retiring into isolation from the West.

In 1864 King Ch'oljong died and the twelve-year old Crown Prince succeeded to the Korean throne as King Kojong. He was effectively first in the power of a regency led by Queen Kim Jong-sun, widow of the late ruler, and then by his own father, King Ch'oljong's brother, who didn't become king himself because the childless Queen had adopted Prince Kojong. Kojong's father, Prince Yi Ha-un (1820-1898), better-known as the Hungson Tae-won Kun, or Great Prince of the Court, would emerge as the effective ruler of Korea whilst Kojong was a minor, and after that he would still wield a great deal of power and influence almost until his death. Yi Ha-un was a wily and

devious man, deeply conservative yet not totally rigid in outlook; he professed to detest all foreigners, yet would eventually throw in his lot with the Japanese, which proved to be a terrible mistake both for him and for Korea itself. At the same time, however, even his conservatism was not clear-cut; the Korean situation in the nineteenth century was not simply a polarised quarrel between “progress” and “conservatism,” but a more complex and volatile mixture of the two. For example, as far as foreign religion was concerned, the Tae-won Kun was initially quite tolerant of Catholics, but this would soon change. Frederick Mackenzie, the Canadian journalist of whom we’ll hear a great deal more later, noted that Yi Ha-un was “a man of great force of character and no scruples” (18). He was, a Japanese historian wrote, “small of stature....spoke well and convincingly, possessed a strong will, sharp wit, and an excellent education” (Sunoda, q. in Simbirtseva n.p.). Portraits and photographs of the Tae-won Kun show a slightly-built elderly man, clever or sly rather than intellectual, with heavy-lidded, cold eyes which look down, a moustache and wispy dark beard. He is always dressed Korean-style, in contrast to King Kojong, who is often photographed either in military uniform or a Western-style suit, sometimes including the obligatory top-hat, as well as in his red and gold Korean royal costume.

The Tae-won Kun lived in the Unhyeongung (Cloud-Hanging-over-the-Valley)

Palace, a building with a very apt name for its occupant. It is a small building as palaces go, and may be seen today preserved as an example of nineteenth-century *yangban* life. The palace has a largish open courtyard, surrounded by rooms opening into it and facing away from the sun when the day is at its hottest; nowadays the whole place has an almost cloister-like feel to it, although this may be simply because the hustle and bustle of palace-life has been silent for so long. The servants are now all departed, and the Hungson Tae-won Kun himself less than a shadow on the walls of the inner rooms, which still smell faintly of lacquer. Yet the realistic figures placed in the rooms, one of whom bears a remarkable likeness to their best-known inhabitant, might still serve to invoke his rather sinister presence for visitors with some imagination as they peer over the rope barriers into the darkened recesses. King Kojong had been born there, and it was the scene of his wedding to Myong-song Min in 1867, when he was fifteen and she one year older. The wedding ceremony is regularly re-enacted for tourists, the costumes and music meticulously researched and authentically presented; one of the author's regrets on his two visits to Seoul was not seeing it.

It was not until Kojong married and Queen Min began to exert her influence that the Tae-won Kun was forced to bridle himself, or at least start looking over his shoulder. In the early days of his power he even included Japanese as foreigners he

didn't like, and in 1875 the Japanese battleship *Unyo*, which the Koreans claimed had opened fire first, was shot at by Korean shore-batteries as it lay off the Korean coast. The Japanese government decided, after this incident, to negotiate with the Koreans for the use of trading ports, and full diplomatic relations between the two countries were established with the Treaty of Kanghwa. This move upset the Chinese, who saw it a a provocation; the Japanese government seemed to be recognising that Korea, nominally a vassal state of the Chinese Empire, could now make a treaty with a foreign country on its own, without even the formality of clearance from Beijing. For the moment, however, there was little that the Qing government could do. This situation would not continue indefinitely.

The Americans were not so lucky; in 1866 they had made an attempt to establish trade relations with the Koreans, who had hitherto never expressed any desire for such relations, by landing on Kanghwa Island. The Koreans had supposed, rightly or wrongly, that the foreigners wanted to go to Pyongyang from a base on the island and rob the royal tombs, because this had actually happened recently, and an American had been involved. The robbery had included a desecration of the grave belonging to the Tae-won Kun's father.¹ The Koreans sent an emissary to tell the Americans that

¹ Tomb-robbing was in fact the purpose of an expedition in 1867 led by a German, Ernst Oppert, and an American named Jenkins, which included a Jesuit priest from France as a guide and a number of Chinese and Malay sailors, all armed to the teeth. Mackenzie called this group "disreputable" (19). They couldn't break or life the huge stones covering the graves, and soon a hostile crowd gathered, driving the men away. "The American

Governor Park Kyu-su had no authority of his own to open such negotiations, and in any case they did not trade with foreigners. The American ship, the *General Sherman*, now unfortunately went aground as it sailed up the Taitong river, after having been told to turn back by Korean troops. The Governor, now acting on the authority of the Tae-won Kun, was ordered by the latter, according to a Korean source, to “tell them to leave at once. If they do not, kill them.” The Americans refused and a fight broke out, resulting in the American ship first being attacked with fire-arrows and cannon, followed by a turtle-ship. When these had little result, a resourceful Korean sergeant then suggested using fire-ships, which were much more effective. The *Sherman* was set ablaze and a wholesale slaughter of the crew ensued. After the massacre, the “body parts” of the dead Americans were “cut off for medical use,” and when the Tae-won Kun heard of the action, he “laughed in his heart” (Lee, n.p.n.). His father, one assumes, had been avenged.

Retaliation from the Americans, entirely justified under the circumstances, came the next year; the Koreans having explained that they believed the United States had been in the wrong, the American government resorted to gunboat diplomacy. A squadron of five ships, one of which carried Frederick Low,² the United States

consular authorities in Shanghai placed Jenkins on trial,” Mackenzie related, “but there was not enough evidence to convict him” (20).

² Frederick Ferdinand Low (1828-1894), formerly Governor of California (1863-67) was United States Minister to China (1869-73). In fairness one

minister in China, now sailed up the Han river and attacked the Korean forts which lined the banks. Low was enthusiastic about the attack; “lenity,” he wrote to his superior, Hamilton Fish (November 22, 1870), “leads [Asians] to believe that fear alone prevents retaliation and adds to their arrogance, conceit and hostility” (Chang, n.p.n.).³ Even though they were outgunned, the Koreans stoutly resisted, even “picking up handfuls of dust to fling in the eyes of the Americans when they had nothing left to fight with” (Mackenzie 21). Several hundred Koreans as well as some Americans died in the clash, yet the United States eventually withdrew from the island because, as Mackenzie rather contemptuously noted, “there was nothing for the Americans to do but retire” (21). Low, for his part, remained as unimpressed by the Koreans as he had been by Asians in general, assuming that being a past Governor of California had given him insight, as he confided to Fish, into “the cunning and sophistry which enter so largely into the oriental character” (Chang, n.p.n.).

should note that as a Republican congressman Low did object to what he felt were too-stringent laws enacted against Chinese immigrants.

³ The American ships also brought along a more interesting passenger than the rather ignorant Low. This was Felice or Felix Beato (1825-1908), a Venetian-born British photographer based in Yokohama since 1863. He travelled widely, photographing sites in India, Greece, Palestine, China, Japan and Sudan, and he was the first person ever to take a photograph of Korea, a view of a boat on the Han river with the ubiquitous mountains in the background. He also took pictures of the 350 dead Koreans after the battle with American forces. For details, see Stephen White, “Felix Beato and the First Korean War, 1871,” *The Photographic Collector*, Vol. 3, No. 1 (1982).

King Kojong's own assessment of the incident contained no "sophistry" at all; he wrote to the Board of Rites in Beijing that the Americans had arrived "bragging that they had come with peaceful intentions, that nobody need harbour suspicion, that they certainly would hurt no-one," but asked "Why, then, did they come in ships full of soldiers? Why did they refuse to meet with the officials sent to them?" The King, for once agreeing with the Tae-won Kun without compulsion, believed that all the talk of peaceful intentions was nothing more than "a device to put us off our guard" before moving into Korea with a greater force (Chang, n.p.n.). In this last assumption he was wrong, but what was certainly true was that Korea simply did not want a treaty with the United States in 1871, in spite of the fact that the Americans, aside from wanting to punish those who had destroyed the *Sherman* and killed its crew, genuinely wished to clear the matter up and seek better relations with Korea. It did not look this way to the Koreans, and the Chinese government fully supported its nominal vassal's actions against the foreigners. As a result, no trade treaty would be signed with the United States for another ten years. These incidents let the Koreans know in no uncertain terms that outsiders were not prepared to be kept at bay, and even more unlikely were they going to tolerate Korean objections to their presence, either diplomatic or military. The Japanese in particular saw these incidents and the treaty as an inroad to

opening up Korea, but by the 1880's the Chinese had once again decided to intervene. Unfortunately the Manchus were not in the 1880's what they had been three hundred years earlier, and whilst the Japanese were more cautious when China became involved, as soon as the French started their incursions into Vietnam (1884) the Qing government turned its attention there and the Japanese believed the field to be now open.

Into the gap, however, now entered a new power, the Russian Empire, which wished, as Prince Esper Esperovich Ukhtomsky would later write in his account of Tsarevich Nicholas's visit to Siam and Saigon (1891), like France, to "spread civilisation in Asia in a chivalrous spirit" (75).⁴ The Russians had turned their attention to their Asian neighbours because it was the only direction in which they could turn, Africa and other areas of the world having been already claimed by other European powers. Asia was, of course, important to Russia because the British were in India, and the Russians needed allies or at least friendly countries as a buffer to what their government considered excessive British influence in that area. They decided first on a high-level contact with Siam, the result of which was Tsarevich Nicholas's

⁴ Prince Esper Esperovich Ukhtomsky (1861-1927) worked for the Ministry of the Interior, and was chosen to accompany Tsarevich Nicholas (later Tsar Nicholas II) because of his expertise in Buddhism, Eastern literature, and Asian history. He also wrote poetry, and edited the *St. Petersburg Gazette*. Ukhtomsky was a committed imperialist who wished to see all Asia eventually unite, "chivalrously," of course, under a Christian "White Tsar." His book was published in 1898.

aforementioned visit to King Chulalongkorn, but that did not mean they were not interested in Korea, too. Their admiration for the French is more difficult to understand, at least from a political standpoint, since the French had supported Britain in the Crimean War only thirty years earlier, but for centuries French had been the language of the Russian aristocracy, and in spite of the Napoleonic War many Russians, especially some of the nobility, still clung to their own version of French culture. This alone might explain Prince Ukhtomsky's positive attitude towards French desires to bring "civilisation" to Asia. As for the French attitude towards Russia, fifty years earlier the Marquis de Custine⁵ had concluded that he found it difficult to believe that "the only object of this creation of Providence [Russia] is to diminish the barbarism of Asia" (305), and that it was Europe that would have to watch its back. By the 1880's Custine would have had to have changed his mind, at least on the first part of his prophecy.

When both Japanese and Chinese forces had agreed to withdraw, the Russians engineered a clandestine agreement with King Kojong, who seems to have become suddenly very pro-Russian, probably because he saw the Russians as a check to

⁵ Astolphe, Marquis de Custine (1790-1857) travelled to Russia in 1839 and stayed for three months. He was quite a seasoned traveller, having visited Spain in 1831 and published a four-volume book on that country which had enjoyed critical acclaim, including an accolade from Balzac. Some Russian writers, notably Edvard Radzinsky in his recent (2004) biography of Tsar Alexander II, have criticised Custine's claims about "knowing" Russia. His *Empire of the Czar: A Journey through Eternal Russia*, as the anonymous English translator called it (1840), has been republished with a foreword by Daniel J. Boorstin (New York: Doubleday, 1989).

Japanese influence and also because his wife detested the Japanese. The Chinese, for their part, considered deposing Kojong, but settled for a British force occupying a small island off Korea instead. Li Hongzhang,⁶ the virtual Prime Minister of China under Emperors Dong Zhi (1861-75) and Guang Zhu (1875-1908), now actually advised the Koreans to cultivate the friendship of other Western powers to keep the Russians out, and he even went so far as to tell foreign diplomats in Beijing that they should start being friendly to Korea. In 1882 the Americans, despite their former belligerence, got the Koreans to sign a treaty at Gensan in which they promised that they would help them if “other powers deal unjustly or oppressively” with them, as the words of the treaty read (Mackenzie 22). However, when the going later got tough, the Americans were nowhere to be found, as the Canadian journalist and eye-witness Frederick Mackenzie, would relate in his book *Korea’s Fight for Freedom* (1920).⁷

Frederick Mackenzie (1869-1931) came to Britain from Québec, arriving in Korea as a correspondent for the London *Daily Mail* shortly before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. He stayed only a few months, leaving at the end of 1904 and

⁶ Li Hongzhang (1823-1901) began his career in the army, and rose to the rank of general. He suppressed several rebellions against the Qing Dynasty, and in 1870 became Viceroy of Zhili. Li was pro-foreign, and rose politically as well as militarily; by the 1880’s he was Superintendent of Trade and an Imperial Tutor to the young Emperor Guang Zhu. By 1886 he directed China’s foreign policy, and led China in the Sino-Japanese War. In 1896 Li toured Europe and played an active part in stamping out the Boxer Rebellion (1901). He was by far the most distinguished Chinese statesman of his time.

⁷ Mackenzie wasn’t the first Canadian in Korea. That honour goes to The Rev. James Scarth Gale (1863-1937), a missionary, scholar and translator who was sent to Seoul in 1888 by the University of Toronto YMCA. He wrote several books on Korea, including *Korean Sketches* (1898) and *History of the Korean People*, reprinted in 1972. Gale also translated a Korean novel, Kim Man-jung’s *Cloud Dream of the Nine*, which had been written in 1689, and wrote a biography of Buddha.

going back to England through Russia, where he reported on the war from the Russian side and produced a book of his experiences, *From London to Tiflis* (1905). The *Daily Mail* sent him back to Korea in 1906, just in time to witness the harshness of Japanese imperialism there. As Yi-sup Hong writes in his foreword to the Korean edition of Mackenzie's book, the latter was critical of Britain's pro-Japanese (and hence anti-Russian) policy, seeing the Japanese stranglehold on Korea as one example of British short-sightedness about Japanese imperialism, so he wrote this work as "criticism of Japan and appeal for Korea, to arouse concentrated world reaction, in the name of humanity and justice, for a weak and oppressed nation" (9). Mackenzie used his friendship with the Japanese, whom he actually admired, to question their reporters, which he could do easily because of the alliance between Britain and Japan, but this did not stop him from trenchant criticism of Japanese behaviour. He believed, for example, that Japan intended genocide; "It is a part of the Japanese policy of race extermination," he wrote, "by which they hope to destroy all Koreans" (191). Yi-sup Hong sees Mackenzie's book as presenting readers with "a breathless feeling of the great wave of international power politics which surged over us half a century ago and which still rushes toward us with resounding roars" (16).

King Kojong might have come to love the Russians, but some powerful people around him did not, and the Tae-won Kun was one of them. In 1866 two of his colleagues, Nam Chong-sam and Hong Qong-ju, both of whom were Catholics, presented the Regent with a plan to keep the Russians from gaining too much influence. Their idea, like that of Li Hongzhang, involved an alliance between Korea and two other European powers, Britain and France. Whilst the Tae-won Kun had initially thought the plan was a good one, he had second thoughts soon afterwards, perhaps after being reminded of the “Silk Letter” incident. Instead of adopting the plan he ordered an outright persecution of Christians, and his two advisers were amongst the first to be executed. In 1866 “nine French Catholic priests and some 8000 Korean converts were executed” (Breen & Gustaveson 40). To be fair, it has to be said that Yi Ha-un was under great pressure from conservative court elements, and, given his character, it is not surprising that he backtracked. The Tai-won Kun, Mackenzie believed, “had the idea that Christians favoured the coming of the foreigner, and so he turned his wrath on them” (18). The same year he informed the Russians that Korea was not interested in opening trade relations with them. The French, whose priests had been amongst the slain, sent some warships and six hundred men to the Korean coasts, where their soldiers landed, captured and looted a few coastal towns, then advanced on Kanghwa, a royal city, and occupied it, too (October 19, 1866). The Tae-

won Kun reacted by sending Korean troops to attack the French in overwhelming numbers, and in November they inflicted a defeat on the invaders at the battle of Mt. Chongjok, which caused the French to withdraw from Korean territory. The Tae-won Kun then calmly ordered the persecutions to resume, and at the same time rejected a Japanese offer to mediate.

