Faculty of Arts & Social Sciences
Te Kura Kete Aronui

ARTS 101 – For SISU
Old Worlds – New Worlds

二年级人文班艺术课教学材料

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   Discourse on the Origin and the Foundations of Inequality Among Men (1754)
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Mawkish, maybe. But Avatar is a profound, insightful, important film
George Monbiot – 11 January 2010 19:30GMT
Cameron's blockbuster offers a chilling metaphor for European butchery of the Americas. No wonder the US right hates it

Avatar, James Cameron's blockbusting 3D film, is both profoundly silly and profound. It's - profound because, like most films about aliens, it is a metaphor for contact between different human cultures. But in this case the metaphor is conscious and precise: this is the story of European engagement with the native peoples of the Americas. It's profoundly silly because engineering a happy ending demands a plot so stupid and predictable that it rips the heart out of the film. The fate of the native Americans is much closer to the story told in another new film, The Road, in which a remnant population flees in terror as it is hunted to extinction.

But this is a story no one wants to hear, because of the challenge it presents to the way we choose to see ourselves. Europe was massively enriched by the genocides in the Americas; the American nations were founded on them. This is a history we cannot accept.

In his book American Holocaust, the US scholar David Stannard documents the greatest acts of genocide the world has ever experienced. In 1492, some 100 million native people lived in the Americas. By the end of the 19th century almost all of them had been exterminated. Many died as a result of disease, but the mass extinction was also engineered.

When the Spanish arrived in the Americas, they described a world which could scarcely have been more different to their own. Europe was ravaged by war, oppression, slavery, fanaticism, disease and starvation. The populations they encountered were healthy, well-nourished and mostly (with exceptions like the Aztecs and Incas) peaceable, democratic and egalitarian. Throughout the Americas the earliest explorers, including Columbus, remarked on the natives' extraordinary hospitality. The conquistadores marvelled at the amazing roads, canals, buildings and art they found, which in some cases outstripped anything they had seen at home. None of this stopped them destroying everything and everyone they encountered.

The butchery began with Columbus. He slaughtered the native people of Hispaniola (now Haiti and the Dominican Republic) by unimaginably brutal means. His soldiers tore babies from their mothers and dashed their heads against rocks. They fed their dogs on living children. On one occasion they hung 13 Indians in honour of Christ and the 12 disciples, on a gibbet just low enough for their toes to touch the ground, then disembowelled them and burnt them alive. Columbus ordered all the native people to deliver a certain amount of gold every three months; anyone who failed had his hands cut off. By 1535 the native population of Hispaniola had fallen from eight million to zero: partly as a result of disease, partly due to murder, overwork and starvation.

The conquistadores spread this civilising mission across central and south America. When they failed to reveal where their mythical treasures were hidden, the indigenous people were flogged, hanged, drowned, dismembered, ripped apart by dogs, buried alive or burnt. The soldiers cut off women's breasts, sent people back to their villages with their severed hands and noses hung round their necks and hunted them with dogs for sport. But most were killed by enslavement and disease. The Spanish discovered that it was cheaper to work the native Americans to death and replace them than to keep them alive: the life expectancy in their mines and plantations was three to four months. Within a century of their arrival, about 95% of the population of South and Central America were dead.

In California during the 18th century the Spanish systematised this extermination. A Franciscan missionary called Junípero Serra set up a series of "missions": in reality concentration camps using slave labour. The native people were herded in under force of arms and made to work in the fields on one fifth of the calories fed to African American slaves in the 19th century. They died from overwork, starvation and disease at astonishing rates, and were continually replaced, wiping out the indigenous populations. Junípero Serra, the Eichmann of California, was beatified by the Vatican in 1988. He now requires one more miracle to be pronounced a saint.

While the Spanish were mostly driven by the lust for gold, the British who colonised North America wanted land. In New England they surrounded the villages of the native Americans and murdered them as they slept. As genocide spread westwards, it was endorsed at the highest levels. George Washington ordered the total destruction of the homes and land of the Iroquois. Thomas Jefferson declared that his nation's wars with the Indians should be pursued until each tribe "is exterminated or is driven beyond the Mississippi". During the Sand Creek massacre of 1864, troops in Colorado slaughtered unarmed people gathered under a flag of peace, killing children and babies, mutilating all the corpses and keeping their victims' genitals to use as tobacco pouches or to wear on their hats. Theodore Roosevelt called this event "as rightful and beneficial a deed as ever took place on the frontier".

The butchery hasn't yet ended: last month the Guardian reported that Brazilian ranchers in the western Amazon, having slaughtered all the rest, tried to kill the last surviving member of a forest tribe. Yet the greatest acts of genocide in history scarcely ruffle our collective conscience. Perhaps this is what would have happened had the Nazis won the second world war: the Holocaust would have been denied, excused or minimised in the same way, even as it continued. The people of the nations responsible – Spain, Britain, the US and others – will tolerate no comparisons, but the final solutions pursued in the Americas were far more successful. Those who commissioned or endorsed them remain national or religious heroes. Those who seek to prompt our memories are ignored or condemned.

This is why the right hates Avatar. In the neocon Weekly Standard, John Podhoretz complains that the film resembles a "revisionist western" in which "the Indians became the good guys and the Americans the bad guys". He says it asks the audience "to root for the defeat of American soldiers at the hands of an insurgency". Insurgency is an interesting word for an attempt to resist invasion: insurgent, like savage, is what you call someone who has something you want. L'Osservatore Romano, the official newspaper of the Vatican, condemned the film as "just an anti-imperialistic, anti-militaristic parable".

But at least the right knows what it is attacking. In the New York Times the liberal critic Adam Cohen praises Avatar for championing the need to see clearly. It reveals, he says, "a well-known principle of totalitarianism and genocide – that it is easiest to oppress those we cannot see". But in a marvellous unconscious irony, he bypasses the crashingly obvious metaphor and talks instead about the light it casts on Nazi and Soviet atrocities. We have all become skilled in the art of not seeing.

I agree with its rightwing critics that Avatar is crass, mawkish and cliched. But it speaks of a truth more important – and more dangerous – than those contained in a thousand arthouse movies.

http://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/cifamerica/2010/jan/11/mawkish-maybe-avatar-profound-important

The Independent, 20 December 2009

Avatar

James Cameron's extraordinary allegory of US adventurism in the Middle East inspires shock and awe but fails to win hearts and minds

Reviewed by Jonathan Romney

James Cameron once declared himself king of the world. Now he has his eye on bigger things – he wants to rule the universe, the future and your brain.

His long-awaited Avatar is digital epic as attrition – you can't escape being overwhelmed by it, but it doesn't leave you much thinking space. I saw the film in 3D on a relatively small screen rather than in the colossal Imax format in which it's also being released. See it on that scale, and no doubt you'll feel totally engulfed by the experience, but even in a Soho Square basement, Avatar was immersive enough for me.

What I do feel overwhelmed by is the ocean of publicity telling us that Avatar is the ultimate this, the ultimate that, one of the most expensive films ever made (at a reported $230m or £143m – and you don't have to be a killjoy to find that obscene) and, most worrying, that it is the future of cinema.

Well, perhaps it is, although I wouldn't trust pronouncements on the future from anyone called Cameron. But you certainly should not believe claims that Avatar is unlike anything you've ever seen. It isn't: not if you've seen 2001, Star Wars, Apocalypse Now, Jurassic Park, Minority Report, Apocalypto or any of several Westerns that come to mind. Everything in Cameron's film – whether it's the future-tech stuff or the planetary faeryland – is oddly familiar. What is new in Avatar is the degree to which it uses CGI artifice: this is about as far in the direction of animation as cinema can go while still retaining any claim to human presence.

The film's central creations are towering athletic blue-skinned aliens, the Na'vi; they resemble stretched humans, with tails and feline faces, like lynxes genetically altered to play basketball. They are created by the same motion-capture technique that film-makers including Robert Zemeckis and Peter Jackson have been using for some years, encoding actors' faces and movements into digitally drawn beings. Cameron, however, has made his creatures so lithe and expressive that he raises the bar; in his hybrid beings, the join between live and "programmed" is harder to detect than ever, successfully pushing digital imagery towards something approaching the organic.

Avatar also creates a jungle-planet environment in astonishingly dense detail: every leaf, every droplet of water, every scale and hair on every bizarre creature is manufactured to order. The film is like an anti-Darwinist's wet dream of intelligent design, with Cameron as God with a Bible full of algorithms.

The story is set in a far future, when humanity has screwed up Earth and is looking for other worlds to despoil. The Na'vi planet Pandora happens to be rich in a miracle mineral called (Avatar's only sign of humour) "Unobtainium". But to get at this stuff, the humans must displace the peace-loving Na'vi, and so an Earth army is moving in under the command of Quaritch (Stephen Lang), a colonel who loves the smell of napalm at any time of day.

Joining the human task force is Jake Sully (Sam Worthington), a wounded marine in a wheelchair, who signs up for the avatar programme run by scientist Grace Augustine (Sigourney Weaver). Avatars are artificially grown Na'vi bodies into which human consciousnesses are implanted. With his mind in an avatar, Jake will perhaps persuade the Na'vi to co-operate before the army uses its own methods – for which the terms "shock and awe", "hearts and minds" and "fight terror with terror" are variously used. But Jake falls for a lissom blue female (Zoe Saldana) and, moved by Na'vi eco-wisdom, goes native from the blue skin inwards.

Yes, Avatar swipes at US policy in the Gulf – but this dimension of the film comes across merely as a sop to anyone who's accidentally brought their brain along and, frankly, $230m seems a lot to spend on a political parable. Ultimately Avatar isn't about that at all – nor is it really "about" the phenomenology of digital cinema, although the legions of academics who've been theorising about CGI since Cameron's The Abyss will want, like him, to take their game to the next level. For what it's worth, Avatar offers its own metaphor of immersive cinema: the avatar inhabited by Sully is at once living being and simulation (part Worthington, part pixel), and allows him simultaneously to move around the planet Pandora and lie in a pod at HQ. A bit like cinema, then, where you're at once in your seat and out of your body, carried away on the thrill ride.

But just how fascinating is it to be immersed in Avatar? Barely at all, if you're looking for narrative intelligence. The characters are barely D: militaristic baddies, plucky tough cookies, noble and vaguely African embodiments of life force. As for the dialogue, Cameron's script budget must have run out at first-draft stage.

Visually, the motion capture is seamless; the clarity of the 3D is remarkable, and it's all undeniably dazzling. Big Jim's Rainforest Adventure is like David Attenborough's Life on acid – and pardon the cliché, I do mean on acid. This is a neo-hippie experience par excellence: Pandora's fauna and landscapes, especially its extraordinary airborne mountains, will look oddly familiar to anyone who remembers the LP sleeves of Seventies prog-rock illustrator Roger Dean.

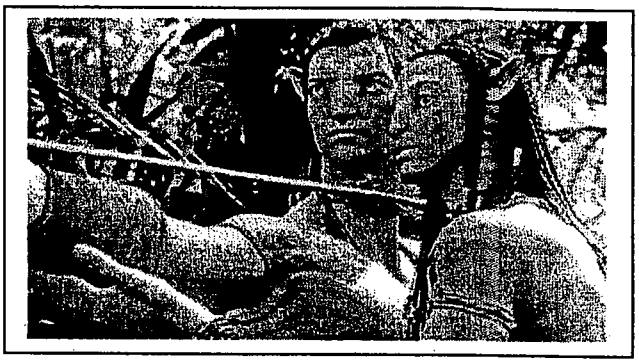
Magnificent as Avatar often is, it comes across as kitsch, somewhat pious, and altogether a corporate production rather than one with any human personality: essentially, the CGI equivalent of Cirque du Soleil. What the film doesn't offer is any real imaginative leap. Think of any fiction set in a fantasy Eden, and you're likely to have dragon-like dinosaurs, massive awe-inspiring trees, the odd bizarre insect. They're all here, but rarely to surprising effect. The film has a much narrower and more conventional visionary palette than Peter Jackson's Rings trilogy which, tedious as it finally was, represented a genuine feat of imagination in visualising Tolkien's encyclopaedic world in all its range.

And ultimately, for all its superficial right-on-ness, Avatar is patronising in its cod-ethnic mythologisation of the Na'vi, who are forever lifting their arms and chanting to sacred trees

like the chorus in a Sixties tribal musical. And of course it's a white man – in digital blueface, as it were – who is the real hero of the Na'vi victory.

Is this the shape of cinema to come? Well, no doubt many staggeringly expensive digital spectacles will follow, some better, many considerably worse. Avatar's real significance is probably as a Research and Development testbed for new generations of immersive videogames, but it doesn't have much to offer narrative cinema. Avatar is a phenomenon you can't ignore, monumentally imposing and done with extraordinary expertise – but the same could be said of the Dubai skyline, and I'm not sure that represents any future worth investing in.

Chicago Sun Times, 11 December 2009



Avatar

Reviewed by Rogert Ebert

Watching "Avatar," I felt sort of the same as when I saw "Star Wars" in 1977. That was another movie I walked into with uncertain expectations. James Cameron's film has been the subject of relentlessly dubious advance buzz, just as his "Titanic" was. Once again, he has silenced the doubters by simply delivering an extraordinary film. There is still at least one man in Hollywood who knows how to spend $250 million, or was it $300 million, wisely.

"Avatar" is not simply a sensational entertainment, although it is that. It's a technical breakthrough. It has a flat-out Green and anti-war message. It is predestined to launch a cult. It contains such visual detailing that it would reward repeating viewings. It invents a new language, Na'vi, as "Lord of the Rings" did, although mercifully I doubt this one can be spoken by humans, even teenage humans. It creates new movie stars. It is an Event, one of those films you feel you must see to keep up with the conversation.

The story, set in the year 2154, involves a mission by U. S. Armed Forces to an earth-sized moon in orbit around a massive star. This new world, Pandora, is a rich source of a mineral Earth desperately needs. Pandora represents not even a remote threat to Earth, but we nevertheless send in ex-military mercenaries to attack and conquer them. Gung-ho warriors employ machine guns and pilot armored hover ships on bombing runs. You are free to find this an allegory about contemporary politics. Cameron obviously does.

Pandora harbors a planetary forest inhabited peacefully by the Na'vi, a blue-skinned, golden-eyed race of slender giants, each one perhaps 12 feet tall. The atmosphere is not breathable by humans, and the landscape makes us pygmies. To venture out of our landing craft, we use avatars--Na'vi lookalikes grown organically and mind-controlled by humans who remain wired up in a trance-like state on the ship. While acting as avatars, they see, fear, taste and feel like Na'vi, and have all the same physical adeptness.

This last quality is liberating for the hero, Jake Sully (Sam Worthington), who is a paraplegic. He's been recruited because he's a genetic match for a dead identical twin, who an expensive avatar was created for. In avatar state he can walk again, and as his payment for this duty he will be given a very expensive operation to restore movement to his legs. In theory he's in no danger, because if his avatar is destroyed, his human form remains untouched. In theory.

On Pandora, Jake begins as a good soldier and then goes native after his life is saved by the lithe and brave Neytiri (Zoe Saldana). He finds it is indeed true, as the aggressive Col. Miles Quaritch (Stephen Lang) briefed them, that nearly every species of life here wants him for lunch. (Avatars are not be made of Na'vi flesh, but try explaining that to a charging 30-ton rhino with a snout like a hammerhead shark).

The Na'vi survive on this planet by knowing it well, living in harmony with nature, and being wise about the creatures they share with. In this and countless other ways they resemble Native Americans. Like them, they tame another species to carry them around--not horses, but graceful flying dragon-like creatures. The scene involving Jake capturing and taming one of these great beasts is one of the film's greats sequences.

Like "Star Wars" and "LOTR," "Avatar" employs a new generation of special effects. Cameron said it would, and many doubted him. It does. Pandora is very largely CGI. The Na'vi are embodied through motion capture techniques, convincingly. They look like specific, persuasive individuals, yet sidestep the eerie Uncanny Valley effect. And Cameron and his artists succeed at the difficult challenge of making Neytiri a blue-skinned giantess with golden eyes and a long, supple tail, and yet--I'll be damned. Sexy.

At 163 minutes, the film doesn't feel too long. It contains so much. The human stories. The Na'vi stories, for the Na'vi are also developed as individuals. The complexity of the planet, which harbors a global secret. The ultimate warfare, with Jake joining the resistance against his former comrades. Small graceful details like a floating creature that looks like a cross between a blowing dandelion seed and a drifting jellyfish, and embodies goodness. Or astonishing floating cloud-islands.

I've complained that many recent films abandon story telling in their third acts and go for wall-to-wall action. Cameron essentially does that here, but has invested well in establishing his characters so that it *matters* what they do in battle and how they do it. There are issues at stake greater than simply which side wins.

