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The
Rice
Papers

The Rice Papers

A Student Journal of Asian Studies

Volume I

Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah

The Rice Papers

A Student Journal of Asian Studies
Volume I

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The Rice Papers welcomes academic submissions that engage Asia on virtually any topic. Submitters should send both a hard and electronic copy. Submissions should conform to MLA or Chicago style guidelines in format, quotation, and citation of sources.

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Preface

The Rice Papers is a student-operated undergraduate journal focusing on Asian Studies. The concept for an Asian Studies journal grew out of conversations with Dr. Steven Riep and Linda Hunter Adams, both of whom felt the need to provide an academic outlet to showcase the achievements of students studying Asian culture. The goal of the journal is twofold. First, *The Rice Papers* seeks to develop a quality venue where students' of this discipline may publish scholarly work. The journal is the first of its kind at Brigham Young University and anxiously anticipates contributing a new literary dynamic for students to add their insights to the rich and complex world of Asian Studies. Second, as the spearhead effort to publish work specifically dealing with Asian Studies, *The Rice Papers* hopes to unify and focus the talents of Brigham Young University's students and produce a suitable setting for outstanding academic work in this field. Furthermore, though the current issue represents the cultures of China, Japan, and Korea, the journal hopes in the future to incorporate as many areas of Asian culture as possible. While this aim is ambitious our vision is that the study of many Asian countries at BYU will eventually flourish to the point where several cultures will inevitably require their own respective literary publication. Therefore, *The Rice Papers* represents a starting point for students to engage seriously Asian Studies through academic publication.

The publication of the journal is possible only because of a generous contribution from BYU's David M. Kennedy Center for International Studies. We are very grateful for this donation and are indeed fortunate to have such an indispensable institution here at BYU. We hope that the publication of this and future issues will spark the interests of more students to study Asian cultures through scholarly research, as well as through hands-on experience in BYU's study abroad programs to Asia. Additionally, special thanks are due to Dr. Steven Riep of the Department of Asian and Near Eastern Languages without whom the journal would probably never have gained momentum. His intellectual and creative inspiration helped guide this issue to fruition, and he liberally gave much of his time to ensure the journal's quality.

This issue contains four research essays, one short story, and a series of original poems. The first essay introduces to the reader one of the paramount topics that Western students of Asia must inescapably undertake: the tension between

traditional Confucian values and American-influenced thought. Perhaps asking the question “what makes them that way?” is appropriate to begin a general discussion of Asian culture. The second essay uniquely contrasts with this idea in that the work of the eclectic American writer Lafcadio Hearn explores poetry from the point of view of a Japanese-influenced American. The journal’s third essay orients the general readership to modern Chinese literature as it ambitiously surveys the work of many of the most important writers of modern Chinese fiction. The next two pieces in the journal are alike in that they both handle topics dealing with classical ages of China, but different as “Twilight in Chang’an” is the journal’s only work of fiction and the fifth piece is a traditional research paper on one of China’s most influential poets. Finally, we are particularly fortunate to include in this first issue the original Classical Chinese poetry of Dr. David Honey. Dr. Honey is a highly respected scholar of Classical Chinese language and literature, and he is exceptionally talented in his ability to produce poetry using Classical Chinese.

We hope readers enjoy this journal, and we anticipate its continued annual publication. We appreciate your continued support of Asian Studies at BYU and look forward to producing more of the exceptional work done by BYU’s students in this rapidly expanding field. We also invite you to send any feedback to Dr. Steven Riep at steven_riep@byu.edu.

The staff of *The Rice Papers*.

**“What Makes Them That Way?”:
Hongyong Lee’s Experiences with Gender in
*Still Life With Rice***

Nicholas Gentile

Helie Lee grew frustrated with the female college students to whom she taught English in Seoul, South Korea. Raised in California and proud to be an American, she had gone to Korea for an extended vacation to escape her nagging mother Dukwah and grandmother Hongyong, who called her “rotten fruit” because she had not yet married. In the first few weeks following her arrival in the Land of the Morning Calm, she had enjoyed learning about her Korean heritage. Now, however, the women in her English class had started that same old nonsense about a woman’s duty to get married that sent chills down her thoroughly American, independent-woman spine. They tried to persuade her with the exact rhetoric she had heard from her mother and grandmother: “Our first responsibility must be to the family and not to the individual. It is our duty as women to raise future generations. Korean women consider our positions as mothers and nurturers to be the most important job.” After pondering their “old-fashioned” argument, Lee lamented, “I’m surrounded, ambushed, by mirror images of my mother and grandmother” and then asks the probing question, “What makes them this way?”¹

The rest of *Still Life With Rice* (1996), Lee’s narrative of her mother’s family’s history from 1912 to the early 1990s, indirectly deals with the is-

sue of gender roles in traditional Korean society. Lee specifically focuses on women's roles through the lens of her grandmother's life. Hongyong lived through the oppressive days of Japanese occupation from her birth in 1912 until the defeat of Japan in World War II in 1945, entered into marriage through a family arrangement, smuggled opium in China, raised three boys and two girls, fled from Pyongyang to Pusan with her family during the Korean War, and lost her husband and her eldest son to the conflict. Beyond selling books, Lee's life is the archetypal depiction of the traditional Korean woman. In *Still Life With Rice*, episodes from Hongyong's birth through her early married life shed light on the Confucian philosophies that dictated a woman's role in traditional Korean society, answering Helie Lee's question, "What makes them this way?"

Confucian influences cemented during the Choson period from 1392 to 1910 dictated a woman's place in the structure of traditional Korean society. Mark Peterson fleshes out a few of the main Confucian concepts that affected women in Korea in his book *Korean Adoption and Inheritance: Case Studies in the Creation of a Classic Confucian Society*:

Once a woman is married, she becomes the *ch'ulga oein*, "the one who left the house and became an outsider." . . . The overall perception is *nam-jon, yobi*: men are exalted but women are lowly. The *samjong* denotes the three men to whom a woman is obedient: first, her father, then, her husband, and third, her son. . . . Yi Mi (the son-in-law of Ch'oe Chu) argued that the primary role of a wife is to provide an heir for the ancestors.²

Peterson describes the episode of Hongyong's birth to Paek Hogin and his wife Hwaksi as illustrating the Confucian principle of male domination and female subservience. Hwaksi feels a burden to give birth to sons: "a woman's supreme duty." She pleads for a son, saying, "I shall clothe him in fine garments and give him precious stones to play with." After Hongyong is born, she laments, "If this daughter of mine had only come out a son, he would have been a very powerful man," and, as Lee narrates, "Disappointed, Hwaksi laid the infant on the bare floor, clothed only in a diaper with nothing but her fingers to play with." Shortly after her birth, Hongyong

receives her name from her father, who, as Lee writes, “some thought . . . foolish for spending so much energy on such a task, for many families did not even bother to name their daughters.”³ This scene exemplifies the traditional Confucian ideology of *namjon, yobi*. Sociologist Mijeong Lee further explains the reason for Hwaksi’s disappointment by stating, “In [the Korean family] system, sons are considered permanent members of the family while daughters are considered transient. Once they get married, daughters’ contact with natal family becomes infrequent and they focus their concerns on their husbands’ family matters.”⁴ In a society based on the Confucian concept of filial piety, a son’s permanency in the family equates to his ability to care for his elderly parents in their twilight years. The “transient” status of daughters in the lives of their natal family makes them ineligible to care for their own elderly parents. Thus, from the Confucian perspective of parental self-interest, the elevated societal status of males makes sense, especially for first sons, who hold the prime responsibility for their aged parents’ welfare.

Lessons from Hongyong’s childhood training for womanhood also help the reader understand a woman’s role in Korea’s Confucian society. Upon reaching her ninth birthday, she receives instruction from her mother on the responsibilities and role of a virtuous woman. Hongyong mopes, “It was my punishment for being born a girl rat. . . . Daily [mother] drilled me on the virtues of being a woman, which involved everything from the tone of one’s voice to making tea properly. All this was in preparation for my wifely duties someday.” The young girl does not fully understand the gender-role indoctrination of her mother’s lessons, which are grounded in Confucian ideology. She wonders why she must stop playing with boys and start living a segregated life of subservience to men as her mother’s helper. Lee writes, “The lessons always centered on obedience and chastity, the two most important virtues according to mother. Obedience denoted ‘blind obedience.’ [Hongyong] was instructed to always say, ‘yes’ to her parents, and her future husband and in-laws.” She becomes an apprentice of sewing, washing, cooking, and cleaning to her mother, and when she makes mistakes, the firm

reminder of “Who would want to marry such a worthless girl?” motivates Hongyong to learn her place in society.⁵ As Chungnim C. Han explains in her study of family life in the province of Hamyong in North Korea:

A mother may feel pleased with her young daughter’s achievement but every so often sharply corrects her mistakes in hopes of improving her still further. In the meantime, the daughter realizes the daily routine of hard work demanded by her mother is part of training. . . . The mother becomes more and more anxious to have her daughter, as she approaches marriageable age, accomplished in the performance of household duties. . . . The mother sees to it that female visitors to the house notice her charming daughter so that her reputation may reach far and wide. In the meantime, she begins to inquire about a prospective son-in-law.⁶

These restraints and requirements thrust upon nascent Korean young women by their mothers take root in the Confucian ideology of female subordination to males. Confucius’s definitions of gender roles came to Korea from China through Sol Ch’ong, son of Wonhyo, and later An Hyang, who spread the new philosophical strain of Neo-Confucianism. Both forms of Confucian thought promoted the *samjong* (three submissions) regarding a woman’s duty to serve the three categories of males (father, husband, and son) as well as follow the *puhaengp’yon* of *myongsimpo’gam* (the codes for women). These codes required that women should “keep their chastity and be obedient,” should “not expect anything other than their assigned role,” should “not go outside their own houses for social activities after reaching adulthood,” should “have pleasure only in cooking food and making wine and clothes for men,” and should “not become interested in political or social affairs, but only in family activities inside the house.”⁷ By keeping women’s lives centered on the nucleus of home and family responsibilities, these codes encouraged the psychological development of Confucian gender roles from a young age. Jack Balswick addresses this issue, arguing that “the nurturing care for children in Korea is done by women rather than men. This has a significant impact on both males and females, who emerge into adulthood with distinctly different personalities and needs.”⁸ This tendency

of a Confucian patriarchal society creates “males who tend to define their masculinity in negative terms, as that which is *not* feminine.”⁹ Understanding their societal role as being the opposite of the role of the nurturing and subservient homemaking mother, Korean males “downplay the importance of women and feminine activity and attempt to portray themselves as self-confident and superior.”¹⁰ For these reasons, womanly virtue in traditional Korean society is associated with maintaining an outward appearance of inferiority and practicing submissiveness through servitude to males.

Incidents from the weeks prior to Hongyong’s arranged marriage illustrate this Confucian concept of a woman’s duty to serve males. An unexpected invitation to her father’s quarters brings her the shocking news of her own upcoming marriage. Hongyong character tells the tale, saying, “One day as I was mending socks. . . . I was formally summoned to appear before Father. Not since I was a young girl did father request my company.”¹¹ Han explains this phenomenon, which seems so foreign to the Western world:

As a daughter grows up, her relationship with her father becomes increasingly restrained and formal. . . . The father is always conscious of the fact that the daughter is not a permanent member of his family. . . . Seldom does the father speak to her; nor does she speak to him unless directly questioned. . . . The daughter goes to her father’s room only when she is called. The father neither inquires directly into his daughter’s welfare nor does he personally reprimand or praise her.¹²

Paek Hogin announces to Hongyong that “Your mother and I have arranged your *napchae*. . . . (kidnapping) He is from the family of Lee. His given name is Lee Dukpil. His age is nineteen, and he is the first and only son, like his father and grandfather before him.” The news enrages Hongyong, who states, “Suddenly it all seems so unfair. My parents never once asked me what I desired. . . . I was unsure if I should drop to my knees and bow deeply in gratitude or...threaten to throw myself into a well.”¹³ In harmony with the Confucian *samjong*, Hongyong respects her father’s arrangement and concedes to marry. Now, she faces the transition to the second relationship in which she must show complete deference: marriage. Her

mother gives her last-minute counsel regarding the new role that awaits her as a servant to her husband: “You carry the hope of ten generations of women. . . . Do not dishonor us. He is your husband now.” This concept of becoming a *ch’ulga oein*, the one who left the house and became an outsider, weighs heavily on Hongyong’s mind: “Now I would belong to another man’s family. . . . My memory would be forever erased in the record books, as was done for all other generations of Paek daughters, who were sent from their fathers’ homes. . . . ‘Lee Dukpil’s wife would be my new title.’”¹⁴ Peterson succinctly explains why a daughter becomes estranged from her natal family’s home and genealogy upon marriage:

Korean society has been characterized as a classical patriarchal, patrilineal, patrilocal society. That is to say that political authority is in the hands of the males, that property is inherited through males, and that residence after marriage is in the males’ homes. The Korean patrilineage can be described as ‘men related to men through men.’ Women are incidental. . . . Women appear in genealogy only in reluctant recognition of the fact that men cannot bear children by themselves. . . . When contemporary genealogies are published, it is only the men whose lines continue down through time.¹⁵

Upon marriage to Dukpil, Hongyong comes to better understand the patriarchal, patrilineal, and patrilocal customs of the Confucian-influenced society in which she lives. She must play the role of subservient wife to a dominant patriarch, she feels pressure to provide a son to continue the patrilineal line of her husband, and she moves away from her parents and siblings to live with her husband’s family according to patrilocal tradition.