During these turbulent years King Kojong came of age. As a person, he seems to have been a bewildering mixture of character traits, at least according to Europeans who had met him or interacted with him. The Austro-Hungarian adventurer-priest Monsignor Count Vay de Vaya,⁸ who had an audience with then-Emperor Kojong in 1902, wrote that while Kojong was “more than a despot,” he also noted that “the face is kind and his expression benevolent,” a description borne out by both portraits and photographs. Whether Vay de Vaya used the word “benevolent” in the Confucian sense he doesn’t say, but if he had then he would have been paying Kojong a huge compliment, benevolence being a gentleman’s most important virtue. Vay de Vaya further observed “I cannot imagine him to be a man of strong likes and dislikes, and his shyness approaches timidity” (Neff n.p.). Things were not that simply explained; as Confucius informs us in his *Analects*, “When to act is difficult, is it any wonder that one

⁸ Otto, count Vay de Vaya und Luskod (1863-1948) travelled widely in Asia both in his capacity as a priest and simply as an adventurer. In addition to writing *Empires and Emperors of Russia, China, Korea and Japan: Notes and Recollections* (English translation published by John Murray, 1906) he went to the United States where he helped with missions to the poor in Chicago and wrote *The Inner Life of the United States* (1908).

is loath to speak?” (112). That Kojong was shy with foreigners may simply have been due to the fact that he could not directly communicate with them, or that he did not know their customs well enough to feel relaxed or confident in their presence. Moreover Kojong, in his later years, would do everything in his power to resist the Japanese, even when he was physically threatened and more or less abandoned by members of his court and the foreigners he had cultivated. He fought as well as he could to maintain Korea’s sovereignty, and whilst he could indeed be hesitant, it would be wrong to say that he lacked courage or patriotism. He had to deal with so many situations for which his upbringing did not prepare him and which even a more forceful personality would have found daunting and bewildering. In some of the photographs Kojong, especially in those where he wears Western dress, looks rather stiff and self-conscious, but his expression is certainly mild, open and intelligent and his bearing dignified.

Kojong, fortunately or unfortunately, depending on who was voicing an opinion about it, had married a very strong, able and intelligent woman of noble birth, Min Myong-song, who now vied with the Regent for power over the King, and whose influence was so great that Kojong was usually inclined to follow her advice, side-lining the Tae-won Kun and making him hate the Queen and her family. In 1872 King

Kojong, strongly supported by his wife, had asserted his control and the Tae-won Kun had been forced to retire to his country house. Curiously enough, at this early stage of the conflict between himself and the Mins he blamed not the Queen directly for his demotion, but one of her relatives, Min Sung-ho. In 1874 Min Sung-ho received a parcel in the post which, when he opened it, exploded, killing Min, his infant son, and the child's nanny. The sender remained anonymous, but rumours had it that the Tae-won Kun probably knew about the incident, although his direct involvement has never been ascertained.

From the beginning of the marriage Queen Min had been quite prepared to take direct action against the influence of the Tae-won Kun, which meant actively promoting the interests of her own family. Min Yung-ho, a brother, became Prime Minister, and Min Yung-ik, her nephew, obtained the post of Ambassador to the United States of America. Her nephew Prince Min Yong-hwan became one of Korea's most distinguished diplomats and patriots.⁹ Min Yung-ik was also in command of the Royal Guards Regiment, the same one to which Hamel had been seconded two centuries earlier. Frederick Mackenzie noted that Kojong, "usually weak and easily

⁹ Prince Yong-hwan Min (1861-1905), also Kojong's cousin, was a supporter of reforms. He travelled to Russia (1896) and served as Ambassador Plenipotentiary at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria (1897). Because Emperor Kojong wished to give Korea a recognised presence in Europe, he was subsequently made Korean Minister Plenipotentiary in Europe. In 1905 he committed suicide to protest the signing of the protectorate treaty with Japan. For details see Michael Finch, *Min Yong-hwan: A Political Biography* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 2002).

moved, really loved the Queen, refused to be influenced away from her, and was dominated by her strong character” (25). It was not, again, as simple as that; Kojong, who was isolated as much as possible by his father, “had not a single friend or counsellor” (Simbirtseva n. p.) outside the Tae-won Kun’s circle, and when he married her it was Queen Min who filled the gap. A contemporary Korean historian, Cho’e Byong-ik, is not so kind; he dismisses Queen Min as “an embodiment of all the evils of the decaying dynasty” (Simbirtseva n.p.). Another Korean writer, whilst critical, admits that Queen Min was “unusually bright and cunning” and that she had Korea’s interests at heart in her resistance to the Japanese (Kim 26).

There is only one photograph purporting to be a portrait of Queen Min, but its authenticity is questionable, and some scholars believe it is merely a photograph of a lady-in-waiting, so we cannot be sure of her appearance,¹⁰ at least photographically. Fortunately, when foreigners, particularly women, met the Queen, they did not forget her. Lillias Underwood¹¹ wrote of the Queen’s “charming play of expression while in conversation,” and how “no-one could help reading force, intellect and strength of

¹⁰ The photograph in question was reproduced in Homer B. Hulbert’s book *The Passing of Korea* (1909), and is still in dispute. Tatiana Simbirtseva believes that there are no photographs of Queen Min, partially because royalty and nobility was rarely photographed. However, to counter that assertion, there are many photographs of King Kojong and I have seen at least two of the Tae-won Kun, not to mention several of Emperor Sunjong and several royal family group photographs.

¹¹ Lillias Underwood (1851-1921) was an American doctor and the wife of Horace Underwood, a missionary who founded Yonsei University. She wrote a biography of her husband, *Underwood of Korea* (1917), and a fascinating book of her own life as a medical missionary, *Fifteen Years Under the Top-Knot* (1904).

character in that face;” she also describes the Queen’s “somewhat sharp features and brilliant piercing eyes” (89, 91, q. in Simbirtseva, n.p.). Elizabeth Greathouse, the mother of King Kojong’s American lawyer Clarence Greathouse, actually dined at the palace a few days before the murderous attack, and was a friend of Queen Min’s, too. She described her as “a gentle, pretty creature....highly intelligent” (Neville, n.p.n.). As Isabella Bird put it aptly, “Her Majesty has few equals among her countrymen for shrewdness and sagacity” (274). Helen Maxima Heard, daughter of the American Minister Resident,¹² who found the King “almost handsome in his gorgeous red and gold gown,” was rather less complimentary in her account of Queen Min. “The Queen is small, not pretty,” she wrote in her journal (October 17, 1892); “she was affable and talkative,” but Miss Heard noticed that “her teeth were horrible— black and irregular.” She continued: “her face was as white as this paper with powder and paste, and she also wore a huge chignon minus the wooden thing.” As for Crown Prince Yi Ch’ok, “[he] is an idiot, or looks like one” (Gray, n.p.n.).

A drawing made from life, the only such portrait in existence, was made in 1895 by one Ishizuka, a Japanese artist; it shows the King and Queen receiving Count Kaoru Inoue, the Japanese minister-resident. What is interesting about this drawing is that it is

¹² This was Augustine Heard (d.1905), appointed by President Benjamin Harrison in 1890. Correspondence from Korea between Heard, his daughter Helena Maxima “Max,” and others has been presented in an interesting paper by Robert M. Gray, “Max and Max.”

Queen Min who seems to be in charge; the Japanese envoys are facing her, perhaps addressing her, whilst King Kojong is looking at his wife, listening rather than being listened to. She has a strong face, her dark hair is pulled back, and she is wearing a sort of crown only slightly smaller than that of her husband; Lillias Underwood noted that the Queen “wore her hair like all Korean ladies, drawn tightly and very smoothly away from the face and knotted rather low at the back of the head” (q. in Simbirtseva n. p.). Two attendants, both women, are seated at the King’s left. For all these contemporary accounts by people who knew Queen Min well, Donald Keene nonetheless insists that she was “an arrogant and corrupt woman” (517), contrary to the official Korean statements that she was “our beloved and venerated queen....cruelly assassinated” (Keene 516) and her subsequent quasi-canonisation as a great Korean patriot.

Queen Min did not simply tolerate foreigners; she encouraged Kojong to learn from them, a notion which ran completely against the beliefs of the Tae-won Kun and his advisers. In 1880 Kojong sent Kim Hong-ip to Japan for the purpose of studying the way the Japanese were rapidly industrialising; unfortunately Kim seems to have been more influenced by his meetings with the Chinese Minister-Resident in Tokyo, and when he reported his findings they were negatively critical and recommended that if Korea wished to modernise, the model should be China, not Japan. However, King

Kojong was nonetheless “deeply interested in new and unknown things” (Simbirtseva n.p.), which made him more open than many of his ministers to foreign innovations and philosophies. One area where Japanese expertise was welcome was the military sphere; an example was the invitation from King Kojong and Queen Min received by the Japanese military attaché, Lieutenant Reizo Horimoto, to advise the Korean government on how to modernise the army (Keene 372). On the intellectual front, Korean scholars became interested in the writings of Yukichi Fukuzawa, who had travelled widely and who had written a book on the West..

The result of the new openness was that treaties were ratified with Russia and Germany, relations established with Britain and France; foreigners began to come to Korea, first the diplomats and ministers, then traders, businessmen, missionaries and others. King Kojong seems especially to have favoured Americans, giving key positions to “dozens” of them, believing that the United States, as a Christian country far away over the seas, had Korea’s best interests at heart and “would treat Korea fairly and honourably” (Chang, n.p.n.). The first American Resident was one Lucius Foote, who arrived in 1883 invested with the resounding title of Resident Minister Plenipotentiary Extraordinary; when that was reduced to Resident Minister, Foote became very offended and resigned a year and a half later. The fact that all treaties with

foreign countries provided that any lawbreakers would be tried by courts of their own countries, not Korean courts, made it easier for the foreigners to operate, but caused a great deal of resentment amongst Koreans. A further, if limited, example of “modernisation” was Kojong’s decision to install telephones in the palace; by 1896 there were three of them, all exclusively for the use of the royal family, although another was later connected to the Prime Minister’s office.¹³ He also liked cars; a large royal garage, which can still be seen today, was erected on the grounds of the Changdokkung Palace, and at least part of the palace was served by electricity.

Quite apart from policy differences between the now ex-Regent and the Queen, the whole thing began to turn into a very nasty family feud between the Yis and the Mins, with disastrous consequences on both sides as its intensity grew over the next few years. On the one side was the Tae-won Kun, who hated Queen Min, her relatives, and all foreigners (unless, of course, he was trying to make deals with them); his spies were everywhere and even though he was no longer Regent he exercised power through fear, intimidation, and even murder from behind the scenes. On the other side was Queen Min and her family, more than once the target of the Tae-won Kun’s intrigues, yet thwarting his power through her husband, who was still the King of a

¹³ For details, see Andrei Lankov, “Telephone Arrives in Korea,” *Korea Times*, November 22, 2002. Kojong also used it to take part in funeral rituals for his second wife, Lady Om, and ex-Emperor Sunjong was connected by telephone to his father’s tomb in 1919 so he could call him twice a day and mourn him.

monarchy which wielded the ultimate authority. When their son Yi Ch'ok, who later became Emperor Sunjong, was born in 1874, the Queen's influence increased even further.¹⁴ King Kojong was caught in the middle, trying to balance respect for his father with loyalty to the woman he loved, and he was not happy about it. For him, the Confucian concept of *hsiao*, love of a son towards his parents, clashed with the love he had for his wife. "Meng Yi Tzu asked about being filial," the *Analects* state; "The Master answered, 'Never fail to comply'" (63). Confucius was not quite as helpful when it came to dealing with one's wife; "In one's household," he proclaimed, "it is the women and the small men that are difficult to deal with. If you let them get too close, they become insolent, if you keep them at a distance, they complain" (148).

The Tae-won Kun tried to regain his power in 1881 with a plot to replace Kojong with another one of his own sons, Prince Yi Ui-hwa, but it was discovered and he narrowly escaped prison or even worse punishment, thanks again to Kojong's filial piety. Meanwhile, there was, for the Tae-won Kun, always the problem of Queen Min, and dealing with it became his obsession. He could no doubt have theoretically justified his hostility to the Queen by recalling Confucius's dictum that one of the seven "evils"

¹⁴ Kojong's first son, Prince Wan Hwa-kun (1868-1880), had been the offspring of a concubine, Lady Yi Yong-ho (1843-1928). He died under mysterious circumstances amid unfounded and unproved rumours that Queen Min had done away with him. Min's first child by Kojong was a son who was born and died in 1871. After 1874 there were no more sons born to royal concubines. The King had other consorts, who were, in order: Lady Yi Nae-an-dang (1847-1914); Lady Chang Kwi-in; Lady Om Kwi-bi (1854-1911), whom Kojong married after Queen Min's death; Lady Yi Kwanghwa-dang (1885-1977); Lady Yang Boknyong-dang (1882-1929) and lastly, Lady Samchak-dang (1889-1970). From these consorts came two other children, Princess Yi Chin-wang (1877-1955) and Princess Yi Tokhye (1912-1989).

which a wife could commit was disobedience to a parent-in-law, but since quoting Confucius obviously wouldn't have worked, the only answer to the dilemma of Queen Min was to do away with her somehow, a practice which Confucius did not sanction. In December 1881 the Tae-won Kun got another chance with the so-called Soldiers' Riot. Some soldiers were furious because their rice rations were three months in arrears, others had been demobilised due to the reforms proposed by Horimoto. King Kojong ordered that the soldiers be given a month's ration of rice immediately, and entrusted the Director of the Tribute Bureau (which handled the exchequer), Min Kyom-ho, whose elder brother was Queen Min's adoptive brother, to carry out the order. Min duly delegated the task to his clerks, but one of them proceeded to sell the good rice and give the soldiers millet (which was cheap) laced with bran instead. The enraged soldiers took matters into their own hands and marched to Min's house in protest, assuming that he was the person who had sold the rice for his own profit. Min had the police arrest some of the soldiers' leaders and ordered them gaoled. Foolishly, he then announced that they would be executed the next day as an example to the rest of them that mutinous behaviour would not be tolerated.

The soldiers did not disperse permanently, as Min hoped they would. Instead, they came back, attacked his house, broke into it, and smashed his furniture. Then they

raided the nearest armoury for modern rifles, after which they stormed the gaol and let their fellow-soldiers out. Min, who had not been at home when the attack on his house took place, panicked, first by fleeing to the royal palace and calling out the army, which did nothing, and then by appealing to the Tae-won Kun to sort the situation out, which he proceeded to do by first meeting the leaders of the riot and expressing his solidarity with them by actually appointing his own agents to keep the rioters' momentum going! Then he spread rumours through spies that the Queen had angered the spirit-world because she had allowed foreigners to come to Korea. This action shrewdly tapped into ordinary Koreans' fear of retaliation from the spirits, and no doubt the Tae-won Kun had shamans who were prepared to help disseminate that fear. At the same time, a more practical and physical event in the form of a fiscal deficit struck Korea, and to top it off there had been severe crop-failure and famine the same year.

All these things combined to frighten and anger the populace, and foreigners were the obvious scapegoats. An enormous and hostile mob, which included disaffected soldiers, now marched on the royal palace, murdering some government officials, including Min Kyom-ho and other royal ministers on the way there, setting houses on fire and causing general mayhem in the streets of Seoul. The unfortunate

Horimoto was one of their first foreign victims. At the palace the royal guards panicked, some deciding to join the rioters, whilst others ran to warn Queen Min that the rabble was at the gates. Mackenzie gives us the details of what happened next:

Queen Min was calm and collected. She quickly changed clothes with one of her serving women, who somewhat resembled her in appearance. The serving woman, dressed in the robes of the Queen, was given a draught of poison and died.

The Queen hurried out through a side-way in peasant woman's dress, guarded by a water-carrier, Yi Yung-ik, who for his services that day rose till he became Prime Minister of the land. When the mob broke into the Queen's private apartments, they were shown the corpse and told that it was the Queen, who had died rather than face them. (27)

The Queen had managed to save herself, but things did not stop there. The mob now moved on to the Japanese consulate, which they attacked and entered, looking for the

Japanese minister-resident, Yoshimoto Hanabusa,¹⁵ so they could lynch him. Here they encountered resistance; Hanabusa, accompanied by some of his staff and others who had not been either beaten up or killed, actually managed to fight his way through the seething mob whilst other rioters were busy setting the building on fire. “They battled their way through the city to the coast,” Mackenzie relates, and “set to sea in a junk” when they got there, after which “they were picked up at sea by a British survey ship, the *Flying Fish*, and conveyed to Nagasaki” (26). Emperor Meiji later decorated the British sailors for their timely help.

The Tae-won Kun must have “laughed in his heart” once more; for all he knew he had managed to get rid of Queen Min and drive out the Japanese in one fell swoop. It must have looked to him very much like come-back time, especially when Kojong, likely frightened at what had happened to his wife, allowed him to return to his former glory, and even issued an edict saying that from now on all government decisions must be approved by the Tae-won Kun. The soldiers were rewarded by the Tae-won Kun issuing orders that all their demands must be met and their imprisoned comrades released. The Tae-won Kun even arranged for the “dead” Queen to be given a state funeral, so sure was he that he had won the day and broken the power of the Min

¹⁵ Yoshimoto Hanabusa (1842-1917) served as Assistant Foreign Minister under Taneomi Soejima, and had been entrusted to re-establish a permanent trading outpost for the Japanese in Pusan.

family. Meanwhile King Kojong sent a delegation to Tokyo led by Pak Yong-hyo, of whom we shall hear more later, which conveyed his abject apologies for what had happened. In December they were received by Emperor Meiji who told them that he was sorry they were about to leave and that of course he wished to be Kojong's friend.