Cameron promised he'd unveil the next generation of 3-D in "Avatar." I'm a notorious skeptic about this process, a needless distraction from the perfect realism of movies in 2-D. Cameron's iteration is the best I've seen -- and more importantly, one of the most carefully-employed. The film never uses 3-D *simply because it has it,* and doesn't promiscuously violate the fourth wall. He also seems quite aware of 3-D's weakness for dimming the picture, and even with a film set largely in interiors and a rain forest, there's sufficient light. I saw the film in 3-D on a good screen at the AMC River East and was impressed. I might be awesome in True IMAX. Good luck in getting a ticket before February.

It takes a hell of a lot of nerve for a man to stand up at the Oscarcast and proclaim himself King of the World. James Cameron just got re-elected.

The Telegraph, 22 December 2009

James Cameron's Avatar is a stylish film marred by its racist subtext

Review by Will Heaven

The Na'vi wear dreadlocks and African-style jewellery (Picture: 20th Century Fox)

Avatar was a spectacle, I'll grant you that. The film's 230-million-dollar budget guaranteed extravagant and often beautiful 3D special effects. But as I left the cinema last night, I couldn't help questioning the weird mind behind it all. Was it James Cameron's intention to be so nauseatingly patronising? And how could the famously Left-wing director have failed to pick up on his film's racist subtext?

I won't spoil the plot, but here's the basic set-up: a group of mercenary humans have colonised a faraway planet, called Pandora, in order to extract an enormously valuable mineral found there. Pandora's "natives" – a race of tall, blue-skinned aliens called the Na'vi – live on an area of land which is set to be mined. They won't relocate, so the humans attack.

But the Na'vi aren't your average extra-terrestrials. Blue skin aside, they're essentially a childish pastiche of the "ethnic", with recognisably human features. They wear Maasai-style necklaces and beaded jewellery which Cameron has borrowed from tribal East Africa. Their long, dark hair is dreadlocked. Their clothes are apparently Amerindian. They are armed with bows and poisoned arrows, and wear facepaint into battle. The main Na'vi characters are voiced by four black actors: Zoë Saldaña, C. C. H. Pounder, Laz Alonso and Peter Mensah; as well as one Cherokee, Wes Studi. The evil humans, needless to say, are white, male and middle-aged.

James Cameron has been very open about the politics behind Avatar. It's about how "greed and imperialism tend to destroy the environment," he said in a recent interview. "It's a way of looking back on ourselves from this other world."

If we look at his version of our planet, however, the view is overwhelmingly repellent. Pandora is to Cameron what Africa was to Joseph Conrad – it's another, fictional 'Heart of Darkness', a place where a cruel imperial power subjects what is (perhaps unwittingly) depicted as a lesser race. Chinua Achebe, Conrad's fiercest critic, wrote that "Heart of Darkness projects the image of Africa as 'the other world,' the antithesis of Europe and therefore of civilization, a place where man's vaunted intelligence and refinement are finally mocked by triumphant bestiality." Almost the exact same could be said of Avatar.

Take, for example, the relationship between the ethnic Na'vi and the animals which inhabit Pandora. Every interaction between them involves an act of quasi-consummation. The "natives" attach a spindly appendage to whatever raging animal they are trying to tame, resulting in a short struggle followed by an almost post-coital quiet. In another scene, one of the Na'vi is warned not to play with the same appendage or, he is told, "you'll go blind." The hint is heavy enough – it's the same "triumphant bestiality" which Achebe criticised in Heart of Darkness.

By far the most contemptible theme in Avatar involves the hero, a young disabled American called Jake Sully, played by Sam Worthington. Before the humans declare war on the Na'vi, Sully is sent to them (in the form of a blue-skinned avatar) in a last ditch attempt to find a diplomatic solution. But, lo and behold, he becomes one of them – sympathising so much with their plight that he decides to lead them into battle against the humans.

As Left-wing conceits go, this one surely tops all the others: the ethnic Na'vi, the film suggests, need the white man to save them because, as a less developed race, they lack the intelligence and fortitude to overcome their adversaries by themselves. The poor helpless natives, in other words, must rely on the principled white man to lead them out of danger.

Yuck. And there I was, thinking this sort of patronising world-view was dying out. But plainly it lives on in Hollywood. Avatar is artistic evidence of the ugly mindset which underlies so much of Left-wing thinking today: the belief that only the superior Western liberal is fit to lead the world into a better future. Other than a whole lot of style, this is all Cameron's film has to offer – so I make that 230 million dollars wasted.

The Weekly Standard, 28 December 2009

Avatarocious

Another spectacle hits an iceberg and sinks

Review by John Podhoretz

Avatar, we are told, does things with cameras and computers and actors that have never been done before. Its painstaking combination of real-life action and animation has, we are told, taken cinema to a new level. It cost anywhere from $328 million to $500 million, we are told, and took four years to make. It is a breakthrough, we are told, the boldest step into the future of filmmaking, an unparalleled achievement.

What they didn't tell us is that Avatar is blitheringly stupid; indeed, it's among the dumbest movies I've ever seen. Avatar is an undigested mass of clichés nearly three hours in length taken directly from the revisionist westerns of the 1960s-the ones in which the Indians became the good guys and the Americans the bad guys. Only here the West is a planet called Pandora, the time is the 22nd century rather than the 19th, and the Indians have blue skin and tails, and are 10 feet tall.

An American soldier named Jake Sully (Sam Worthington) is sent to make friends with the blue people. To effect this, scientists download his consciousness into a 10-foot-tall blue body. Jake discovers that the natives are wonderful in every possible way. They are so green it's too bad their skin has to be blue. They're hunters and they kill animals, but after they do so, they cry and say it's sad. Which only demonstrates their superiority. Plus they have (I'm not kidding) fiber-optic cables coming out of their patooties that allow them to plug into animals and control them. Now, that just seems wrong-I mean, why should they get to control the pterodactyls? Why don't the pterodactyls control them? This kind of biped-centrism is just another form of imperialist racism, in my opinion

Like the Keebler elves, the Blue People all live in a big tree together and they go to church at another big tree, under which (we learn) lives Mother Earth, only since it isn't earth, she isn't called Mother Earth, but the Great Mother or something like that. Meanwhile, back among the humans at their base camp, there's a big fight. The scruffy scientists, led by Sigourney Weaver, want to learn, learn, learn about the wonders of the planet and the people and Mother Earth and the big tree and the pterodactyls.
But the scientists work for an evil corporation (natch) and the evil corporation is only there because it wants-you can write the rest; but I will, just for the sake of expedience-to exploit the planet's natural resources. In particular, it wants to exploit a mineral called (again no kidding) unobtainium. And it turns out there's a big deposit of unobtainium under the Keebler Elf Tree. They want the elves to move.

Getting them to move is Jake Sully's job. And he does earn their trust, even though the leader of their tribe says, "His alien scent offends my nose!" (The line is translated from their nonexistent language with subtitles that are designed to look like the men's room signs at an Indian casino.) The Blue People, in particular the contemptuous and lovely Neytiri (Zoe Saldana), show him their wondrous ways. But before he can discuss hiring Allied Van Lines with them, the Evil Corporation intervenes.

It is run by an evil Yuppie, and the Yuppie's security is provided by an evil Marine. And for no good reason other than to get the movie into its second act, they decide to stage a military attack on the Elf Tree, thus blowing the zillions of dollars they sank into the project of making Jake Sully into a Blue Person rather than waiting a couple of weeks.

Oy, the suffering that ensues, all for some lousy unobtainium! Oy, the destruction! You can hear writer-director James Cameron weeping over his special-effects computer as the bad humans he created commit this terrible atrocity against the Blue People who don't exist. As for me, I was reminded of Oscar Wilde's immortal crack about Charles Dickens's tears as he killed off the child heroine of his Old Curiosity Shop: "It would take a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing."

The only salvation for Pandora lies with our man Jake Sully turning into the leader of the blue-skinned people, rallying them to the cause of protecting their planet against the Evil Corporation. This, too, is unacceptably paternalistic, in my view; after all, why should giant blue people have to learn these things from a shrimpy white guy who doesn't even have a tail or built-in Skype?

Eventually, it falls to Jake to plug his fiber-optic cables into a plant and ask the Great Mother to do something. And she does. She rallies the pterodactyls, not to mention some rhinoceroses and dogs, to join with an army of blue people to take down the EC. In the end, it's Jake Sully vs. the Evil Marine, who is dressed up to look like (again, not kidding) a Rock 'Em Sock 'Em Robot, one of those ludicrous toys from the late 1960s that gave toys a bad name.

You're going to hear a lot over the next couple of weeks about the movie's politics-about how it's a Green epic about despoiling the environment, and an attack on the war in Iraq, and so on. The conclusion does ask the audience to root for the defeat of American soldiers at the hands of an insurgency. So it is a deep expression of anti-Americanism-kind of.

The thing is, one would be giving James Cameron too much credit to take Avatar-with its mindless worship of a nature-loving tribe and the tribe's adorable pagan rituals, its hatred of the military and American institutions, and the notion that to be human is just way uncool-at all seriously as a political document. It's more interesting as an example of how deeply rooted these standard-issue counterculture clichés in Hollywood have become by now. Cameron has simply used these familiar bromides as shorthand to give his special-effects spectacular some resonance. He wrote it this way not to be controversial, but quite the opposite: He was making something he thought would be most pleasing to the greatest number of people.

Will it be? Aside from the anti-American, anti-human politics, the movie is nearly three hours long, and it doesn't have a single joke in it. There is no question that Avatar is an astonishing piece of work. It is, for about two-thirds of its running time, an animated picture that looks like it's not an animated picture.

On the other hand, who cares? It doesn't count for much that the technical skill on display makes it easier to suspend disbelief and make you think you're watching something take place on a distant planet. Getting audiences to suspend disbelief isn't the hard part; we suspend disbelief all the time. It's how we can see any movie about anything and get involved in the story. The real question is this: If Avatar were drawn like a regular cartoon, or had been made on soundstages with sets and the like, would it be interesting? Would it hold our attention?

The answer is, unquestionably no. There's no chance anybody would even have put it into production, no matter that Cameron made the box-office bonanza Titanic. So the question is: Does the technical mastery on display in Avatar outweigh the unbelievably banal and idiotic plot, the excruciating dialogue, the utter lack of any quality resembling a sense of humor? And will all these qualities silence the discomfort coming from that significant segment of the American population that, we know from the box-office receipts for Iraq war movies this decade, doesn't like it when an American soldier is the bad guy?

The Telegraph, 3 December 2009

Interview with James Cameron

By John Hiscock

Long before James Cameron shot a frame of Titanic he was working on a movie so ambitious and futuristic that it would be another 14 years before technology caught up with him and he could film it the way he wanted to.

The long-planned and much-hyped £160 million 3D science-fiction extravaganza Avatar will finally be released around the world just before Christmas, 12 years after Titanic, which was 55?year-old Cameron's last feature film and remains the biggest box-office hit of all time.

That record could be overtaken by the visually astonishing Avatar, whose ground-breaking techniques and spectacular effects are likely to revolutionise filmmaking and will set standards for years to come.

Cameron, whose filmmaking has always been notable for its technological innovations, explained it simply: "I basically sat down and put everything in this that I ever wanted to see in a movie – and that's why it's such a grab-bag of visual concepts."

With a cup of coffee in hand and looking relaxed and in a pair of jeans and casual shirt, he was talking in his private projection room after screening 30 minutes of Avatar to a small invited group. It is impossible not to be fascinated and enthralled by his action-filled 3D vision of adventure and battles in an iridescent jungle on an alien planet, where hideous, dragon-like creatures appear to leap off the screen, flora and fauna wave in the air and a heroic avatar does battle with a pterodactyl-like beast before subduing it and soaring off on its back.

"It came from all the science-fiction books I read when I was a kid and it just gestated over time," he said. "I did a lot of fantasy art and I had drawers full of drawings of creatures, characters, robots, spaceships and all that sort of thing. So for me I was just going back to my roots."

As a teenager Cameron was so astounded at Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey that he saw it 10 times and became inspired to experiment with 16mm filmmaking and model-building. From his earliest filmmaking days – he first gained recognition for writing and directing The Terminator in 1984 – he has been a leading science-fiction auteur and special-effects visionary. Aliens, which he wrote and directed, snared seven Oscar nominations but

he developed a reputation for making extreme demands on cast and crew; and The Abyss, which won an Oscar for best visual effects, was a notoriously difficult shoot.

While making Titanic he frequently clashed with studio bosses and the film was delayed because of his use of painstaking state-of-the-art special-effects technology. By his own account it was not an easy or pleasurable film to make, but it went on to receive 14 Oscar nominations, winning 11 including best picture and best director.

As Avatar's star, Cameron chose the up-and-coming Australian actor Sam Worthington as Jake Sully, an ex Marine who has been wounded and paralysed from the waist down. He agrees to travel to Pandora, an Earthlike-planet with a lush rainforest environment, trees a thousand feet tall, floating mountains and an abundance of life forms, some beautiful and some terrifying. There he becomes an avatar, a human-hybrid who falls in love with a Na'vi, a young native woman who is 10ft tall, blue-skinned and played by Zoe Saldana, from Star Trek.

As he becomes increasingly involved with her and her clan he finds himself caught between the military industrial forces of Earth and the Na'vi, who are increasingly threatened by the human expansion on Pandora.

"We're telling the story of what happens when a technologically superior culture comes into a place with a technologically inferior indigenous culture and there are resources there that they want," said Cameron. "It never ends well.

"It's also a love story about an awakening of perception through the other person. That person must teach him something and there has to be a greater reason for him to be in love with her other than she's a hot blue alien chick."

The Canadian-born Cameron and his staff have been experimenting for years with seamlessly blending live action footage with computer-generated techniques, including motion-capture CG that can record an actor's facial expressions and a virtual camera system that allows Cameron to see in real time the way his actor-based CG characters interact with their virtual worlds.

"It's fine to say, 'Hey, we did all this unprecedented stuff', but you have to be willing to go through the painful steps of creating those things and going from an idea to a prototype to a production-ready toolset in a very, very rapid timeframe," he said. "Avatar was driven by the maturation of the new technology."

Cameron, who has always used his films as experimental sounding-boards for future projects, explained: "We had taken technology and pushed it a little bit further and got fluid computer-generated creatures on to the screen with The Abyss and we did the same thing again, pushing technology further, with Terminator 2."

But it was not until he saw how Peter Jackson had created the Gollum character in Lord of the Rings that he felt it would be possible to make Avatar – although, he said: "We were going significantly beyond anything he had done because we had all sorts of different characters based on different actors."

He went to New Zealand to meet Jackson, toured his special-effects workshop and hired Jackson's Weta company to work on Avatar.

Cameron explained his methods as he took me on a tour of the offices of his Lightstorm company in an unobtrusive, three-storey building on a busy street in the centre of Santa Monica. It is there, in offices lined with movie posters and rooms containing models of outlandish-looking creatures, that his staff of 60 artists, writers, production assistants and computer experts work on bringing his sometimes impossible?seeming ideas to the screen.

The first 18 months of the four years he spent working on Avatar were devoted to creating the plants, costumes, vehicles, weapons, and, of course the creatures. One room is filled with models of creatures he and his staff created for Avatar – the Leonopteryx, the Stingbat, the Direhorse, the Sturmbeest, the Hellfire Wasp and many others that didn't make it into the movie.

The actors had to learn Na'vi, a language that a linguistics professor spent a year creating for the movie, and Worthington, who was previously in Terminator Salvation and will be seen in next year's Clash of the Titans, spent 13 months rehearsing and filming his scenes. "I've never had a guy push me like that," he recalled later.

Cameron hasn't yet decided on the exact length of Avatar, although he says: "It's much shorter than Titanic. Let me put it this way – it's an epic and a full experience and the only reason it's not longer is because it's a 3D experience and we don't know what people's threshold is for that, so we're erring a little bit on the conservative side."

With plenty of story material left over and the creatures and technology in place it would seem that an Avatar sequel is inevitable, but Cameron is not so sure.

"I honestly don't know how I feel about a sequel right now. I'd love for us to be successful enough to warrant it, but I don't know if I actually want to spend another three years making one."

The filmmaker, who spent a lot of time in deep-diving submarines for Titanic and his documentary Ghosts of the Abyss, added, laughing: "It's pretty simple. I like to be an explorer and I like to be an artist. I find those two things most fulfilling and after Avatar is done and I've hopefully made a little money off it I can go and do some more exploring."

The Wrap, 13 January 2010

James Cameron: Yes, 'Avatar' is Political

By Brent Lang

"Avatar" director James Cameron responded to right-wing critics of his blockbuster hit movie on Tuesday night, saying that "as an artist, I felt a need to say something about what I saw around me."

Speaking at a private industry screening of the film, the director with his star Zoe Saldana said that "Avatar" -- with its depiction of mineral exploitation on a distant planet and a cadre of trigger-happy mercenaries charged with instituting a scorched earth policy -- is very much a political film.

But he rejected comments by critics that the film is un-American even if it is an allegory for American military forays.