The episode of her wedding night illustrates how Hongyong handles the transition to her Confucian role as a submissive wife to the new patriarch in her life. Following a traditional wedding ceremony, her mother positions her decoratively in her new *hanbok* (Korean clothes) on some bedding in the middle of a room. She is told to wait for her husband who will come in to “have” his wife after he finishes a rowdy round of drinks with the wedding guests. Akin to an ornament on display, Hongyong receives only the

stern warning to “keep your eyes shut” from her mother before she leaves the room. Objectified as a prize for the patriarch whom she is to serve, she wants to scream for help but reminds herself that: “tradition commands me to remain submissive.” Her groom finally arrives, drunk, and must attend to his duties as the head of the household: “It was his duty to do the undressing. He was expected to remove the headdress, undo the breast string, and take off only one sock.” When Dukpil’s nineteen year-old courage falters after seeing the terror in his bride’s eyes, Hongyong remembers the role she had been taught to play all her life and says, “I could not let this happen. I had to quickly restore his confidence so he could perform his duty.”¹⁶ This wedding night scene tells much about the Confucian roles and realities of the traditional Korean marital relationship. As Han explains, “The relationship between husband and wife begins suddenly, at the time of the wedding ceremony, without any psychological preparation.”¹⁷ Though Dukpil and Hongyong had had no experience in a relationship with each other before marriage, they both know their respective roles immediately after being brought together. Dukpil, though not yet twenty, tries to play the part of a dominant male by taking charge and putting his wife in a position of submission. Hongyong, though terrified, plays the role of an obedient, subservient female by allowing Dukpil, a complete emotional stranger, to undress her and, later, to “have” her body strictly because of his position as her husband.

When her husband’s façade of machismo starts to topple and expose his inner insecurities, Hongyong’s encouragement of Dukpil’s required patriarchal dominance also tells much about the realities of gender roles in traditional Korea. Though males are supposed to appear publicly dominant, Hongyong’s actions reflect a woman’s inner strength that must not be forgotten in a discussion of traditional gender roles. Even though the “three submissions” (to father, to husband, and to son) outwardly dictated the role of women in Confucian Korea, women like Hongyong provided tremendous emotional strength and support to their husbands. Donald N. Clark speaks of the paradox of prescribed Confucian roles versus reality in traditional Korea:

In traditional times, Korean women had to practice the ‘three submissions’. . . . Well-bred Korean women were supposed to live in seclusion in the ‘inner rooms’ of the house, never to be seen (and certainly never to be touched) by men outside the family. Even their relations with adult men in the family were supposed to be formal. In the ‘inner rooms,’ however, women had considerable power. They dominated domestic life, ran the household, and were the dominant influences on the children. The image of the Korean woman as ‘nameless’ and oppressed, therefore, has to be modified to reflect the fact that within their own sphere, women wielded considerable power even in traditional times. [This is] the paradox of public submission versus domestic power.¹⁸

The brief wedding night role reversal is just one instance demonstrating Hongyong’s inner strength and domestic dominance. Lee’s narrative tells of countless acts of courage and fortitude. For example, Hongyong holds the family together while raising five children without much help from profligate Dukpil. She sells opium and operates a home restaurant to support the family in China. In the greatest example of her inner strength, Hongyong leads her starving children to safety in South Korea over hundreds of miles of battlefields during the Korean War. She also performs *chiryō* (treatment/therapy) to provide for the needs of her family during a period of abject poverty endured on the Korean peninsula following the war’s devastation. Balswick makes the interesting point that “in reality, the male is frail. . . . He was taught to think of himself as superior to his sisters, that they had a right to education only *after* him, and that it was his parents’ lucky day when he was born.”¹⁹ The traditional Confucian Korean male perceives his own dominance over females and feeds his ego with notions of his own self-importance. Balswick comments on the disparity that sometimes occurs between self-perception and reality: “The pampered boy grows up dependent upon females yielding to his wishes and serving him. A girl, on the other hand, is not given a status of honor at birth, but has to achieve her status.”²⁰

Hongyong gradually achieves status in her wifely role by following the Confucian counsel her mother gave prior to her move to Dukpil’s family’s

home. Moving according to patrilocal tradition forces Hongyong to part from her family, and she laments, “My in-laws had sent the wedding sedan chair to fetch me to my new home. . . . As I stood in the women’s quarters one last time, a deep sadness grew inside me. . . . I hated [Dukpil]; it was all his fault I was torn away from my parents and sisters.”²¹ Hongyong’s resentment is mixed with apprehension and determination as she faces her new responsibilities. In order to win the respect of her husband and new family, Hongyong, soon to be known by her natal family as the *ch’ulga oein*, is “determined to bargain for . . . affection through hard work and obedience.”²² Her desire to work hard and be obedient reflects training in the Confucian wifely virtues that she had received from her mother as a young girl. Before she leaves to become a stranger to her family and servant to her husband, her mother once again bestows Confucian wisdom upon her daughter as a parting gift, counseling:

Marriage is the relation between . . . sovereign and subject. And it begins from the distinction of the two. The distinction should be kept between man and woman, as it is proper and will lead to the stability of the world. . . . Your supreme duty as a married woman . . . is to give birth to male heirs for the continuation of the Lee line. . . . Do not be adulterous. Refrain from jealousy and pretend not to notice his indulgence. . . . Do not disobey your in-laws. Treat them as your first parents.²³

As Hongyong embarks on her journey into the world of wifely duty, this advice provides her roadmap for conjugal harmony in a society dominated by Confucian thought. She starts down this path around 1935, a time when her mother’s counsel regarding her role as subject to a sovereign flies in the face of the women’s emancipation movements of the Western world during that time. During the Japanese Occupation from 1910 to 1945, Korea still clung to the Confucian ideologies adopted during the previous Choson period, Comparing Korean views on gender roles to Western views on the subject is akin to finding similarities between kimch’i and cotton candy.

After leaving her parents and commencing her new life with Dukpil, Hongyong struggles to learn her “proper place and role” in the context of

a traditional Confucian marital relationship. Serving the perfect stranger otherwise known as her husband occupies every waking hour of Hongyong's life. Her comments made in the first few weeks subsequent to separation from her family speak volumes: "I feel nothing toward him. There is no affection, no emotion, nothing." Her mother-in-law, who had taken the place of her mother as the mother-figure in her life, constantly harps at Hongyong to serve her son more satisfactorily. For example, she orders, "You must learn to cook specifically for my son's palate. He dislikes his food bland. The exact mixture of spices can make a simple meal mouthwatering." Hongyong works feverishly to bring honor to her family and status to herself by learning every preference and quirk of her new husband in order to prove herself virtuous by her exact obedience. "I slaved from five o'clock in the morning till the last member of the family retired," she recounts. She refuels the oven to heat the floor, prepares every meal according to Dukpil's liking, mends his socks, irons his jacket, cleans the floors, washes the dishes, hauls water in from the well, and does a variety of other household chores to please her husband and his family. In the Confucian world in which she labors, these tasks become her life's singular work, and performing them well, as she notes, "is my insurance that I would be able to eat, sleep, and have some peace."²⁴ In her marital relationship, Hongyong becomes completely dependent on her husband for the necessities of life. She can only secure these necessities by satisfactorily serving him. Unsatisfactory service translates into a violation of the *samjong* and a loss of virtue. Han describes the traditional Korean marital relationship:

The husband 'loves' or 'likes' his wife, and the wife 'respects' her husband in the same sense as a mother 'loves' her child and the child 'respects' its mother. The use of these words undoubtedly indicates a certain degree of superior feeling of the husband towards his wife who is submissive and subordinate to and dependent upon her husband, at least for the first few years of married life. . . . The husband is expected to be aloof, as a sign of dignity, until the first child is born. A wife also must be ever so careful not to show her partiality to her husband. A wise husband

pretends to ignore her; such an attitude is more conducive to his wife's welfare and the harmony of the family.²⁵

Hongyong placates the outward emotional separation from her husband of which Han speaks by intensifying her interest in the physical bond of marriage created by sexual intimacy. She explains, "Husband's touch was magical. The mere thought of spending the coming night wrapped in his arms sustained me through the day's hardship. . . . Cautiously, I bottled up these feelings . . . fearing he might think he had married a foolish woman."²⁶ This physical bond brings Hongyong and Dukpil together as a springboard to the increase in status she achieve after she gives birth to their first child, a coveted son.

Providing an heir to Dukpil and thus fulfilling the paramount duty of a wife in Confucian Korea become Hongyong's greatest desire. The importance placed on women providing sons to continue family lines can hardly be overstated. This concept takes root in the previously mentioned Confucian expression *namjon, yobi*, meaning "men are exalted, but women are lowly." Korean society thus placed power in the hands of males through genealogical records, philosophical precedence, inheritance rights, ancestor worship ceremonies, domestic domination, and marital rights. Is it any wonder that a woman's most important function in Confucian society would be to produce sons? Seungsook Moon remarks that the male-dominated society of Korea "reduced women to mere breeders to continue the agnatic family lines."²⁷ Moon's view encapsulates the position of women in Confucian society. The depiction of Hongyong reflects Moon's attitudes. After pondering her life's path as a married woman expected to produce sons, Hongyong exclaims, "I must secure power, and the only way to accomplish it is to bear children, sons. With sons come position, prestige, and authority. I wish for the day I, too, would be Grandmother's age, enjoying my sons' and grandsons' fruits."²⁸ By bearing sons, she would not only create pride, power, and prestige for Dukpil through perpetuating his family line, but she would bring stability to her own position in her home and society. Her male fruit would ensure her position in her husband's family by protect-

ing her from being expelled from the house for not providing a male heir. Peterson comments on the predicament of sonless women by explaining, “The sonless woman . . . was in a perilous situation. She was liable to be divorced and sent back to her own family and village (perhaps the most shameful thing for a young woman).”²⁹ The threat of divorce and expulsion thus hovers over Hongyong’s head like a menacing specter. In fact, as Peterson observes, among the list of seven offenses which could lead to divorce as enumerated in Confucian texts, “listed either first or second in most texts is the offense of not bearing a son.”³⁰

Hongyong escapes the fate of a sonless woman in Confucian society by giving birth to Yongwoon. During her labor, Dukpil comments, “It is a noble thing you do, to bear me a child.”³¹ This statement reflects the prevailing attitudes regarding male domination and a woman’s duty to provide a son for her husband. Rather than thinking of the child as belonging equally to his father and mother, Dukpil inserts the Confucian roles of master and servant into the equation of childbearing. In this equation, Hongyong produces the desired necessity (a son to carry on the family line) for Dukpil (the master), much like a chicken produces an egg that a farmer takes and uses for his own benefit. Jae-Ho Cha, Bom-Mo Chung, and Sung-Jin Lee remark on a woman’s perceived responsibility to provide “male eggs” for their husbands:

In the purely physical sense it is the woman’s function to bear the child. It is from her body that a son or daughter is finally born. Although the husband is biologically responsible for the sex of the conceived child, his part in the reproductive process is temporally so far removed from the physical event of the birth of the child that it is cognitively more difficult to hold him responsible for the child’s sex. Reminded that it is the man who provides the chromosome for a girl as well as for a boy, a young husband responded, ‘Yes, but it’s the woman’s job to catch the right one.’³²

Hongyong virtuously serves Dukpil by providing the ultimate Confucian gift of a son: “successor to the family lineage, performer of family ancestor rites, provider of old age support for his parents, source of financial assis-

tance, and object of family pride in the eyes of others.”³³ She revels in her accomplishment by exclaiming, “I had fulfilled my most important wifely duty. Joy rushed into me as [Yongwoon] was placed between my breasts. . . . Husband hurried back home to tell Grandmother the wonderful news.”³⁴ By fulfilling this duty, Hongyong secures her place in Dukpil’s home and ensures that she will have shelter, food, and status for the remainder of her days. She basks in the newfound position of domestic prominence and stability that is evidenced in proud Dukpil’s new title for her: “mother of my son.” Hongyong’s achievement marks a great coming-of-age for her as a woman of virtue in Confucian society, and she remarks, “For the first time in my life I am pleased to be a woman, a mother.”³⁵

Hongyong’s pleasure in attaining such honorable status caps the episodes of her life from her birth through her early married years that illustrate the Confucian philosophies that dictated a woman’s role in traditional Korean society. Exploring and analyzing these situations from *Still Life With Rice* helps the reader answer Lee’s profound question regarding traditional Korean women, “What makes them this way?” The Confucianization of Korea during the Choson period firmly established the ideologies of *namjon*, *yobi*; *ch’ulga oein*, and *samjong* as the foundational concepts for creating women’s roles in traditional Korea. This paradigm places women below men in society and dictates that women can only lead virtuous lives by rendering service and practicing submissiveness to males. The disappointment of Hongyong’s mother at her birth illustrates the view that women are simply inferior and subservient to men. Compared to the permanence and importance of a son’s role in continuing family lines, performing rites of ancestor worship, caring for his elderly parents, obtaining inheritance rights, and playing the prominent role in financial and political matters in a male-dominated, Confucian society, the transience of a daughter in her natal family greatly diminishes her value.