As the Tae-won Kun basked in his triumph over the Mins and their foreign friends, Hanabusa, now back in Japan, was preparing to retaliate. Emperor Meiji and his government were not best pleased with the way their people had been treated, although under the circumstances, as we've just seen, the Emperor himself was ready to be conciliatory. Nevertheless, just over three weeks later Hanabusa returned to Seoul with a squad of Japanese soldiers, demanding that those who had murdered Japanese officials be punished, that the Japanese who had died be buried properly, and that the Korean government pay a large monetary compensation.¹⁶ He gave the Koreans three days to comply. Hanabusa also requested in no uncertain terms for a widening of trade privileges with Korea as a goodwill gesture, all of which were granted by the Tae-won Kun and ratified by King Kojong in the Treaty of Chemulp' o (August 30, 1882).

At this point readers may be wondering how the tables could be reversed on the

¹⁶ It is only fair to note that in 1884 Emperor Meiji wrote to King Kojong and told him that all of the money paid by the Koreans under the treaty would be returned apart from ¥100,000. The Emperor felt that it would be better to offer a financial incentive to Korea if peace was to be secured properly (for details, see Keene 388-89)

Koreans with a handful of Japanese troops and a determined minister, but when four thousand Chinese soldiers arrived in Seoul the situation really blew up in the Tae-won Kun's face. These soldiers were probably requested by King Kojong at the urging of his wife, who had written to him from her hiding-place suggesting that China, as Korea's suzerain power, should be involved (Keene 376). The Tae-won Kun's reaction was to humble himself before the Chinese and shift the blame for the outbreaks onto anyone except himself. The Chinese authorities now decided to throw a party for the Tae-won Kun to celebrate, as they had him believe, the restoration of order and good government. Again, Frederick Mackenzie takes up the story:

The Chinese, with elaborate courtesy, invited [the Tae-won Kun] to a banquet and to inspect their ships. There was one ship in particular, to which they called his honourable attention. They begged him to go aboard and note the wonders of the apartments below. The Regent went. Once below he found the door shut, and could hear the ropes being thrown off as the ship hastily departed. It was in vain for him to call for his attendants and warriors waiting on the shore. (26)

Another version of the story is that the Tae-won Kun was not invited aboard the ship,

but actually seized by Chinese soldiers, unceremoniously tossed into a palanquin, and taken to the waiting vessel, which then got under way (Keene 376). The Tae-won Kun must have panicked: what were the Chinese going to do with him? Why had they kidnapped him? Who had done this to him? The ship sailed for China, and when the terrified Tae-won Kun disembarked he was brought before Li Hongzhang, who had engineered the whole thing, he was informed, after questioning by Li himself, that he would be put in confinement until further notice. In fact, Li made it clear that he considered the whole Korean farrago to have been due to the Tae-won Kun's ambition and mismanagement. Yi Ha-un would remain in China for the next three years, living in one room in a small town near Beijing, under round-the-clock surveillance by Chinese soldiers. One hopes that now King Kojong "laughed in his heart" for a while. The Tae-won Kun returned to Korea as he had left, on a Chinese ship and under the watchful eye of Yuan Shih-k'ai, who was appointed Director-General Resident in Korea.

Li Hongzhang's move checked, if not mated, the Japanese; he had piggybacked his soldiers in on Hanabusa's back and, at least temporarily, reasserted Chinese authority, a move which of course infuriated the Japanese. As Frederick Mackenzie noted in a chapter entitled "Japan Makes a False Move," to the Japanese "it seemed

mortifying, therefore, that the Hanabusa incident served to strengthen China's authority" (28). It did not, however, do much for King Kojong and the Koreans, who were now helpless to stop the Japanese. For the moment the presence of such a considerable body of Chinese troops, far more in number than any Japanese contingent, made the Japanese more inclined to strengthen their diplomatic hand before making any military moves. "These determined little men," as Mackenzie called them contemptuously (28) started to demand even more concessions from Kojong and his government, working with pro-Japanese elements within the royal court and suggesting that in fact the Japanese were really there to help Korea separate itself from Beijing's suzerainty, that they would guarantee Korean independence.

The new Japanese Resident in Seoul was Shinichiro Takezoe, whom Mackenzie called "timid and hesitating....but like many timid folk, acting at times with great rashness" (28), Takezoe seems to have been a deliberate choice because he was not known for an aggressive outlook, and he brought the welcome news that the indemnity paid to Japan would be commuted, as noted above. He also brought the King "a stand of Japanese-made rifles," and told Kojong, who listened politely without committing himself, that he should stand up to China (Mackenzie 30-1). According to Mackenzie, however, trouble started again because of the actions of Takezoe's

“stronger and rougher” colleague, Shumamura (28), who intrigued with pro-Japanese reformist Koreans, particularly Kim Ok-kyun, and persuaded them that China was a threat to Korean sovereignty. According to Mackenzie, “they repeated the rumour that a secret treaty had actually been signed by the King, recognizing Chinese supremacy in more binding form than ever before” (29). Some of Kojong’s family were in the plot as well as some cabinet ministers, but the real leaders on the Korean side were Kim Ok-kyun, whom Mackenzie thought “an ambitious and ruthless politician” and Pak Yong-hyo, another one of Kojong’s relatives and, as Mackenzie put it, “a sincere reformer” (29).

On November 4, 1884 Pak Yong-hyo hosted a meeting of the “progressives,” known as the Kaehwadang party, at his house, to which he had also invited a member of the Japanese legation. They decided that they would overthrow the government and force the King to accept them as leaders instead. The same night the new Postmaster-General, Hong Yong-sik, who, according to Mackenzie, was “keen on foreign ways” and “hungry for power” (29), decided to throw a dinner-party to celebrate his appointment, but early in the evening his guests were startled by a loud fire alarm coming from a neighbouring house. One of them was Min Yong-ik, a nephew of Queen Min, who went out to see what was happening and was “attacked with a sword

by a man in Japanese clothes” (Keene 389). According to Mackenzie, this was all part of the plot, and his version of the story has Min being attacked by five men, from whom “he received seven sword slashes, all great ones, two all but taking his head off.” He was saved by the timely arrival of Dr. Allen, an American medical missionary, “who did such good work on his patient that night that King and Court became friends of the missionaries for ever on.” Meanwhile, Pak Yong-hyo and some of his friends went as fast as they could to the palace and told King Kojong that he and the Queen must leave immediately with them because they were in great danger, which they did, and headed to another one of the royal palaces, which was soon encircled by Japanese soldiers, about twenty students who supported reform, and some hundreds of Korean troops commanded by General Han Kyu-chik. Pak seems to have convinced the King that the Chinese were on their way to kidnap him, but the Chief Eunuch had other ideas; he persuaded General Han that the best course would be to actually summon the Chinese, who were under the command of General Yuan Shi’h-kai, the man who would eventually dispose of the Manchu Dynasty and reign for a very short time in 1916 as self-proclaimed Emperor of China. Now the students acted; they persuaded General Han and the Chief Eunuch to come outside, attacked them, and killed both of them. Under threat from the students the terrified King Kojong now found himself

forced to summon to the palace ministers from the *Sadaedang* (Serving the Great Party) group, whom Pak and his allies considered reactionaries. When they arrived, they too were massacred. Pak and his comrades had now virtually seized power; they appointed a cabinet and began their work, beginning with a number of edicts which they forced the King to sign. Kojong now demanded to see Takezoe, who delayed his coming because he feared a diplomatic incident if things were to go wrong, but eventually he turned up just as Pak and his friends finished their work. “All kinds of reforms were commanded,” Mackenzie wrote, “and the land was made on paper, in a hour, into a modern state” (25). It looked as if the reform movement had triumphed.

Next morning King Kojong was permitted to go home, along with an escort consisting of Japanese soldiers and some of the newly-appointed members of the self-installed reform government. At this point, as so often, things now began to go wrong. Many Koreans were not ready to become citizens of a “modern state,” or, if they were, they didn’t want the Japanese running it from the sidelines. They attacked Japanese people in the streets and a huge crowd hostile to Pak’s reformers converged on the palace. They also cut off the Japanese Legation, so the soldiers could not get any more ammunition than the twenty-five rounds they already had. Pak and his group had no option but to stay in the palace, but on December 7 the Chinese arrived; Yuan Shih-

kai, answering a message smuggled out by Queen Min, now “approached the palace gates and sent in his [visiting] card, demanding admission.” The Japanese refused. Yuan now warned them that he had two thousand Chinese soldiers, three thousand Koreans, and a great multitude of people with him, who would attack when he gave the word. Takezoe counselled non-resistance, but was overruled by So Jai-pil,¹⁷ the youthful commander of the Korean troops in the palace, as well as his own military attaché, who was spoiling for a fight.

Yuan now ordered an attack, and the Chinese troops moved forward towards the walls, intending to scale them and get into the palace. Now everything happened quickly; one of the King’s guards cut down Hong Yong-sik, the former Postmaster-General who had been named Prime Minister by the reformers, and the Korean soldiers in the palace made themselves scarce, abandoning the Japanese and the students, who, despite the setback, kept on fighting furiously. “They claimed,” Mackenzie reported, “that they shot fully three hundred Chinese” (37). Now outnumbered seven to one, the Japanese lost over thirty of their one hundred and fifty men (Keene 389) in the Chinese attack, and even though the palace gates still held the

¹⁷ So Jai-pil, according to Mackenzie, who knew him well, was only seventeen at the time. He had been one of the young men sent to Japan to study military skills, and his demonstration of these before Kojong had so impressed the King that he resolved to have his soldiers all trained that way. He made So into an instant Colonel of the Palace Guard. He later became one of Korea’s most distinguished political figures, and we will meet him again.

defenders were getting desperately short of ammunition. Here is Mackenzie's account of what happened next:

“Let us charge the Chinese with our bayonets,” cried So. The Japanese captain joyfully assented, but Takezoi [*sic*] now asserted his authority. He pulled from his pocket his Imperial warrants giving him supreme command of the Japanese in Korea and read them to the captain. “The Emperor has placed you under my command,” he declared, “Refuse to obey me and you refuse to obey your Emperor. I command you to call your men together and let us all make our way back to the Legation.” There was nothing for them to do but obey. (37)

Together with about three hundred people, the Japanese escaped from the palace; they “crept quietly around by the back wall” (38) and holed up in the Legation, but there they ran into a hail of bullets from the soldiers in the building, who thought they were being attacked, and two people were killed. Someone had the presence of mind to sound a bugle, which the Japanese in the Legation heard and ceased firing, after which

So and the rest were allowed inside. The next afternoon all of them, including Takezoe and the people in the Legation with their families, fought their way through hostile mobs out of Seoul, even passing a Chinese camp from which a cannon opened fire on them. On December 8 they managed to battle through to Inch'on, and the next day Takezoe was the amazed recipient of a letter from King Kojong, whom the Chinese had rescued, offering sympathy and suggesting that he come back to Seoul and talk things over! More ominously though, Kojong also demanded that any reformist Koreans now with the Japanese should be given up, but this the Japanese honourably refused to do.

On December 11 Takezoe and his companions, including the Koreans, left for Nagasaki instead of returning to Seoul. Indeed, to quote Mackenzie's chapter-heading, it seemed that this time Japan had really made "a false move." The situation was a mess.¹⁸ Kojong, who had been forced to lend his nominal support to the reformers when they had occupied his palace, now turned against them, and as soon as it appeared that they had been used by the Japanese in their power-play there was no way out for them. So, who had hoped for Japanese help, was disgusted by the apparent lack of interest the Japanese government showed in their plight, and now realised that they

¹⁸ It is doubtful whether anyone noticed, but at about this time Korea had its first European royal visitor. The crisis in Korea prompted Count Ulisse Barbolani, the Italian minister in China, to send a warship, the *Vettor Pisani*, to Korea. Its commander was Prince Tommaso de Savoia, Duke of Genoa, brother of King Umberto I.

were certainly not going to get any help from Japan if it meant war with China. He left for the United States, where he learned English, became a citizen, and eventually took a medical degree, calling himself Dr. Jaisohn. Kim Ok-kyun had a more complex fate. He knew Japan well, having lived there before the fiasco of 1884, and in December of the same year he found himself back there; Mackenzie tells us that Kim was “the unpardonable offender,” for whom there could be “no forgiveness” (40). The Japanese refused to extradite him on King Kojong’s request, after which “assassins followed him to Japan, but could find no opportunity to kill him” (41). Donald Keene states that the assassins were “provided with orders signed by King Kojong” (473) and that they were also to murder Pak Yong-hyo; the King’s actual role in this and the genuineness of the orders has, however, been questioned. In any case, Kim was temporarily saved by the Japanese foreign minister, Count Kaoru Inoue, but the Japanese promised to send Kim back, or at least to expel him from Japan. After two years more or less hiding out on distant Chichijima Island, Kim was, as Mackenzie puts it, “induced to visit Shanghai,” ostensibly to meet Li Hongzhang, but instead was murdered in a carefully-arranged plot. A Chinese ship took Kim’s body to Chemulpo, where “it was cut up, and exhibited in different parts of the land as the body of a traitor” (41).

The result of this almost comic-opera scenario was that the Koreans now found themselves unable to trust anyone. The Japanese had used them by pretending to support Korean “independence,” the Chinese seemed to have decided to reassert their ancient overlordship, and the other foreigners, whilst professing benevolent feelings, had not intervened to stop the bloodshed, but had waited on the sidelines like vultures deciding whether to start dismembering a dead animal. King Kojong had proved wavering, indecisive, and completely incapable of asserting any authority; to be fair to him, he had been bullied and threatened, and his life may well have been in danger, but many Koreans probably expected that their King would, somehow, find a way out of the bad situation, and he had not done so. The Queen, who was usually seen as a Korean patriot, had called in Yuan and his soldiers rather than cede anything to the Japanese; she believed she was choosing the lesser of two evils, but her opposition to the Japanese would ultimately seal her own fate and that of the Yi Dynasty.

Frederick Mackenzie made no bones about his sympathy with the Koreans and his disgust with the way they had been treated by Western powers; his Preface to *Korea's Fight for Freedom* opens by calling Korea “a nation that had been ticketed and docketed by world statesmen as degenerate and cowardly, revealing heroism of a very high order” (5). Mackenzie was referring here to the 1919 peaceful uprising after ex-

Emperor Kojong's funeral and the subsequent violent reprisals carried out by the Japanese, but most foreign powers were no more helpful in 1884 than they would be then. Writing in 1920, Mackenzie called on "the protests of the civilized world" to stop Japan's "avowed policy of assimilation," its "attempt to turn the people of Korea into Japanese— an inferior brand of Japanese, a serf race, speaking the language and following the customs of their overlords, and serving them" (6). He was definitely not anti-Japanese *per se*, but nevertheless convinced "that the policy of Imperial expansion adopted by Japan" (10) was to blame, and concluded "I plead for Freedom and Justice. Will the world hear?" (11). In 1919 it did not, but in fact it had been somewhat hard of hearing even before that. One element which made the powder-keg explode again a few years later was the existence of a group known as *Tonghak*, which could be translated as "Eastern learning." Starting in the early years of Kojong's reign, it was a practical application of Confucian principles to the art of government, together with a mystical side derived from Buddhism, Taoism and a strong Shamanic element.¹⁹ The movement also advocated the minimisation of Western influences, and a return to what its founders believed to be genuine Korean beliefs, hence the name "Eastern" learning.

¹⁹ Shamanism has been in Korea for some five thousand years, surviving many attempts to suppress it, and has only recently been allowed to flourish again. A basic Shamanistic belief is that all our lives are influenced by spirits, whether we know it or not, and that ceremonies must be carried out by shamans to connect with the spirit-world. An excellent account of it may be found in Alan Covell, *Folk Art and Magic: Shamanism in Korea* (Seoul: Hollym, 1986).

Many people, including ordinary people and peasants, which was what would make the movement seem dangerous to the authorities, connected with Tonghak and began to see the Korean administration as corrupt and incompetent, with Confucianism reduced to a bewildering number of meaningless ceremonial activities. Here we should explain that in Confucianism, rites and ritual were very important, because they were seen as the accumulation of the wisdom of the ages as well as the rules which governed human life. As D. C. Lau remarks in his introduction to *The Analects*, “Though there is no guarantee that observance of the rites necessarily leads, in every case, to behaviour that is right, the chances are it will, in fact, do so” (20). What Tonghak would show people was that the rites had simply become formal ceremonies, not a guide for a way of life any more, and that one could pay lip-service to them without having any intention to actually use them in human actions at all, let alone work as a guide to good conduct. The movement was not exactly Confucian, given its founder’s attitude towards Confucius, presumably because although that philosophy was foreign, it was not “Western,” whereas Christianity was. It was the latter, at least according to the interpretation of some recent scholars, that became the “chief enemy” of Tonghak (Keene 473).