"I've heard people say this film is un-American, while part of being an American is having the freedom to have dissenting ideas," Cameron said, prompting loud applause from a capacity crowd at the ArcLight Hollywood.

"This movie reflects that we are living through war," Cameron added. "There are boots on the ground, troops who I personally believe were sent there under false pretenses, so I hope this will be part of opening our eyes."

Conservative commentators such as John Podhoretz and John Nolte have blasted the film in recent weeks. In "The Weekly Standard," for instance, Podhoretz wrote, "The conclusion does ask the audience to root for the defeat of American soldiers at the hands of an insurgency. So it is a deep expression of anti-Americanism-- kind of."

In an hour-long question-and-answer period with TheWrap's editor-in-chief Sharon Waxman, Cameron and star Zoe Saldana discussed the film's environmental message, its technological innovations, the future of 3D and another long-gestating project of the director's, "Battle Angel.

To view interview: http://www.thewrap.com/movies/article/james-cameron-yes-avatar-political-12929#

Fill up these questions during the movie:

- **How is the story told? What is denoted and connoted?**

- **How are the different cultures represented? How are they similar or different?**

- **How did the cultures encounter each other? What are their motivations for interacting?**

- **How do they interact? And how do they talk about each other?**

- **How do the worlds represented seem real or fake? How is this representation parallel or opposed to our world's reality?**

- **How are cultural conflicts dealt with? Are there different approaches?**

- **How do the special effects work in favour or against the narrative?**

- **What were your impressions of this movie? Have they changed if you have seen it more than once?**

Reading Log—deeper level reflections

I recognise the following worldviews in this reading.

Connection/s to other readings / lectures on this topic

As a result of this reflection I have changed my beliefs /attitudes in the following ways:

The beliefs / attitudes about this subject I have <u>kept</u> (because…)

My future practice is now influenced in the following ways:

Reading Log—essay notes

THE UNIVERSITY OF
WAIKATO

2

THE NOBLE SAVAGE

Lafitau, Joseph, *Moeurs des sauvages ameriquains comparées aux moeurs des premiers temps*, 1724.

Dr William Jennings, French Section

Montaigne (1533-1592)

Essays (1580)

Of Cannibals

When King Pyrrhus passed over into Italy, after he had reconnoitred the formation of the army that the Romans were sending to meet him, he said: "I do not know what barbarians these are" (for so the Greeks called all foreign nations), "but the formation of this army that I see is not at all barbarous." The Greeks said as much of the army that Flaminius brought into their country, and so did Philip, seeing from a knoll the order and distribution of the Roman camp, in his kingdom, under Publius Sulpicius Galba. Thus we should beware of clinging to vulgar opinions, and judge things by reason's way, not by popular say.

I had with me for a long time a man who had lived for ten or twelve years in that other world which has been discovered in our century, in the place where Villegagnon landed, and which he called Antarctic France. This discovery of a boundless country seems worthy of consideration. I don't know if I can guarantee that some other such discovery will not be made in the future, so many personages greater than ourselves having been mistaken about this one. I am afraid we have eyes bigger than our stomachs, and more curiosity than capacity. We embrace everything, but we clasp only wind. [...]

Now, to return to my subject, I think there is nothing barbarous and savage in that nation, from what I have been told, except that each man calls barbarism whatever is not his own practice; for indeed it seems we have no other test of truth and reason than the example and pattern of the opinions and customs of the country we live in. There is always the perfect religion, the perfect government, the perfect and accomplished manners in all things. Those people are wild, just as we call wild the fruits that Nature has produced by herself and in her normal course; where really it is those that we have changed artificially and led astray from the common order, that we should rather call wild. The former retain alive and vigorous their genuine, their most useful and natural, virtues and properties, which we have debased in the latter in adapting them to gratify our corrupted taste. And yet for all that, the savour and delicacy of some uncultivated fruits of those countries is quite as

excellent, even to our taste, as that of our own. It is not reasonable that art should win the place of honour over our great and powerful mother Nature. We have so overloaded the beauty and richness of her works by our inventions that we have quite smothered her. [...]

These nations, then, seem to me barbarous in this sense, that they have been fashioned very little by the human mind, and are still very close to their original naturalness. The laws of nature still rule them, very little corrupted by ours; and they are in such a state of purity that I am sometimes vexed that they were unknown earlier, in the days when there were men able to judge them better than we. I am sorry that Lycurgus and Plato did not know of them; for it seems to me that what we actually see in these nations surpasses not only all the pictures in which poets have idealized the golden age and all their inventions in imagining a happy state of man, but also the conceptions and the very desire of philosophy. They could not imagine a naturalness so pure and simple as we see by experience; nor could they believe that our society could be maintained with so little artifice and human organization. [...] For the rest, they live in a country with a very pleasant and temperate climate, so that according to my witnesses it is rare to see a sick man there; and they have assured me that they never saw one palsied, bleary-eyed, toothless, or bent with age.[...] They generally call those of the same age, brothers; those who are younger, children; and the old men are fathers to all the others. These leave to their heirs in common the full possession of their property, without division or any other title at all than just the one that Nature gives to her creatures in bringing them into the world.

If their neighbours cross the mountains to attack them and win a victory, the gain of the victor is glory, and the advantage of having proved the master in valour and virtue; for apart from this they have no use for the goods of the vanquished, and they return to their own country, where they lack neither anything necessary nor that great thing, the knowledge of how to enjoy their condition happily and be content with it. These men of ours do the same in their turn. They demand of their prisoners no other ransom than that they confess and acknowledge their defeat. But there is not one in a whole century who does not choose to die rather than to relax a single bit, by word or look, from the grandeur of an invincible courage; not one who would not rather be killed and eaten than so much as ask not to be. They treat them very freely, so that life may be all the dearer to them, and usually entertain them with threats of their coming death, of the torments they will have to suffer, the preparations that are being made for that purpose, the cutting up of their limbs, and the feast that will be made at their expense. All this is done for the purpose of extorting from their lips some weak or base word, or making them want to flee, so as to gain the advantage of having terrified them and broken down their firmness. For indeed, if you take it the right way, it is in this point alone that true victory lies: "It is no victory / Unless the vanquished foe admits your mastery." [...] These prisoners are so far from giving in, in spite of all that is done to them, that on the contrary, during the two or three months that they are kept, they wear a happy expression; they urge their captors to hurry and put them to the test; they defy them, insult them, reproach them with their own cowardice and the number of battles they have lost to the prisoners' own people.

I have a song composed by a prisoner which contains this challenge, that they should all come boldly and gather to dine off him, for they will be eating at the same time their own fathers and grandfathers, who have served to feed and nourish his body. "These muscles," he says, "this flesh and these veins are your own, poor fools that you are. You do not recognize that the substance of your ancestors' limbs is still contained in them. Savour them well; you will find in them the taste of your own flesh." An idea that certainly does not smack of barbarity. Those that paint these people dying, and who show the execution, portray the prisoner spitting in the face of his slayers and scowling at them. Indeed, to the last gasp they never stop braving and defying their enemies by word and look. Truly here are real savages by our standards; for either they must be thoroughly so, or we must be; there is an amazing distance between their character and ours. [...]

Three of these men, ignorant of the price they will pay some day, in loss of repose and happiness, for gaining knowledge of the corruptions of this side of the ocean; ignorant also of the fact that of this intercourse will come their ruin (which I suppose is already well advanced: poor wretches, to let themselves be tricked by the desire for new things, and to have left the serenity of their own sky to come and see ours!)C three of these men were at Rouen, at the time the late King Charles IX was there. The king talked to them for a long time; they were shown our ways, our splendour, the aspect of a fine city. After that, someone asked their opinion, and wanted to know what they had found most amazing. They mentioned three things, of which I have forgotten the third, and I am very sorry for it; but I still remember two of them. They said that in the first place they thought it very strange that so many grown men, bearded, strong, and armed, who were around the king (it is likely that they were talking about the Swiss of his guard) should submit to obey a child, and that one of them was not chosen to command instead. Second (they have a way in their language of speaking of men as halves of one another), they had noticed that there were among us men full and gorged with all sorts of good things, and that their other halves were beggars at their doors, emaciated with hunger and poverty; and they thought it strange that these needy halves could endure such an injustice, and did not take the others by the throat, or set fire to their houses.

Enlightenment (1700s) – reaction to absolutism
– revolutions – America
– France

– scientific advances – Newton / start to q divine right & sit of poor – oppression ind destin

– Montesquieu – Persian Letters (1721) (supposedly written by Persian) critical of French soc & inequalities

⊕ Rousseau – assoc. (1st mstr
– Darwin
– ed
– Soc Rev (communism

Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778)

– Romantics

civilisation corrupts → arts = luxury = corrupt → civs fall / society

Discourse on the Origin and the Foundations of Inequality Among Men (1754)

natural or social → an animal – 'The thinking man is a depraved animal'

First Part

Since the savage man's body is the only instrument he knows, he employs it for various uses which, through lack of exercise, our bodies are incapable of. It is our industry which has taken away from us the force and agility which necessity obliges him to acquire. If he had had an axe, would his wrist have broken off such strong branches? If he had had a sling, would his hand have thrown a stone so forcefully? If he had had a ladder, would he have climbed so nimbly up a tree? If he had had a horse, would he have run so quickly? Leave civilized man the time to collect all his machines around him, and there is no doubt he would easily overcome savage man. But if you want to see an even more unequal combat, set them naked and without weapons one against the other, and you will soon recognize the advantage of constantly having all one's forces at one's disposal, of always being ready for any event, and of bearing oneself, so to speak, always as a complete totality with oneself.

↓ humans live best in a state of nature

↓ property = social inequal

Hobbes maintains that man is naturally intrepid and seeks only to attack and fight. An illustrious philosopher thinks the opposite, and Cumberland and Pufendorf also affirm that nothing is as timid as man in a state of nature and that he is always trembling, ready to run off at the slightest noise which strikes him, at the least movement he perceives. That may be the case for objects he is ignorant about, and I have no doubt that he is frightened by all new sights which present themselves to him every time he cannot sort out the physical good and bad he should expect from them or compare his strength with the dangers which he must run, unusual circumstances in the state of nature, where everything proceeds in such a uniform manner and where the face of

Social contract: – 'man is born free yet everywhere he is in chains'

– argues for equality

Emile, or Education
– promoted

the earth is not subject to sudden and constant changes caused by the passions and fickleness of people in groups.

But savage man, living scattered among the animals and finding himself early on in a position to measure himself against them, soon makes a comparison and, sensing that he surpasses them in dexterity more than they surpass him in strength, he learns not to fear them any more. Set a bear or a wolf to go against a robust savage, agile, courageous, as they all are, armed with stones and a good stick, and you will observe that the danger will at the very least be reciprocal, and that after several experiences like that, the wild beasts, who do not like to attack each other, will have little desire to attack man, whom they will have discovered is just as ferocious as they are. As for animals which really do have more power than he has dexterity, where they are concerned he is in the position of other weaker species, who nonetheless continue to survive. But man does have an advantage—being no less able than they are at running and finding an almost guaranteed refuge up in the trees, it is always up to him whether he accepts or leaves the encounter, the choice of flight or combat. Let us add that it does not seem that any animal naturally wars against man, except in cases of its own defence or extreme hunger, nor does it manifest those violent antipathies which appear to announce that one species is destined by nature to serve as food for another.

These are undoubtedly the reasons why Negroes and savages are so little concerned about the fierce beasts they may meet in the forests. In this respect the Caribs of Venezuela, among others, live in the most profound security and without the slightest inconvenience. Although they go around almost naked, says Francisco Coreal, they expose themselves boldly in the forest, armed only with bow and arrow, but nobody has every heard that any one of them was eaten by animals.

The extreme inequality in the manner of living, the excessive idleness among some people, excessive labour for others, the ease with which we stimulate and satisfy our appetites and our sensuality, rich people's overly sophisticated food, poor people's bad diets, which most of the time they even have to go without, a lack which leads them to over-cram their stomachs greedily when they have an opportunity, staying up all night, every sort of excess, immoderate transports of all the passions, times of fatigue, mental exhaustion, depressions, and the numberless sorrows which people feel in all levels of society and which constantly wear away their souls—there you have the fatal proofs that most of our troubles are our own work and that we would have avoided almost all of them if we had kept to the simple, uniform, and solitary way of life which nature had prescribed for us. If she destined us to be healthy, I almost venture to affirm that the state of reflection is a condition contrary to nature and that the man who meditates is a depraved animal. When one thinks about the good constitution of savages, at least of those whom we have not ruined with our strong liquors, when one realizes that they know hardly any sicknesses other than wounds and old age, one is very much led to believe that one could easily produce the history of human illnesses by following the history of civil societies. [...]

So let us be careful not to confuse savage man with the men whom we have before our eyes. Nature treats all the animals left to her with a partiality

which appears to demonstrate just how much she is jealous of this right. The horse, cat, bull, and even the donkey for the most part have a greater height, a more robust constitution, more energy, strength, and courage in the forests than in our houses. They lose half of these advantages by being domesticated, and one could say that all our care in treating these animals well and feeding them only ends up degrading them. The same is true of man himself: by becoming sociable and enslaved, he becomes weak, fearful, grovelling, and his soft and effeminate way of life finishes up by enervating his power and his courage, both at the same time. [...]

It is thus an incontestable point that love itself, like all the other passions, only acquires in society that impetuous ardour which makes it so often fatal to men, and it is all the more ridiculous to picture savages as continually killing each other in order to satisfy their brutality, since this view is directly contrary to experience, and since the Caribs, of all existing people the ones who, up to this point, have strayed the least from the state of nature, are precisely the most peaceful in their love and the least subject to jealousy, although they live in a burning climate, which always seems to generate greater activity in these passions. [...]

Second Part

The first man who, having enclosed off a piece of land, got the idea of saying "*This is mine*" and found people simple enough to believe him was the true founder of civil society. What crimes, what wars, what murders, what miseries and horrors would someone have spared the human race who, pulling out the stakes or filling in the ditch, had cried out to his fellows, "Stop listening to this impostor. You are lost if you forget that the fruits belong to everyone and the earth belongs to no one." It seems very likely that by that time things had already come to the point where they could no longer continue as they had been. For this idea of property, which depends on many previous ideas which could only have arisen in succession, was not formed in the human mind all of a sudden. A good deal of progress had to take place—acquiring significant industry and enlightenment, transmitting and increasing them from one age to the next—before arriving at this last stage in the state of nature. So let us resume these matters further back in time and try to gather under a single point of view this slow succession of events and knowledge, in their most natural order. [...]

As soon as men had started mutually to appreciate one another and the idea of respect was formed in their minds, each one claimed a right to it, and it was no longer possible to fail to respect anyone with impunity. From that emerged the first obligations for civility, even among savages, and from that all voluntary wrong became an outrage, because as well as the harm resulting from the injury, the offended party often considered the contempt for his person more insupportable than the harm itself. And so, because each man punished the contempt which had been shown to him in a manner proportional to his own self-esteem, acts of vengeance became terrible, and men grew bloody and cruel. That is precisely the stage reached by the majority of savage people known to us. And because they have not sufficiently distinguished

among ideas and observed how distant these savage people already were from the first state of nature, several men have rushed to conclude that man is naturally cruel and needs civilization to moderate him, whereas nothing is as sweet as he is in his primitive condition, when, placed by nature at equal distances from the stupidity of animals and the lethal enlightenment of civil man and equally limited by instinct and reason to protecting himself from the harm which threatens him, he is restrained by natural pity from doing harm to anyone himself, since nothing gives him an inclination to do so, not even after he has been harmed. For, according the axiom of the wise Locke, *where there is no property there is no sense of injury.*

But it is necessary to remark that society, once started, and the relationships already established among men demanded in them different qualities from those which they held from their primitive constitution. With morality beginning to introduce itself into human actions and, before there were laws, each man being the sole judge and avenger of the offences he had received, the kindness suitable in the pure state of nature was no longer something appropriate to emerging society. It was necessary that punishments became more severe to the extent that opportunities to offend became more frequent, and the terror of vengeance had to take the place of the restraining power of laws. Thus, although men had developed less endurance and natural pity had already suffered some change, because this period in the development of human faculties held a clear middle position between the indolence of the primitive state and the petulant activity of our self-love *[amour propre]*, it must have been the happiest and most durable epoch. The more one reflects on this, the more one finds that this state was the least subject to revolutions and the best for man and that he must have emerged from it by some fatal chance which for the common good ought never to have happened. The example of savages, which people have almost all found alike on this point, confirms that the human race was made to rest in this state forever, that it is the true youth of the world, and that all later progress has apparently been so many steps towards the perfection of the individual but has, in fact, been towards the decrepitude of the species.