NOTES

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3. Lee, *Still Life With Rice*, pp. 26–27.
 4. Lee, Mijeong. *Women's Education, Work, and Marriage in Korea: Women's Lives Under Institutional Conflicts*, Seoul, Seoul National University Press, 1998, p. 37.
 5. Lee, *Still Life With Rice*, pp. 33–36.
 6. Han, Chungnim C. "Reciprocal Behavior Patterns," *Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society, Korea Branch* 62, 1987, pp. 73–74.
 7. Chung, Sei-Wha ed. *Challenges for Women: Women's Studies in Korea*, Seoul, Ewha Womans University Press, 1986, p. 233.
 8. Balswick, Jack. "Strong Men and Virtuous Women: Changing Male and Female Gender Roles in Korea," *Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society, Korea Branch* 56, 1981, p. 29.
 9. *Ibid.*, p. 29.
 10. *Ibid.*, p. 29.
 11. Lee, *Still Life With Rice*, p. 58.
 12. Han, p. 73.
 13. Lee, *Still Life With Rice*, p. 59.
 14. *Ibid.*, pp. 63–65.
 15. Peterson, *Korean Adoption*, pp. 3–4.
 16. Lee, *Still Life With Rice*, pp. 65–66.
 17. Han, p. 68.
 18. Clark, Donald N. *Culture and Customs of Korea*, Westport, CT, Greenwood Press, 2000, p. 162.
 19. Balswick, p. 31.
 20. *Ibid.*, p. 29.
 21. Lee, *Still Life With Rice*, pp. 68–71.
 22. *Ibid.*
 23. *Ibid.*, p. 69.
 24. Lee, *Still Life With Rice*, pp. 73–74.
 25. Han, p. 69.
 26. Lee, *Still Life With Rice*, p. 75.
 27. Moon, Seungsook. "Begetting the Nation," *Dangerous Women: Gender and Korean Nationalism*, ed. Elaine H. Kim and Chungmoo Choi, New York, Routledge, 1998, p. 53.
 28. Lee, *Still Life With Rice*, p. 81.
 29. Peterson, *Korean Adoption*, pp. 65–67.
 30. Peterson, Mark A. "Women Without Sons," *Korean Women: View from the Inner Room*, ed. Laurel Kendall and Mark A. Peterson, Cushing, ME, East Rock Press, 1983, pp. 33–44.
 31. Lee, *Still Life With Rice*, p. 85.
 32. Cha, Jae-Ho, Bom-Mo Chung, and Sung-Jin Lee, "Boy Preference Reflected in Korean Folklore," *Virtues in Conflict: Tradition and the Korean Woman Today*, ed. Sandra Mattielli, Seoul, Samhwa Publishing Co., 1977, p. 113.
 33. *Ibid.*, p. 113.
 34. Lee, *Still Life With Rice*, pp. 86–87.
 35. *Ibid.*, p. 89.

Nostalgia in the Haikus of Lafcadio Hearn

Loren Crisler

In 1889, Lafcadio Hearn decided to go to Japan. Previously, Hearn had established himself as writer of novels and newspaper articles in the United States and his interest in Japan was part of a general Western interest in oriental things. Much of Hearn's work on Japan offers a unique perspective on culture and literary translation, and represents an eclectic assembly of insights into the subtle and discreet civilization that characterizes the nation at the turn of the twentieth century. In an essay on Japanese mosquitoes, which had plagued Hearn throughout the spring and summer months, after discussing a possible means to rid Japan of the cursed beasts and dismissing the method as unthinkable because it would require the destruction of the countless ponds, pools and flower receptacles in the country's venerable cemeteries, he observes:

Besides, I should like, when my time comes, to be laid away in some Buddhist graveyard of the ancient kind,—so that my ghostly company should be ancient, caring nothing for the fashions and the changes and the disintegrations of Meiji. . . . Everything there is beautiful with a beauty of exceeding and startling queerness; each tree and stone shaped by some old, old ideal which no longer exists in any living brain; even

the shadows are not quite the same, but of a world forgotten, that never knew steam or electricity or magnetism or—kerosene oil!!

Although much about this passage is interesting, what is most significant is that it echoes a theme that pervades many of Hearn's texts: that of a poignant nostalgia for a bygone golden age before industrialism and its culturally diluting effects. In much of his writing and especially in his Japan texts, Hearn continually returns to this theme; indeed, it permeates his extensive body of wildly varied work to a greater degree than almost any other element, excepting the overall eclectic nature of his subject matter as a whole.

Hearn was not a romantic, though the theme of time reflects a romantic idea and much of his work reflects a markedly gothic mood, he was a realist. However, realism for Hearn creates a problem of perception—not the kind of average perception espoused by Dean Howells, but that of a receptive, above average perceiver.² For this reason Hearn's work reflects an intense sensitivity for the aesthetic sense of a scene or moment, because as Kreyling notes, "for Hearn the true realist was concerned with the forms and process of perception; he ought to have no time for preconceived notions of experience."³ What Hearn therefore asks with his work is somewhat paradoxical. He wants his reader to be sensitive enough to perceive, in its pure aesthetic form, what is no longer, and in many cases never was, there at all. Hearn's work is in many ways thus an effort to present an unrepresentable moment and reclaim what time and progress have replaced, namely Hearn's golden age of the ideal—his Buddhist graveyard, as it were.

At the heart of Hearn's nostalgia lies a deep sense of alienation and abandonment. Of course, this tension in his texts is not the result of some kind of spontaneous generation; such things rarely are. It developed as the natural product of his less than idyllic personal experiences, beginning with his childhood and continuing for much of his adult life. An openly psychological inspection of a writer's life and its influence on his later work is often dubious in nature as many potential conclusions are untenable at best; however, tracing specific instances of abandonment and rejection in

Hearn's life helps establish the origins of his paramount theme. Hearn's thematic nostalgia hints of something lost (or something he never really had), and an investigation into the nature of it and Hearn's employment of it in his later texts must first begin with an examination of what initially created that sense of loss. An area of Hearn's life that is particularly vulnerable to psychological investigation is his continual experience with change.

By 1884 Hearn knew he needed a change. Change was the one constant in his life, so, in this sense, he was perhaps feeling the inevitable.

He was born on the Greek island of Leukas in 1850, the son of an Irish surgeon in the British Navy and, by all accounts, a strikingly beautiful Grecian woman. When his mother became pregnant, Hearn's father left him and his mother with his Irish relatives to take another navy post. Although this occurred before his birth, it represents Hearn's first encounter with abandonment. It would not be his last, for Hearn's life comprises a series of abandonment and alienation episodes. After his birth his mother, feeling rightfully broken-hearted and cast aside, pining for her beloved Greece, took Hearn's older brother and returned to the islands of her home. The infant Hearn was never to see her again. Abruptly motherless, Hearn became the unwanted charge of an apathetic great-aunt, who displaced him even further by sending him to various boarding schools in England and France. Although Hearn was a gifted student, skilled in languages and letters, he felt repressed and stifled by his Jesuit teachers, leading to further feelings of alienation and a deep suspicion of Christianity and other Western institutions.⁴ His major difficulty in school was his shyness, the result of an unfortunate accident that left him blind in one eye, and made him feel acutely isolated.

Finally, the Hearn's great-aunt had had enough of her parentless ward and sought to rid herself of him. Her solution was to give him a little money and ship him off to a relative in Cincinnati as an apprentice, so he was told. The relative was wholly ignorant of the plan and with Hearn's arrival suddenly found himself in the undesirable and unprepared for position of guardian to a "dirty, half-blind waif."⁵ He too soon turned the young Hearn

out. As Christopher Benny comments, “at the age of nineteen, Lafcadio Hearn found himself homeless, jobless, and penniless in the beer-swilling, largely German speaking city on the banks of the Ohio River.”⁶

Eventually, Hearn found work (in exchange for food and a straw pile to sleep on) with Henry Watkin, a local printer. Luckily for Hearn, Watkin appreciated his new charge’s intelligence and quickly the two became friends. Both men had a fascination with the strange and bizarre and would stay up late, trading tales and rumors and reading Poe. During this time Hearn began writing his own gruesome stories, no doubt modeled after Poe’s, that he was able to have printed in local newspapers and literary journals. They reflect an escapist and rather sinister alter-reality for Hearn, perhaps the product of his hitherto traumatic childhood. He soon gained his first position as a reporter and relied on his storytelling skills as he covered the crime beat along the river, quickly becoming one of Cincinnati’s more popular journalists.

However, Hearn’s success as a reporter could not protect him from his next bout with abandonment. In 1871 Hearn, a regular of the slums and black quarters of the city, met and fell in love with Alethea Foley, the fair daughter of a slaveholder and one of his slaves. She had come north after the Civil War and was working as a boarding-house cook and sometimes prostitute. Because laws then barred miscegenation, the two were secretly wed by a black minister with Alethea pretending to be white. When the editor for the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, the paper for which Hearn worked, discovered the facts surrounding his marriage in August of 1875, he immediately fired him. Though a competing paper quickly hired him, Hearn was furious and deeply disillusioned. Moreover, despite Hearn’s staunch loyalty to his wife, their marriage was not an easy one, as Alethea would occasionally drift back to her former life on the street. When she went to Indianapolis in 1877, Hearn took an offer from his paper to cover events of the Compromise of 1877,⁷ leaving Cincinnati forever. Hearn was heart-broken and guilt-wracked over losing Alethea whom he called her Mattie, writing in a letter to a friend in Memphis:

I feel all the time as if I saw Mattie looking at me or following me and the thought comes to me of the present she made me and a woolly lock of hair she sent me, and her despairing efforts just to speak to me once more, and my only answer being to have her arrested and locked up all night in the police station.⁸

In light of his tortured emotional state, Hearn's first impressions of Louisiana, where he next would reside, are filled with an obvious romantic longing for a bygone era as he made notes on what he saw from the riverboat. Hearn writes, "There were splendid houses crumbling to decay and whole towns of tenantless cabins; estates of immense extent were lying almost untilled, or with only a few acres under cultivation."⁹ At this time the theme of nostalgic longing first becomes apparent in Hearn's writing, though it does not fully develop until his sojourn in Japan.

Hearn's sense of dissatisfaction only increased as he began work in New Orleans. He failed to write a single piece about the political upheaval following Rutherford B. Hayes' election as President and the resulting lifting of the policies of Reconstruction. Instead, he sought material better suited to his tastes, forwarding to the *Commercial*, his Cincinnati paper, a series of "Letters from New Orleans," in which he described bastions of Creole tradition that lingered despite the upheaval of the Civil War and the ensuing rush of industrialism. Hearn moved immediately to the French Quarter and began collecting Creole folktales and lore, the kind of stories that had made his work in the print shop bearable years before. His collecting, which included ghost and monster stories, dragonfly studies, and Samurai folklore became quite eclectic, an adjective that suitably describes his work even today. But what seemed to drive his work was a passion for the obscure and hidden, a search for the original New Orleans that even then was fading in the face of increasing industrialism. Hearn wanted to find what was left of Creole culture on the fringe of society. This search can obviously be read in an overtly and overly simplified Freudian manner: Hearn's search was an attempt to compensate for the loss of his childhood sense of belonging. Though his motivation was presumably more complex than such a simplis-

tic psychoanalytical reading might posit, that it may account in part for his efforts to recover Creole culture is a valid point. Even so, Hearn himself remained unaware of this tension and saw himself as a sort of cultural explorer on the fringes of society. In a letter he discussed his work: "I think a man must devote himself to one thing in order to succeed, so I have pledged me to the worship of the Odd, the Queer, the Strange, the Exotic, the Monstrous."¹⁰ He was to follow this mantra for the rest of his career.