The leader of Tonghak as a non-violent political movement was himself a former

Confucian scholar, Ch'oe Che'u (1824-1864), who had not been allowed, because of his radical views, to pursue his government career. He began by simply “dropping out;” he made a bonfire of his Confucian library, abandoned his wealthy home, and went on a decade-long pilgrimage all around Korea. It appears that he had a mystical experience during the course of his wanderings, which told him that God had made him a special agent who was to bring a message to people that the world as they knew it was about to end. He thought that human beings and the divine were linked, and that therefore all people were equal in the sight of God. This idea, of course, appealed to the common people, many of whom now began to have serious thoughts above their station and joined the movement. Ch'oe Che'u was arrested and executed in 1864. It was not the end of Tonghak, for Ch'oe Che'u had an able successor and disciple, Ch'oe Si-hyong, who took the movement underground and kept on quietly recruiting supporters, but it was not until 1893 that they would come into open rebellion and make demands that the Government would have no choice but to meet with repression and help from the wrong kind of foreigners.

One of their first demands was that the memory of their founder be rehabilitated, and a group of them went to Seoul, where they threw themselves down flat on their faces before the Changdokkung Palace and stayed there for three days,

hoping that King Kojong would grant their request, which in the end he didn't, but they had made their point, and went on to demonstrate outside foreign embassies. A Japanese observer on the legation staff, Mutsu Munemitsu (later Foreign Minister and ambassador to the United States), who was an eye-witness to the Tonghak uprising which soon followed, simply described them as "a group of insurgents" who "pillaged homes and expelled local officials" in two provinces, Cholla and Ch'ung-ch'ong, and Keene, who quotes him, notes that recent scholars considered it "essentially a peasant movement" (Keene 476). King Kojong, or some of his advisers, might at this point have remembered Confucius's observation that "common people are the touchstone by which the Three Dynasties were kept to the straight path" (135), but it was the common people that the court now seemed to fear most.

In fact, whatever the definition of the movement, the Japanese were taking no chances, and neither was Yuan Shih-kai. Japanese diplomats sharpened their swords and loaded their revolvers, whilst two Chinese warships sailed for Inch' on. As a large crowd of demonstrators closed in on Seoul from surrounding rural areas, the Korean government appears to have, once again, panicked, and Chinese help was asked for. The Japanese, who were well-informed about what was happening, reacted to this by requesting that their government send troops to Korea who would "protect the lives

of resident Japanese,” as the rescript from Emperor Meiji stated (Keene 476), but also stipulated that attempts should be made to find a peaceful solution to the problem. However, the Japanese parliament did decide, after endless debating, to send some troops to Korea, but the Chinese, who seem to have developed new confidence in their own power as nominal suzerains, were sure that they could counter anything the Japanese did. “China despised Japan,” Mackenzie observed, “and did not think it necessary to make any real preparations to meet her” (42). Indeed, Wang Fengzhao, the Chinese minister in Seoul, was reported by Munemitsu as thinking that the Japanese were “too debilitated internally to engage in conflict with another power,” a view which the Japanese quite rightly found “foolish” (Keene 476). Now the Koreans had both powers claiming that they were intervening either to protect their own nationals or to help the Korean government deal with the Tonghaks. What in fact happened in the end was the Sino-Japanese War.

As China and Japan fired off diplomatic exchanges, threats, and peace proposals at each other, the whole cause of the intervention, the thirty-thousand strong Tonghak advance on Seoul, which had even mauled a Chinese-led Korean force, petered out. Even Keisuke Otori, the Japanese Resident in Seoul, thought that his government no longer needed to send large numbers of troops to Korea, but as the Tonghak “threat”

receded, both Japanese and Chinese soldiers remained where they were, the latter now numbering close to ten thousand. Marquis Hirobumi Ito, now Prime Minister, believed that Japan could best act by proposing a union of Chinese and Japanese troops to put down the now-harmless rebellion anyway, knowing full well that China would never consent to such a plan, for the simple reason that there was no need for it. The Japanese, after hearing what they knew they would hear from Beijing, determined to “go it alone” and help the Koreans restore order and good government. Otori now went to see King Kojong and told him that he should officially declare what sort of a state Korea was, either an independent country or a Qing vassal. At a second audience with the King he demanded that reforms be carried out under Japanese guidance and that the power of reactionary elements, known as the Sadaedang, be severely curtailed.

King Kojong was never at his best in a political crisis; it’s possible that, as Vay de Vaya observed, he did not actually feel particularly strongly about any of the issues which seemed to be forever raising their heads above any control he might have over them, but he was nonetheless deeply troubled by anything that remotely affected his own role as King. What Kojong did care about genuinely, too, was the welfare of Korea, and this perhaps lay at the root of all his troubles; his background and education would not have equipped him to deal with all the changes facing Asia at this

crucial time, for Korea, unlike Japan and even China, was caught in a time-warp largely of its own making. In fact Kojong, at least initially, was probably less well-informed about foreigners than King Hyojong had been when Hendrik Hamel and his party had shown up in Seoul two hundred and thirty years earlier. Kojong reacted now, in Keene's words, "blaming himself for the crisis, expressing shame over the years of bad government and grief over the repeated internal revolts." He declared Korea an independent state. He went even further, declaring that "his own lack of virtue" was equally to blame with the ineptitudes of his ministers (Keene 479), thus recognising the Confucian principle that "Not to mend one's own ways when one has erred is to err indeed" (Confucius 136). Unfortunately, Kojong's method of mending his ways was to allow the Japanese more power; he set up what we would now call a "Royal Commission" and simply commanded its members to consult with Otori on every question of reform it considered. Now Japan had what it wanted, and was ready to deal with China, because, as Count Matsukata, not a member of the government, told Prime Minister Ito, a war with China had Japanese public support, and that a troop withdrawal from Korea now "would lower Japan's national prestige in the eyes of foreigners." Matsukata even told Ito that he would "never again" have anything to do with him if he didn't take the advice (Keene 479). Even Yukichi Fukuzawa, the

prominent pro-Western Japanese intellectual, urged a war with China because, as Keene puts it, he thought that “the Chinese might benefit by the enlightenment that had been denied them by their obstinate Manchu rulers” (481), Fukuzawa would later write in his *Autobiography* (1899) that “our victorious war with China...was the result of perfect cooperation between the government and the people...I could hardly refrain from rising up in delight” (335).²⁰ This from the man who had told his readers with pride that he did not like the “militaristic trend” in the Japan of the 1860's and had “decided that swords were unnecessary objects in my scheme of things” (164).

In the end, as the Japanese decided to go to war with China, Kojong was now faced with a demand from them to order the Chinese to leave, but, perhaps at Queen Min's urging, he suddenly discovered he had a backbone and refused. It would not happen, he told Otori, until the Japanese also withdrew their army. The Japanese reacted by simply putting Seoul under their control, and occupied the palace for good measure, giving out that they had been shot at by Korean soldiers and had therefore to “guard” Changdokkung Palace. Keene, following official Japanese accounts, states that they were in fact fired upon (480). They now approached the seventy-three year old

²⁰ Yukichi Fukuzawa (1835-1901), philosopher and teacher, was one of the earliest Japanese visitors to the West. He went to San Francisco in 1860 and also visited Hawaii (then an independent kingdom) on the way home. In 1862 he travelled to Europe, and visited the United States again in 1867. He wrote a travel guide to the west, studied political institutions, and published a very successful work, *Things Western* (1866). He was the founder of Keio University.

Tae-won Kun and offered to put him back in power, but the old man had finally, or so it seemed then, found the wisdom of his years and declined the honour, or at least “the responsibility,” according to Mackenzie (46). Keene, however, says that he was called upon by Kojong “to assume charge of the government” anyway, and that he had then “welcomed Otori” to the palace (480). The Tae-won Kun’s wisdom seemed to desert him when it looked like he might have another chance at power and he showed himself willing to grasp at any opportunity to regain it.

In any case, the Japanese unceremoniously bundled King Kojong out of the royal apartments, which they made into a command-post for themselves. Kojong was once again at the mercy of the Japanese, who now obligingly drew up a treaty for him to sign which effectively turned Korea into an ally, if not a client-state of Japan. “There were soon no [fewer] than fifty Japanese advisers at work in Seoul,” Mackenzie wrote, “men of little experience and less responsibility,” who thought arrogantly that “they were going to transform the land between the rising and the setting of the sun” (47), and they worked assiduously. First they wrote a constitution which deprived Kojong of his absolute monarchy, then they drew up rules for royal concubines, for what length of pipes people could smoke (short), how men and women could dress, and they told every male to cut his hair. They also invented nine graded titles of honour for the

wives of officials. They were like Peter the Great in miniature, small men clipping pipes instead of beards. “Nothing was too small, nothing too great, and nothing too contradictory for these constitution-mongers,” Mackenzie commented derisively; “their doings were the laugh and amazement of every foreigner in the place” (48).

As foreigners chuckled over the anally-retentive Japanese bureaucrats, King Kojong failed to see anything funny about the situation and was feeling more and more pushed to the sidelines. He asked Otori to at least remove Japanese troops from the immediate area of the Changdokkung Palace, and complained that soldiers were even intruding themselves on the royal presence. Things had come a long way from the days when no-one was allowed to look the King in the face. Otori was more than agreeable, but “his price,” Mackenzie relates, “was the royal consent to a number of concessions that would give Japan almost a monopoly of industry in Korea” (49). The soldiers left, and were “replaced by Korean soldiers armed with sticks” (49), who eventually managed to obtain a few old “muskets,” as Mackenzie calls them, which had no ammunition! Just near and outside the gates of Changdokkung Palace the King could still see the Japanese soldiers as they continued their “guard” duties. To further weaken Kojong’s now rather tenuous hold on power, the Japanese forced the removal of the Min family from all public offices. The stage was now set for the next, tragic act

in the endgame of the Yi Dynasty.

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All of His Heroes by Terri Elders

It's not often I'm taken aback while simply waiting in line at the post office. This past week, though, I dropped in one morning to pick up stamps and glanced over at the glass display case spotlighting the new commemoratives. I stifled a gasp...and squelched a joyous yelp. Even my normally nonchalant late husband would have struggled to repress a squeal. I bet he'd have skittered right on over for a closer look.

Nearly a year has inched by since he died last spring, and as the anniversary of his death nears, I often start the day feeling sad. I find myself longing to share a bit of news. I'll wish I could recount how the neighbors across the way finally painted their house, how I can't get excited about the current batch of singers on *American Idol*, or how his favorite restaurant is staging a lobster fest. Right then I wished we could marvel together at these new stamps.

My gallant and gutsy husband had absorbed his diagnosis of pancreatic cancer with what seemed to me an almost heroic grace. He rarely complained and never whimpered during those last months as he steadily declined.

“I can’t tell you enough how brave I think you are,” I’d said.

“Brave? Nah. Just accepting the inevitable,” he answered. “Tom Mix wouldn’t be boo-hooing. Neither would Wild Bill Elliott.” He craned his neck to gaze at the lithograph on the wall above his favorite overstuffed chair.

The sepia-toned collage featured portraits of two dozen movie buckaroos, everybody from Johnny Mack Brown to John Wayne. Its caption, “All of My Hero’s Are Cowboys,” had made me grin when he first hung the picture when we moved into our retirement home.

“It’s tough to make two mistakes in one word,” I’d said, “but the artist managed. He’s got a superfluous apostrophe and a misspelled plural. It should be h-e-r-o-e-s.”

Ken laughed. “I’d never noticed before. I’ve had this for years, but I’ve always been too busy admiring those actors. I love Westerns because the good guys always win.”

Ken claimed his mom had named him for one of the Western stars in the painting,

Ken Maynard. “I’m just glad he was the one she idolized, rather than a couple of the other guys up there. I can’t imagine having gone through life as Hoot or Hopalong.”

I sidled over for a closer look. “Hmmm. There’s also Lash Larue and Crash Corrigan. Lash or Crash would have been dashing.”

“I’ll settle for plain old Ken.”

He bragged that he must have seen a hundred Westerns by the time he hit third grade. His mom dropped him off at the theater every Saturday afternoon and he’d watch double features. During the summers while she worked he’d usually go three or four times a week. He listened to *The Lone Ranger* and *The Cisco Kid* on the radio and later watched every Western series that appeared on television.

The only song he knew all of the words to was “Paladin,” the theme tune from *Have Gun -- Will Travel*, a late ‘50s TV show later adapted to radio. Whenever that show appeared on one of the many cable channels Ken subscribed to during his last years, he’d record each episode and watch them over and over.

“He’s a true hero,” Ken explained. “Many of the movie cowboys jump right into a fight, but Paladin first tried to settle disputes without violence whenever he possibly could. He not only had brains, he had class. He loved good food, good wine and sharp clothes.”

Just like my husband, I thought, who served up even simple grilled burgers gorgeously garnished, routinely sniffed and swirled before sipping and insisted on ironing his own shirts to get the collars and cuffs just right.

“Here’s the thing about Westerns,” he’d told me, after watching an episode of *Cheyenne* just days before he died. “Life’s uncertain enough just as it is. You don’t need any extra ambiguity in your entertainment. So many of the new movies you watch leave too many questions unanswered for me. I want everything crystal clear at the end. I want to believe that justice always will out.”

In Ken’s case I like to think that it did. He tried to be a good guy until the very end. He died in discomfort, yes, but without experiencing the pain that so many with a similar diagnosis have had to endure. He chalked it up to karma.

Now as the post office line shortened, I had a clearer view of the display case. The new stamps, “Cowboys of the Silver Screen,” bear portraits of four of the men in Ken’s lithograph: William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers. All four wear jaunty white cowboy hats. Though two smile and two scowl, anybody could tell they’re all good guys.

Tears clouded my eyes but my mouth twisted into a smile as I approached the counter. For the past year I’ve been sending birthday and Christmas cards to my husband’s closest friends, some who date back to childhood, and to his three adult sons and their families. Now I’ll have something special to affix to the envelopes that will be a happy reminder of Ken’s lifelong passion.

“I’ll take five sheets of the cowboy stamps,” I said, reaching into my purse for a tissue. I wiped a tear from my cheek.

The post office worker opened her drawer and counted out several sheets. “Got a spring allergy?” she asked, as I sniffed.

“No. I’m just absolutely overjoyed by these stamps.”

“Well, they are bright and cheery,” she said, totaling my tab.

“They remind me so much of my husband.”

“Whatever,” she said, shrugging and reaching for my credit card. While she swiped it, she glanced from the stamps to my face and back, and then shook her head.

I ducked my head to hide a smirk. She thinks I’m the odd one, I thought. I bet she doesn’t even know that Paladin’s horse was named Tanglefoot or that Tom Mix’s was Tony! I bet she thinks that Cheyenne is just a city in Wyoming!

I headed for home much more lighthearted....and eager to address a greeting card.

Ken’s middle son’s birthday is coming up. He’ll be tickled when he receives it.

My sorrow had been stamped out, at least for that day.

Haiku by Gail Whitter

from her fingers
black silk
crows

pin
pressing dialogue
into another ring

& now
every point of light
a pine needle

this hot room
another metaphor
for sex

beach sand -
grey paper leaf
remembers

carnegie centre
where his needles tracks meet
single letters: **m o m**

snowbank
in the smallest space
earth

spring rain
crowning the chickadee
still in its egg

serving tea -
every move
builds space

silk
whispering
sleep

stitch in – stitch out
mending his silk quilt
there is no warm

stitch in – stitch out
ending her thread
a single tear

so empty
as the tree falls
sky

Duty Bound: the effects of war, trauma, and archetypal possession in Connie

Willis' *Lincoln's Dreams*

by Sue Matheson, University College of the North, The Pas, Canada

In *Odysseus In America: Combat Trauma and the Trials of Homecoming*, Jonathan Shay points out that the shared experience and aftermath of the attack on the New York World Trade Centre and on the Pentagon produced bittersweet reactions among Vietnam veterans: “one veteran after another reported seeing the light of comprehension coming on in the eyes of family members, neighbors, and employers. Like combat veterans with Post Traumatic Shock Disorder (PTSD), ordinary Americans too had nightmares, intrusive memories, and constant, obsessive thoughts about airplanes and anthrax attacks. Like combat vets with PTSD, they also lost interest in many things they had previously thought very important. Sex? Forget it. Laughter? Forget it. They became jumpy and hypervigilant” (253). As Shay notes, Americans, still grappling with the effects of Vietnam “emotionally, philosophically, and spiritually” in the twenty first century (5), are also reeling from the tragedy of 9-11, and their country’s involvement in the ongoing conflicts in Iraq, Libya, and Afghanistan. Vietnam, 9/11, the Iraq conflict, the intervention in Libya, and the police

action in Afghanistan are not isolated incidents of war in the history of the United States. Since the Civil War, every generation has suffered from the effects of combat even though America, as a democracy is “deeply related to the healing and prevention of such trauma” (Shay 243).