As long as men were content with rustic huts, as long as they limited themselves to stitching their clothes of skin with thorns or fish bones, to deck themselves out with feathers and shells, to paint their bodies various colours, to perfect or embellish their bows and arrows, to cut with sharp stones some fishing canoes or some crude musical instruments—in a word, as long as they did not occupy themselves except with tasks which one man could do by himself and to arts which did not require the coordination of several hands, they lived free, healthy, good, and happy lives, as much as their nature enabled them to do so, and they continued to enjoy among themselves the sweetness of independent interaction. But from the moment a man had need of someone else's help, from the time they noticed that it was useful for one man alone to have provisions for two, equality disappeared, property was introduced, work became necessary, and the vast forests were changed into smiling fields, which had to be watered with men's sweat and in which slavery and misery were soon seen to germinate and grow along with the crops.

Metallurgy and agriculture were the two arts whose invention produced this great revolution. For the poet what has civilized men and ruined the human race is gold and silver, but for the philosopher it is iron and wheat. Thus, both of these were unknown to the savages of America, who therefore have always remained savage. Other people even seem to have stayed barbarians as long as they practised one of these arts without the other. And perhaps one of the best reasons why Europe has been, if not earlier, at least more constantly and better civilized than the other parts of the world, is that it has been, at one and the same time, the most abundantly supplied with iron and the most fertile in wheat. [...]

The invention of other arts was thus necessary to force the human race to apply itself to the art of agriculture. As soon as men were needed to melt and forge iron, other men had to feed them. The more the number of workers increased, the less the number of hands used to provide their common sustenance, without there being fewer mouths to consume it. And since some of them had to have foodstuffs in exchange for their iron, the others finally discovered the secret of using iron to increase the supply of staple goods. From that was born, on the one hand, farming and agriculture and, on the other, the art of working with metal and multiplying its uses.

From the cultivation of the land necessarily followed its division, and from property, once it became recognized, the first rules of justice. For in order to give each man what is his, it is necessary that each man can have something. In addition, men began to direct their gaze into the future and, since all of them saw that they had some goods to lose, there was no one who did not have to fear personal retaliation for the wrongs which he could do to someone else. This origin is all the more natural since it is impossible to conceive of the idea of property emerging from anything other than manual labour. For one cannot see what man can add over and above his own work in order to appropriate things which he has not made. It is labour alone which, by giving the farmer the right to the productions of the earth which he has worked on, gives him as a consequence a right to what produced them, at least until the harvest, and thus from year to year. Since that constitutes a continual possession, it is easily transformed into property. [...]

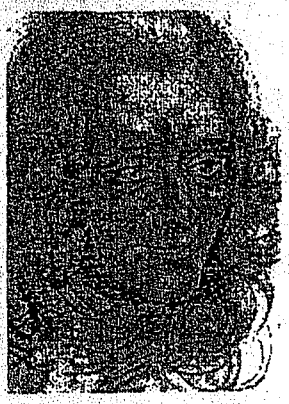
Before people invented the signs which represent riches, wealth could scarcely have consisted of anything other than lands and animals, the only real goods men could possess. Now, when inheritances had increased in number and extent to the point of covering all the land and of creating boundaries for everyone, some could no longer grow except at the expense of others, and the superfluous ones left over, whom weakness or idleness had prevented from acquiring an inheritance in their turn, became poor without having lost anything, because, with everything changing around them, they alone had not changed and so were obliged to receive or steal their sustenance from the hands of the rich. From that began to emerge, according to the diverse characters of the rich and poor, dominion and servitude, or violence and plunder. The rich, for their part, had hardly learned about the pleasure of dominating than they soon disdained all other pleasures, and, making use of their old slaves to conquer new ones, dreamed only of subjugating and enslaving their neighbours, like those starving wolves who, having once tasted human flesh, reject all other food and no longer want to eat anything but men.

In this way, the most powerful or the most miserable used their force or their needs to create a sort of right to the goods of others, equivalent, according to them, to the right of property. Once equality was fractured, the most horrific disorder followed. In this way, the usurpations of the rich, the thievery of the poor, and the frantic passions of all snuffed out natural pity and the still feeble voice of justice and made men avaricious, ambitious, and evil. There arose a perpetual conflict between the right of the strongest and the right of the first occupant, something which ended only in fights and murders. The emerging society gave way to the most horrible state of war; the human race, debased and desolate, unable to retrace its steps or renounce the unfortunate acquisitions it had made, and working only for its shame by abusing the faculties which honour it, brought itself to the verge of its own ruin.

Rousseau — proved right by Bougainville's French expedition to Tahiti, 1768

(previous expedition by Wallace - sailors get sex in exchange for nails)

↓ Bougainville's crew see as paradise — hospitality - food & women
— natural abundance



Voltaire to Rousseau

progress is good

30 August 1755

I have received, sir, your new book against the human species, and I thank you for it. You will please people by your manner of telling them the truth about themselves, but you will not alter them. The horrors of that human society--from which in our feebleness and ignorance we expect so many consolations--have never been painted in more striking colours: no one has ever been so witty as you are in trying to turn us into brutes: to read your book makes one long to go on all fours. Since, however, it is now some sixty years since I gave up the practice, I feel that it is unfortunately impossible for me to resume it: I leave this natural habit to those more fit for it than are you and I. Nor can I set sail to discover the aborigines of Canada, in the first place because my ill-health ties me to the side of the greatest doctor in Europe, and I should not find the same professional assistance among the Missouris: and secondly because war is going on in that country, and the example of the civilised nations has made the barbarians almost as wicked as we are ourselves. I must confine myself to being a peaceful savage in the retreat I have chosen. [...]

M. Chappus tells me your health is very unsatisfactory: you must come and recover here in your native place, enjoy its freedom, drink (with me) the milk of its cows, and browse on its grass.

I am yours most philosophically and with sincere esteem.

Voltaire

Voltaire (1694-1778)

critique Rousseau's idea of Noble Savage

Candide (1759)

Candide and his servant Cacambo are in South America. They have fled into the wilderness after Candide murdered a Jesuit priest who was also the brother of Candide's love Cunegonde.

Chapter 16

What Happened to Our Two Travellers with Two Girls, Two Monkeys, and the Savages, Called Oreillons

The sun was now on the point of setting when the ears of our two wanderers were assailed with cries which seemed to be uttered by a female voice. They could not tell whether these were cries of grief or of joy; however, they instantly started up, full of that inquietude and apprehension which a strange place naturally inspires. The cries proceeded from two young women who were tripping disrobed along the mead, while two monkeys followed close at their heels biting at their limbs. Candide was touched with compassion; he had learned to shoot while he was among the Bulgarians, and he could hit a filbert in a hedge without touching a leaf. Accordingly he took up his double-barrelled Spanish gun, pulled the trigger, and laid the two monkeys lifeless on the ground.

"God be praised, my dear Cacambo, I have rescued two poor girls from a most perilous situation; if I have committed a sin in killing an Inquisitor and a Jesuit, I have made ample amends by saving the lives of these two distressed damsels. Who knows but they may be young ladies of a good family, and that the assistance I have been so happy to give them may procure us great advantage in this country?"

He was about to continue when he felt himself struck speechless at seeing the two girls embracing the dead bodies of the monkeys in the tenderest manner, bathing their wounds with their tears, and rending the air with the most doleful lamentations.

"Really," said he to Cacambo, "I should not have expected to see such a prodigious share of good nature."

"Master," replied the knowing valet, "you have made a precious piece of work of it; do you know that you have killed the lovers of these two ladies?"

"Their lovers! Cacambo, you are jesting! It cannot be! I can never believe it."

"Dear sir," replied Cacambo, "you are surprised at everything. Why should you think it so strange that there should be a country where monkeys insinuate themselves into the good graces of the ladies? They are the fourth part of a man as I am the fourth part of a Spaniard."

"Alas!" replied Candide, "I remember to have heard my master Pangloss say that such accidents as these frequently came to pass in former times, and that these commixtures are productive of centaurs, fauns, and satyrs; and that many of the ancients had seen such monsters; but I looked upon the whole as fabulous."

"Now you are convinced," said Cacambo, "that it is very true, and you see what use is made of those creatures by persons who have not had a proper education; all I am afraid of is that these same ladies may play us some ugly trick."

These judicious reflections operated so far on Candide as to make him quit the meadow and strike into a thicket. There he and Cacambo supped, and after heartily cursing the Grand Inquisitor, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, and the Baron, they fell asleep on the ground. When they awoke they were surprised to find that they could not move; the reason was that the Oreillons who inhabit that country, and to whom the ladies had given information of these two strangers, had bound them with cords made of the bark of trees. They saw themselves surrounded by fifty naked Oreillons armed with bows and arrows, clubs, and hatchets of flint; some were making a fire under a large cauldron; and others were preparing spits, crying out one and all, "A Jesuit! a Jesuit! we shall be revenged; we shall have excellent cheer; let us eat this Jesuit; let us eat him up."

"I told you, master," cried Cacambo, mournfully, "that these two wenches would play us some scurvy trick."

Candide, seeing the cauldron and the spits, cried out, "I suppose they are going either to boil or roast us. Ah! what would Pangloss say if he were to see how pure nature is formed? Everything is right; it may be so; but I must confess it is something hard to be bereft of dear Miss Cunegonde, and to be spitted like a rabbit by these barbarous Oreillons."

Cacambo, who never lost his presence of mind in distress, said to the disconsolate Candide, "Do not despair; I understand a little of the jargon of these people; I will speak to them."

"Ay, pray do," said Candide, "and be sure you make them sensible of the horrid barbarity of boiling and roasting human creatures, and how little of Christianity there is in such practices."

"Gentlemen," said Cacambo, "you think perhaps you are going to feast upon a Jesuit; if so, it is mighty well; nothing can be more agreeable to justice than thus to treat your enemies. Indeed the law of nature teaches us to kill our neighbour, and accordingly we find this practiced all over the world; and if we do not indulge ourselves in eating human flesh, it is because we have much better fare; but for your parts, who have not such resources as we, it is certainly much better judged to feast upon your enemies than to throw their bodies to the fowls of the air; and thus lose all the fruits of your victory.

"But surely, gentlemen, you would not choose to eat your friends. You imagine you are going to roast a Jesuit, whereas my master is your friend, your defender, and you are going to spit the very man who has been destroying your enemies; as to myself, I am your countryman; this gentleman is my master, and so far from being a Jesuit, give me leave to tell you he has very lately killed one of that order, whose spoils he now wears, and which have probably occasioned your mistake. To convince you of the truth of what I say, take the habit he has on and carry it to the first barrier of the Jesuits' kingdom, and inquire whether my master did not kill one of their officers. There will be little or no time lost by this, and you may still reserve our bodies in your power to feast on if you should find what we have told you to be false. But, on the contrary, if you find it to be true, I am persuaded you are too well acquainted with the principles of the laws of society, humanity, and justice, not to use us courteously, and suffer us to depart unhurt."

This speech appeared very reasonable to the Oreillons; they deputed two of their people with all expedition to inquire into the truth of this affair, who acquitted themselves of their commission like men of sense, and soon returned with good tidings for our distressed adventurers. Upon this they were loosed, and those who were so lately going to roast and boil them now showed them all sorts of civilities, offered them girls, gave them refreshments, and reconducted them to the confines of their country, crying before them all the way, in token of joy, "He is no Jesuit! he is no Jesuit!"

Candide could not help admiring the cause of his deliverance. "What men! what manners!" cried he. "If I had not fortunately run my sword up to the hilt in the body of Miss Cunegonde's brother, I should have certainly been eaten alive. But, after all, pure nature is an excellent thing; since these people, instead of eating me, showed me a thousand civilities as soon as they knew was not a Jesuit."

Michel de Montaigne

SELECTED ESSAYS

TRANSLATED, AND WITH
INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY DONALD M. FRAME

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Contents

Venice than in Sarlac, and with reason. But he had another maxim sovereignly imprinted in his soul, to obey and submit most religiously to the laws under which he was born. There never was a better citizen, or one more devoted to the tranquillity of his country, or more hostile to the commotions and innovations of his time. He would much rather have used his ability to suppress them than to give them material that would excite them further. His mind was molded in the pattern of other ages than this.

Now, in exchange for this serious work, I shall substitute another, produced in that same season of his life, gayer and more jovial.[1]

[1] In the next chapter (29), Montaigne had originally inserted twenty-nine sonnets of La Boétie.

Of Cannibals[1]

When King Pyrrhus passed over into Italy, after studying the formation of the army that the Romans sent to meet him, he said: "I do not know what barbarians these are" (for so the Greeks called all foreign nations), "but the formation of this army that I see is not at all barbarous." The Greeks said as much of the army that Flaminius brought into their country, and so did Philip, seeing from a knoll the order and distribution of the Roman camp, in his kingdom, under Publius Sulpicius Galba. That is how we should beware of clinging to common opinions, and judge things by reason's way, not by popular say.

I had with me for a long time a man who had lived for ten or twelve years in that other world which was discovered in our century, in the place where Villegaignon landed, and which he called Antarctic France.[2] This discovery of a boundless country seems worthy of consideration. I don't know if I can guarantee that some other such discovery will not be made in the future, so many personages greater than ourselves having been mistaken about this one. I am afraid we have eyes bigger than our stomachs, and more curiosity

[1] Chapter 31.
[2] In Brazil, in 1557.

than capacity. We embrace everything, but we clasp only wind.

Plato brings in Solon, telling how he had learned from the priests of the city of Saïs in Egypt that in days of old, before the Flood, there was a great island named Atlantis, right at the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar, which contained more countries than Africa and Asia put together, and that the kings of that country, who not only possessed that island but had stretched out so far on the mainland that they held the breadth of Africa as far as Egypt, and the length of Europe as far as Tuscany, attempted to step over into Asia and subjugate all the nations that border on the Mediterranean, as far as the gulf of the Black Sea; and to accomplish this, crossed the Spains, Gaul, Italy, as far as Greece, where the Athenians checked them; but that some time after, both the Athenians and themselves and their island were swallowed up by the Flood.

It is quite likely that that phenomenal havoc of waters made amazing changes in the habitations of the earth, as people maintain that the sea cut off Sicily from Italy—

> *'Tis said an earthquake once asunder tore*
> *These lands with dreadful havoc, which before*
> *Formed but one land, one shore,*
>
> [Virgil]

—Cyprus from Syria, the island of Euboea from the mainland of Boeotia; and elsewhere joined lands that were divided, filling the channels between them with sand and mud:

> *A sterile marsh, long fit for rowing, now*
> *Feeds neighbor towns, and feels the heavy plow.*
>
> [Horace]

But there appears little likelihood that that island was the new world which we have just discovered; for it almost touched Spain, and it would be an incredible result of a flood to have forced it away as far as it is, more than twelve hundred leagues; besides, the travels of the moderns have already almost revealed that it is not an island, but a mainland connected with the East Indies on one side, and elsewhere with the lands under the two poles; or, if it is separated from them, it is by so narrow a strait and interval that it does not deserve to be called an island on that account.

It seems that there are movements, some natural, others feverish, in these great bodies, just as in our own. When I consider the inroads that my river, the Dordogne, is making in my lifetime into the right bank in its descent, and that in twenty years it has gained so much ground and stolen away the foundations of several buildings, I clearly see that this is an extraordinary disturbance; for if it had always gone at this rate, or was to do so in the future, the face of the world would be turned topsy-turvy. But rivers are subject to changes: now they overflow in one direction, now in another, now they keep to their course. I do not speak of the sudden inundations whose causes are manifest. In Médoc, along the seashore, my brother, the Sieur d'Arsac, can see an estate of his buried under the sands that the sea vomits in front of it; the tops of some buildings are still visible; his rents and domains have changed into very thin pasturage. The inhabitants say that for some time the sea has been pushing toward them so hard that they have lost four leagues of land. These sands are its harbingers; and we see great dunes of moving sand that march half a league ahead of it and gain territory.

The other testimony of antiquity with which some would connect this discovery is in Aristotle, at least if that little book *Of Unheard-of Wonders* is by him. He there relates that certain Carthaginians, having set out upon the Atlantic Ocean from the Straits of Gibraltar, and sailed a long time, had at last discovered a great fertile island, all clothed in woods and watered by great deep rivers, far remote from any mainland; and that they, and others since, attracted by the goodness and fertility of the soil, went there with their wives and children, and began to settle there. The lords of Carthage, seeing that their country was gradually becoming depopulated, expressly forbade anyone to go there any more, on pain of death, and drove out these new inhabitants, fearing, it is said, that in course of time they might come to multiply so greatly as to supplant themselves and ruin their state. This story of Aristotle does not fit our new lands any better than the other.

This man I had was a simple crude fellow [1]—a character fit to bear true witness; for clever people observe more things and more curiously, but they interpret them; and to lend weight and conviction to their interpretation, they cannot help altering history a little. They never show you the things as they are, but bend and disguise them according to the way they have seen them; and to give credence to their judgment and attract you to it, they are prone to add something to their matter to stretch it out and amplify it. We need a man either very honest, or so simple that he has not the stuff to build up false inventions and give them plausibility; and wedded to no theory. Such was my man; and besides this, he has at various times brought sailors and merchants, whom he had known

[1] The traveler Montaigne spoke of at the beginning of the chapter.

on that trip, to see me. So I content myself with his information, without inquiring what the cosmographers say about it.