His cataloging of the unusual ranged from recipes to rituals, what Hearn called "survivals." Working with his newly acquired friend George Washington Cable, Hearn sought songs, spells, and stories, all of which appealed to and broadened his exotic and otherworldly sensibilities. But as Hearn discovered the Creole world, he also became acutely aware of its steady erosion by the tide of ever-increasing industrial development. Thus, Hearn's attempts to find his lost golden time in the remnants of the Creole world were frustrated by the steady encroachment of the steam, electricity, magnetism, and kerosene Hearn would try to find escape from in Japan. However, in spite of his disillusionment with his Creole experience, as Hitomi Naban suggests, Hearn owes much of the success he realized with his Japanese work to the stylistic maturity he developed in New Orleans.¹¹

At the Japanese Exhibit at the New Orleans World Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition in 1877, Hearn began to become infatuated, as was much of the Western World, with all things Oriental. Hearn ignored the displays announcing the young nation's new industrial and educational prowess, proceeding instead to the exhibits on "the antique art of Japan":

The antiquated porcelains have none of that conventional frankness of composition in design nor the flaring color which distinguishes many of the best new pieces; they are sober-tinted; they affect no pattern; their figures are strangely puzzling to the eye at first glance, but when the puzzle is read, what marvellous movement!¹²

Hearn was describing what the Japanese call *wabisabi*, the Zen principle of the quiet elegance of refinement in harmony with nature. Hearn instinctively appreciated what most Westerners had missed about Japan and its cul-

ture—*wabisabi*. Such an idea, though probably not completely and explicitly realized by Hearn until much later, would have strongly appealed to him because here was the form of nature in aesthetic abstract—precisely what Hearn’s realism demanded: the presentation of the unrepresentable and the sense of an ideal past in a relic of an exotic antiquity for the suitably sensitive perceiver. For Hearn the antique, the forgotten, and the obscure are imminent in both art and literature because they offer a means of perceiving an idyllic past, a nostalgia for a golden age, phantasmal as it may be. His affinity for such intrinsic intricacies of Japanese culture as *wabisabi* would be invaluable, because a few years after the publication in 1884 of his collection of Chinese ghost stories, the manifestation of his burgeoning interest in the quaint, Hearn soon decided to leave the factories of New Orleans and journey to Japan, in the hope of resuming his search for the strange and bizarre.

To *Harpers* he proposed that he write a travel book, noting that he would surely not be able to discover anything remarkably new about a country “so well trodden” and documented; he only hoped to find the real Japan. Thus, with a meager advance and a tenuous contract, Hearn embarked for Yokohama, still searching for material. He expected to escape the industrial scourge that was devouring the Creole world he had come to love, but when he finally arrived in 1890, he found Yokohama a major industrial hub and port, not the quiet place he expected. Faced yet again with what he saw as the destroyer of the Creole world, Hearn began his search for the real Japan. In his efforts to present Japan as he found it, he ultimately created a significant volume of work in which his theme of nostalgia for a pre-industrial golden era, the result of a deep-seated sense of personal abandonment and alienation, is most apparent and pervasive.

Hearn wrote to fellow journalist Elizabeth Bisland before he left New Orleans that he was “trying to find the Orient at home,” as if there were a natural, static Oriental-ness awaiting his discovery. Yokohama disappointed Hearn because it failed to match his expectations of what Japan should be. The Yokohama of the late Meiji was Japan’s most industrial port and left Hearn bewildered at the decidedly Western character of much of the city. He

lodged in a sailor's house on the waterfront but tried to avoid the company of other Westerners. He immediately began the continuation of the work he had done among Creoles, searching for and recording "survivals." However, in his essay "My First Day in the Orient" his frustration over finding Yokohama already polluted by Occidental modernity is clear. Hearn writes that he found "a shop of American sewing-machines next to the shop of a maker of Buddhist images; the establishment of a photographer beside the establishment of a manufacturer of straw sandals."¹³ In spite of the infection of the west, Hearn felt a deep sense of a Japan unique in character and sublime in meaning that awaited his discovery yet just eluded his grasp. Hearn knew that he needed to rid himself of his preconceived notions of what Japan was in order to glean something of Japan's true nature, but found this terribly difficult to do in Yokohama. He pondered "whether I shall ever be able to discover that which I seek—outside of myself! That is outside of my own imagination."

He would not find what he sought in the bustling streets and factories of Yokohama. He would, however, find it soon in Matsue. Hearn accepted a high school teaching position in that small city in the Tottori prefecture on the coast of the Sea of Japan. This move could not have been more fortuitous and had greater influence for him. Matsue sits between two larger, more important cities in the most sparsely populated area of western Honshu. Even today, the area is picturesque and retains customs and language inflections not found in any major Japanese city. At the time Hearn lived there, the area was largely the same as it had been before the Meiji Restoration, reflecting more a sense of the Edo period (1603–1867).

Moreover, Matsue sits next to the city of Izumo in Shimane prefecture, the site of one of the holiest Shinto shrines, the Izumo Taisha. The religious influence of Izumo on the surrounding area vividly impressed Hearn, whose experiences with Japanese religion had been limited to the dark, tiny shrines of Yokohama. Izumo's prominence was so great that Hearn's writings in Matsue exhibit a markedly religious shift.¹⁴ There he was able to experience religious aspects of Japanese culture that had been

missing in Yokohama. Hearn found hope that a more traditional Japan had not been totally extinguished by Western influence, noting, “nearly all phases of modern life, yield evidence that the disintegration of the old society has been superficial rather than fundamental.”¹⁵ While, Hearn’s writing in Matsue still shows a tendency toward the nostalgic, its tone is less forlorn and lamenting than both his earlier and later texts on Japan, perhaps because Hearn had found there his golden age. As well, with his marriage to Setsuko Koizumi and his adoption into her ancient samurai family, Hearn realized a Japan that perhaps no Westerner ever had or would. He was, for one perfect year in Matsue, Japanese.

Unfortunately, this perfect time was not to last. The winter in Shimane and Tottori prefectures is especially biting, and Hearn was forced to move to a more temperate climate, accepting another teaching position in the city of Kumamoto on Kyushu, where he found all his forgotten fears about the adverse effects of Western industrialism renewed. Because of its position on the trade routes between China, Korea, and the West, Kumamoto was quickly becoming a modern industrial city. Hearn saw this as the beginning of the end for the old Japan he had come to know and love in Matsue. He also bemoaned the cultural void of Kumamoto. The city had “no poetry—no courtesy—no myths—no traditions—no superstitions,” he lamented; they had been replaced with “mercantile buildings—immense by comparison with the low light Japanese shops—[which] seem to utter the menace of financial power.”¹⁶ As a result, he stopped his search for “survivals” and produced a more psychological work. Hearn wanted to study what made Japan Japan and the Japanese Japanese. He wanted to understand *Kokoro*, the heart of things, and the book he wrote from his time in Kumamoto bears this title.

Kokoro ranks among Hearn’s best literary work; in it he returns to his theme of nostalgia for a golden age, though this age for Hearn has a much more concrete quality to it as he had first-hand emotional exposure to the more discreet and sensitive culture he found in Matsue. Once again this theme of the loss of the old and better to the new and inferior per-

meates his work. Hearn's mode of presenting this theme is essentially an organically aesthetic one. Hearn simply presents a moment, poem, scene, and relies on his readers' perceptions to give meaning to his rendering. He employs painterly effects in his depictions, leaving his subjects displayed but not explicitly detailed. Above all, Hearn seems concerned not with telling his reader what something was like but, rather, with how something felt. Anne Rowe notes that he uses "an impressionistic style that placed content above thesis in importance paralleled by an intensity of sensual perception and an absence of moral commentary."¹⁷ Moreover, underlying much of his impressionism is the nostalgia of Hearn's perfect past.

His haiku (Hearn called them by their antique name, haku) translations afford several vivid examples of his particular aesthetic of nostalgic perception. In a study of dragonflies, Hearn selected for his essay a number of haiku that take dragonflies for a subject. The poems he chose for his discussion, though doubtless reflective of the broader scope of all Japanese dragonfly haiku, also echo Hearn's anti-industrial theme of nostalgia. The aesthetic approach Hearn employs in his translations deserves close examination because within the context of this aesthetic mode, Hearn delivers his allusions to a prior, lost golden age, the object of his nostalgic tone. Skillfully Hearn delivers only impressions of a poem's scene, allowing the reader to make the connections necessary in order to perceive both the sense of the poetic moment and the nostalgic tension that moment presents. Here is an example:

Tombo no

Eda ni tsuitari

Wasure guwa

(Translation: See the dragon-fly resting on the handle of the forgotten mattock. *A Japanese Miscellany*)¹⁸

This is a translation of a typical dragonfly haiku, but that Hearn included it in his essay is no surprise, as it is fairly representative of the poems he chose to include in the essay. This haiku functions well within his nostalgic aesthetic in a number of ways. Primarily, the poem focuses jointly on a

“resting” dragonfly and a “forgotten mattock.” “Forgotten” is a direct translation of the original Japanese, but Hearn’s description of the dragonfly as “resting” is his interpretation, effectively conveying a sense of temporal suspension in the poem. This sense of frozen time is important in Hearn’s translation because it gives an antique air to the scene, highlighting a nostalgia for the “forgotten” age represented by the mattock. Hearn’s rendering of the subject is interesting because he lends an organic nature to the primitive farm implement by joining the dragonfly and the tool’s handle in a moment of natural harmony. Moreover, the paralleling of the mattock and dragonfly reinforces this organic sense in the Japanese, but Hearn refrains from making this relationship overt, relying instead on impressionistic hints to allow his reader’s perceptions to discover that connection.

In another example, Hearn established a similar tone:

Tombo no
Kaide yukikeri
Sute waraji

(Translation: Dragonflies have gone to sniff at a pair of cast-off sandals.)¹⁹

As in the first haiku, the notion of “forgotten” is present here. Hearn again allies the dragonflies with a forgotten, or in this case, “cast-off” cultural element. Additionally, he again espouses natural imagery with artificial human influence, a literary technique that implies a lament for the uncorrupted, which for Hearn is the natural world of dragonflies. Ultimately, Hearn uses the haiku he selects for his essay to establish his anti-industrial thesis. He notes that the haiku:

Help us to understand something of the soul of the elder Japan. The people who could find delight, century after century, in watching the ways of insects, and in making such verses about them, must have comprehended, better than we, the simple pleasure of existence.²⁰

Hearn openly privileges the past over the present, and this is fundamental to the nostalgic tension in his texts. That his writing tends to reject the modern is not surprising, and it echoes devastation of the Creole culture at the hand of Southern industrialism Hearn witnessed in New Orleans.

Having experienced the golden age of Japan for himself, Hearn longs for a rejection of the industrial encroachment on Japan and its culture in his Japanese work. What makes Hearn's longing so particularly poignant is that his search for that golden, idyllic era is in many ways driven by his the lack of anything resembling such a time in his own life. From his early childhood to his failed first marriage, continual episodes of abandonment and alienation beset him. These psychological influences affected Hearn in myriad ways but particularly in his choice of subject matter and themes. As a result, Hearn's work becomes a collection of loosely related folklore gleanings and cultural essays that have a noticeable leaning to the strange and exotic. Moreover, given Hearn's history of abandonment, he was sensitive to the alienating and disruptive effects of the industrial world and adopted a markedly nostalgic tone in his texts. The Creole world he encountered was already fragmented and disappearing in the New Orleans industrial movement. Hearn sought to escape that world by traveling to Japan, only to find there the same cultural pressures at work. Only in Matsue did Hearn locate a world where he could glimpse the Japan of the past, and this became his perfect age. However, his subsequent displacement to Kumamoto rent this ideal from him, re-calling his theme of nostalgia for Japan's golden age.

Clearly, Hearn's nostalgia is key to his works' aesthetics. He vaguely describes a time that no longer exists, and in many ways never did, and instead relies on a perceptive reader to discover the sense of his text and the moment it portrays. This moment no longer exists, its time is passed, and the reader, like Hearn, feels its distressing loss. In this way Hearn's work can be looked at as little more than a desperate attempt to recover a time he never fully experienced; but such a reading denies the fact that though nostalgia does account for much of Hearn's choice of theme and subject matter, it is not the sole defining element of his work—only one element of many, albeit a large one. Nostalgia is important to his texts because it illuminates some of what Hearn was trying to accomplish, and his texts may be better understood with some realization of the emotional tensions at work in

them. Hearn tries to expose the cultural sensitivities by abandoning Western aesthetic conventions about art and literature. The objects of perception are what was important, as are the manner of textual delivery. That is, the subtle way in which Hearn allowed his readers to discover the culturally sensitive side of Japan. In trying to relate the sense of how a moment feels, Hearn attempts to recreate the moment for his reader, presenting through impression rather than detail what is effectively unrepresentable.