Because trauma recovery for veterans, “happens only in community,” the verbal, narrative arts of poetry, narrative history, narrative fiction, theory and film often perform therapeutic functions not only for veterans themselves but also for the communities to which they return (Shay 4). As Judith Herman points out in *Trauma and Recovery*, recovery is only possible if the trauma survivor is permitted and empowered to voice his or her experience; the listener(s) allowed to listen, believe, and remember; and the listener(s) allowed to repeat what they have heard to others--when the trauma survivors hear that enough of the truth of their experience has been understood, remembered, and retold, then the circle of communalization is complete and healing can take place (in Shay 243-44). Thus, as Shay argues convincingly, combat literature, in particular, has been an important part of the communal recovery for veterans since Homer’s *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. To date, a good deal of attention, fictional and critical, has been directed towards the short term effects that war has on the individual. Connie Willis’ *Lincoln’s Dreams*, however, suggests that the key to recovery

also lies in understanding the long term effects of war on the individual because the nature of combat trauma is transpersonal as well.

Published in 1987, *Lincoln's Dreams* is Jeff Johnston's story about his relationship with a young woman who believes that in her dreams she is experiencing Robert E. Lee's perceptions, dreams, and memories of the Civil War. Engaged in researching the Civil War for Broun, a novelist who specializes in historical biographies, Jeff meets Annie when Richard, her psychiatrist and Jeff's former college room-mate, offers Broun an interpretation of Lincoln's prodromic dreams. Because of his Civil War research, Jeff is able to do what Richard (concerned only with Annie's personal past) cannot; identify the transpersonal nature of Annie's dreams. Jeff takes Annie to Fredericksburg in order to do so, and throughout their journey, Annie's dreams become increasingly disturbing as they reveal frightening parallels between the personalities and battles of the Civil War and individuals and their actions in contemporary America. These parallels are evidence of a repetitive cycling of archetypal possession which is a central leitmotif which expresses the transpersonal nature of combat trauma. Indeed this repetition of the archetype's signatures is so pervasive that the United States itself appears to be suffering from a very complex PTSD the roots of which may be traced to the Civil War experience as the Civil War

dead seem to take over the personalities of almost every contemporary character involved in the tale. Annie most clearly illustrates the nature of these possessions, sleep-walking and speaking in Lee's voice as she re-enacts the blood events of Antietam and Pickett's Charge.

Jeff's possession is a more complicated matter. Logically, his identification with Lee's horse, Traveller makes no sense; but psychologically it is quite explicable. First, it must be noted that in *Lincoln's Dreams*, the past is presented as both a land of dreams *and* a land of the dead. As Mircea Eliade remarks in *Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*, from the most distant times, almost all animals have been conceived either as psychopomps that accompany the soul into the beyond or as the dead person's new form; whether it is the "ancestor" or the "initiatory master," the animal symbolizes a real and direct connection with the beyond (93-94). A funerary animal, the horse, in particular, has been awarded the power of a psychopomp. Aptly, as a historical researcher, Jeff guides Annie through the events of the Civil War much like Traveller who ferried Lee safely during the Civil War from Arlington to the Appomattox Courthouse. Richard, Annie's psychiatrist, is unable to explain contents of her dreams - for example, the significance of the rifle that looks like a child's toy, the cat with brown and yellow stripes, and the horse whose front legs buckle at an awkward angle.

Jeff, however, knows that the Springfield rifle used during the Civil War fired “a minie ball by using a paper roll of percussion caps like those in a toy pistol”; that Lee’s daughter owned “a yellow tabby” named Tom Tita; and that the front legs of D.H. Hill’s horse were shot off by a cannon ball at Antietam (28, 42). Having just spent six months exhaustively researching the Battle of Antietam, Jeff can say with authority that Annie is not going crazy, as Richard suggests, and verify that she is indeed having Lee’s dreams.

In fairy stories, animal guides function theriomorphically, advising the hero, acting as his guide, and ensuring the successful completion of the hero’s task (Jung 73-75). Functioning like such a guide, Jeff appears in Annie’s life when just such an intervention is badly needed. Theriomorphs possess the knowledge...cleverness...[and] insight,” as well as “good will and readiness to help” (Jung 77). Exhibiting these qualities, Jeff places Annie’s dreams in their historical contexts at night. During the day, he becomes her tour guide in Fredericksburg and its surrounding countryside. Assisting her in dreaming, Jeff says: “Well, I was helping alright...She’d already had more dreams since she met me than she had ever had with Richard, drugs or no drugs” (106). Annie, herself, knows Jeff’s value, even though he often feels useless. After dreaming about the aftermath of Marye’s Heights, she tells

Jeff that “it was easier. Because you were here to tell me what it means” (86). When he asks himself if “knowing where the dreams were leading her, would [he] have been able to take her there?” (196), his question is, of course, rhetorical. Neither his willingness nor his capability to help Annie are issues here. Jeff values duty—his and the duty of others—more than life itself. Even when he knows that Annie’s heart condition is life-threatening, he cannot surrender her to Richard, because he knows that Richard would not allow her to fulfill her obligation to the dead.

Currently ideas about dreams have not changed substantially from those advanced by the ancients; dreams continue to be ascribed to physical or spiritual causes. With the advent of Freud, however, what was the physical has come to be regarded as the personal and in the light of Jung’s work, what was the spiritual is now termed the transpersonal. Thus in *Lincoln’s Dreams*, dreams are seen either as psychic manifestations of physical activities occurring in the stomach or the brain, or as messages from the dead, as Broun’s “quacks” at Dreamtime in San Diego believe (203); that is dreams are either the brain’s way of processing personal information and the day’s events, or they are concretizations of the collective unconscious. Broun’s discovery that the prodromic dreams experienced by acromegaliacs (like Lincoln) and the victims of tuberculosis foretell their dreamers’ deaths, however, does not fully

explain Lincoln's, Annie's, and later Jeff's dreams about their own impending deaths. In short, in *Lincoln's Dreams*, it is suggested that the nature of dream analysis depends on the intellectual or spiritual bent of the interpreter himself, and that the failure of analysis to interpret fully the workings of the psyche while one is asleep is evidence that dreams themselves cannot be explained in rational terms.

As A.C. Spearing argues in *Medieval Dream Poetry*, dream visions are ultimately about their dreamer's consciousness (6). The key to understanding the dream vision, therefore, lies not in relating them to either the physical or supernatural events, but to the workings of the psyche itself. In *Lincoln's Dreams*, the key to understanding the complex patterns of the psyche lies in the archetypal nature of the theriomorph. According to Jung, the archetype which the theriomorph embodies was originally understood as a daimon that came upon one from without (110). As human ego consciousness expanded, this spirit was recognized as residing within the individual human psyche; and the rational reduction of the spirit to that of a personal daimon was designed to place it under the control of the ego. The result, however, is that the spirit takes possession of the individual, and, while appearing to be the willing object of human intentions, binds his or her freedom, just as the physical world does, by becoming "an obsessive idée-force" (Jung 68). In *Lincoln's Dreams*, obsession is a

symptom of possession, and obsessed with the notion of honour, Jeff sacrifices his happiness to his devotion to duty. Even when he is “past believing” that he is helping Annie with his explanations “any more than Richard had helped her with his theories and his sleeping pills” (136), Jeff feels compelled to tell her what her dreams mean.

In short, Jeff what experiences is the soldier’s dilemma, specifically the officer’s dilemma. Regretting his promise to help Annie dream because he knows that her dream experiences are killing her, Jeff wonders whether Lee regretted keeping the promises that he had made. “When he saw boys of sixteen cut down like stalks of corn, when he saw them barefoot and bleeding and dead on their feet, didn’t he ever consider breaking his promise?” Jeff asks (136). Clearly, duty for Jeff is as problematic for him as it was for Lee, “who had died of a heart attack, the controlled man’s disease...and had had bad dreams about the war right up to the very end” (122). Here, duty becomes problematic, for fulfilling it honorably becomes, in Lee’s case, also an obsession rather than an obligation. “I could have taken no other course of action without dishonor,’ ” Lee writes after the war, “after he had killed two hundred and fifty thousand of his own men” (73). Honour too motivates Jeff to send Annie back to her battle. For Jeff, the dishonor of surrendering Annie to Richard, a man who dishonoured himself by betraying his duty is unthinkable—indeed, it is difficult to

imagine a more heinous dereliction of a doctor's duty than Richard's, that of seducing Annie, his patient. Possessed by the idea of honour, Jeff cannot surrender dishonourably, because doing so would result in his own psychic dismemberment and death. "I could have surrendered to Lincoln," Jeff says, considering the difference between Broun and Richard. "I could have surrendered to Grant. But not to Longstreet. Not to Longstreet" (193).

As Jeff becomes increasingly obsessed with the idea of honour, his psyche becomes increasingly unbalanced. One can argue, of course, that half a year of exhaustive research about Antietam would be enough to unbalance anyone's mind: this is certainly Broun's conclusion when Jeff, worrying about Annie in "Richard's clutches" (45), demonstrates uncharacteristic fits of bad temper and irrational outbursts. When his researcher inexplicably refuses to go to California to begin researching the new project on Lincoln, Broun concludes that he has been working Jeff "too hard" (65). Ironically, he sends Jeff, who is manifesting symptoms of PTSD, off on a holiday to the scene of one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War, with Annie and the galleys of his latest Civil War novel, *Duty Bound*. Jeff's problem, however, is not due to overwork. Staying awake to help Annie dream, he experiences Lee's own PTSD, insomnia, and disrupted sleeping patterns.

As he and Annie retreat to the South, like Lee before the Union Army, Jeff's perceptions of the events of the historical past and his personal present become synchronized. As Shay points out in *Achilles in Vietnam: Combat Trauma and the Undoing of Character*, traumatic memory itself is not narrative. Rather, it is experience that reoccurs, either as full sensory replay of traumatic events in dreams or flashbacks, with all things seen, heard, smelled, and felt intact, or as disconnected fragments. Once the re-experiencing is underway, Shay says, the survivor lacks authority to stop it or put it away. The helplessness associated with the original experience is replayed in the apparent helplessness to end or modify the re-experience once it has begun. So long as the traumatic moment persists as a re-livable nightmare, consciousness remains fixed on it. The experiential qualities of reality drains from the here-and-now: the dead are more real than the living (Shay 172-73). At Fredericksburg in *Lincoln's Dreams*, Annie's dreams re-create the trauma of the agonizingly slow defeat of Lee's army: and as they do, her waking and dreaming worlds, like Jeff's, also become fused: the red-haired waitress at the coffee shop and the pharmacist at the drug store, for example, appear as participants in the Civil War in her dreams. The events in Broun's galleys begin to mirror the goings on in Fredericksburg. Jeff's unrequited passion for Annie closely resembles Ben's for Nelly in *Duty Bound*. In short, the Civil War appears to be

everywhere, permeating the present in Annie's unconscious, in Broun's fiction, and in the everyday reality of Fredericksburg itself.

This synchronicity extends to even the fried chicken that Jeff and Annie eat for supper is not innocuous, for that night, Lee's "little Hen" appears in Annie's dreams. About halfway through his stay at Fredericksburg, Jeff also begins to experience symptoms which indicate that he is heading, like Annie, for a psychotic break with reality. At first, Jeff attempts to escape Annie's dreams by suggesting that they go and see a movie or visit the local tourist attractions. Then, badly frightened by Annie's sleepwalking, he tries to prevent recurrences of it by proposing a side trip to Shenandoah. Jeff talks Annie into "getting away for a while. On furlough," but he knows that he is lying. He is really persuading her to desert Lee, and if he succeeds in removing her physically from the battlefields of the Civil War, he knows that he will "never let her come back" (149).

It is impossible, however, to escape a part of one's psyche. The presence of the Civil War functioning as an archetype then proceeds to manifest itself in a series of Freudian slips. As he and Annie begin their escape, he tells her, "We won't talk about the dreams, we won't think about the dreams, we'll go hiking and eat fried chicken and look at the Blue Ridge Mountains" (149). But he is unable to avoid the very subject

which he wants to forget and with which he has become obsessed. Unable to talk about the dreams themselves, he finds himself gabbling helplessly about the events of the Civil War: talking about Broun researching the battle at Antietam and lying on his back to get “the soldier’s eye-view” (150). Having translated Annie’s dreams for so long, Jeff, ever the historian, applies what Dr. Stone, the head of the Sleep Institute, terms “persistence of vision” to everything; he connects events into what he believes to be a “coherent narrative,” a causal chain, modeled after the Civil War (51). But because he is thinking like a dreamer, Jeff’s life becomes like “the storm of dreams” suffered by insomniacs when they are finally able to sleep (49). Since his mind goes on condensing the information which it receives, the process of the narrative becomes like “a film,” with Jeff playing many of the principal parts (51). During the days that follow the archetype’s complete possession of his personality, Jeff acts out the role of the entire Union Army. Annie, he says, goes on reading galleys “as if we were not now cut off from everyone, the rear guard destroyed at Sayler’s Creek, Sheridan already at Appomattox Station, and Meade in the rear and coming up fast, Grant already writing the terms of surrender” (185). By the time Jeff identifies himself to the reader as Traveller, his parts have been those of Lee, Ben Freeman, Longstreet, Lincoln’s sentry, and Lincoln himself. In short, the workings of his psyche have re-enacted the entire

story of the Southern states' attempt to secede from the Union.

In myth and fairy tales, as in dreams, the story that the psyche tells is the process of individuation (Jung 72). *Lincoln's Dreams*, however, does not resolve itself in terms of the initiation format which one has been taught to expect. Annie does not return to Jeff to discover that her faithful companion has been a prince in disguise, and Annie and Jeff do not marry and live happily ever after. Even in *Duty Bound*, one does not find a neat conclusion: Ben's unrequited love for Nelly remains just that. The inconclusive nature of both stories reflects the unfinished nature of the Civil War which informs them. In short, the War itself is not over. In *Lincoln's Dreams*, willing to die for honour, every American is metaphorically a Civil War survivor. Thus, in Jeff's imagination, it is appropriate that the dead Union soldiers lying face-down in the apple orchard beside the Appomattox Court House easily become Annie sleeping in her white nightgown under the apple trees at Arlington. At Arlington itself, Jeff knows that "when the snow melted a little more [he] would be able to see [Annie's] body, face-down, her arm flung out, still holding on to her Springfield rifle" (211). Possessed by the spirit archetype, like a soldier who is battle weary, Jeff regards his own impending death as a matter of kindness rather than as a process of transformation or transcendence. Here it is important to note that as a theriomorph, he can help Annie

conclude her rite of initiation, but he cannot complete his. Unable to individuate, because he cannot incorporate the shadow-side of honour into his personality, Jeff is forever dutiful. Annie recognizes the negative aspect of honour when Jeff betrays her “for her own good” (190), but Jeff does not; he cannot believe that he is behaving like Richard. Refusing to incorporate this part of his personality into his consciousness, he is doomed to repeat the cycle again. Thus when he returns home, he finds Broun waiting for him, pottering among the African violets like Annie was when his experience first began. When he returns home from the Arlington Cemetery, he notices, as if for the first time, that Broun “will never look like Lincoln...he looks like Lee” (212).

According to Eliade, individuals who experience spirit possession discover “hidden things and reveal them” (365). In *Lincoln's Dreams*, the experiences of the Civil War re-enacted again and again in the present reveal that honour, the controlling force of the American psyche, has become in fact a death drive, and that and the figure of the soldier, continues to be regarded as a heroic one, elevated above the ordinary by his willingness to sacrifice his life for his principles. To highlight this point, Willis uses an excerpt from Bruce Catton's *Mr. Lincoln's Army* as an epigraph for *Lincoln's Dreams*” Catton observes that life may not be “man's most precious possession,” because men

can be “induced to give it away very freely at times and the terms hardly seem to make sense” (i). Thus, in final analysis, Jeff ultimately fails to understand what the reader recognizes, that the Civil War is proof of his and his culture’s obsession with honour. Ironically, when unresolved, combat trauma ensures that the average American, was and it seems, till is duty bound. In *Lincoln’s Dreams*, Jeff functions as a mediator, thereby promoting a more complete understanding of the repressed components of the American psyche. Unable “to communicate with the dead, ‘demons,’ and ‘nature spirits,’ without....becoming their instrument” (Eliade, 6), he is a perfect medium via which the readers may complete the circle of communalization crucial to the process of recover from combat trauma by encountering archetypes without being overwhelmed, recognizing their signatures, whether they be positive or negative, and thereby correcting not only the veterans, but also their own psychic imbalances. It is no coincidence that *Lincoln’s Dreams* begins with the following lines Stephen Vincent Benet’s note On Traveller from “The Army of North Virginia”:

They bred such horses in Virginia then,
Horses that were remembered after death
And buried not so far from Christian Ground
That if their sleeping riders should arise
They could not witch them from the earth
again
And ride a printless course along the grass
With the old manage and light ease of hand. (1)

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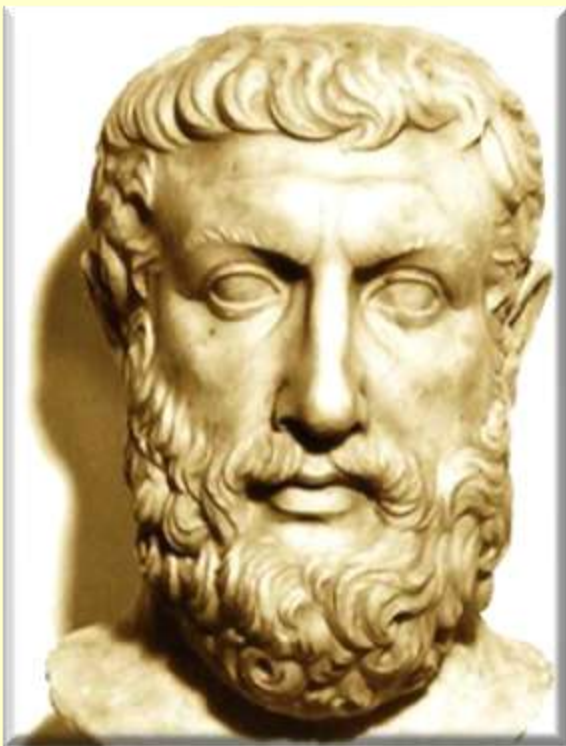
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REVIEWS

John Butler

A.H. Coxon, Ed. *The Fragments of Parmenides*. Edited with New Translations by Richard McKirahan and a New Preface by Malcolm Schofield. Las Vegas: Parmenides Publishing Company, 2009.