We ought to have topographers who would give us an exact account of the places where they have been. But because they have this advantage over us that they have seen Palestine, they want to enjoy the privilege of telling us news about all the rest of the world. I would like everyone to write what he knows, and as much as he knows, not only in this, but in all other subjects; for a man may have some special knowledge and experience of the nature of a river or a fountain, who in other matters knows only what everybody knows. However, to circulate this little scrap of knowledge, he will undertake to write down the whole of physics. From this vice spring many great abuses.

Now, to return to my subject, I think there is nothing barbarous and savage in this nation, from what I have been told, except that each man calls barbarism whatever is not his own practice; for indeed it seems we have no other test of truth and reason than the example and pattern of the opinions and customs of the country we live in. *There* is always the perfect religion, the perfect government, the perfect and accomplished usage in all things. Those people are wild, just as we call wild the fruits that Nature has produced by herself and in her normal course; whereas really it is those that we have changed artificially and led astray from the common order, that we should rather call wild. In the former the genuine, most useful and natural virtues and properties are alive and vigorous, which we have debased in the latter, and have only adapted to the pleasure of our corrupted taste. And yet for all that, the savor and delicacy of some uncultivated fruits of those countries is quite as excellent, even to our taste, as that of our own. It is not reasonable that art

should win the place of honor over our great and powerful mother Nature. We have so overloaded the beauty and richness of her works by our inventions that we have quite smothered her. Yet wherever she shines forth in her purity, she wonderfully puts to shame our vain and frivolous attempts:

> *Ivy comes readier without our care;*
> *In lonely caves the arbutus grows more fair;*
> *No art with artless bird-song can compare.*
>
> [Propertius]

All our efforts cannot even succeed in reproducing the nest of the tiniest little bird, its contexture, its beauty and convenience; nor even the web of the puny spider. All things, says Plato, are produced by nature, by chance, or by art; the greatest and most beautiful by one or the other of the first two, the least and most imperfect by the last.

These nations, then, seem to me barbarous in this sense, that they have been fashioned very little by the human mind, and are still very close to their original naturalness. The laws of nature still rule them, very little corrupted by ours; but they are in such a state of purity that I am sometimes vexed that knowledge of them did not come earlier, in the days when there were men able to judge them better than we. I am sorry that Lycurgus and Plato did not have this knowledge; for it seems to me that what we actually see in these nations surpasses not only all the pictures in which poets have embellished the golden age, and all their ingenuity in imagining a happy state of man, but also the conceptions and the very desire of philosophy. They could not imagine a naturalness so pure and simple as that which we see by experience; nor could they believe that our society can be maintained

with so little artifice and human solder. This is a nation, I should say to Plato, in which there is no sort of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no science of numbers, no name for a magistrate or for political superiority, no custom of servitude, no riches or poverty, no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupations but leisure ones, no care for any but common kinship, no clothes, no agriculture, no metal, no use of wine or corn. The very words that signify lying, treachery, dissimulation, avarice, envy, belittling, pardon, unheard of. How far from this perfection would he find the republic that he imagined: *Men fresh sprung from the gods.* [Seneca]

> *These manners nature first ordained.*
>
> [Virgil]

For the rest, they live in a country with a very pleasant and temperate climate, so that according to my witnesses you rarely see a sick man there; and they have assured me that they never saw one palsied, bleary-eyed, toothless, or bent with age. They are settled along the sea and shut in on the land side by great high mountains, with a stretch about a hundred leagues wide in between. They have a great abundance of fish and flesh which bear no resemblance to ours, and they eat them with no other artifice than cooking. The first man who rode a horse there, though he had had dealings with them on several other trips, so horrified them in this posture that they shot him dead with arrows before they could recognize him.

Their buildings are very long, with a capacity of two or three hundred souls, covered with the bark of great trees, the strips fastened to the ground at one end and supporting and leaning on one another at the top, in the manner of some

of our barns, whose covering hangs down to the ground and acts as a side. They have wood so hard that they cut with it and make of it their swords and grills to cook their food. Their beds are of a cotton weave, hung from the roof like those in our ships, each man having his own; for the wives sleep apart from their husbands.

They get up with the sun, and eat right after they get up, for the whole day, having no other meal than that one. They do not drink then, as Suidas tells us of some other Eastern peoples, who drank apart from meals; but they drink several times a day, and to capacity. Their drink is made of some root, and is of the color of our claret wines. They only drink it lukewarm. This beverage keeps only two or three days; it has a slightly sharp taste, is not at all heady, good for the stomach, and laxative for those who are not used to it; it is a very pleasant drink for anyone who is accustomed to it. In place of bread they use a certain white substance like preserved coriander. I have tried it; it tastes sweet and a little flat.

The whole day is spent in dancing. The younger men go to hunt animals with bows. Some of the women busy themselves meanwhile in warming their drink, which is their chief duty. Some one of the old men, in the morning before they begin to eat, preaches to the whole barnful in common, walking from one end to the other, and repeating one single sentence several times until he has completed the circuit (for the buildings are fully a hundred paces long). He recommends to them only two things: valor against the enemy and love for their wives. And they never fail to point out this obligation, as their refrain, that it is their wives who keep their drink warm and seasoned.

There may be seen in several places, including my own

house, the shape of their beds, of their ropes, of their wooden swords and the bracelets with which they cover their wrists in combats, and of the big canes, open at one end, by whose sound they keep time in their dances. They are close shaven all over, and shave themselves much more cleanly than we, with nothing but a wooden or stone razor. They believe that souls are immortal, and that those who have deserved well of the gods are lodged in that part of heaven where the sun rises, and the damned in the west.

They have some sort of priests and prophets, who very rarely appear before the people, having their home in the mountains. On their arrival there is a great feast and solemn assembly of several villages—each barn, as I have described it, makes up a village, and they are about one French league from each other. This prophet speaks to them in public, exhorting them to virtue and their duty; but their whole ethical science contains only these two articles: resoluteness in war and affection for their wives. This man prophesies to them things to come and the results they are to expect from their undertakings, and urges them to war or holds them back from it; but this is on the condition that when he fails to prophesy correctly, and if things turn out otherwise than he has predicted, he is cut into a thousand pieces if they catch him, and condemned as a false prophet. For this reason, the prophet who has once been mistaken is never seen again.

Divination is a gift of God; that is why it should be a punishable imposture to abuse it. Among the Scythians, when the soothsayers failed to hit the mark, they were laid, chained hand and foot, on carts full of heather and drawn by oxen, on which they were burned. Those who handle matters subject to the conduct of human capacity are excusable if they do the best they can. But these others, who come and trick

us with assurances of an extraordinary faculty that is beyond our ken, should they not be punished for not making good their promise, and for the temerity of their imposture?

They have their wars with the nations beyond the mountains, further inland, to which they go quite naked, with no other arms than bows or wooden swords pointed at one end, in the manner of the tongues of our boar spears. It is marvelous what firmness they show in their combats, which never end but in slaughter and bloodshed; for as for routs and terror, they do not know what that means.

Each man brings back as his trophy the head of the enemy he has killed, and sets it up at the entrance to his dwelling. After treating their prisoners well for a long time with all the hospitality they can think of, the captor of each one calls a great assembly of his acquaintances. He ties a rope to one of the prisoner's arms, by the end of which he holds him, a few steps away, for fear of being hurt, and gives his dearest friend the other arm to hold in the same way; and these two, in the presence of the whole assembly, dispatch him with their swords. This done, they roast him and eat him in common and send some pieces to their absent friends. This is not, as people think, for nourishment, as of old the Scythians used to do; it is to betoken an extreme revenge. And the proof of this is that having perceived that the Portuguese, who had joined forces with their adversaries, inflicted a different kind of death on them when they took them prisoner, which was to bury them up to the waist, shoot the rest of their bodies full of arrows, and afterwards hang them; they thought that these people from the other world, being men who had sown the knowledge of many vices among their neighbors and were much greater masters than themselves in every sort of wickedness, did not adopt this sort of vengeance without

some reason, and that it must be more painful than their own; so they began to give up their old method and follow this one.

I am not sorry that we notice the barbarous horror of such acts, but I am heartily sorry that, judging their faults rightly, we should be so blind to our own. I think there is more barbarity in eating a man alive than in eating him dead, in tearing by tortures and the rack a body still full of feeling, in roasting him bit by bit, having him bitten and mangled by dogs and swine (as we have not only read but seen within fresh memory, not among ancient enemies, but among neighbors and fellow citizens, and what is worse, on the pretext of piety and religion) than in roasting and eating him after he is dead.

Indeed, Chrysippus and Zeno, heads of the Stoic sect, thought that there was nothing wrong in using our carcasses for any purpose in case of need, and getting nourishment from them; just as our ancestors, being besieged by Caesar in the city of Alésia, resolved to relieve the famine of this siege with the bodies of the old men, women, and other people useless for fighting.

> *The Gascons once, 'tis said, their life renewed*
> *By eating of such food.*
>
> [Juvenal]

And physicians do not fear to use human flesh in all sorts of ways for our health, applying it either inwardly or outwardly. But there never was any opinion so diseased as to excuse treachery, disloyalty, tyranny, and cruelty, which are our common vices.

Then we may well call these people barbarians, in respect

to the rules of reason, but not in respect to ourselves, who surpass them in every kind of barbarity.

Their warfare is wholly noble and generous, and as excusable and beautiful as this human disease can be; its only basis among them is the jealousy of valor. They are not fighting for the conquest of new lands, for they still enjoy that natural abundance that provides them without toil and trouble with all necessary things in such profusion that they have no wish to enlarge their boundaries. They are still in that happy state of desiring only as much as their natural needs demand; anything beyond that is superfluous to them.

They generally call each other thus: those of the same age, brothers; those who are younger, children; and the old men are fathers to all the others. These leave to their heirs in common the full possession of their property, without division or any other title at all than just the one that Nature gives to her creatures in bringing them into the world.

If their neighbors cross the mountains to come and attack them, and win victory over them, the gain of the victor is glory, and the advantage of having proven the master in valor and virtue; for otherwise they have no use for the goods of the vanquished, and they return to their own country, where they have no lack of anything necessary, nor yet lack of that great thing, the knowledge of how to enjoy their condition happily and be content with it. These do the same in their turn. They demand of their prisoners no other ransom than their confession and acknowledgment of being vanquished. But there is not one in a whole century who does not choose to die rather than to relax a single bit, by word or look, from the grandeur of an invincible courage; you do not see one who does not choose to be killed and eaten rather than so much as ask not to be. They treat them

very freely, so that life may be all the dearer to them, and usually talk to them of the threats of their coming death, the torments they will have to suffer, the preparations that are being made for that purpose, the cutting up of their limbs, and the feast that will be made at their expense. All this is done for the sole purpose of extorting from their lips some weak or base word, or making them want to flee, so as to gain the advantage of having terrified them and broken down their firmness. For indeed, if you take it the right way, it is in this point alone that true victory lies:

It is no victory
Unless the vanquished foe admits your mastery.
[Claudian]

The Hungarians, very bellicose fighters, did not in olden times pursue their advantage beyond putting the enemy at their mercy. For having wrung this confession from him, they let him go unharmed, unransomed, except, at most, for making him give his word never again to take arms against them.

We win quite enough advantages over our enemies that are borrowed advantages, not really our own. It is the quality of a porter, not of valor, to have sturdier arms and legs; agility is a dead and corporal quality; it is a stroke of luck to make our enemy stumble, or dazzle his eyes by the light of the sun; it is a trick of art and science, which may be found in a worthless coward, to be an able fencer. The worth and value of a man is in his heart and his will; there lies his real honor. Valor is the strength, not of legs and arms, but of heart and soul; it does not consist in the worth of our horse, or our weapons, but in our own. He who falls obstinate in his courage, *if he has fallen, he fights on his knees.* [Seneca] He

who relaxes none of his assurance for any danger of imminent death; who, giving up his soul, still looks firmly and scornfully at his enemy, he is beaten not by us, but by fortune; he is killed, not conquered.

The most valiant are sometimes the most unfortunate. Thus there are triumphant defeats that rival victories. Nor did those four sister victories, the fairest that the sun ever beheld with his eyes—Salamis, Plataea, Mycale, and Sicily—ever dare match all their combined glory against the glory of the annihilation of King Leonidas and his men at the pass of Thermopylae.

Who ever hastened with more glorious and ambitious desire to win a battle than Captain Ischolas to lose one? Who ever secured his safety more ingeniously and painstakingly than he did his destruction? He was charged to defend a certain pass in the Peloponnesus against the Arcadians. In order to do so, finding himself quite powerless in view of the nature of the place and the inequality of the forces, and making up his mind that all who confronted the enemy would necessarily have to remain on the field; on the other hand, deeming it unworthy both of his own virtue and magnanimity and of the name of a Lacedaemonian to fail in his charge, he took a middle course between these two extremes, in this way. The youngest and fittest of his band he preserved for the defense and service of their country, and sent them home; and with those whose loss was less vital, he determined to hold this pass, and by their death to make the enemy buy their entry as dearly as he could. And so it turned out. For being presently surrounded on all sides by the Arcadians, after slaughtering a large number of them, he and his men were all put to the sword. Is there a trophy dedicated to victors that would not be more due to these vanquished? The role of true

victory is in fighting, not in coming off safely; and the honor of valor consists in combating, not in beating.

To return to our story. These prisoners are so far from giving in, in spite of all that is done to them, that on the contrary, during the two or three months that they are kept, they wear a gay expression; they urge their captors to hurry and put them to the test; they defy them, insult them, reproach them with their cowardice and the number of battles lost to their men.

I have a song composed by a prisoner which contains this challenge, that they should all come boldly and gather to dine off him, for they will be eating at the same time their own fathers and grandfathers, who have served to feed and nourish his body. "These muscles," he says, "this flesh and these veins are your own, poor fools that you are. You do not recognize that the substance of your ancestors' limbs is still contained in them? Savor them well; you will find in them the taste of your own flesh." An idea that certainly does not smack of barbarity. Those that paint these people dying, and who show the execution, portray the prisoner spitting in the face of his slayers and making faces at them. Indeed, to the last gasp they never stop braving and defying them by word and look. Truly here are real savages by our standards; for either they must be thoroughly so, or we must be; there is an amazing distance between their character and ours.

The men there have several wives, and the higher their reputation for valor, the more wives they have. It is a remarkably beautiful thing about their marriages that the same jealousy our wives have to keep us from the affection and favors of other women, theirs have to win this for them. Being more concerned for their husbands' honor than for any-

thing else, they strive and worry to have as many companions as they can, since that is a sign of their husband's valor.

Our wives will cry "Miracle!"; but it is not. It is a properly matrimonial virtue, but one of the highest order. And in the Bible, Leah, Rachel, Sarah, and Jacob's wives gave their beautiful handmaids to their husbands; and Livia seconded the appetites of Augustus, to her own disadvantage; and Stratonice, the wife of King Deiotarus, not only lent her husband for his use a very beautiful young chambermaid in her service, but carefully brought up her children, and backed them up to succeed to their father's estates.

And lest it be thought that all this is done through a simple and servile bondage to usage and through the pressure of the authority of their ancient customs, without reasoning or judgment, and because their minds are so stupid that they cannot take any other course, I must cite some examples of their capacity. Besides the warlike song I have just quoted, I have another, a love song, which begins in this vein: "Adder, stay; stay, adder, that from the pattern of your coloring my sister may draw the model and the workmanship of a rich girdle that I may give to my love; so may your beauty and your disposition be forever preferred to all other serpents." This first couplet is the refrain of the song. Now I am familiar enough with poetry to be a judge of this: that not only is there nothing barbarous in this fancy, but that it is altogether Anacreontic. Their language, moreover, is a soft language, with an agreeable sound, somewhat like Greek in its endings.

Three of these men, not knowing how much their repose and happiness will pay some day for the knowledge of the corruptions of this side of the ocean, and that of this intercourse will come their ruin, which I suppose is already well

advanced—poor wretches, to have let themselves be tricked by the desire for new things, and to have left the serenity of their own sky to come and see ours—were at Rouen, at the time when the late King Charles the Ninth [1] was there. The King talked to them for a long time; they were shown our ways, our pomp, the form of a fine city. After that someone asked their opinion, and wanted to know what they had found most amazing. They replied that there were three things, of which I have forgotten the third, and I am very sorry for it; but I still remember two of them. They said that in the first place they thought it very strange that so many grown men, bearded, strong, and armed, who were around the King (it is likely that they were talking about the Swiss of his guard) should submit to obey a child, and that one of them was not chosen to command instead; secondly (they have a way in their language of speaking of men as halves of one another), that they had noticed that there were among us men full and gorged with all sorts of good things, and that their other halves were beggars at their doors, emaciated with hunger and poverty; and they thought it strange that these needy halves could suffer such an injustice, and did not take the others by the throat, or set fire to their houses.