NOTES

1. Hearn, Lafcadio. *Kwaidan: Stories and Studies of Strange Things*, New York, ICG Muse, Inc., 2001, p. 156.
2. Kreyling, Michael. "Lafcadio Hearn," *DLB*, Vol. 12, p. 248.
3. *Ibid.*
4. Murray, Paul. *A Fantastic Journey: The Life and Literature of Lafcadio Hearn*, Ann Arbor, University of Michigan Press, 1997, p. 15.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 78.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 217.
7. The Compromise of 1877 was a pact that both Democrat and Republican leaders created to resolve election disputes. Motivations behind the compromise included Rutherford B. Hayes elected President of the United States and increased industrialization in southern states. Former slaves considered the compromise a "Great Betrayal," as civil rights for blacks were totally abandoned.
8. Keys, Mary. "Lafcadio Hearn and Alethea (Mattie) Foley," *Lafcadio Hearn Journal*, Spring 1993, p. 8.
9. *Ibid.*
10. Bisland, Elizabeth. *The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn*, 2 vols., Boston, Houghton Mifflin, Vol.1, 1906, p. 328
11. Naban, Hitomi. "The Aesthetics of the Ghostly: Art and Life in the Work of Lafcadio Hearn," *DAI* 61.9, March 2001, DA9986163, p. 3570.
12. Hearn, Lafcadio. *Occidental Gleanings*, New York, Dodd, Mead, 1925, pp. 227–28).
13. Hearn, Lafcadio. "My First Day in the Orient," *Writings From Japan*, New York, Penguin Books, 1984, p. 20.
14. Hearn had quite a bit of tutelage in eastern religion and philosophy while in boarding school. His teacher was Herbert Spencer. Though Hearn rejected Christianity, he was sympathetic to both Shintoism and Japanese Buddhism. However, his writing displays a certain level of misunderstanding about the relationship between the two religions, and he often confuses them and their various cultural and social manifestations.
15. Hearn, "My First Day in the Orient," p. 335.
16. Hearn, Lafcadio. *Korkoro: Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner Life*, New York, ICG Muse, Inc., 2001, p. 105.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 89.
18. Hearn, Lafcadio. *A Japanese Miscellany: Strange Stories, Folklore Gleanings, Studies Here and There*, New York, ICG Muse, Inc., 2001, p. 81. Note: Hearn used a fairly complicated system for his Romanization of phonetic Japanese. The Jesuit system he employed is no longer in common use, though it lends an appropriately dated tone to those who read his transcriptions. I have substituted a more current system of Romanization for the sake of simplicity.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 81.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 97.

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Gender Influenced Depictions of Children in Twentieth Century Chinese Fiction

Jeremy Lau

Often considered the father of modern Chinese literature, Lu Xun stands as one of China's most influential twentieth-century writers, and his work continues to inform contemporary Chinese authors. Through fiction Lu regularly engaged broad social issues, as he believed literature could help solve many of the cultural problems China faced during its general transition from a monarchical system under the emperor to a republican state. "Save the children," Lu's closing crescendo to his first masterpiece, "Diary of a Madman," reflects his vision of hope for the next generation.¹ He believed that children were China's opportunity to build a brighter future.

Numerous writers of his era shared this same conviction, and during the early part of the twentieth century, many Chinese intellectuals rushed to the world of fiction to undertake such noble ideals as curing social ills, cultural maladies, and political malevolence. With the lack of extensive education among its citizens, short stories, instead of novels, became easily available and widely read among the higher social classes in China. This attempt to push forth their opinions stemmed from the introduction of Western ideology and technology into China, infusing many Chinese with democratic ideas. Throughout the first half of the century, the entire nation desperately

sought a new direction in a world that no longer revolved around the Chinese empire. Prominent fiction writers looked back at China's history and closely examined contemporary culture; they pointed out the backwardness and weaknesses of China, showed the sufferings of the powerless common people at the bottom of society, and encouraged the need for change.

Many of the short stories of this volatile period in Chinese history look to children as the hope for change. Author after author portrayed the children in their stories in several ways to convey various meanings. Concomitantly, a strong relationship between the genders of writers and the manner in which their stories depict children is noticeable. Many stories exhibited differences in how male and female writers developed their child characters. In some stories, much about the child's background and interests is conveyed to the reader, while in other stories, virtually nothing of substance is mentioned of him or her. Male and female writers agree that children provided hope for the future, but they dispute how this was to be done. Three prominent male writers: Lu Xun, Lao She, and Xu Dishan, and three equally well known female writers: Ling Shuhua, Ding Ling, and Xiao Hong, provide evidence of how an author's gender shaped their treatment of children in the work produced.

The difference in how the male writers and female writers depict child-related concepts arises from their very different backgrounds. The three female authors had experience in rearing children. They were familiar with common types of child behavior and understood how children would normally behave toward their parents. Conversely, male writers often traveled and spent significant time away from their families. However, though both male and female writers agreed that children would play a significant role in the direction of China's future, their perceptions of children were quite different.

Furthermore, gender roles and expectations inherited from traditional China inevitably created different understanding among the sexes on how children were to be treated. Despite the trend to economically and technologically modernize China during the Republican revolution, social issues with regard to a woman's role in the family remained largely unchanged.

The male writers often portrayed children exhibiting adult qualities and placed them in mature roles, blurring distinctions between adults and children. Frequently, they placed children and adults in formal settings that would typically be recognized by society as adult relationships, such as employee-boss or customer-shopkeeper. There is little or no direct interaction between children and their parents, and the children in these stories by male writers are forced, like younger versions of adults, to take care of themselves. For instance, nothing is mentioned regarding the child narrator's parents in Lu's "Kong Yiji." His interactions with adults are exclusively with his boss and the customers he encounters at work. His "parental" guidance comes from his experiences at the tavern. He states, "I would stand all day behind the counter, taking care of my work. . . . The owner always put on a fierce-looking face, and the customers were not polite either when they talked, making it hard for me to be happy."² The narrator is not protected in the family context, and his situation in life is akin a normal adult's. He gains wisdom through personal experience and exposure rather than from mentors and loved ones.

Lu describes a similar situation about his own life in "A Call to Arms," in which he discussed in some detail his daily visits as a child with the pawnbroker and pharmacist to raise money and then to buy medicine for his sick father. He gave few specifics of his parents, except for when his mother is displeased that he decides to study at a foreign school; however, by this time, Lu is already nearing adulthood. Like the narrator from "Kong Yiji," Lu lived a very independent life as a young boy, thus, his background makes the narrator in "Kong Yiji" seem somewhat autobiographical. Through this character Lu metaphorically showed how the youth of China possessed the ability to care for and improve the country as a whole. This character also reflected his self-appointed mission to cure China's ills through writing fiction.

The Chinese playwright and author of humorous satiric novels, Lao She, went even further in his depiction of children who exhibited adult characteristics. In "By the Temple of Great Compassion," the narrator, a middle-school student, views Mr. Huang, his student supervisor, as innocent and

naïve.³ Thus, Lao portrayed the child as the adult, presenting the adult Mr. Huang like a child. When the narrator tells Huang of the students' plan to attack him, Huang becomes sad and inquisitive, and the narrator comments, "He nearly made me cry. His questions were so innocent and childlike; he seemed to believe that you could never go wrong if you just treated people kindly."⁴ Lao does not mention the narrator's parents, and this narrator also acts extraordinarily independent for a young man. Fatherless from a very young age, Lao worked his way through adolescence and early adulthood.

In this sense, Lao's omission of the narrator's parents is reminiscent of his own life, thus, like Lu, Lao's experience as a child influenced how he depicted his fictional children. Perhaps the reason these two male writers frequently portrayed children possessing mature qualities was that they saw in these children younger versions of themselves, as is seemingly the case in Lu's "Kong Yiji." In fact, in most cases, the children were boys who played main roles in short stories written by these male authors.

The three female writers distinguished more clearly between adults and children. Usually, their young characters are very dependent on their parents, conceivably the consequence of the writers' experiences as mothers and sisters who helped raise siblings. Their stories contain a wealth of parent-child interaction, as, for example, seen in Xiao Hong's character, Wang Yaming, who is extremely close to her father in her most famous short story "Hands."

Xiao was born Chang Naiying to a landlord family in Hunan county, in the northeastern part of China (Heilongjiang). She spent an unhappy childhood under a domineering father, and her fiction often recalls the frustration that Chinese youth encountered. Xiao, who was influenced by Lu, shows a similar theme of hope for the younger generation of Chinese in "Hands." Yaming's father affectionately refers to her as "Mingzi" and encourages her studies, saying "You study hard now, and even though you won't become a sage after three years, still you'll probably be able to understand the ideas of great men."⁵ Much of Yaming's expectations of what constitutes proper behavior in the city, such as paying money to sit in the reception room, are

shaped by her father's opinions. As opposed to the very independent children portrayed by male authors, Yaming is extremely reliant on her father. He acts as a support and anchor for her both physically and emotionally. This idea becomes paramount near the end of the story, when, kept from succeeding by the school's headmaster, Yaming eventually returns home with her father to resume her duties in the country.

In traditional China, it is usually the responsibility of women and mothers to discipline the children of a household. Sometimes female authors cast parents as disciplinarians, as is seen in Ling Shuhua's "Embroidered Pillows." Xiao Niu walks into the room while Missy is stitching a beautiful pair of cushions. Zhang Ma fulfills the role of a traditionally strict woman of the house in a telling exchange of mother-daughter relationship, she instructs her daughter, Xiao Niu, "Just look at the sweat on your nose. Go and wipe your face. There's water in my room. Don't let your foul sweat annoy Missy on a day like this." Such a role is entirely absent in the stories written by male authors, who do not show parents correcting their children, who indeed seem to be self-correcting. In addition, Ling was raised in a wealthy family that attempted to retain much of traditional Chinese culture. She had a classical education and, early on in life, disagreed with the literary shift from classical Chinese to modern vernacular. Later, her attitude changed and allowed her writing to incorporate new trends that made her work representative of the tension that many aristocratic families felt throughout this transitory period in China's history.

Ding Ling's work also represents social transition in China. Ding grew up fatherless and, at times, very poor. Her character Xiao Han from "New Year" can thus be seen as an ironic representation of the mother-daughter relationship in that she contrasts so dramatically with Ding's own experience as a daughter, who relied on her mother but was virtually independent at a very young age, educating herself and often living hand to mouth. Xiao is not only dependent on her mother, but she exhibits what could be considered infantile traits. She relies on her mother to the extent that when her mother leaves for a few months, she compares her situation to her cousin Xiumei's thinking,

“[Xiumei] was so much more fortunate. She never had to leave her mother. Her mother loved her dearly, pampered her and cared for her. Her mother played with her during the day and held her close at night. The more she whined, the more her mother seemed to love her.”⁶ When Xiao’s mother returns, she encourages Xiao to be more independent, saying “Xiao Han, listen to me. You’re a year older. There are many things your mother can no longer take care of for you. You must start being sensible, for my sake.”⁷ However, by the end of the story, as her mother prepares to leave again, she tells Xiao, “Listen to me, Xiao Han. Ah, don’t cry. If you cry any more you’ll make me cry too.’ This made Xiao stop, and she pressed her face against her mother’s breast. . . . While Ma patted her she slowly drifted off to sleep.”⁸

Similar to how male writers perhaps viewed children in their stories as younger versions of themselves, possibly female writers also saw in the children of their stories younger versions of themselves; in most cases, protagonists in their stories are female. These women writers may also view children in their stories as their own offspring, in need of nurturing. Thus, they vicariously nurture “their” children in their writing.

The three male writers do little in terms of developing their child characters in their short stories, sharing only minimal description about their backgrounds or personalities. In Lu’s “Medicine,” Old Chuan’s son is ill. Besides this point, little is mentioned of the boy. The reader does not know his age, hobbies, or even his personality. There is virtually no character development with respect to his role in the story. The same is true for the boy in Lu’s “Kong Yiji.” Despite being the narrator, he reports nothing about his interests or his life outside of the tavern. The only glimpses concerning his character comes in his response to Kong’s “lecture” about how to write “aniseed,” which causes the narrator to become indignant, feel insulted, and appear self-conscious.⁹ Granted, this incident reveals more than Lu does about the boy in “Medicine,” but, overall, the narrator in “Kong Yiji” lacks strong development.

By comparison, the three female writers extensively develop their child characters. An obvious example is Wang Yaming in Xiao’s “Hands.” Xiao

tells a great deal about Wang's character, such as her upbringing in the countryside, the fact that she is a middle-school student, her father's profession, the family's financial situation, and her interactions with friends and teachers. And she provides many monologues from Yaming in which she describes herself as dumb and less intelligent than her peers, signifying her lack of confidence.¹⁰ Numerous characters speak extensively concerning Yaming's character, and the reader develops a stronger emotional attachment to her.