Parmenides

New Parmenides good Greek for the general reader

The name of Parmenides of Elea, the eminent

Greek philosopher of the fifth century B. C. E., may only be familiar to readers of Plato's eponymous dialogue and students of Pre-Socratic philosophy. A quick glance at Parmenides's remaining fragments, which are in verse, reveal a densely cryptic mind, which is not made much clearer by the quotations from him which can be found scattered around the works of later philosophers. Moreover, Parmenides's writings sometimes border on the mystical, and one may be forgiven for wondering whether it is even possible to conjecture accurately from a series of fragments and quotations in other authors what he thought, or even to make a coherent translation of Parmenides's rather arcane, quasi-religious language. In the end, the answer to the latter question is a resounding "yes," with the qualification that readers turn to the late A. H. Coxon's revised and expanded edition of Parmenides, with new translations by Richard McKirahan and a new, enlightening preface by Malcolm Schofield, a book which is a wonderful example of what some might call "old-fashioned" scholarship

in the very best sense of the word, and which will serve for many years as a model for future presentations of such works. Reading Coxon's copious commentary on the fragments and poring over the formidable array of notes, not to mention sensing how much this scholar must have loved what he did, is enough to put the contemporary generation of scholars, translators and editors to shame. The text is also bilingual, both for the actual writings of Parmenides himself and for the citations of fragments in other authors, which will appeal to specialists and Greek scholars alike. Parmenides of Elea is a lucky man to have such a champion, and this book will, if properly read and studied, restore him to his proper place as an important and innovative thinker of the first order. Parmenides Press has, too, it must be said, added to the pleasure of this book with an attractive, well-designed format on good-quality paper which makes it a delight to look at and to hold in one's hands.

Parmenides belongs to a group of philosophers known as "Pre-Socratics," which of course denotes those thinkers who were active before the time of Socrates and Plato. Much of the philosophical discourse in these early days concerned the nature of reality, and the question being asked was "Is there one reality or are there many?" Some philosophers, such as Heraclitus, believed that reality was both; our senses can see oppositions and transformations in reality, and then reason tells us that even though we can see change everywhere, things still remain the same. Parmenides simply doesn't buy this; for him, reason tells us that reality is one, and also tells us that if what exists is one, then it can't be many at the same time. Furthermore, as the prologue to Parmenides's book informs us, he was instructed to convey this wisdom

by the divine. "The mares that carry me," he writes," kept conveying me as far as ever my spirit reached, once they had taken and set me on the goddess' way of much discourse, which carries through every stage to meet her face to face a man of understanding" (48). Parmenides, incidentally, wrote in verse, which was conceived to be the highest form of literature and therefore closest to the divine and fit for expressing only the highest thoughts, those which concerned the cosmos and the deeds of the gods who inhabited it. The poetic form he uses is hexameters, which was also employed by Homer in his epics (Parmenides employs a plethora of Homeric words and phrases) and by Hesiod in his *Theogony*, where we also encounter a poet who claims to have received directions from the divine, in this case the Muses. This is what gives Parmenides his uniqueness, but also leads to controversy in interpretation and frustration with the fact that what we have is so fragmentary. Here is a philosopher who will declare that reason (λόγος) is paramount, that our everyday perceptions of reality are mistaken, and that there is no such thing as not-being, yet he gives us this information through the agency of divine revelation. This seems, to me, to be the one of the most interesting aspects of the Parmenides paradox. "It is not lawful," he declares, "that Being should be incomplete, for it is not defective, whereas Not-being would lack everything" (75). This is the essence of Parmenides's philosophy; our senses are deceptive and unreliable (as Descartes would also claim in the seventeenth century), reality itself does not change because its underlying material cannot be effected either by creation or destruction, and that what we perceive to be movement and change is simply an illusion. Indeed, one

might see some similarities between Parmenides's idea of indivisible reality and Einstein's dictum that matter can neither be created nor destroyed. What might look to modern readers like a tendentiously mystical tone is simply the poetic form and language, which Parmenides uses effectively to lend his sentences authority. The translation captures the tone admirably.

It's not the place of a reviewer for a general university audience, however, to write as if he were contributing a scholarly article to a philosophical journal, even if he were an expert on the subject. It is the presentation of this material which is under review here, and for that we can have nothing but praise. Malcolm Schofield's preface is clear and puts the fragments in their intellectual context; his discussion of the apparent paradox between rationalism and mysticism mentioned above was particularly interesting to this reviewer. Schofield considers the belief that Parmenides's prologue is really allegorical, and believes that whilst elements of it can be interpreted that way, it was "intended as an account, symbolic in detail but cosmological in its setting," and further that it was "at once literal and symbolic," appealing both to imagination and intellect. It wasn't a "revelation" as we might use that word today, but perhaps more like a Joycean "epiphany," where one gets a sudden feeling of comprehension, where everything suddenly comes together and makes sense. Sometimes this is accompanied by a feeling that there is a supreme intelligence present in the world, hence the "goddess" who allows Parmenides to see and understand the truth. Schofield also gives us detailed information about Parmenides's influence on Plato, Aristotle and later Greek philosophy, which is important in

our understanding of what effect he might have had on more modern philosophers who discussed the nature of being, such as Leibniz. Parmenides's great contribution is in fact his discussion of being, and for that he may be considered one of the founding fathers of ontology, the study of the basic nature of reality. This is where his great importance lies.

A.H. Coxon (1909-2001) taught at Edinburgh University from 1933 to 1980, having studied at Oxford with Sir David Ross, the eminent Aristotelian scholar. On his retirement in 1980 he started to work on this edition of Parmenides, which appeared in 1986, followed thirteen years later by his second book, *The Philosophy of Forms: An Analytical and Historical Commentary on Plato*. Coxon was a scholar who remained unpublished until he felt he had something significant to say, and these two books, appearing when their author was seventy-seven and eighty-nine, are a fitting legacy to his prodigious scholarly skills and the experience of many years teaching and living ancient philosophy. As stated above, what shines out here is Coxon's sheer love of his subject and his enthusiasm for conveying everything he knows in an accessible way. As with so many great scholars, he sometimes assumes rather too much of his readers, but these moments are rare, and one could argue that it feels good to be addressed by such a man as if one were almost as knowledgeable and erudite as he himself must have been. The same can be said for Malcolm Schofield's introduction, which is a worthy addition to the Coxon text and commentary. As well, Richard McKirahan's editing is first-class, and the decision to print a bilingual text, to include all the secondary testimonia and the full text of Coxon's commentary, together

with a concordance, indexes and Greek-English glossary, was a very wise one. As the reviewer from *Phronesis* regrettably stated, this book is indeed “the product of an academic world that no longer exists and...of a general literary and scholarly culture which is fast disappearing.” The efforts of McKirahan and Schofield go a fair way to proving that statement wrong, and Parmenides Publishing will, I hope, continue to aid and abet scholars like them in further giving it the lie. Students and scholars alike can benefit from books like this, as can a general interested reader; it is not necessary to read Greek to benefit from a book like this, although the reviewer now wishes that he had studied that language harder in those far-off days when he was required to do so!

Gary A. Kozak

Natacha Appanah. *Blue Bay Palace*.
Translated by Alexandra Stanton. Aflame
Books, 2009.

Troubled, Dismal, and Slightly Vulgar

Natacha Appanah was born in 1973 in Mauritius. She later became a French resident and worked as a journalist and writer. She is the author of four previous novels and won literary awards for such as the Prix RFO and the Prix du Roman FNAC.

Natacha Appanah’s novel *Blue Bay Palace* is a dismal and, for some tastes, slightly vulgar tragedy set in the tropical paradise of Mauritius. Despite charming the

reader with such a setting, she attempts to create a commentary concerning the flawed social customs and mores of her society. In addition, she also depicts a more personal issue of psychological delirium and the dramatic effects of obsession. The two themes (cultural and psychological) are woven together and give us a new kind of literary experience.

The narrating character of the novel is Maya, a young female resort worker who suffers the fate of being a member of a lower Hindu caste. She obviously wishes to improve her situation. To her apparent benefit, she gets into a passionate relationship with a dashing high caste man of her own age. The man, David, helps her speculate on her goals by substantially raising her prospects for the future. Unfortunately, her hopes fall dramatically as she learns about David’s family obligation to marrying another woman. After David informs her of the issue, they secretly continue the sexual aspects of their relationship until he finally decides to settle into his marriage. She continues to stalk him and his new wife while developing another somewhat shallow carnal relationship with the gardener. Her uncompromising hatred for David’s wife evolves into excessive and compulsive obsession. This eventually leads to the wife’s murder and Maya’s fatal suicide.

Appanah’s choice of using first person narrative is to give us an inside view of the main character’s thinking processes and motives. This provides a more accurate account of psychological distress and unstable introspection. Maya is more than just a victim of custom. She is a disturbed

character whose situation only triggers extreme actions for which she already had the capability.

Everything Maya does and says is extreme. The lust she feels is described graphically. She says the following:

I see his tongue searching for mine. He was probing me at length, inside my cheeks, on my palate, sometimes at the opening of my throat, sucking my lips until they became swollen with blood and, as he finally released me, my head was spinning, intoxicated.

This is one example of Maya's thinking tones. Everything about her involves extreme passion. Her tone is always passionate but nearly always on a shallow level. She never seems to feel actual love for the men in her life. For her, intimacy is orientated towards sex and anger. This personality is always described in a strangely articulate manner. For example, she states:

Now, we eluded one another, we took one another quickly and savagely behind a banyan tree, without even checking our surroundings. My back was badly scarred by a repeated banging against tree bark, hot sand earth and pebbles. I kissed him until the sickly taste of

sweet blood slid on my tongue. I devoured sex, his face and body with the same haste as if it had only been thinking of that all my life. I had never desired so much.

As the novel progresses, the tone becomes increasingly vulgar as the narrator becomes progressively shallow and uncontrolled. Her feelings toward David change for the worse. She states:

He was no longer that dashing young man I had once known. Since December, he had been stripped to the bare truth. He had shed the mask and the finery. He was but a feeble, spineless and desperate man....Having lied to me, he was now being eaten up by guilt and was losing all dignity.

This is a case in point. Her position changes but her extreme emotions remain. She eventually begins to feel contempt for David and the situation but her intense lust continues. She appears to be a kind of victim of her culture and circumstances but one begins to sympathize with David and his fortune of no longer having his relationship with Maya.

Natacha Appanah's novel definitely leaves an impression. It is a psychological study of human feelings and problems. A wide range of emotions are described thoroughly. It has lust, ambition, anger, hostility, envy, resentment, sadness as well

as emotions that cannot be defined. It gives us the chance to sympathize with a person living with such cultural problems while also seeing the effect of such problems on a particular kind of troubled character. It is recommendable to a reader interested in psychology.

Gary A. Kozak

Hari Kunzru *Transmission*. Penguin Books, 2005

Weak ending but a lasting impression

Rawi Hage was born in Beirut, Lebanon in 1964. He has been living in Canada since 1992. He studied photography at Dawson College and fine arts at Concordia University. In addition to being an award winning author, he has worked as an artist, curator and political commentator. His other published novel, *Cockroach*, was published in 2008.

Rawi Hage's novel *De Niro's Game* is a first person account of life in the most forbidding type of environment. He is quite capable of describing such a life from the viewpoint of one who has personal experience in that environment. He then transmits this experience to the readers in a manner that is vivid, scornful and cynical. This is accomplished by telling the story through the narration of the main character.

The story concerns Bassam and George (De Niro), two street-wise 'punks' attempting to make a living in bombed-out

Beirut at the time of the Lebanese Civil War. Bassam works on a dock while George works in a casino. Everything they do and are involved in is a shakedown or a scam. The casino's income is funneled to the corrupt Christian militia while the two main characters are scamming both the casino and the militia for meager savings. They regularly go through various fraudulent schemes while dodging gunfire, bombs and landmines. Bassam raises money in any method possible for the purpose of buying his way out of the hopeless 'hell-hole' and moving to Europe. George becomes increasingly involved with, and eventually volunteers with, the militia. Bassam, meanwhile, takes on George's 'loser' cousin as a new 'partner in corruption'.

As the story progresses, Bassam is deceived by George's cousin and he is swindled into selling drugs and whisky at George's benefit. He is captured and tortured by the Christian militia's 'thugs' for stolen diamonds he knows nothing about. His mother becomes a war casualty but he does manage to make contact with a relative on the Muslim side of the city. He almost settles down with a girl named Rana but he is too agitated and unfocused to have a meaningful relationship. Out of disillusionment she loses interest and is taken by his best friend George. He does manage to obtain enough money to emigrate finally but not before he confronts George.

In Europe, life is never that easy. He makes contact with George's generous half-sister. He attempts to finally settle down with her but his repulsive habit of stalking her while she is with someone else only gives her a feeling of aversion towards him.

He gets into more trouble as he experiences a number of puzzling events. He cannot move to Canada as a refugee and finally decides to move to Rome.

Rawi Hage's descriptions of life in a war zone are vivid. He tells us about bombed out buildings and dilapidated roads, broken-down infrastructure and the dangerous task of walking the streets at any time of the day or night. Refer to the following:

Heat descended, bombs landed, and thugs jumped the long lines for bread, stole the food of the weak, bullied the baker and caressed his daughter. Thugs never waited in lines.

Most of the characters are unscrupulous and fraudulent. They are attempting to survive in a hellish chaos of a world. France, by contrast, appears almost entrancing with quiet streets and law-abiding citizens.

The only character we learn about in depth is the narrator Bassam. He is a product of the tumultuous society that takes centre stage in the novel. He is unprincipled, nihilistic and aimless. His frequent sexual relations are capricious and without any emotion, on a whimsical urge to clear his thoughts. This is a case of erratic and erotic being used in conjunction. Nothing he ever does takes much thought and, for this reason, he is a victim who is taken advantage of. When he finally arrives in a more peaceful and orderly Paris, he attempts to settle down in a relationship but cannot adapt. He only continues to nervously smoke his cigarettes thinking of his next desperate move.

The main character's tone is

consistently cynical. Refer to the following:

They had fought and screamed at each other when my father came late at night with alcohol on his breath and a pair of defeated gambler's hands that slapped my mother's face, and blackened her eyes, and chased her to the kitchen under flying saucers and above broken plates. Now still, two corpses devoured by slimy carnivorous worms, they were at each other's throats under the moist earth.

A few thousand Johnny Walkers marched west, burning throats and breaking houses. Men drank liquor, and bedroom doors slammed, and thighs closed with promises never to reopen, and rings were pulled from fingers and tossed toward old dressers, weeping mirrors, and joining walls.

These comments give us the impression of the atmosphere Bassam is conveying to us. It becomes less noticeable after he leaves Beirut.

Bassam's tone does change after he arrives in Paris. His sexual descriptions change from coarse and vulgar to unselfish and meaningful. This is an indication that he wants to improve his life and settle down. The woman of his interest, Rhea, discovers that he is not the nicer person he wants to be. He is still capable of violent actions. He is encouraged to surrender his gun but he disposes of it in a manner which it can be properly recovered. Bassam has retained his

paranoia regardless of the change in environment.

The strongest feature of Hage's novel is its blunt realism. It contains the appropriate atmosphere providing us with a feeling of security in having a more fortunate life than anyone living in such a war zone. His choice of telling the story in the first person gives the reader the opportunity to learn about the psychology of the character. A stronger ending would have strengthened the overall plot, however. The last part of the novel, concerning Bassam's life in Paris, leads it into the direction of resembling an intriguing spy story. This is the point when the realism is lost. It only complicates the plot at an awkward point in the novel. Despite its weaknesses, Hage's novel is very compelling as it leaves a long lasting impression.

Gary A. Kozak

John R. Jewitt. *The Captive of the Nootka, or the Adventures of John R. Jewitt.*

Interesting ethnography for the un-initiated

This particular book is an autobiographical account of a sailor, John Jewitt, who travelled to the north-west coast of North America during the early 19th century. These memoirs cover Jewitt's early life, his exploration of the Pacific Northwest, his capture by the Natives and

his eventual rescue. His writing is journalistic with an ethnographic content.