I had a long talk with one of them; but I had an interpreter who followed my meaning so badly, and who was so hindered by his stupidity in taking in my ideas, that I could get hardly any satisfaction from the man. When I asked him what profit he gained from his superior position among his people (for he was a captain, and our sailors called him king), he told me that it was to march foremost in war. How many men followed him? He pointed to a piece of ground,

[1] In 1562.

to signify as many as such a space could hold; it might have been four or five thousand men. Did all this authority expire with the war? He said that this much remained, that when he visited the villages dependent on him, they made paths for him through the underbrush by which he might pass quite comfortably.

All this is not too bad. But wait! They don't wear trousers.

Of Solitude[1]

Let us leave aside the tedious comparison between the solitary and the active life; and as for that fine statement under which ambition and avarice take cover, "That we are not born for our private selves, but for the public," let us boldly appeal to those who are in the midst of the dance; and let them cudgel their conscience and say whether, on the contrary, the titles, the offices, and the hustle and bustle of the world are not sought out to gain private profit from the public. The evil means men use in our day to push themselves show clearly that the end is not worth much. Let us reply to ambition that it is she herself that gives us a taste for solitude. For what does she shun so much as society? What does she seek so much as elbow-room? There is opportunity everywhere for doing good or evil. However, if Bias' statement is true, that the wicked are in the majority, or what Ecclesiastes says, that not one in a thousand is good—

The good are rare: if all their numbers you compile,
They'll scarcely match the gates of Thebes, the mouths of Nile, [Juvenal]

—contagion is very dangerous in the crowd. One must either

[1] Chapter 39.

The Noble Savage: Montaigne's *Of Cannibals* – ARTS Discussion Week 3

Please divide into groups and discuss the third and fourth paragraph of Montaigne's essay Of Cannibals (pp. 14-15 in your course reader, 77-78 original), considering some of the following questions:

- How does Montaigne distinguish between indigenous Brazilians and his own nationals the French? What generalizations does he make about each society?

- Can you draw up a list of adjectives used by Montaigne which contrast attributes of people unchanged by nature ('barbarians') with those of people who have changed things (Europeans)?

- What would such a comparison look like if applied to the two worlds in Avatar?

- Can you identify any stylistic techniques employed by Montaigne in this passage?
  a. Style includes such elements as Language, Syntax, Imagery and Structure. Look those terms up now.

- How is nature depicted as a force in this passage? Is Montaigne's view of nature positive or negative?

- Consider Montaigne's appeal to abstract concepts such as 'truth,' 'reason,' and 'art'. Does he view these concepts as superior or inferior to nature?

- What is the effect of Montaigne's appeal to Lycurgus and Plato?

- How do the indigenous Brazilians surpass 'the very desire of philosophy?'

- Consider Montaigne's comparison of the lives of the indigenous Brazilians to 'the pictures in which poets have idealized the golden age.' What does this reveal about the way Western minds idealize other cultures?

- What is Montaigne's goal in writing this text? Does he want to go to the New World and live in the same authentic, healthy, natural way as do the indigenous Brazilians (if transferred to Avatar, would he want to become a Na'vi)? Why/why not?

- Note down the answers of your team
- Be ready to share your team's findings with the class
- Everyone: Note down ideas from every presenter/speaker

Reading Log

Date:

The reading, the theory or the context: (you could put the reference list citation here)

The message (and where it fits in the big picture)

How would this work in practice?

What you like: (and why)

Your concerns:

Your questions:

Reading Log—deeper level reflections

I recognise the following worldviews in this reading.

Connection/s to other readings / lectures on this topic

As a result of this reflection I have changed my beliefs /attitudes in the following ways:

The beliefs / attitudes about this subject I have <u>kept</u> (because…)

My future practice is now influenced in the following ways:

Reading Log—essay notes

THE UNIVERSITY OF
WAIKATO
Te Whare Wānanga o Waikato

3

BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE

by

PETER FLEMING

THE REPRINT SOCIETY
LONDON

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CHAPTER XVI

ARAGUAYA

At noon the next day (the last but one of July) we started downstream from Leopoldina. We had four boats, some description of which is, I suppose, necessary. First of all, there was the new *batalõa*, which leaked like a sieve for many days and which carried Major Pingle and the bulk of the stores. A batalõa is a heavy, capacious clinker-built boat about thirty foot long. I should imagine that its design has not changed appreciably since the days of the earliest settlers. The two rowers, who may be increased to four, sit on thwarts in the bows, the spaces between the thwarts being filled with luggage. There is a sort of well amidships where bailing can, and must, be done. The passengers and the rest of the luggage fill the stern. The pilot stands to his helm on a tiny platform, being thus enabled to look down into the water in front of him and pick his way through the channel. The oars are primitive and unpractical, being long heavy poles with a round paddle, like an enlarged ping-pong racket, spliced on to the end. The rowlocks are simply forks, cut out of the jungle as you go along and lashed into their sockets. The oar itself is fastened to them with cord. The whole arrangement is elaborate and unreliable, imposing on the oarsmen a short but at the same time a slow stroke and requiring constant readjustment of one sort and another.

Our second batalõa was a very old one, and leaked even more than the first. A few days after we started we gave it in part exchange for a better one, which had a *tõldo*, a hooped awning of palm leaves, over the stern, and hence became known variously as Honeysuckle Cottage or the Covered Wagon. This was the best boat to travel in for comfort, the worst for shooting.

The other two boats belonged to smaller and faster types. One was a *montaría*, also clinker-built and actually I think a more finished and substantial bit of work than the true montaría of the Amazon. This was paddled by two men, one in the stern and one in the bows, and carried two passengers and all the cooking things. The other boat was an *ubá*, a long, narrow, black dug-out canoe, very unstable until you got used to it, but fast and a good boat to shoot from. The two passengers sat in the bottom of it on their blankets, and it was always paddled by Lorian from the stern.

We were three weeks on the Araguaya between Leopoldina and the mouth of the Tapirapé. For me it was inevitably a period of falling values; the climax came at the wrong end. One began with discovery, passed on to acceptance, and ended in criticism. But it was a pleasant, easy life; if one could have been sure that it was the prologue to something less pleasant and less easy one would have enjoyed it unreservedly. Uncertainty was again our trouble. It became increasingly difficult to foresee what would happen when we reached the Tapirapé — by how wide or how narrow a margin we should steer clear of fiasco, if we steered clear of it at all. There was still too much speculation in the air — too much guessing at questions which only Major Pingle could answer and which we could not ask him yet. Perhaps, after all, those three weeks were not so easy or so pleasant.

Not much in them stands out distinctly in the memory. I can best give you an idea of what our life was like by describing an average day.

The routine of travel was invariable. It was odd how grateful one was for that element of routine. It gave form and substance to those dateless days. It rounded up the bright desolate hours and placed on all of them a brand, however faint, which somehow guaranteed their worth. Little habits, little conventions, little regulations were erected like a palisade against the wilderness. Routine is the most portable form of

domesticity, and unconsciously but gladly we took refuge in it. We were nomads by numbers.

You woke a little before six. Dawn was near, and the stars went while you watched them. Against a lambent eastern sky the jungle looked black and leaping and alive. To the west it was still huddled and indeterminate. The air was cold, and dew was heavy on your blanket. When you sat up, the litter of camp on the pale sandbank showed up like charcoal scrawls on a white paper. The rack of guns and rifles, close beside you, had a very theatrical air. Two men were squatting beside the fire. A third stood over them, stretching himself and rubbing his knuckles in his eyes. Beyond them were the moored boats, riding lighter than they rode by day, and — partly because of that, and partly because of a little mist that writhed along the smooth dark water — looking larger than you had expected. Everything seemed a little improbable: as indeed it was. It was a moment for disbelief, a moment in which you felt lost. In the process of waking you had to transfer yourself, not from a dream to reality, but from a dream to a dream.

You got up, and put on a sweater, and went down to the river to wash. Other cocoons in the sand were breaking up. There were laughs, and curses, and prodigious yawns. 'Bons dias', said the men at the fire as you passed them. 'Senhor Pedro dormiu bem?' 'Muito bem,' you answered, feeling idiomatic and rather feudal. When you came back from washing they had coffee ready — better coffee than you ever get in England. You drank half a pint of it. Then you rolled up your bedding and put it in a bag and carried it down to the canoes.

After that, with half an hour to spare before breakfast, you took a gun into the jungle. For a quarter of a mile you plodded through the deep white sand, your feet making a silly squeaking noise as distinctive and invariable as the sound of skis through snow. It was always nightmare going on the praias. The most eager stride lost its elasticity in a hundred yards and became a dour, clumsy shuffle. Figures walking in that sand had the air

of men spent with exhaustion; their heads were bowed, their arms hung down before them, their feet slugged into the soft stuff glumly.

On the edge of the jungle the sand was thickly dappled with tracks, some of them fresh since the night before. The tracks always fascinated me. You looked first for the jaguars' — suave round cups in the sand, each very nearly straight behind the other, like a cat's tracks in the snow. Then there were the broad, three-toed indentations made by tapirs; their dung, exactly like a horse's, assorted oddly with so outlandish a spoor. The big deer, the *cerva*, had a bold, heavy slot like a red deer, and the little *veado* made delicate tracks like a roe. In the mud on the edge of a lagoon you saw where the small stabbing hooves of peccary had been, and the queer splayed feet of *capivara*, which is a rodent as big as a sheep, a kind of water guinea pig. It was the less important creatures who made the most curious tracks. A big frog marked its route with a design like an undecipherable coat of arms, stamped every six inches in the sand. The tracks of an iguana ran with unswerving symmetry on either side of a deep clean groove cut by its tail. Tortoises and turtles left a broad, purposeful wash in the sand; the marks of their feet were kept always equidistant by the structure of their shells, and this gave to the whole track the air of having been made by a machine.

You hung about the edge of the jungle for a few minutes, and shot one or two of the little pigeons which were coming out over the clubbed tree-tops to drink on the edge of the praia. You had meant to go further and get something more substantial for the pot. But somehow — what with your stomach being empty, and the morning so misty and meditative — you found that you had lost too much time gaping at those tracks and watching a fly-catcher liveried like Harlequin; and now you heard the note of a long home-made trumpet of tin, at once eerie and facetious, which meant that breakfast was ready. So you padded back to camp.

Rice and black beans (which we had now learnt to call feijao) were still our staple food. But there was usually one other pot on the fire, with fish in it, or some sort of game. You seized a spoon and ladled a mountain of food on to your plate, afterwards sprinkling it with a fistful of *farinha*. I had better explain about farinha, which is important stuff in Central Brazil. Farinha is made from the mandioca or cassava, a root of which the chief peculiarity is that, while its juice is a rapidly destructive poison, the flour is a nutritious though insipid food. After the juice has been extracted the mandioca is dried, ground, and baked. The result looks like a pale and rather knobbly form of sawdust, a substance to which it is not noticeably superior in flavour.

After breakfast everything was bundled into the canoes. Major Pingle issued ammunition rations from the store in the new batalõa. The rest of the expedition was split up into pairs, each pair travelling in rotation in the other three boats. It was your turn for the ubá, which meant that you would lead the convoy and get most of the shooting. You got in, with Roger, and settled down as comfortably as you could. By eight o'clock all the boats were under way. As the last one pushed off from the praia, the vultures (which will henceforth be referred to as *urubús*) swooped down in quest of your leavings. The urubús are licensed scavengers, never molested and hence quite fearless. They are black and noisome birds with scrawny necks, which fight silently with a hollow buffeting of wings over the scraps you leave. Looking back at the camp you had left, you saw that the sand, round the still smoking embers of your fire, was alive with this dark and rustling concourse; it was like a sabbath of witches shorn of its mystery.

The first hour of travel was the best in the day. The sun on your right hand was not yet high enough to strip the vast and empty river of the glamour, the almost overpowering glamour, which night had lent it. To the shadows under the eastern bank a thin mist still clung. The wind, the little wind which

blew in your faces from the north all through the middle of the day, had not yet risen, and the tall trees stood gravely inverted in the silken surface of the water. Over all the river there was an attentive silence. The sounds were few, clear, and quickly gone. The companionable chattering of a flight of parrots, the mew of a hawk, the noise of some animal evading swiftly through the brittle and betraying undergrowth — these defined themselves sharply and then died. Even the more continuous and orderly noises — the chuckle of the stream against a snag, the methodical tapping of a wood-pecker — dwindled and vanished very rapidly when you had passed their source. Everything seemed in a conspiracy to give the silence its full effect.

But the magic drained gradually out of the day, and you awoke from your thoughts to find that the river had become a hard and customary place. Under a blazing noon you noticed, not the intricacy, but the disorder of the jungle. It no longer challenged and intrigued; it merely enclosed. The wilderness had grown humdrum. Hour after hour you glided forward, running the gauntlet of those ranks of trees. But you no longer thought of them as vigilant, or secretive, or hostile. You no longer felt an intruder or an initiate. They were there, and you were there. That was all. And this was a day like another, without very much enchantment.

You always got a certain amount of shooting during the day. Lorian kept the canoe well in to the bank, and you had the little rifle — the .22 — and a shotgun ready. Sometimes a pair of *marecas* would sit, peering and undecided, at the water's edge until it was too late. They are a wild duck rather bigger than a mallard; the name is onomatopoeic. In plumage they are not unlike the canvas-back of North America; the first one I shot conjured up memories of a bitter January dawn and a little village in Maryland, a place whose retirement and simplicity contrasted strongly with the Epicurian exports (oysters and strawberries) which were its economic life-blood.

Then there were a lot of the birds called *jacú*, a kind of stringy, dowdy pheasant with subfusc plumage, which sat and vacillated in the trees and gave good sport with the rifle. Sometimes we got a *mutum*, a big black and white turkey with a speckled crest; and we often pursued, though never with success, the *inhuma*, a gigantic and mysterious fowl, bigger than a cock capercailzie but built on more or less the same lines. These would take refuge in the tops of distant trees and thence utter a strange, murmurous and rather asthmatic crooning. Whether they are good to eat I cannot say.

We shot, occasionally and from curiosity, the lovely spoonbills, which are pink and like flamingoes, and — still more occasionally — the *jaburús*. These, more successfully than any of the birds we saw, created something of that *Lost World* atmosphere for which we secretly yearned. They are white storks, with slim black legs, black heads and beaks, and dull scarlet throats; they stand nearly five feet high. They pace the praias gravely, with long, meditative strides: their heads are bowed, their shoulders hunched, their mien preoccupied. Theirs is the gait of the quadrangle or the terrace. They are the incarnation of a thoughtful dignity. In almost all their visual attributes they excel the scholars and legislators whom they suggest. Watching them, I used to wonder whether the experiment of having a stork for ruler need be condemned for a single failure in a fable. Would England fare any worse under a cabinet of jaburús? We should at least be represented at International Conferences by creatures to the manner born, and that philosophic elegance, that imponderable reserve, would not disgrace the lawns of Chequers. The idea merits consideration.

There were many other birds. The *araras*, the big long-tailed macaws, flew always in discordant parties of three. The blue and gold sort were the commonest, but there were also the so-called black araras, which are really a very dark blue, and which I thought the handsomest of the three varieties. (The third is scarlet, a beautifully garish bird. I never saw one wild,

though there were plenty in the huts of the Indians, who prize them greatly. There were several sorts of kingfisher, the biggest as big as a wood-pigeon, the smallest smaller than a sparrow: all were gay, brilliant, and effective-looking birds. There were hawks, and herons, and divers, and waders, and raffish crested woodpeckers, and gulls. The gulls included a tiny variety of tern, and a graceful, noisy black and white gull with a red bill. One day I saw one of these do a thing I had never seen before; it drank as it flew. It was skimming low, and not very fast, over the still water; its beak was open, and the lower tip just touched the water, scoring a thin unbroken furrow on its surface while the water ran up into the gull's throat.

Then there were the little birds; but of these I never knew the names, and in only a few cases can I remember their beauties in detail. The most curious were the humming birds, which seem rather mechanical than natural wonders as they hover furiously in front of your face, filling your ears with a tiny but pervasive roaring. Once, in midstream between banks three quarters of a mile apart, we met one of these frantic atomies crossing the river with that air of distracted and unfathomable purpose which takes a bumble bee across your bows in the middle of a Scottish loch.

Last of all there were the *ciganas*, the gypsies, which we called hiss-birds. These curious, unnecessary, and evil-smelling fowl grew steadily more plentiful the further north we got. Of the size of a pheasant, they belong to the same order as domestic poultry, but their toes have gradually become adapted to arboreal life; their plumage is reddish brown, and they carry enormous crests. We found them all along the river bank, perching clumsily in close-packed flocks of twenty or thirty on the low trees along the water's edge. Their flight is ungainly; but having — on account of their stench and consequent inedibility — nothing to fear from man or beast, they were not easily disturbed, and at our approach contented themselves with setting up (like the Fallen Angels in *Paradise Lost*) 'a

dismal universal hiss'. There was something extraordinarily sinister and oppressive about this sound, and about the birds themselves a kind of stale horror, the atmosphere as well as the odour of decay. We hated them.