In "Embroidered Pillows" Ling also reports much about Xiao Niu, who evolves both physically and behaviorally over a two-year span; initially, she is sweaty and unkempt when she walks in on Missy sewing the pillows, but two years later she is tidy and now as "big and tall as her mother."¹¹ The reader also learns Xiao and her mother are housekeepers, and Ling describes the nature of their relationship to Missy in great detail. She portrays Xiao as having a very curious personality, initially something of a nuisance, but by the end of the story, mature and confident. She evolves from a girl into a woman worthy to possess the embroidered pillow, and the reader identifies with her progress. However, by the end of the story the potential suitor's family trashes the pillow. In this sense, Ling deflates much of what Xiao ostensibly inherits from the female influences in her life. The pillow can thus represent the state of modern China, and the responsibility of the younger generation to rectify social problems. Like Lu, Ling seems to look to the youth in her fiction as the hope for China's future.

In "New Year" Ding Ling describes Xiao Han in great detail. Ding discusses Xiao Han's longing for her mother when she is away, her fear of mice, and her dislike for her aunt. These aspects reveal that Ding was concerned with the psychology of the children in her fiction. She too realized the importance of the younger generation and their potential role in shaping the social future of China. Ding described Xiao as a "solemn child" who could sometimes be very "nervy."¹² Furthermore, Ding noted that sometimes others view Xiao as a bit stupid as she interacts with the maid, her relatives, and her mother. Unlike Xiao Niu from "Embroidered Pillows,"

however, she remains stagnantly childish, exhibiting infantile characteristics both at the beginning and the end of the story.

In contrast to these three female writers, perhaps the reason the male writers avoid much character development for their child characters results from a lack of experience with children or an attempt to make the children in their stories represent all children in China. In general, the young characters in the male authors' stories lack the extensive character development extant in the works of the female authors. This point may represent the difference in male and female writers, particularly the inherent attitude of female writers to nurture their characters as they would have their own children. Therefore, while the children in the works of male authors appear to lack considerable character development, this signifies a masculine attitude toward the child rearing. In addition, these underdeveloped characters are impersonal enough to represent all children rather than specific individuals, which indicates the writers' role of affecting China's society in its entirety rather than on a personal scale.

Finally, the three male writers often use children as symbols of hope for Chinese society. Lu, who viewed children as uncorrupted by modern society, frequently uses them to represent hope for a better future. In "Diary of a Madman," the madman's final journal entry states, "Perhaps there are still children who haven't yet eaten men? Save the children."¹³ Lu had given up hope for the adults of society and saw children as the only possibility for rectifying China's problems.

In contrast, the three female writers often use children as symbols of hope in terms of the social status they bring. Old Mistress from Ding's "The Lucky One" is considered distinguished by her peers for her abundant posterity. Ding writes that "everyone who knew Old Mistress Zhang said without hesitation, 'Madame Zhang is Number One!'" Each of her four sons were married and the eldest had a son already turned nineteen. . . . In fact, the Matriarch already had eight grandsons."¹⁴ Despite being uneducated and illiterate, Old Mistress is well respected in society for her posterity.

Ding's "New Year," in which the aunt's character is rather similar to Old

Mistress's provides another example. Her many children, combined with her good looks, draws respect and praise from her peers. Having a successful family now implies that there will be success and joy in the future.¹⁵

All these writers share a profound desire for China to change in the future. All believe change can only occur through the effort of children. Clearly both male and female writers valued children quite profoundly, even though they portray them in such different styles. Such diverse views provided different media of encouragement to the young readers who reformed China during the twentieth century. Thus, the writers were accurate in their prediction that the younger generation would play a major role in changing twentieth-century China. These inspired writers of the early part of the century provided the vision and cultural energy that allowed their hopes to come true. Both the female and the male writers treated young characters in their respective stories much differently, yet, in general terms, all of these writers looked to children as the primary hope of China's future.

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Twilight in Chang'an

Dallas Petersen

I

The pounding drums match the throbbing in my head. It must be noon, when the midday drums signal the opening of the Western Market. It is the thirteenth year of the Tianbao era, AD 755 to the Nestorians. The summer heat bakes my room at the Dou Family Tavern. I have fallen asleep in my clothing again. As I rise to wash my face, I stumble over one of the empty wine flasks strewn about the floor. Next to the wash basin sits a jade comb. She must have left it. I don't remember her name, or her face for that matter, but I'm sure her comb will pay for lunch.

The market is already full. A dozen different languages float through the crowd, like the dust that rises from their feet. I pass by the myriad bazaars and hear the shouts of merchants selling their wares. The scent of fresh vegetables and fish mixes with the perspiration of the crowd as I push through the torrent mass of bodies on my way to the jewelers' bazaar.

The comb isn't particularly ornate but can be redeemed for enough cash to fill my belly for the evening. As I make my way out of the Western Market, I hear screams behind me and quickly turn around. A quarter guard brushes my arm as he rushes past me. In front of the druggists' bazaar

is a group of quarter guards stripping the clothes off the man making all the noise. A frantic woman is sobbing and pulling on the arm of one of the guards. After the man's clothes are off, two guards hold him down and another begins striking him with a thick bamboo pole. All the people in the area stop what they are doing to watch the grisly scene. I do the same. It doesn't take long for the pole to break the man's skin. The guard coats the bamboo in crimson before he is finished. The man crumples unconsciously. The crowd begins to disperse, and I continue toward the east gate of the market. I overhear some merchants saying that the man was punished because his donkey got out of control and damaged several hundred cash worth of meat from the butchers' bazaar.

I exit the Western Market and continue east. I smell the flat cakes being steamed by a street vendor and stop to purchase a few, along with some soymilk. As I finish off the last of my sesame seed-sprinkled flat cakes, I notice a child staring at me. He stares because I have red hair. I bow to the young child standing with his mother and continue east.

It's been twenty-five years since I first came to the glorious city of Chang'an. I was just a boy then, and the city filled me with wonder. We came from Samarkand, my father and I, to sell gold, silver, and jade in the Western Market. My red hair and green eyes attracted the gaze of many on that first trip into China. The stares don't happen as much anymore, or I perhaps just don't notice them.

The gutters on either side of Chunming Street are flowing with water. Just beyond the gutters the elm trees shudder under the summer breeze. A stocky man carrying a heaping basket of rice rushes past me. As I reach an intersection, I see a great carriage made of fine wood thunder north toward the Imperial Palace. A walk from the Western Market to the Eastern Market used to take me less than an hour in days past. Now, I can't walk through one section of the city without my knees and feet aching. I must be getting old.

I see a crowd of people rushing toward the palace. I ask a man what the commotion is about. "Haven't you heard? The forces of An Lushan have overrun Ho-pei in the north. The palace guards have opened up the palace

treasury and are offering bolts of silk to any who will join the army and go fight the barbarian upstart.” I had heard that An Lushan had risen in rebellion. Some say he means to march on Chang’an and replace the Tang government, but that would be impossible.

As I near the Eastern Market, the houses become finer and the style of dress more extravagant. A little way up the street I see a man sitting atop a great beast of a horse, presumably from the western nation of Fergana, where the most prized horses are bred. I stop and sit in a little pavilion next to a canal and watch as supply barges creep lazily toward the palace. The sun dominates a cloudless sky, and the tip of Mt. Taihua can just be seen in the distance to the east. A group of examination students strolls past me, heading toward the Eastern Market. I can hear them arguing over which one of them spent last night with the most beautiful courtesan.

With the sun at my back, I enter the Eastern Market. I easily make my way north to Zhang’s Place, as the Eastern Market is ultimately less crowded and more refined than the Western Market. Zhang’s Place serves Indian food and makes the finest sanlejiang, Indian wine. As I enter, I hear the soft tinkling of bells and the harsh plucking of a lyre. A man wearing the costume of Sogdiana performs a dance on a rug in the middle of the restaurant. My order of wine and rice arrives just as two women have joined in the performance.

Although I have lived these past seventeen years in Chang’an, I have always worn the clothing of my people. My appearance catches the glances of many of the finely dressed Chinese men, who look upon me with consternation. After consuming my bowl of Indian style rice and three glasses of wine, I exit the Eastern Market and head north to the Ward of Peace, where I will spend the night.

The setting sun is vanquished by oncoming night, leaving a pink residue on the western horizon and flooding my mind with thoughts of my Delicate. As I savor the image of my rose of Chang’an, who resides in the Ward of Peace, my joints stop aching and my heart quickens. The drums of the Eastern Market begin to palpitate in time with my heart. The markets are closing

up for the night. Soon, the Imperial Drum will sound, and each of the quarters of Chang'an will be closed for the night along with the outside gates.

The house where my Delicate Chen lives and works is run by Imminent Chao. Chao has the best girls and always conducts the most raucous parties. With the last of my jade comb cash, I purchase a flask of Granny's Clear, a very strong wine. Imminent Chao's great salon is draped in all manner of colors and lit by a network of brilliant orange lanterns. The air, thick with the intoxicating vapor of perfume and mingled with the best Chinese spirits, creates an atmosphere that enlivens my soul and clouds judgment.

I search the room for Delicate Chen, but she is not amongst the pleasure throng. She is waiting for me elsewhere. I make my way through the quivering party into a room adjoining the salon. The room is shrouded in silk and lit by red lanterns, bathing all in a blood-red light. In the middle of the room, perched on a bed and surrounded by silk, sits my Delicate. She is kneeling on the bed with her back to me. I set down the wine and part the silk sheets that surround the bed. She turns her head and looks at me, offering the subtlest of smiles. I sit next to her on the bed and we embrace. We take an extra moment just to remember what it feels like to hold each other. Then she says, "Would you like to hear poetry?"

"Not tonight," I tenderly reply.

II

The emperor has fled the city. It is the fourteenth year of the Tian bao era, 18 July 756. Although I was baptized a Christian, I have not prayed to God since my first journey across the Silk Roads. I may begin praying again.

Today, the streets are full of people trying to evacuate the city. Many of the noble families and government officials have already left. The absence of order has caused many to begin looting the houses of the wealthy residents who have fled.

For the past two years I have been extremely frugal in order to have enough money to spend one night a month with my Delicate. The rest of

the month is spent in anguish trying to wash away my sorrow with wine and women of much lower stock. It has been a month since my last meeting with Delicate Chen, and at that time I promised I would take her away on our next tryst. Delicate has been working under Imminent Chao longer than I have lived in Chang'an. This month, I will purchase Delicate and make her my wife.

I descend to the Western Market, which has grown relatively quiet over the last couple of weeks. The people have been leaving the city. The sun is already deep into the western sky. The market will be closing soon. I purchase a peach from a vendor. The price of produce has been rising lately, but the quality is still unmatched. As I devour the yellow flesh, its juices run down my mouth and drip onto the peacock print of my shirt. The peach stands no chance against me, and I spend the next five minutes sucking on the pit.

The sun has now set, and multicolored lanterns illuminate the evening sky. The evening drums, signaling the closing of the markets, have not sounded. This is the first time in eighteen years that I have not heard the market drums at dusk. Over the northern horizon I see a red glow in the sky. It is not the glow from lanterns. The palace is burning! The rebels of An Lushan have entered the city. I can see armed soldiers rushing through the streets. These are not government soldiers, for the city has been left unprotected. I begin to panic. People dart in every direction throughout the market. Cries of fear fill the air ever closer to my ears. They overrun the market. Citizens of Chang'an and rebels alike rush through the bazaars taking anything they can. Merchants either fall to swords or to the stampeding crowd.

I find myself a reluctant participant in the melee. I rush toward the jewelers' bazaar and find much of it destroyed. I forage the ground for anything I can grab while fighting off people around me. We are like a pack of hungry beasts all fighting together for some small scrap of food. I stumble upon a small jade box, grab it, and make my way out of the market.

As I emerge onto Chunming Street, I notice the whole sky to the north washed in the red glow of destruction. All around me are wails of terror. I pass by a Daoist temple being torched by rebels and citizens. As I wander

through the hysteria, I suddenly fall and hit my face in the dirt, dropping my little jade box. I have tripped over the prostrate body of a man. I crawl back to see if he is hurt and realize that he is not moving. His belly has been slashed, and his innards are lying in a heap on the dirt. I pick up my little jade treasure and begin running. Nearby is a canal that has severely receded. I jump into the cesspool of filth and crouch under a bridge, looking out with horror at my beautiful city.

I had never thought it was possible. My city is burning. At first I had supported the rebellion—Lushan is part Sogdian—but this is too much. “Not the city.” I mumble pathetically. I look up and see the Big and Little Dippers looking down on me with uncaring eyes. I stare into the sky until the smoke shrouds the stars from my sight. I am frozen with fear. Pausing, I vomit onto my feet. Then, collapsing to the ground, I cower in fear.