Jewitt was born in Boston, England in 1783 and was the son of a blacksmith. His father intended him to succeed him in a similar line of work and sent him to Donnington Academy at the age of 12. During his early educational period, he learned the useful trades of mathematics, navigation and surveying. He had the opportunity to travel with naturalist Joseph Banks before studying metalworking. He and his family moved to Hull where the family's business found commercial success.



John Jewitt

He was inspired by the writings of explorer James Cook and decided on a similar life of his own. In 1802, he joined American

Captain John Salter on a world expedition that would set out from Boston and sail the world with major stopovers in northwestern North America and China. It was an expedition for trade. The excursion was actually more complex involving stopovers in Brazil and Cape Horn. They finally reached Nootka Sound in March 1803 and visited the seemingly friendly Nootka people. A serious breach of cordiality developed between Captain Salter and the Nootka chief Maquina that led to the massacre of Salter's crew and the mutilation of his ship. John Jewitt and fellow sailor Thompson were the only two survivors and they were subsequently enslaved by Maquina. The rest of the memoirs tell the story of this enslavement and the cultural peculiarities of Nootka society.

Jewitt provides us with insight concerning just about every aspect of Nootka culture. He describes their appearance. He says the following:

They were well formed, straight, robust and strong. Their greatest defect in their proportions was in their legs and feet and this seemed rather the work of habit than of nature; as it arose probably from their mode of sitting upon the feet, with the legs bent under them, which gave them a heavy clumsy look.

He goes on to describe, in detail, their hairstyles, facial and bodily ornamentation, and clothing. He follows it up with

appearances of the individual members who are prominent in the book. He also gives us detail on their housing:

The manner in which the Nootkans prepared their planks for building, was by splitting them out from large pine logs, which they did with hard wooden wedges, and then reducing them to a proper thickness by working them with their chisels.... Their houses were, none of them, more than ten feet high, at the ridgepole, but, broad and long as they were.... with their boards procured by so slow and toilsome process.

This information makes it possible to reconstruct a Nootka village based on the description he has provided. It is valuable concerning the destruction of Aboriginal cultures in the years that followed Jewitt's confinement.

Jewitt tells us about the Nootka eating habits. He mentions the kinds of food they eat, their manner of preparing it and even their dining etiquette. He provides details concerning their fishing and whaling methods and his tone is one of curiosity and amazement.

The violent actions of the Nootka are also described. He states:

The trunkless heads of the unfortunate comrades, to the number of twenty-five, lay with

their ghastly faces up, in a row before him....John told him it was the captain's. Then another and another was shown, in the same way, till the horrid inspection of the whole number was gone through with, though some of the faces were so disfigured, as to make it impossible for the terrified survivor to tell to whom it had belonged.

Although the Nootka attack on the ship lacks detail, the results of that attack adequately give us the experience Jewitt went through.

The most bizarre feature of Jewitt's writing is his choice of writing in the third person as if he were relaying the story from someone else. He discusses himself as the person in the story. His method of telling the story is in journal format and this is peculiar when considering that it is in the third

person.

Jewitt covers a wide variety of themes. He describes their religion, government, diseases, cures and warfare technique. Just about all details of Nootka society are provided to reconstruct Nootka society. All ends appear to be covered, although he could have mentioned more about the interesting dance performed by Sat-sat. This is an anthropological study without the anthropological education and training.

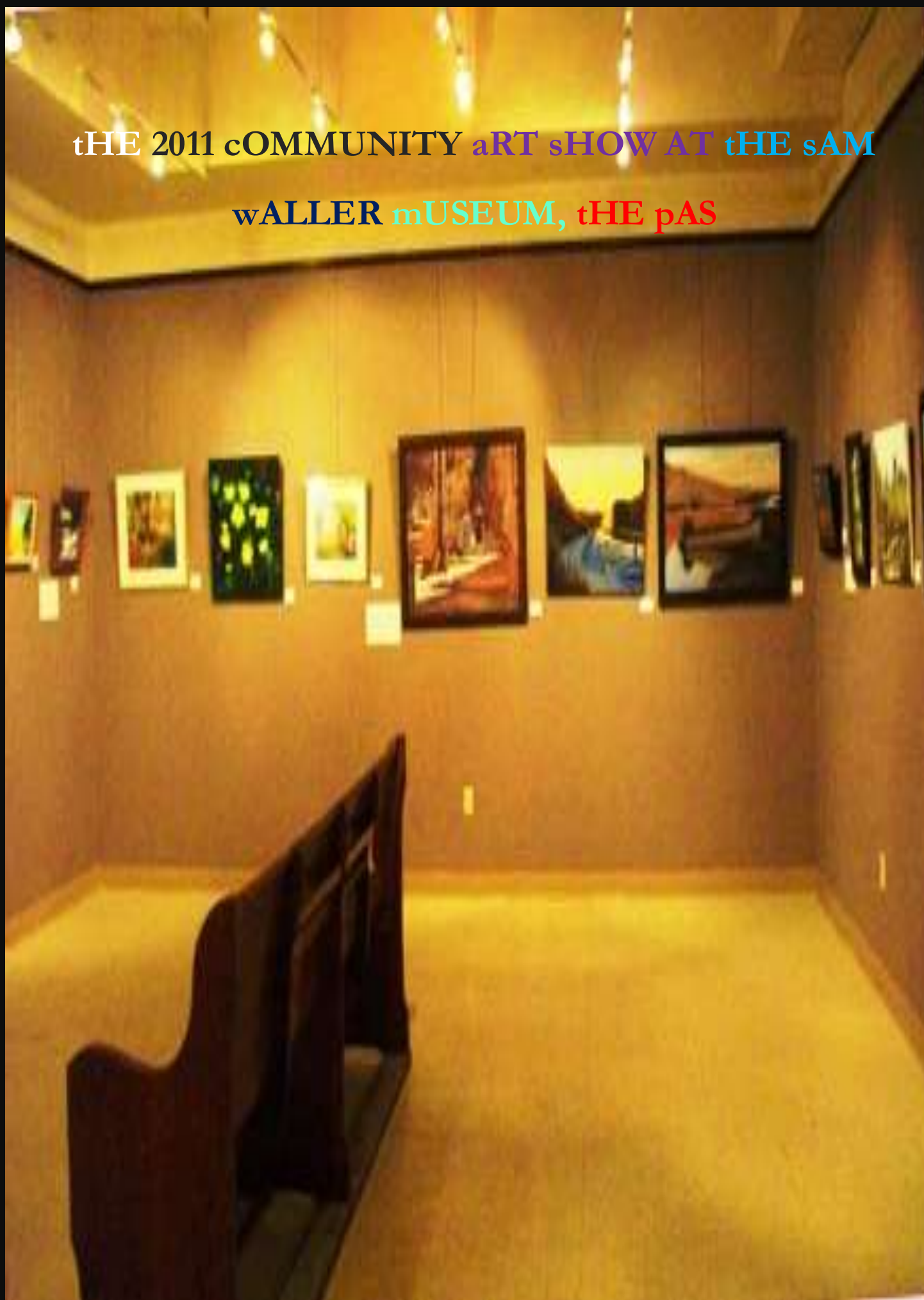
This is a very interesting book. It is a unique combination of ethnography and story. It is recommended for any novice scholar with a keen interest in anthropology for a career. It is written in a simple format and there is a synopsis at the beginning of every chapter thus making referencing easy. It is interesting, informative and non-threatening for the unscholarly reader.

gallery *quint presents*

Our Shrinking
World:
Infinite Beauty -
Finite Resources



tHE 2011 cOMMUNITY aRT sHOW AT tHE sAM
wALLER mUSEUM, tHE pAS





As modern technology brings us ever closer
to the rest of the world;
As Canada's natural resources grace the lives
of citizens around the globe,
We are able to experience more and more of
the world's beauty,
While also seeing some of that beauty
changed or taken away.

Each local Northern artist exhibited is
presenting pieces of their work that they feel
illustrates a dimension of our shrinking
world, its infinite beauty, and its finite
resources.

LEARN MORE
ABOUT THE INFINITE BEAUTY OF
NORTHERN CANADA'S NATURAL RESOURCES



Lorie Galenic

The background of the slide features a collage of ancient rock art. On the left, there are several vertical panels of rock with various symbols: a stick figure, a wheel with a cross, and a four-legged animal. On the right, there is a drawing of a human skeleton with the text 'Homo petra Rock People' written above it. The overall color scheme is warm and earthy, with shades of brown and orange.

The world has had many magical places both imaginary and real. There have also been stories of magical creatures, little people and monsters I feel that these legends, stories and myths are reflective of a time when people were more in touch with the earth and the land. I believe these creatures and places really existed and have become extinct due to our loss of connection to the earth and reduced use of imagination. The rock People are the little people that lived in Norway House as well as throughout North America. They have become extinct and all that is left of them are the painting they have left on rocks to warn us of our shrinking world.

1974
me/melkwelso/wak
Homo petra
Rock People

Handwritten text on a strip of yellowish material, possibly birch bark, featuring several small pictographs or symbols. The text at the bottom reads "Pictographs Rock Paintings".



Homo petra...
...all parts...
...in the past...
Homo...
...were discovered in...
...research...
...small body and...
...brain and for its...
...in the room...
...
...most important and...
...features of...
Homo petra are its...
small body and small...
brain capacity...
Low stature feature...
...the absence of...
a chin, letter angle in...
humerus and teeth...
...food environment in...
Norway...
...stature...
...ears and blood vessels...
...cooling...
...freshwater food...



Handwritten text next to the fish skeleton diagram: "Inland lake freshwater food".

Specimen from site 1974

Rock
L...
Drawing









Sarah Trevor

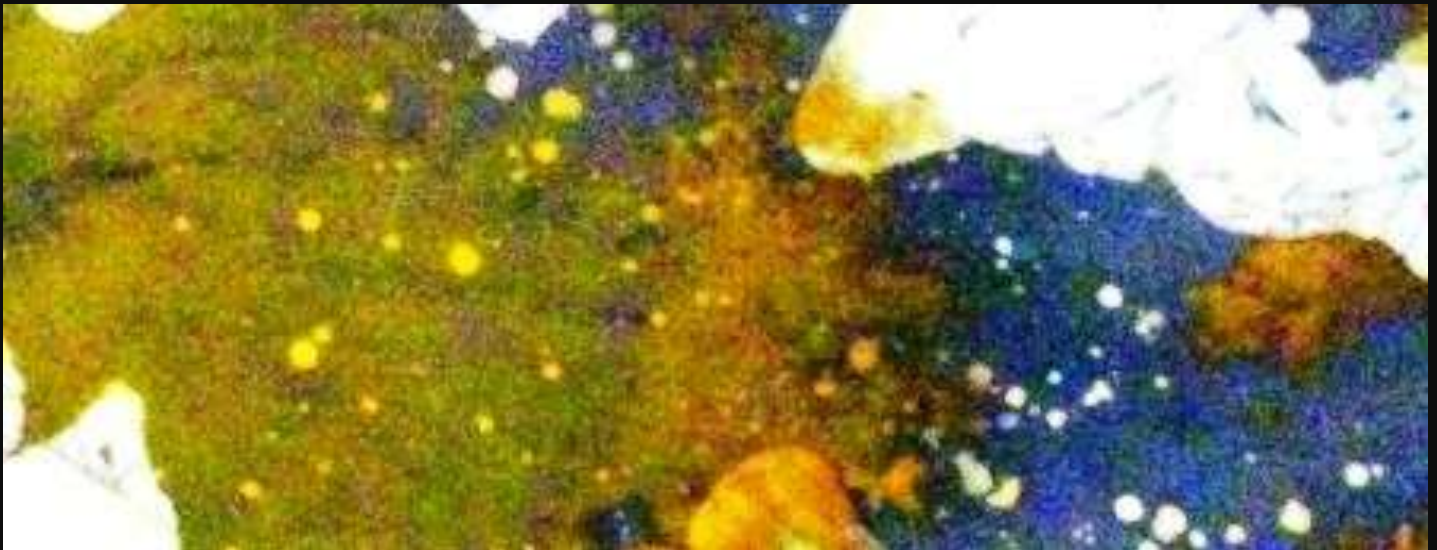
Spring Spirits, skeletons of winter: Renewal in the
Boreal Thaw



In this series I'm trying to show a view of personal and planetary healing coming from this time in the North.

Bubbles rise from muskeg beneath ice, water beetles feed on algae on tinkling candle ice, returnees from war leave foot prints on a forest trail, and a shaft of sunlight warms a cryogenic frog to life.

Using shapes found in scraps of snow, frozen puddles and thawing lakes around my Amisk Lake home, I want to give a sense of the life affirming energy of our lengthy, turbulent spring.



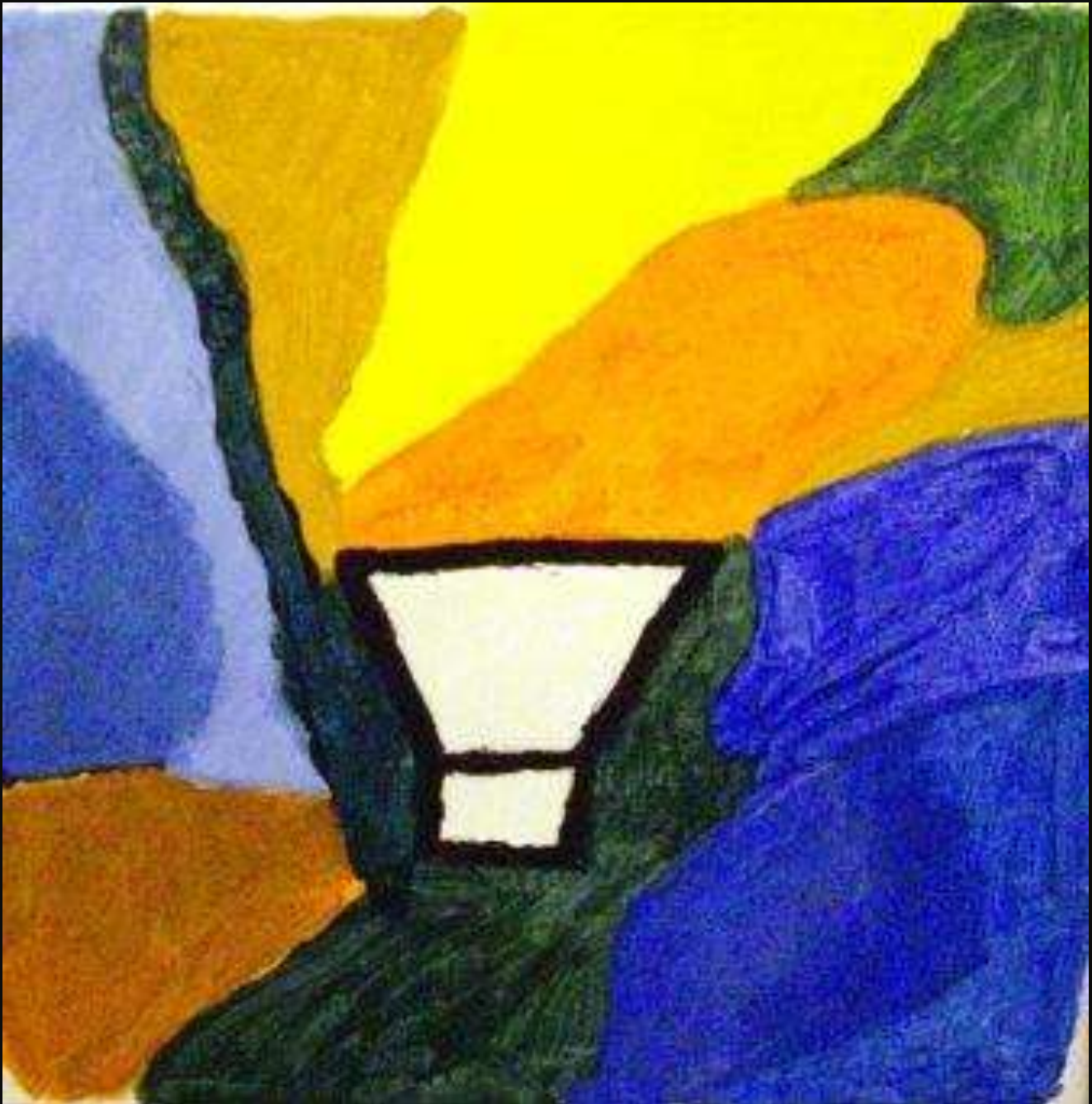


Dawn Cherry

I really like parfait cups because they are so beautiful and pretty and also neat.



Chocolate ice cream is in the parfait cup and the ice cream has a red cherry on top. It's good and very sweet! Chocolate parfait cup is really sweet. Chocolate ice cream looks good in the parfait cup and it'll look good for you. Enjoy your ice cream! It's very sweet!