I could write interminably of the birds, but you would not benefit by a catalogue to which the illustrations are in words, mostly ill-chosen. You have had already more than you can stand, and I know that there must be among you those who are disgusted by my slipshod ornithology. 'This fellow is no good to us', they mutter. 'He goes drooling on, page after page, telling us how this bird looks like something or other, and that bird reminds him of something else. In no single case does he tell us, in so many good honest Latin polysyllables, what the birds were. They might be unknown to science for all the reference he makes to their genus and their species. What is the use of worthy and learned men going out of their way to give a bird a name like *Macrocercus hyacinthinus, Lath.* if writers are going to refer to it as "the so-called black arara"? Really, this young man seems strangely ignorant (or damnably contemptuous) of scientific terminology.'

There suspicions are, alas, all too well founded: their protest only too easily justified. I am indeed ignorant (whether strangely or not I will not presume to say) of scientific terminology. When I saw an arara in the distance, '*Macrocercus Macao* or *Macrocercus hyacinthinus*' was not the question which arose automatically to my lips; nor used I to warn Roger of the approach of a spoonbill by hissing '*Platalea Ajaja*', which would, in point of fact, have been a fairly difficult thing to do. No: there are hardly any birds of which I know the Latin names; and, to be quite honest, this lacuna in my education causes me not only very little inconvenience but also hardly any shame. I am as a rule easily and deeply impressed by the mumbo jumbo of learning. But about ten years ago I discovered, quite by chance, that the scientific name for the

Harlequin Duck is *Histrionicus histrionicus histrionicus*; and ever since that day I have found it impossible, I don't know why, to treat ornithologists' Latin with the respect it deserves. If you want exactitude and scientific terminology, go to Bates, who gives you both in *A Naturalist on the River Amazon* and all the other things I am trying to supply as well. Go to Bates in any case. His is a really good book.

Before I leave the subject of etymology, I had better make a declaration of policy with regard to the use of foreign words: words like *urubú*, and *praia*, and *jacaré*.

From my youth up I have lost no opportunity of mocking what may be called the Nullah (or Ravine) School of Literature. Whenever an author thrusts his way through the *zareba*, or flings himself down behind the *boma*, or breasts the slope of a *kopje*, or scans the undulating surface of the *chapada*, he loses my confidence. When he says that he sat down to an appetizing dish of *tumbo*, or that what should he see at that moment but a magnificent *conka*, I feel that he is (*a*) taking advantage of me and (*b*) making a fool of himself. I resent being peppered with these outlandish italics. They make me feel uninitiated, and they make him seem pretentious. Sometimes he has the grace to explain what he is talking about: as in the sentence 'The *bajja* (or hut) was full of *ghoils* — young unmarried women — who, while cooking the *dô*, a kind of native cake, uttered low crooning cries of "*O Kwait*", which can be freely translated as "Welcome, Red-faced One. Life is very frequently disappointing, is it not?" ' But this does not improve matters much, for the best prose is not so cumbered with asides, and the poor man's muse moves stiffly in the uniform of an interpreter.

I have always regarded the larding of one's pages with foreign words as an affectation not less deplorable than the plastering of one's luggage with foreign labels. I swore that if ever I was misguided enough to write a book of travel my italics would be all my own; my saga would be void of *nullahs*. But I find now that this self-denial is not altogether possible. It appears,

after all, that the *zareba*-mongers had some excuse. Let me try, at any rate, to make out one for myself.

When I consider how to dispense with the foreign words which I have already used, and which I intend to go on using, I see that the difficulties of doing so are threefold. Each word, that is to say, is necessary on one of three grounds.

First of all, there are the words like *batalõa* and *rapadura* and *mutum*, which denote things unknown outside Brazil, and which it is therefore impossible to translate. I am so far relying on your memory as not to repeat the explanation of their meaning which accompanies their first appearance: also there is a short glossary at the end of the book. Secondly, there are the words of which a literal translation is for one reason or another inadequate. The word sandbank, for instance, gives you a very niggardly idea of what a *praia* is, and the word *plage*, which conveys an image nearer the truth, has unsuitable associations. Similarly, an *urubú* is a far more scurvy and less spectacular creature than the popular conception of a vulture. Thirdly, there are a few words which can be translated perfectly well, but which we, in conversation, never did translate: words like *jacaré* and *arara*. We never said 'There's an alligator', or 'There's a macaw', but — I suppose because of the presence of our men — always used the native words. So it is easier and more natural, when writing of these things, to give them the names under which they live in my memory.

That is my apology for having seceded to the Nullah (or Ravine) School of Literature and broken the rule that italics should be heard and not seen. I hope it is a sufficient one.

THE DISCOVERY OF GUIANA

By Sir Walter Raleigh. Project Gutenberg Free Book. [Accessed 26/01/201

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Sir Walter Raleigh may be taken as the great typical figure of the age of Elizabeth. Courtier and statesman, soldier and sailor, scientist and man of letters, he engaged in almost all the main lines of public activity in his time, and was distinguished in them all.

His father was a Devonshire gentleman of property, connected with many of the distinguished families of the south of England. Walter was born about 1552 and was educated at Oxford. He first saw military service in the Huguenot army in France in 1569, and in 1578 engaged, with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the first of his expeditions against the Spaniards. After some service in Ireland, he attracted the attention of the Queen, and rapidly rose to the perilous position of her chief favorite. With her approval, he fitted out two expeditions for the colonization of Virginia, neither of which did his royal mistress permit him to lead in person, and neither of which succeeded in establishing a permanent settlement.

After about six years of high favor, Raleigh found his position at court endangered by the rivalry of Essex, and in 1592, on returning from convoying a squadron he had fitted out against the

Spanish, he was thrown into the Tower by the orders of the Queen, who had discovered an intrigue between him and one of her ladies whom he subsequently married. He was ultimately released, engaged in various naval exploits, and in 1594 sailed for South America on the voyage described in the following narrative.

On the death of Elizabeth, Raleigh's misfortunes increased. He was accused of treason against James I, condemned, reprieved, and imprisoned for twelve years, during which he wrote his "History of the World," and engaged in scientific researches. In 1616 he was liberated, to make another attempt to find the gold mine in Venezuela; but the expedition was disastrous, and, on his return, Raleigh was executed on the old charge in 1618. In his vices as in his virtues, Raleigh is a thorough representative of the great adventurers who laid the foundations of the British Empire.

RALEIGH'S DISCOVERY OF GUIANA

The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful EMPIRE Of GUIANA; with a Relation of the great and golden CITY of MANOA, which the Spaniards call EL DORADO, and the PROVINCES of EMERIA, AROMAIA, AMAPAIA, and other Countries, with their rivers, adjoining. Performed in the year 1595 by Sir WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT, CAPTAIN of her Majesty's GUARD, Lord Warden of the STANNARIES, and her Highness' LIEUTENANT-GENERAL of the COUNTY of CORNWALL.

....

On Thursday, the sixth of February, in the year 1595, we departed England, and the Sunday following had sight of the north cape of Spain, the wind for the most part continuing prosperous; we passed in sight of the Burlings, and the Rock, and so onwards for the Canaries, and fell with Fuerteventura the 17. of the same month, where we spent two or three days, and relieved our companies with some fresh meat. From thence we coasted by the Grand Canaria, and so to Teneriffe, and stayed there for the Lion's Whelp, your Lordship's ship, and for Captain Amyas Preston and the rest. But when after seven or eight days we found them not, we departed and directed our course for Trinidad, with mine own ship, and a small barque of Captain Cross's only; for we had before lost sight of a small galego on the coast of Spain, which came with us from Plymouth. We arrived at Trinidad the 22. of March, casting anchor at Point Curiapan, which the Spaniards call Punta de Gallo, which is situate in eight degrees or thereabouts. We abode there four or five days, and in all that time we came not to the speech of any Indian or Spaniard. On the coast we saw a fire, as we sailed from the Point Carao towards Curiapan, but for fear of the Spaniards none durst come to speak with us. I myself coasted it in my barge close aboard the shore and landed in every cove, the better to know the island, while the ships kept the channel. From Curiapan after a few days we turned up north-east to recover that place which the Spaniards call Puerto de los Espanoles (now Port of Spain), and the inhabitants Conquerabia; and as before, revictualling my barge, I left the ships and kept by the shore, the better to come to speech with some of the inhabitants, and also to understand the rivers, watering-places, and ports of the island, which, as it is rudely done, my

purpose is to send your Lordship after a few days. From Curiapan I came to a port and seat of Indians called Parico, where we found a fresh water river, but saw no people. From thence I rowed to another port, called by the naturals Piche, and by the Spaniards Tierra de Brea. In the way between both were divers little brooks of fresh water, and one salt river that had store of oysters upon the branches of the trees, and were very salt and well tasted. All their oysters grow upon those boughs and sprays, and not on the ground; the like is commonly seen in other places of the West Indies, and elsewhere. This tree is described by Andrew Thevet, in his France Antarctique, and the form figured in the book as a plant very strange; and by Pliny in his twelfth book of his Natural History. But in this island, as also in Guiana, there are very many of them.

.....

The empire of Guiana is directly east from Peru towards the sea, and lieth under the equinoctial line; and it hath more abundance of gold than any part of Peru, and as many or more great cities than ever Peru had when it flourished most. It is governed by the same laws, and the emperor and people observe the same religion, and the same form and policies in government as were used in Peru, not differing in any part. And I have been assured by such of the Spaniards as have seen Manoa, the imperial city of Guiana, which the Spaniards call El Dorado, that for the greatness, for the riches, and for the excellent seat, it far exceedeth any of the world, at least of so much of the world as is known to the Spanish nation. It is founded upon a lake of salt water of 200 leagues long, like unto Mare Caspium. And if we compare it to that of Peru, and but read the report of Francisco Lopez and others, it will seem more than credible; and because we may judge of the one by the other, I thought good to insert part of the 120.

chapter of Lopez in his General History of the Indies, wherein he describeth the court and magnificence of Guayna Capac, ancestor to the emperor of Guiana, whose very words are these:

> All the vessels of his house, table, and kitchen, were of gold and silver, and the meanest of silver and copper for strength and hardness of metal. He had in his wardrobe hollow statues of gold which seemed giants, and the figures in proportion and bigness of all the beasts, birds, trees, and herbs, that the earth bringeth forth; and of all the fishes that the sea or waters of his kingdom breedeth. He had also ropes, budgets, chests, and troughs of gold and silver, heaps of billets of gold, that seemed wood marked out (split into logs) to burn. Finally, there was nothing in his country whereof he had not the counterfeit in gold. Yea, and they say, the Ingas had a garden of pleasure in an island near Puna, where they went to recreate themselves, when they would take the air of the sea, which had all kinds of garden-herbs, flowers, and trees of gold and silver; an invention and magnificence till then never seen. Besides all this, he had an infinite quantity of silver and gold unwrought in Cuzco, which was lost by the death of Guascar, for the Indians hid it, seeing that the Spaniards took it, and sent it into Spain.

[Raleigh and his men travel up the Orinoco]...

On both sides of this river we passed the most beautiful country that ever mine eyes beheld; and whereas all that we had seen before was nothing but woods, prickles, bushes, and thorns, here we beheld plains

of twenty miles in length, the grass short and green, and in divers parts groves of trees by themselves, as if they had been by all the art and labour in the world so made of purpose; and still as we rowed, the deer came down feeding by the water's side as if they had been used to a keeper's call. Upon this river there were great store of fowl, and of many sorts; we saw in it divers sorts of strange fishes, and of marvellous bigness; but for lagartos (alligators and caymans) it exceeded, for there were thousands of those ugly serpents; and the people call it, for the abundance of them, the River of Lagartos, in their language. I had a negro, a very proper young fellow, who leaping out of the galley to swim in the mouth of this river, was in all our sights taken and devoured with one of those lagartos. In the meanwhile our companies in the galley thought we had been all lost, for we promised to return before night; and sent the Lion's Whelp's ship's boat with Captain Whiddon to follow us up the river. But the next day, after we had rowed up and down some fourscore miles, we returned, and went on our way up the great river;...

... When we were come to the tops
of the first hills of the plains adjoining to the river, we beheld that wonderful breach of waters which ran down Caroli; and might from that mountain see the river how it ran in three parts, above twenty miles off, and there appeared some ten or twelve overfalls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church tower, which fell with that fury, that the rebound of water made it seem as if it had been all covered over with a great shower of rain; and in some places we took it at the first for a smoke that had risen over some great town. For mine own part I was well persuaded from thence to have returned, being a very ill footman; but the rest were all so desirous to go near

the said strange thunder of waters, as they drew me on by little and little, till we came into the next valley, where we might better discern the same. I never saw a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects; hills so raised here and there over the valleys; the river winding into divers branches; the plains adjoining without bush or stubble, all fair green grass; the ground of hard sand, easy to march on, either for horse or foot; the deer crossing in every path; the birds towards the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes; cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation, perching in the river's side; the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind; and every stone that we stooped to take up promised either gold or silver by his complexion. Your Lordship shall see of many sorts, and I hope some of them cannot be bettered under the sun; and yet we had no means but with our daggers and fingers to tear them out here and there, the rocks being most hard of that mineral spar aforesaid, which is like a flint, and is altogether as hard or harder, and besides the veins lie a fathom or two deep in the rocks. But we wanted all things requisite save only our desires and good will to have performed more if it had pleased God. To be short, when both our companies returned, each of them brought also several sorts of stones that appeared very fair, but were such as they found loose on the ground, and were for the most part but coloured, and had not any gold fixed in them. Yet such as had no judgment or experience kept all that glistered, and would not be persuaded but it was rich because of the lustre; and brought of those, and of marcasite withal, from Trinidad, and have delivered of those stones to be tried in many places, and have thereby bred an opinion that all the rest is of the same. Yet some of these stones I shewed afterward to a Spaniard of the Caracas, who told me that it was El Madre del Oro, that is, the mother of gold, and that the mine was farther in the ground.....

... To conclude, Guiana is a country that hath yet her maidenhead, never sacked, turned, nor wrought; the face of the earth hath not been torn, nor the virtue and salt of the soil spent by manurance. The graves have not been opened for gold, the mines not broken with sledges, nor their images pulled down out of their temples. It hath never been entered by any army of strength, and never conquered or possessed by any Christian prince. It is besides so defensible, that if two forts be builded in one of the provinces which I have seen, the flood setteth in so near the bank, where the channel also lieth, that no ship can pass up but within a pike's length of the artillery, first of the one, and afterwards of the other. Which two forts will be a sufficient guard both to the empire of Inga, and to an hundred other several kingdoms, lying within the said river, even to the city of Quito in Peru.

THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON LIBRARY 2

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THE ELIZABETHANS' AMERICA

A Collection of Early Reports by Englishmen on the New World

edited by
LOUIS B. WRIGHT

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Michael Drayton's Ode, 'To the Virginian Voyage' (1606)

This poem, first printed in 1606, has been reprinted many times. It was inspired by the Virginia Company's projected expedition that resulted in the settlement of Jamestown.

You brave heroic minds
Worthy your country's name,
  That honour still pursue,
  Go and subdue,
Whilst loit'ring hinds[1]
Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long;
Quickly aboard bestow you,
  And with a merry gale
  Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
  Rocks, lee shores, nor shoals,
  When Aeolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
  To get the pearl and gold
  And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only Paradise,

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
  And the fruitful'st soil
  Without your toil
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
  The cedar reaching high
  To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whose the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
  No other cares that tend,
  But them to defend
From winter's age,
That long there doth not live.

Whenas the luscious smell
Of that delicious land
  Above the seas that flows,
  The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand,

In kenning of the shore,
Thanks to God first given,
  O you, the happi'st men,
  Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth
  As those from whom we came,
  And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
  Apollo's sacred tree,
  You it may see
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend,
Industrious Hakluÿt,
  Whose reading shall enflame
  Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after times thy wit.

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Another Version of the Castaways on Bermuda (1610)

Shakespeare may have obtained further details and atmosphere for *The Tempest* from another vivid account of the wreck of the *Sea Venture* on an island in the Bermudas in 1609. The following account is taken from Silvester Jourdain, *A Discovery of the Bermudas, Otherwise Called the Isle of Devils* (1610). Reprinted by Wright in *A Voyage to Virginia in 1609*.