The sun is high above me before I find the strength to move from my position. I stumble out of my muddy hospice and run to the east. I had fallen asleep during the night, but that had offered no relief or comfort. Everything hurts, and I feel like I am going to break into a thousands pieces. Many of the buildings still burn, and as I enter the Ward of Peace, I am overcome by the wailing. The soldiers knew where they could relieve their savage excitement, and the Ward of Peace has been ravaged. Many soldiers stand in the streets drinking and telling stories. Down an alley a woman is screaming. Two soldiers watch the scene and laugh, and I can do nothing except pretend I haven’t seen it.

In front of Imminent’s house, a girl is sitting against the wall. As I approach, I realize her throat has been cut. The girl was no more than fifteen. Inside, there are no soldiers, but death is everywhere. I look at the once lavish salon of Imminent Chao that now stands stripped and scorched. Two mangled bodies lie haphazardly on top of each other in a corner. One of them is my Delicate Chen. My aging, aching frame suddenly goes numb. The only sound I hear is the beating of a distant heart.

I stumble out of the house and swiftly exit the Ward of Peace. Never again will I venture there. I float back toward the Western Market. I sud-

denly realize the jade box is still in my left hand, and slowly I open it up. It contains a pearl, a diamond, and an emerald. With these I could have purchased my Delicate and bought land in the southwest section of the city. The jewels mean nothing to me now. I toss them into the canal that had been my bed the previous night.

III

The rebels of An Lushan occupied the city for a year. The Tang imperial loyalists finally took back Chang'an in the summer of 757. It is now the summer of 762. Most of the buildings have been rebuilt, and the city looks much as it did before the rebellion. But the joy of the city did not return with the imperial court. The city is awash in sadness. The Western Market is now far less crowded with much of the business moving to the East. An edict issued by the emperor now forbids commoners to drink unless it is a holiday. I haven't been back to Zhang's Place in six years. Many of the loyalist troops who took back the city were mercenary Uighurs, many of whom chose to stay. A new drink has become quite popular. It is called tea. I find I can't go through the day without at least three or four cups; it is the only joy in my life.

Delicate is little more than a memory now. The happiness I felt with her comes only through blurred images—the way her hair rose above her head, revealing the curve of her neck, the way she smelled in the still of the summer air, and the way she would pronounce Stephen, my Christian name. Although she is gone, her glory and splendor will forever be mine. I'll never forget that summer night long ago when she looked at me for the first time and a gentle smile parted her lips.

A woman of Shang-Yang,
 A woman of Shang-Yang,
 I, myself, slowly aging,
 Seeing my hair turn white.

An empty room enclosed my whole life there!
 How long were the autumn nights I spent,

Sleeplessly awaiting the interminable dawn.
My sole companion was a lone candle,
Reflecting my shadow along the wall;
Rain beat desolately against my window pane,
The days lengthened with the coming of spring,
And I waited for night's delayed arrival in vain.

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Qu Yuan: China's Poetic Archetype

Lance Crisler

Qu Yuan's role in Chinese literary history constitutes a major paradigm delineating the classic archetype of a loyal, yet dissenting royal minister. During his lifetime and service as a statesman, Qu experienced the unfortunate succession of the thoughtless King Huai to the throne of the Chu kingdom. As a result of King Huai's incompetence, Qu endured profound alienation from the monarchy and ruling house, a depressing fact considering his devotion to and love for the kingdom. His poetry, his primary outlet for expression, reflects the struggle and grief of a man with extreme distress for the government of his beloved country. In his verse, he demonstrates a keen awareness of and appreciation for the plight of both the common folk and the elite in China. Furthermore, his fierce loyalty and passionate patriotism toward the nation contribute to his poetry's overall success as well as cement his place as a literary archetype from whom later generations can learn. His two most famous works, the "Li Sao" and "The Nine Songs," or "Elegies of the Chu,"¹ in connection with other aspects of his life, ultimately substantiate Qu's virtual deification in Chinese history. These two poems exhibit essential archetypal and allegorical elements that metaphorically outline his disaffection for the ruling house. Such literary

elements add to the poems' overwhelming popularity and mythic quality among later generations of Chinese readers. In addition, the poems provide literary evidence that support his own status as a literary exemplar in Chinese folklore. In his life, Qu exemplified aspects of a traditional, yet flawed epic hero, a paragon of classical Confucian ethics, and a model of a politically dissenting poet-martyr. His life and career stand as concrete examples of the traditionally lethal dichotomy between the Chinese monarchy and the artistic elite. However, his subsequent emergence as a cultural icon, as promoted through his mythic station, triumphs over oppression and confirms the enduring capacity and influence of archetypal motifs in Chinese literature.

The importance of allegory and archetype in Qu's writings is evident in his life even before he initially began composition of his major poetry. His historical relationship with the declining monarchy methodically prepared his psyche for the emotionally turbulent experience of writing the "Li Sao." Lim Boon Keng observed that "Friendless and in despair, [Qu Yuan] was driven from the court to find consolation in nature and poetry. Qu Yuan resorted to put in writing the grand passions he experienced and succeeded in [the writing of] . . . the 'Li Sao'."² Qu's "grand passions" undoubtedly suggest the stark alienation he felt as a result of the corrupted monarch Huai's rise to power.

Finding little virtue in the contemporary monarchy, he looked to past kings and sages, as well as supernatural figures for examples of virtue and holiness, and, consequently, allusions to these mythical exemplars pepper the "Li Sao." Qu looked to virtuous kings of the past with nostalgic longing and the translated title "Encountering Sorrow," poignantly reminds readers of the loyalty that Qu Yuan maintained for the true Mandate of Heaven.³ In the poem's opening stanzas, while still laying the mythic framework for the poem, Qu identified this aspect as a major theme in the piece: "The three Kings of old were pure and unblemished, / all things sweet scented indeed were theirs."⁴ His comparison of the present king of Chu with the "three Kings of old" indicates his obvious disdain for the current government. He

extends the comparison in the next stanza as well, writing, “But sloven and scruffy were kings Jie and Zhou; / they walked at hazard on twisted trails. / Those men of faction had ill-gotten pleasures, / their paths went in shadow, narrow, unsafe.”⁵⁵ Through this poetic technique, Qu persuades his readers to reevaluate their political affiliations. By alluding to ancient examples of hallowed kings, Qu effectively manipulates his reader into identifying with his own feelings of contention with the current inadequacies of the state. In essence, his poem distances the poet from the current corrupted state of Chu, aligning himself with respectable images and icons of past generations. This social dissent encourages the adaptation of Qu Yuan as advocate of virtue and undying loyalist to the true emperor, an idea that later generations of poets and common Chinese look to for support in the face of corrupted government. This promotes his reputation as a cultural and literary archetype, one who demonstrates qualities to which both literati and the masses can relate.

Another instance of his allusion to previous eras in Chinese history is the recurrent surfacing of “Yu the Mighty.” In the “Li Sao,” Qu reveres this founder of the Xia dynasty in a classically archetypal light: “Yu the Mighty was stern, respectful and godly; . . . They raised men of worth, rewarded the able, / they kept the straight line, they did not veer.”⁵⁶ He relates Yu’s reign, representing that of all good rulers, to a set of morals and values. Later, in attributing still more virtue to Yu, he delves more deeply into the vault that is Chinese history by reporting a tale of Yu’s valor, querying in summary, “If one’s nature within loves what is fair, / what need to make use of match-maker or envoy?”⁵⁷ Here, Qu equates his own disregard for monarchical conventions with Yu’s morality in that he resigns to a love affair of fairness through his poetry, thus promulgating the appropriateness of his otherwise condemnatory action of leaving public office. He justifiably rejects the ruling house of Chu citing its loss of virtue as the primary offense. Therefore, he has no need to search for virtue in the present generation, as he confines himself to poetical expressions of the true Mandate of Heaven. Indeed, Qu’s poetical assertion that his nature is to “love what is fair” further distances

himself and his reader from the Huai monarchy. In this way, he emphasizes Yu's mythic quality while enlisting the respect and sympathy of his readers, in effect, justifying his departure from court service as well as his eventual suicide as acts in line with those of the great sage kings of the past.

But this poetic device of alluding to historical mythology serves another purpose as well by allowing his readers to experience a dialogue with the past. This creates a literary connection that espouses Qu's own poetry with virtues of the past and projects an admirable light onto future generation if they will maintain the morality of traditional examples of propriety. In this light, archetypal imagery permeates the entire text of "Li Sao." In addition to alluding to historical mythology, his repetitive use of floral, herbal, and sartorial imagery, implied an important facet of the poem's archetypal influence: floral elements physically betray the virtue of the ruler and his ability to appropriately govern. As is evident in his reference to the "three Kings of old": "Shen's pepper was there, together with cassia, / white angelica, sweet clover were not strung alone"⁸—the images of flowers and herbs signify the immediate presence of a moral ruler. He correlates these herbs with the virtue and purity of Shang dynasty's King Shen and later uses this same image to distinguish the existence of virtue with regard to anyone or anyplace thereafter.

Beginning in line fifty-two, for example, in a distinct effort to maintain a sense of virtue in his own fallen and depressed state, he applied the analogy to himself: "I watered my orchids in all their nine tracts, / and planted sweet clover in one hundred rods; / I made plots for peonies and for the wintergreen, / mixed with asarum and sweet angelica."⁹ Lines eighty-one to eighty-three connect similar images to his clothing: "Yes, I was undone for sash hung with sweet clover, / then I added to it the angelica and orchid. / Still my heart will find goodness in these."¹⁰

A deeper analysis of this extensive nexus of images reveals that they constitute a more complex archetypal implication than fragrant herbs and clothing normally do. Carl Jung illustrated this idea more clearly. In his famous article, "On the Relation of Analytic Psychology to Poetry," he

explained that “images give form to countless typical experiences of our ancestors. They are, so to speak, the psychic residua of innumerable experiences of the same type.”¹¹ Jung’s ideas imply that Qu’s “collective unconscious” has produced these images and symbols as part of “a sphere of unconscious mythology.”¹² In other words, Qu’s references to a mythological past, fragrant herbs, exotic flowers, and clothing represent part of a system of morality that existed among mankind’s primordial ancestors. In this respect, his archetypes are universal in their meaning because they reflected aspects of an eternal pattern to which all Chinese humanity can relate. This concept is particularly true of “Li Sao,” since its common themes surfaced throughout succeeding texts and exhibited a powerful cultural significance through centuries of Chinese literature.

C.S. Lewis’s explanation of Jung’s ideas is also applicable to “Li Sao.” According to Lewis, Jung’s “theories are emotionally powerful not because they actually put us in contact with universal and primordial realities, but because they represent the *idea* of being in contact with such realities.”¹³ In fine, the attraction and appeal of “Li Sao” is due to Qu’s keen ability to unveil layers of storied history through his use of mythological and archetypal imagery. This works to further solidify his poem as an extension of the storied morality that penetrates generations of Chinese humanity. As a poet employing archetypes, Qu is thus successfully able to transform imagery into a physical application and extension of myth itself.

An integral step on Qu’s own ascent to mythological deification is his use of allegory. While this literary device is instrumental in Qu’s final escape in “Li Sao,” the “The Nine Songs” offers a clearer representation of allegory. Essentially, “The Nine Songs” are metaphorical elegies that subtly illustrate his frustration with the Chu kingdom. He employs the classic dilemma of the shamanistic pursuit of a goddess as his metaphysical muse. In doing so, Qu yet again grounds his poetry in a traditional archetype. David Hawkes observed this relationship in connection to “The Princess of the Hsiang”: “this with the other poems of [The Nine Songs] contains time-honoured formulae, the use of which was dictated more by ritual appropriateness than

by logical necessity.”¹⁴ These “ritual formulae” are illustrations of the universal patterns to which Jung referred. Such an assertion, however, leads to a question: what exactly are the formulae? Hawkes maintained that the use of magic and a supernatural journey in “The Nine Songs” connote the poems’ religious, and therefore, mythological significance: “the theme of the magic-making journey, a sort of royal progress through the sky . . . proved a far more productive influence in the Chinese literary imagination.”¹⁵ The point here is that poets employed alternate methods of communication in order to accurately reflect, allegorically speaking, moral progress, particularly in the ruling court. This point is evident in “The Lord Amid the Clouds,” however, Hawkes explained that the gender of the shaman, or voice of the poem, traditionally dictates the gender of the god or goddess, which, in turn, allegorically established the romantic theme of the metaphor. In describing a similar scenario of a magic journey, the song elucidates this concept:

The Spirit in great majesty came down;
Now he soars swiftly amid the clouds.
He looks down on the province of Chi and far beyond;
He traverses to the Four Seas; endless his flight.
Longing for that Lord I heave a deep sigh;
My heart is greatly troubled; I am very sad.¹⁶

Qu’s metaphorical quest for the goddess, in this case through the priestess’s “longing for that Lord,” and subsequent failure to obtain such a person demonstrate the necessity of a moral leader to maintain virtue in the kingdom. As in “Li Sao,” Qu Yuan’s passionate pursuit of virtue here throws into sharp relief his disparity and ultimate disappointment.