The parfait cup that's over the rainbow brings good luck to everyone around the world: strawberry, peppermint, vanilla, swirled strawberry & mint, chocolate and swirled strawberry & chocolate. And also, sprinkled mint flavour.

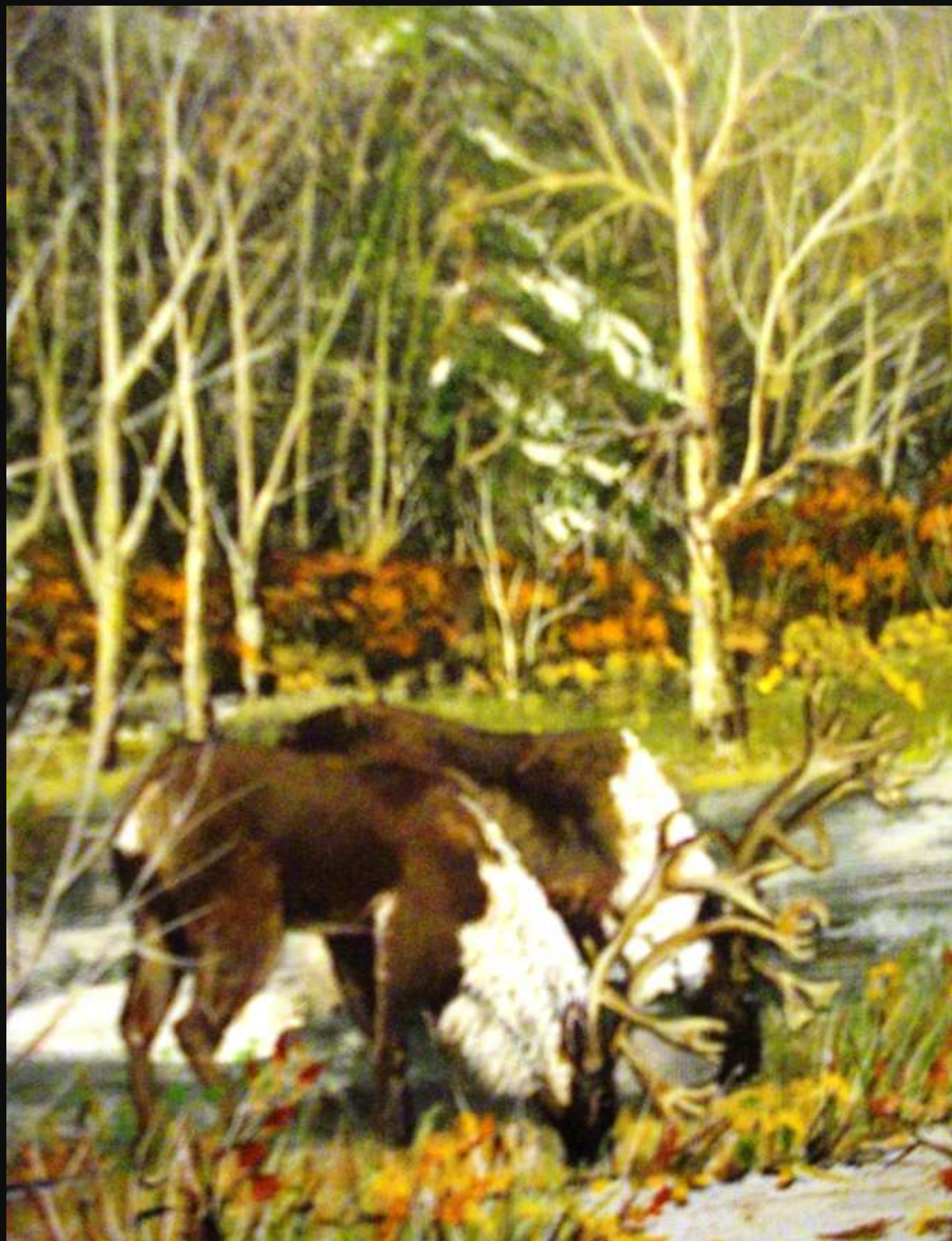


The parfait cup is sitting on top of the dining room table and it's been reflected by the beam of light from the bright sun and it shows all the bright colors through the window and it shows the light of colors.



Eila Duncalfe

Eila demonstrates her passion for realism, as she continues a career of acrylic paintings in the border towns of Flin Flon, Manitoba and Creighton, Saskatchewan.











Johanna Williamson



The painting depicts a theme dear to my heart, the Family Farm. Farmland is becoming encroached upon, by housing developments and big conglomerates we must protect the farm that can sustain one or two families provide a good living and a great quality of life.



1. This painting shows the first round of swathing of my grain field.

2. Planted on September 21st, the equinox. The semi-round hay bales echo the half moon.





Avery Ascher

A feather lying on the ground can be just that—something walked past on the way to somewhere else, our minds on something else.

A feather of the ground can also be an invitation, an opportunity opened to us to think about how that feather came to be there and about our relationship to the natural world.











This sketch was made in 2003 from a photograph in a Nature



Library textbook. Of course it is only an image of a snow leopard, but I hoped to capture its ferocity with some integrity, thereby preserving it for future generations- preserving the expression in the eyes.

Marianne Rowbothorn

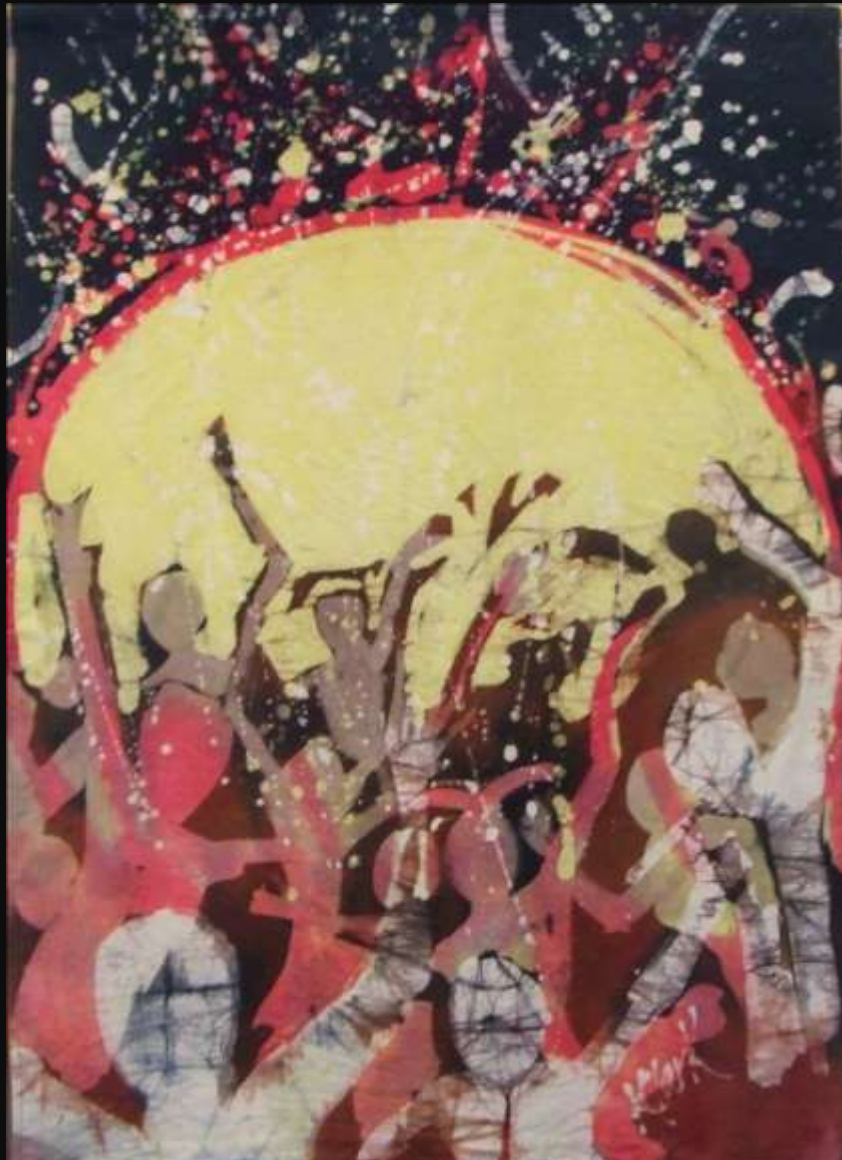
Karen Clarke

The theme Infinite Beauty/
Finite Resources is inspiring on
many levels. This theme offered
an opportunity to express the
joy found in recognizing beauty
in our world and the concern we
share for maintaining it.



Jack Pine in Yellow features a tree with physical strangeness. It is not a Charlie Brown Christmas tree. This jack Pine shares some of that same awkwardness. A Jack Pine is beautiful in its scabby prehistoric pinecones and its bent weathered posture. Jack Pines are a favorite image in my arts practice for those very reasons. Its beauty is not regular. Its beauty is. That it is what it is.





Party in the Sun all Night was inspired by a song by Heather Bishop called. Party in the Sun all Night Long. The batik is a celebration of our night sun and its warmth for all creatures.



In my painting *Shadows in the Park* I created an almost dreamlike, nostalgic tree scape. The shapes recall the trees that children run through and around as the shadows lengthen, their parents calling them in for the night. It is a magical time of day and one that is here for now and then... gone.





James M. Dean

Each of my pieces this year depicts man's presence in the world. The infinite beauty of nature has made room for man, whether a downtown city street or the quiet of a northern river. Two of the pieces show man's response to transportation of her resources from site to industry. The other two present the city where the populous gather, where finite resources are spent, thus feeding the nucleus of the shrinking world.







Linda Mandes

For thousands of years the first peoples of this land, sustained themselves from the forests and streams. Now the forests are being logged out, the game is diminishing and the water itself, is that for rising off the water or is it a toxic mist from an industrial spill somewhere up stream?



Linda Munro

Infinite beauty is the part of the theme that most inspires me to paint. Nature has beauty in shape and colour at every spot one looks. There is an awareness of the finite resources that lie underneath and if one treasures the beauty, one will be more apt to care for the resources beneath.















Ron Scott

We all use too much stuff! –and getting more stuff doesn't make us any happier! Happiness really comes from relationships, community & creativity. I use salvaged wood to create beautiful forms from natural materials & processes... giving discarded wood a second life!









Small object
Blue horn
1900
17 x 17
100

CONTRIBUTORS

Avery Ascher is a poet and artist living at Clearwater Lake, Manitoba.

John Butler is an associate professor of Humanities at University College of the North. Formerly a professor of British Studies at Chiba University, Tokyo, he specializes in seventeenth-century intellectual history and travel literature, especially that of Asia and Asia Minor. John and his wife Sylvia live in The Pas with their 3 cats.

Dawn Cherry lives in The Pas, MB. She is interested in art because she likes to draw and paint, and she takes her time.

Karen Clarke paints and works with fabrics in northern Manitoba. Her batiks address the theme in a more celebratory fashion. In *Earth, Water, Wind and Energy*, the work celebrates the original four elements of Fire, Earth, Water and Air. The dye blends and wax edges are used to present the four elements as connected by the tree that roots and reaches upward through the elements as connected by the tree that roots and reaches upward through the piece to the sky.

Debra Cutshaw is from the University of Nevada Reno, and received her BA in Criminal Justice in 1974, and her Master's in English—literature emphasis in 2001 and an MA in Teaching English in 2007. She recently retired as a caseworker from Nevada State Prison in Carson City, and when not teaching part-time does volunteer work in her community of Gardnerville. In the past, she has taught inmates through Western Nevada Community College; one course being English 200, *Novels into Films*. She has also created voluntary symposiums for inmates focusing on African American slave narratives and poetry. Presently, Debbie is busy adapting her short story to screenplay format and treading the waters of the publishing world's oceans and rivers.

James M. Dean has made The Pas his home with his wife Elma and his two children the past 24 years. Painting allows one to create, he says, it could be a Northern Manitoba landscape of rivers or bogs; or, just as challenging, a downtown street scene. There are always moments to capture. A particular style of painting I enjoy is Plein Air (or open air). It is painting outside on an easel with the landscape before you. The Group of Seven did it this way. These finished plein air paintings capture a place and time. I like that. Quite often these small studies turn into large paintings. It is important that I like the painting, and if it brings a smile to someone else, that's a bonus.

Eila Duncalfe grew up on a farm near Lake Winnipegosis, MB. Married a local farmer and entertained children by sketching farm life as they knew it. After her family had left home, her path of life took her into Northern Manitoba. Eila Duncalfe, then focused on a career of contemporary work of art. Visions came to her through photographs of landscapes, wildlife and also the historic mine shafts in her home town. Eila, is a true naturalist at heart. She demonstrates her passion for realism, as she continues a career of acrylic paintings in the border towns of Flin Flon, Manitoba and Creighton, Saskatchewan.

Terri Elders lives and writes in Coleville, Washington.

Lori Galenic graduated from McMaster University with a Bachelor of Fine Arts. She worked in Art departments of film sets and specialized in sculpture. Lorie has recently moved to Norway House and is currently a teacher there.

Gary A. Kozak, has worked overseas extensively in the fields of educational management, childhood development, linguistic counselling and employment counselling. He has academic education from the University of Manitoba at both the undergraduate and graduate levels in the fields of archaeology, history and geography.

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

Linda Mandes works mostly in watercolors and acrylics. She has also tried pastels, colored pencil and fibre arts. Several of her pieces may be found in the collection of the government of Manitoba as well as numerous private collections. She belongs to the Northern Palette Art Club in Flin Flon, and much of her inspiration comes from the beauty of the Northern landscape.

Linda Munro works out of her studio at Rocky Lake. A retired teacher, she now has time to devote to the art work she loves. She has taught several classes and workshops around the province. As well, she enjoys attending art workshops and retreats where the interactions with other attendees provide inspiration and support. Her art work is for sale at the local museum and she supports some of the local charities with donations of art. Her works are found in private and business

collections in several cities in Canada, The United States, Scotland and Germany. Watercolour is the main media she uses but loves to experiment with others as well.

Marianne Rowbotham liked drawing and painting and creative writing in her youth. As an adult, she has painted landscapes and celestial wonders and abstracts. She has now turned to music for self-expression, and Astronomy, for the single most important decision an artist makes is where he or she focuses their eyes. When one looks up, one is always inspired.

Ron Scott is a self-taught wood turner who salvages wood from the forest and firewood pile to create bowls and hollow vessels. He especially likes working with decomposing wood for the beauty created by natural pathogens- insects and fungi.

Bill Tremblay is an award-winning poet as well as a novelist, teacher, editor, and reviewer whose work has appeared in seven full-length volumes of poetry, including *Crying in the Cheap Seats* [University of Massachusetts Press] *The Anarchist Heart* [New Rivers Press], *Home Front* [Lynx House Press], *Second Sun: New & Selected Poems* [L'Epervier Press], *Duhamel: Ideas of Order in Little Canada* [BOA Editions Ltd.], *Rainstorm Over the Alphabet* [Lynx House Press], and most recently *Shooting Script: Door of Fire* [Eastern Washington University Press] which won the Colorado Poetry Prize. Hundreds of his poems have been published in literary magazines in the United States and Canada, as well such anthologies as the *Pushcart Prize Anthology*, *The Jazz Poetry Anthology*, *Best American Poetry, 2003*, *The Portable Poetry Workshop*, and *Responding to Literature*. He has received awards and fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, the National Endowment for the Humanities as well as The Pushcart Prize Anthology and the Corporation at Yaddo. Bill edited *Colorado Review* for 15 years, served as a member of the Program Directors Council of the Associated Writing Programs [AWP], and is the recipient of the John F. Stern Distinguished Professor award for his thirty plus years teaching in and directing the MFA in Creative Writing Program at Colorado State University. He is currently looking for a publisher for his latest long poem, *Fire To Fire*.

Sarah Trevor came to the Flin Flon area from Botswana, Africa, in 1980 and found living on the edge of wilderness a perfect fit. An inquisitive mind quickly became fascinated with new plants, landscape and animals and never ceases to be amazed at the richness of life around her. Sarah sees batik as an excellent medium for capturing certain qualities of our North. She is an advocate for visual arts and currently heads the Board of Flin Flon's Northern Visual Arts Center, Nor VA.

Poet Gail Whitter lives and works in Trail, BC. Her most recent book of poetry, *A Time for Ashes* is available on-line. Also an accomplished artist and mail artist, Gail has had numerous solo art exhibitions of her work and also hosted many online mail art exhibitions.

Johanna Williamson is mainly self- taught, but with the help and teaching of some fine local artists. She likes to paint landscapes or seascapes, scenes that have a great emotional attachment.

call for papers

The quint's twelfth issue is issuing a call for theoretically informed and/or historically grounded submissions of scholarly interest—as well as creative writing, original art, interviews, and reviews of books on this theme. The deadline for this call is August 10th, 2011—but please note that we accept manu/digi-scripts at any time.

quint guidelines

All contributions to *the quint* will be forwarded to a member of the editorial board. Manuscripts must not be previously published or submitted for publication elsewhere while being reviewed by *the quint's* editors or outside readers.

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

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

Bibliographic citation should be the standard disciplinary format.

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