In “The Princess of the Hsiang,” his desperation is clear as he once again cannot attain the elusive goddess: “Reluctant her handmaids follow her; for my sake heave great sighs. / And my own tears flow aslant in an endless stream; / I long bitterly for my Lady and am in deep distress.”¹⁷ This time Qu uses the failed quest of the shaman for love as his metaphorical conceit to show allegorically the lack of affection between himself and the king, thereby making his verse accessible to even the repulsive King Huai.

His subtle metaphor allows historically sensitive readers to consciously appreciate his politically charged verse, while allying himself with traditional Chinese religious archetypes. This is significant in that Qu effectively appropriates historical narratives for use in his contemporary arena. His activation of classical allusion centralizes his work and adds another layer to the already complex history of China. The influence and scope of allegory and archetype in Qu's poetry is thus intrinsically tied to his reputation as the physical incarnation of an archetype itself. That is to say, his use of the allegorical flight of the shaman and his/her magic-making journey implies that his own life represents a comparable flight to search for morality in not only the other lands but also previous generations and histories.

Throughout his life and career Qu displayed the characteristics of an ethical, yet flawed Confucian hero. Additionally, his suicide and consequential martyrdom seal his fate as an eternal and paramount representative of piety toward the state. By the early Han dynasty, his prestige had become central to Chinese mythology. Lim observed that "The figure of Qu Yuan in all its austere and ascetic purity stands out as a beacon in the darkness of political corruption."¹⁸ Indeed, mythological and archetypal allusion in "Li Sao" and "The Nine Songs" serves as the backdrop to Qu Yuan's legacy, as well as to what Laurence Schneider has coined "Qu Yuan lore."¹⁹ However, Schneider claims that the crux of Qu Yuan's archetypal endurance is not only his frustrated relationship with the king, but rather his passion and exile: "Admiration for Qu Yuan became a function of the consistency, perseverance, and the completeness of his commitment."²⁰ Qu's unwavering spirit and intellectual stubbornness during the tumultuous Warring States period spearheaded the literary construction of the mythological figure that he has become. In turn, his tragic suicide further buttressed his archetypal status and he continues to weather the political tempest of the later part of the Zhou dynasty through his poetry. By the end of "Li Sao" the loss of virtue among the people of the kingdom is painfully obvious: "Each person wears mugwort, stuffed in their waists, / they declare that the orchid may never be strung."²¹

His last recourse is to make a final mystical journey to seek refuge among others who “love what is fair.” The last stanza thus seems a veritable suicide note disclosing his depression and sorrow: “no man knows me, / why should I care . . . no one can join me.”²² Qu’s conflict and righteous indignation with the government ostensibly deteriorated into a desperate plea for help which adds to later generations’ lauding his name as the epitome of Confucian sacrifice. At the same time, his tragic death exemplifies the archetypal sadness of the inevitable doom of poets and others who oppose the imperial monarchy.

Qu’s poetry, then, established the mythic ideal of the politically dissenting heroic archetype. Through his verse in “Li Sao” and “The Nine Songs,” he lays the foundation for the appropriate quality of China’s ruler as well as his worthiness for canonization in traditional Chinese mythology. Finally, the literal representation of myth throughout his own life also contributed to his reputation as an archetypal hero of Chinese literature.

NOTES

1. These works come from a tradition of literature that flourished during the late Zhou dynasty in the Chu region of China referred to as Chuci or “Lyrics of Chu.” It is not definitively known whether Qu Yuan in fact authored all of the works in the Chuci and there is still significant debate about this issue.
2. Lim, Boon Keng. *The Li Sao: An Elegy on Encountering Sorrows*, Shanghai: The Commercial Press, 1935, p. 22.
3. The Mandate of Heaven is a concept that Chinese traditionally refer to as the title of the one who rightfully ruled the country. If rulers demonstrated virtue in their governing practices then they could legitimate claim the mandate had descended upon them.
4. Qu, Yuan. “Li Sao,” *An Anthology of Chinese Literature*, edited and translated by Stephen Owen, New York, Norton, 1996, p. 162, ll. 25–6.
5. *Ibid.*, ll. 31–4.
6. *Ibid.*, ll. 161–64.
7. *Ibid.*, ll. 289–90.
8. *Ibid.*, ll. 27–8.
9. *Ibid.*, ll. 52–6.
10. *Ibid.*, ll. 81–3.
11. Young, Bruce. “Mythic and Archetypal Criticism,” *The Critical Experience*, edited by David Cowles, Provo, The Grandview Press, 1992, pp. 55–79.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 59.
13. *Ibid.*, p. 64.
14. Hawkes, David. “In Quest of the Goddess,” *Asia Major* 13, 1967, p. 77.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 82
16. Qu, Yuan. “The Nine Songs,” *The Nine Songs*, edited and translated by Arthur Waley, London, George Allen Ltd., 1955, ll. 9–14.
17. *Ibid.*, ll. 16–18.
18. Lim, p. 31.

19. Schneider, Laurence A. *A Madman of Ch'u: The Chinese Myth of Loyalty and Dissent*, Los Angeles, University of California—Berkeley Press, 1980, p. 5.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 85.
21. Qu, Yuan. "Li Sao," ll. 274–75.
22. *Ibid.*, ll. 370–72.

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“Hiking in the Green Mountains” Three Poems in Classical Chinese

Dr. David B. Honey

One of my hobbies is poetry, both English and Chinese. I do not appreciate modern verse, however, so I do not normally traverse beyond the mystical, agonized effusions of Gerard Manly Hopkins in England, the spare pastoral verses of Seamus Heaney in Ireland, or the folksy musings of Robert Frost here in the colonies. I enjoy engaging with great minds of the past as revealed in poetry and in unraveling the linguistic complexities of finely crafted poems. I also enjoy the challenge of composing poetry; given my antiquarian mindset, it is not strange that I much prefer writing in classical Chinese to modern Mandarin; even less do I employ English for my poetic offerings, for even though I passively enjoy the art of the scop and the gleeman at a distance, I rarely feel inclined to jump into the fray as an active participant. Perhaps my aversion to personal poetic composition in English is due to a defensive psychological impulse: the mediocrity of my verses is more readily hidden in the thicket of classical Chinese than in English!

In my poetic oeuvre, occasional poems are among the most numerous; occasional poems are inspired by a specific “occasion.” As a faculty member of the Chinese summer school at Middlebury College in Vermont over the last eight years, I have found the environment of an intensive lan-

guage program particularly inspiring and have tried to take advantage of an opportunity to improve my Chinese, and composing poetry in Chinese is a good means to learn more of it. Besides, many interesting “occasions” arise in the beautiful natural surroundings of the Green Mountains that seem literally to cry out for a poem.

I composed the following poems in August 2004 late one evening at Middlebury due to the happy “occasion” of my being the leader of the weekly hikes for both students and faculty alike. The first poem is rather simple and transparent, but the second poem increases in complexity, culminating in the last, more opaque one. The last poem is also interesting because we did not hike this particular peak that year, so the poem was based on memories of past hikes and my imagination, not current experience. For each poem, I offer an English introduction, provide the Romanized text and a glossary, and present my own translation in English. I hope that the “occasion” of reading these poems will at least introduce a few new words in classical Chinese poetic vocabulary and perhaps even provide a moment of insight or a modicum of delight.

I. “Climbing Snake Mountain”

A short but steep climb of forty-five minutes up this winding mountain leads to a spectacular view of Lake Champlain and the intensely green riparian woods and swamps that stretch as far as the eye can see along the shore. The Adirondack Mountains in New York appear in the blue distance across the broad expanse of the lake:

登蛇山

嘉日登彼蛇山嶺，
路險逸足上蘚徑。
師生相扶終越峰，
閒坐眺遠賞勝景。

Dēng Shé Shān

jiārì dēng bǐ shéshān líng,
lùxiǎn yìzú shàng xiǎnjǐng.

shī shēng xiāngfú zhōng yuè fēng,
xiánzuò tiàoyuǎn shǎng shèngjǐng.

逸足 light, quick steps

蘚 moss

峯 peak

眺 gaze into the distance

Translation:

Climbing Snake Mountain

On a fine day we hike the ridges of Snake Mountain;

Though the way is steep, we ascend the mossy track with light steps.

Teachers and students help each other; at length we traverse the top—

Sitting in leisure, we gaze off into the distance, enjoying the sur-
passing vista.

II. “Mount Independence”

Enjoying Mount Independence requires a roundabout tramp along a broad, low-lying hill directly across the lake from Ft. Ticonderoga. Ft. Ticonderoga was the site of much contention between England and France during the French and Indian War and later between England and the newly declared independent United States. The view of the restored Ft. Ticonderoga is one of the highlights of hiking Mount Independence. And ruins of a Revolutionary War fort, hospital, barracks, lookout posts, etc., may still be seen in the form of piles of scattered stones littered across the mount or sunken holes in the ground, but most of these ruins are now overgrown with dense undergrowth that thrives in the muggy atmosphere. The day we visited, a reenactment was taking place, something that we seem to catch each year; it displayed both English and Continental forces, plus female camp followers and their broods. It was interesting to see life relived on the mount at the time of its heyday:

獨立山

百卉蕨蕤氣氤氳，

故跡山丘上下尋。

崗哨空洞堆石墟，
昔時陣營今殘雲。
英法爭雄要地灣。
重新扮演洵精湛。
兩國今為脣齒盟，
詎道殞殤易償還。

Dúlìshān

bǎihuì wēiruí qì yīnyūn,
gùjì shānqiū shàngxià xún.
gǎngshào kōngdòng duīshí xū,
xīshí zhènyíng jīn cán yún.
yīng fa zhēngxióng yàodì wān.
chóngxīn bànǎn xún jīngzhàn.
liǎng guó jīn wéi chúnchǐ méng,
jù dào yǐnshāng yì chánghuán

卉 grasses in general, vegetation

蕨蕤 luxuriant and lush

氤氳 thick and heavy (of smoke, etc.)

崗哨 sentry post

爭雄 to vie for supremacy

洵 truly, surely

精湛 exquisite and profound

脣齒盟 a league between states as closely tied as lips and teeth

詎 interrogative used rhetorically

殞殤 casualties of war who died too young

Translation:

Mount Independence

All varieties of herbage are luxuriant and lush—the air lies low
and muggy,

Up and down the hill we seek out storied traces.

The outpost is empty, vacant—a pile of jumbled stones;

The camp of former times now is merely tattered clouds.
 England and France vied for supremacy over this strategic bay;
 Now this replayed re-enactment is truly exquisite.
 Today both nations are allies—as close as teeth and lips—
 But who can claim that it is so easy to make it up to the battle casualties?

III. “Mount Abraham”

Paramount among the peaks in that part of Vermont, Mount Abraham (4,006 ft.) is situated along the “Long Trail,” which perforates Vermont from north to south, running from the Canadian border to Massachusetts. It takes a serious effort of two and a half hours to surmount, but the view encompasses the White Mountains of New Hampshire to the west, and New York’s Adirondacks to the east. Mt Abraham’s secluded glens and hollows, steep granite paths, and Arctic-Alpine ecosystem on the summit offer stimulation to the spirit as well as the body:

亞伯拉罕山
 澍雨未晴氣朦朧，
 青山名嶽邀攀登。
 棧道險遙征者少，
 四望心翔報此程。
 孰能解此岿峩山？
 唯藉留跡澗溪畔。
 西陽欲斜歸意平，
 抱樸智者心盤桓。

Yábólahǎn shān
 shùyǔ wèi qíng qì ménglóng,
 qīngshān míngyuè yāo pāndēng.
 zhàndào xiǎnyáo zhēngzhě shǎo,
 sìwàng xīnxiáng bào cǐchéng.
 shú néng jiě cǐ kē shān?
 wéi jiè liújì jiànxi pàn.
 xīyáng yùxié guīyì píng,

bàopǔ zhìzhě xīn pánhuán.

澍雨 nurturing rains

朦朧 hazy

嶽 main mountain in a range

棧道 plank road along a cliff

翔 soar

岿峩 craggy

澗 stream that runs through a gorge

盤桓 linger

Translation:

Mount Abraham

Nurturing rains have not yet cleared up—the air is hot and heavy;
This marchmount amid the Green Mountains beckons me to climb.
The cliff-side path is dangerous and distant—travelers are few:
But gazing out on four sides my heart soars, repaying me for the trip.
Who can understand this craggy and rugged mountain?
Only they who leave traces amid its runnels and sikes.
With the sun about to set in the west my notion to return is stilled—
Those in the know who embrace Taoist simplicity want to linger
and loiter.