BEING in [a] ship called the *Sea Venture*, with Sir Thomas Gates our Governor, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, three most worthy, honoured gentlemen (whose valour and fortitude the world must needs take notice of, and that in most honourable designs) bound for Virginia, in the height of 30 degrees of northerly latitude or thereabouts we were taken with a most sharp and cruel storm upon the five-and-twentieth day of July, anno 1609, which did not only separate us from the residue of our fleet (which were eight in number), but with the violent working of the seas our ship became so shaken, torn, and leaked that she received so much water as covered two tier of hogsheads above the ballast; that our men stood up to the middles with buckets, barricos, and kettles to bail out the water and continually pumped for three days and three nights together without any intermission; and yet the water seemed rather to increase than to diminish. Insomuch that all our men, being utterly spent, tired, and disabled for longer labour, were even resolved, without any hope of their lives, to shut up the hatches and to have committed themselves to the mercy of the sea (which is said to be merciless), or rather to the mercy of their mighty God and redeemer (whose mercies exceed all His works), seeing no help nor hope in the apprehension of man's reason that any mother's child could escape that inevitable danger, which every man had proposed and digested to himself, of present sinking. So that some of them, having some good and comfortable waters in the ship, fetched them and drunk one to the other, taking their last leave one of the other until their more joyful and happy meeting in a more blessed world; when it pleased God out of His most gracious and merciful

providence so to direct and guide our ship (being left to the mercy of the sea) for her most advantage, that Sir George Somers (sitting upon the poop of the ship, where he sate three days and three nights together, without meal's meat and [with] little or no sleep), conning[1] the ship to keep her as upright as he could (for otherwise she must needs instantly have foundered), most wishedly-happily descried land. Whereupon he most comfortably encouraged the company to follow their pumping and by no means to cease bailing out of the water with their buckets, barricos, and kettles; whereby they were so overwearied, and their spirits so spent with long fasting and continuance of their labour, that for the most part they were fallen asleep in corners and wheresoever they chanced first to sit or lie; but, hearing news of land, wherewith they grew to be somewhat revived, being carried with will and desire beyond their strength, every man bustled up and gathered his strength and feeble spirits together, to perform as much as their weak force would permit him; through which weak means it pleased God to work so strongly as the water was stayed for that little time (which, as we all much feared, was the last period of our breathing) and the ship kept from present sinking, when it pleased God to send her within half an English mile of that land that Sir George Somers had not long before descried, which were the islands of the Bermudas.

And there neither did our ship sink but, more fortunately in so great a misfortune, fell in between two rocks, where she was fast lodged and locked for further budging; whereby we gained not only sufficient time, with the present help of our boat and skiff, safely to set and convey our men ashore (which were 150 in number) but afterwards had time and leisure to save some good part of our goods and provision, which the water had not spoiled, with all the tackling of the ship and much of the iron about her, which were necessaries not a little available[2] for the building and furnishing of a new ship and pinnace, which we made there for the transporting and carrying of us to Virginia. But our delivery was not more strange, in falling so opportunely and happily upon the land, as our feeding and preservation was beyond our hopes and all men's expectations most admirable.[3]

For the islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any Christian or heathen people but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the Devil himself; and no man was

ever heard to make for the place but as, against their wills, they have by storms and dangerousness of the rocks, lying seven leagues unto the sea, suffered shipwreck. Yet did we find there the air so temperate and the country so abundantly fruitful of all fit necessaries for the sustentation and preservation of man's life that, most in a manner of all our provisions of bread, beer, and victual being quite spoiled in lying long drowned in salt water, notwithstanding we were there for the space of nine months (few days over or under) not only well received, comforted, and with good satiety contented, but out of the abundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity and proportion of provision to carry us for Virginia and to maintain ourselves and that company we found there, to the great relief of them, as it fell out, in their so great extremities and, in respect of the shortness of time, until it pleased God that by My Lord's coming thither their store was better supplied. And greater and better provisions we might have made if we had had better means for the storing and transportation thereof. Wherefore my opinion sincerely of this island is that whereas it hath been and is still accounted the most dangerous, infortunate, and most forlorn place of the world, it is in truth the richest, healthfullest, and pleasing land (the quantity and bigness thereof considered) and merely natural, as ever man set foot upon. The particular profits and benefits whereof shall be more especially inserted and hereunto annexed, which every man to his own private knowledge, that was there, can avouch and justify for a truth.

Upon the eight-and-twentieth day of July 1609 (after the extremity of the storm was something qualified) we fell upon the shore at the Bermudas; where after our general, Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport had by their provident carefulness landed all their men and so much of the goods and provisions out of the ship as was not utterly spoiled, every man disposed and applied himself to search for and to seek out such relief and sustentation as the country afforded. And Sir George Somers, a man inured to extremities (and knowing what thereunto belonged) was in this service neither idle nor backward but presently by his careful industry went and found out sufficient of many kind of fishes, and so plentiful thereof that in half an hour he took so many great fishes with hooks as did suffice the whole company one day. And fish is there so abundant that if a man step into the water they will come round about him; so that men were fain to get out for fear of biting. These fishes are very fat and sweet and of that proportion and bigness that three of them will conveniently lade two

men: those we called rock fish. Besides there are such abundance of mullets that with a seine might be taken at one draught one thousand at the least; and infinite store of pilchards; with divers kinds of great fishes, the names of them unknown to me; of crayfishes very great ones and so great store as that there hath been taken in one night with making lights even sufficient to feed the whole company a day. The country affordeth great abundance of hogs, as that there hath been taken by Sir George Somers, who was the first hunted for them, to the number of two-and-thirty at one time, which he brought to the company in a boat built by his own hands.

There is fowl in great num[ber] upon the islands where they breed, that there hath been taken in two or three hours a thousand at the least: the bird being of the bigness of a good pigeon and layeth eggs as big as hen eggs upon the sand, where they come and lay them daily although men sit down amongst them, that there hath been taken up in one morning by Sir Thomas Gates's men one thousand of eggs; and Sir George Somers's men, coming a little distance of time after them, have stayed there whilst they came and laid their eggs amongst them, that they brought away as many more with them, and many young birds very fat and sweet.

Another sea-fowl there is that lieth in little holes in the ground, like unto a cony-hole, and are in great numbers, exceeding good meat, very fat and sweet (those we had in the winter) and their eggs are white and of that bigness that they are not to be known from hen eggs. The other bird's eggs are speckled and of a different colour. There are also great store and plenty of herons, and those so familiar and tame that we beat them down from the trees with stones and staves—but such were young herons—besides many white herons without so much as a black or grey feather on them; with other small birds so tame and gentle that, a man walking in the woods with a stick and whistling to them, they will come and gaze on you, so near that you may strike and kill many of them with your stick; and with singing and holloing you may do the like.

There are also great store of tortoises (which some call turtles) and those so great that I have seen a bushel of eggs in one of their bellies, which are sweeter than any hen egg; and the tortoise itself is all very good meat and yieldeth great store of oil, which is as sweet as any butter; and one of them will suffice fifty men a meal, at the least; and of these hath been taken great store, with two boats, at the least forty in one day.

The country yieldeth divers fruits, as prickled pears, great abundance, which continue green upon the trees all the year; also great plenty of mulberries, white and red, and on the same are great store of silkworms, which yield cods of silk, both white and yellow, being some coarse and some fine.

And there is a tree called a palmetto tree, which hath a very sweet berry upon which the hogs do most feed; but our men, finding the sweetness of them, did willingly share with the hogs for them, they being very pleasant and wholesome, which made them careless almost of any bread with their meat; which occasioned us to carry in a manner all that store of flour and meal we did or could save for Virginia. The head of the palmetto tree is very good meat, either raw or sodden; it yieldeth a head which weigheth about twenty pound and is far better meat than any cabbage.

There are an infinite number of cedar trees (the fairest, I think, in the world) and those bring forth a very sweet berry and wholesome to eat.

The country (forasmuch as I could find myself or hear by others) affords no venomous creature, or so much as a rat or mouse or any other thing unwholesome.

There is great store of pearl, and some of them very fair, round, and oriental, and you shall find at least one hundred seed of pearl in one oyster. There hath been likewise found some good quantity of ambergris, and that of the best sort. There are also great plenty of whales, which I conceive are very easy to be killed, for they come so usually and ordinarily to the shore that we heard them oftentimes in the night abed, and have seen many of them near the shore in the day-time.

There was born upon the Bermudas, at the time of our being there, two children, the one a man-child, there baptized by the name of Bermudas, and a woman-child, baptized by the name of Bermuda;[4] as also there was a marriage between two English people upon the island. This island, I mean the main island, with all the broken islands adjacent, are made in the form of a half moon, but a little more rounder, and divided into many broken islands, and there are many good harbours in it; but we could find [only] one especial place to go in, or rather to go out from it, which was not altogether free from some danger, and that lieth on the south-east side, where there is three fathoms water at the entrance thereof, but within six, seven, or eight fathoms at the least, where you may safely be landlocked from the danger of all winds and weathers, and more to the trees. The coming into it is so narrow

and strait between the rocks as that it will with small store of munition be fortified and easily defended with all advantage the place affords against the forces of the potentest king of Europe.

There are also plenty of hawks and very good tobacco, as I think, which through forgetfulness I had almost omitted.

Now, having finished and rigged our ship and pinnace, the one called the *Deliverance*, the pinnace the *Patience*, we prepared and made ourselves ready to ship for Virginia, having powdered[5] some store of hogs' flesh for provision thither and the company thereof for some reasonable time; but were compelled to make salt there for the same purpose, for all our salt was spent and spoiled before we recovered the shore. We carried with us also a good portion of tortoise oil, which either for frying or baking did us very great pleasure, it being very sweet, nourishing, and wholesome.

The greatest defects we found there was tar and pitch for our ship and pinnace, instead whereof we were forced to make lime there of a hard kind of stone and use it, which for the present occasion and necessity, with some wax we found cast up by the sea from some shipwreck, served the turn to pay[6] the seams of the pinnace Sir George Somers built, for which he had neither pitch nor tar.

So that God, in the supplying of all our wants beyond all measure, showed Himself still merciful unto us, that we might accomplish our intended voyage to Virginia, for which I confidently hope He doth yet reserve a blessing in store, and to the which I presume every honest and religious heart will readily give their Amen.

When all things were made ready and commodiously fitted, the wind coming fair, we set sail and put off from the Bermudas the tenth day of May in the year 1610, and arrived at Jamestown in Virginia the four-and-twentieth day of the same month, where we found some threescore persons living. And being then some three weeks or thereabouts past, and not hearing of any supply, it was thought fitting by a general consent to use the best means for the preservation of all those people that were living, being all in number two hundred persons. And so, upon the eighth of June 1610, we embarked at Jamestown, not having above fourteen days' victual, and so were determined to direct our course for Newfoundland, there to refresh us and supply ourselves with victual to bring us home.

But it pleased God to dispose otherwise of us and to give us better means. For being all of us shipped in four pinnaces and departed from the town, almost down half the river, we met My Lord De La Warr

coming by with three ships well furnished with victual, which revived all the company and gave them great content. And after some few days My Lord, understanding of the great plenty of hogs and fish was at the Bermudas and the necessity of them in Virginia, was desirous to send thither to supply himself with those things for the better comforting of his men and the plantation of the country.

Whereupon Sir George Somers, being a man best acquainted with the place, and being willing to do service unto his prince and country without any respect of his own private gain, and being of threescore years of age at the least, out of his worthy and valiant mind offered himself to undertake to perform with God's help that dangerous voyage for the Bermudas, for the better relief and comfort of the people in Virginia and for the better plantation of it; which offer My Lord De La Warr very willingly and thankfully accepted. And so upon the nineteenth of June Sir George Somers embarked himself at Jamestown in a small barge of thirty ton or thereabout that he built at the Bermudas, wherein he laboured from morning until night, as duly as any workman doth labour for wages, and built her all with cedar, with little or no ironwork at all, having in her but one bolt, which was in the kelson.[7] Notwithstanding, thanks be to God, she brought us in safety to Virginia, and so I trust He will protect him and send him well back again, to his heart's desire and the great comfort of all the company there.[8]

The Bermudas lieth in the height of 32½ degrees of northerly latitude, Virginia bearing directly from it, west-northwest, 230 leagues.

Reading Log

Date:

The reading, the theory or the context: (you could put the reference list citation here)

The message (and where it fits in the big picture)

How would this work in practice?

What you like: (and why)

Your concerns:

Your questions:

Reading Log—deeper level reflections

I recognise the following worldviews in this reading.

Connection/s to other readings / lectures on this topic

As a result of this reflection I have changed my beliefs /attitudes in the following ways:

The beliefs / attitudes about this subject I have <u>kept</u> (because...)

My future practice is now influenced in the following ways:

http://www.aljazeera.com/news/2017/11/chinua-achebe-google-honours-today-171116065724595.html

Chinua Achebe: Why Google honours him today

17/11/2017 Al Jazeera News Agency

Widely considered as Africa's greatest storyteller, Chinua Achebe would have been 87 on Thursday.

In his honour, Google is changing its logo to a doodle, or illustration, portraying him. This is his story:

African novelist

- **Nigeria's storytelling tradition**. Born in Ogidi in 1930 to an Igbo family, Chinua was the studious son of an evangelical priest. He grew up listening to stories narrated in his community.
- In love with the library, Chinua completed English studies at the University of Ibadan in four years instead of the standard five.
- In 1961, he worked for the Nigerian Broadcasting Corporation and married Christie Okoli. They had four children together.
- **European interpretation of African culture.** To give African children better quality books, he co-founded in 1967 Citadel Press with renowned writer Christopher Okigbo to publish children's books.
- A voracious reader, Achebe was disappointed by non-African authors' ignorance about the continent and its people.
- **Biafran independence**. When the region of Biafra broke away in 1967, Achebe became a strong Biafran supporter. He later dabbled in political activism.
- On the desperate conditions suffered by Biafran refugees, Achebe wrote the following rhymes in "Refugee Mother and Child":

Of unwashed children with washed-out ribs
And dried-up bottoms waddling in labored steps,
Behind blown-empty bellies. Other mothers there
Had long ceased to care, but not this one

- Frustrated by corruption in Nigeria, Chinua emigrated to the United States in 1969 as a university lecturer. He returned to Nigeria in 1976 and worked as a professor of English.

- **Car accident.** In 1990 Achebe was in a crash in Nigeria that left him paralysed and in a wheelchair. In the same year, he moved to the US and taught at Bard College for 15 years.

- In 2009, Achebe joined Brown University as a professor of African Studies.

- Chinua died in Boston on March 21, 2013, at the age of 82.

"I thought that Christianity was very a good and a very valuable thing for us. But after a while, I began to feel that the story that I was told about this religion wasn't perhaps completely whole, that something was left out. " Chinua Achebe

Things Fall Apart

- **Clash of civilisations**. As a Nigerian novelist, Achebe portrayed the social disorientation that resulted from Western colonisation of Africa.
- In 1958, he published his first and most widely read novel, Things Fall Apart. The novel portrays the clash of cultures that took place when Christian missionaries and Western colonials encountered traditional African societies in the 19th century.
- The novel follows the life of Okonkwo, an Ibo leader and local wrestling champion. He is exiled and upon his return, finds his community has submitted to the influence of Western colonisers. Realising how much his life and his village have worsened, he hangs himself.
- "The world has no end, and what is good among one people is an abomination with others," writes Achebe.
- **100 best English novels.** In 2005, Time magazine listed Things Fall Apart in its list of the 100 Best English-language Novels from 1923 to 2005.
- Things Fall Apart is still one of the most read books in modern African literature. The novel sold over 12 million copies and was translated into more than 50 languages.
- The book was followed by a sequel, No Longer at Ease, originally written as the second part of a larger work along with Arrow of God.

"A child cannot pay for its mother's milk" Chinua Achebe, in his book Things Fall Apart

Recognition

- **30 honorary degrees.** Acknowledged as the father of modern African literature, Chinua was awarded 30 honorary degrees from universities around the world.
- Achebe also won many literary awards, from the inaugural Nigerian National Merit Award in 1979 to the Man Booker International Prize for Fiction in 2007.
- He won The Dorothy and Lillian Gish Prize in 2010. The annual prize is given to "a man or woman who has made an outstanding contribution to the beauty of the world and to mankind's enjoyment and understanding of life".
- **Praised by Mandela.** South Africa's anti-apartheid revolutionary leader Nelson Mandela called him a writer "in whose company the prison walls fell down".
- The current president of South Africa Jacob Zuma has described him as a "colossus of African writing".
- Literary critics have compared Achebe's eminence worldwide to Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Toni Morrison and a handful of other writers.

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Travel Writing 1700–1830

An Anthology

Edited by
ELIZABETH A. BOHLS *and* IAN DUNCAN

With an Introduction by
ELIZABETH A. BOHLS

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the devotion of the new world to modern regimes of spiritual and penal discipline.

1. PRIVATEERS, 1680–1744

WILLIAM DAMPIER, *A New Voyage Round the World* (1697–1703)

William Dampier (1652–1715) joined a crew of privateers in the Spanish Main and crossed the Isthmus of Darien to the Pacific, a wider field for plunder, in 1679. In his series of travel memoirs we read the gestation of a modern scientific sensibility within the older buccaneer tradition. After a botched raid on Guayaquil, on the Ecuadorean coast, Dampier sighs over 'Golden Dreams' of an era of private empire-building that is receding into the past. Dampier recorded detailed observations of the natural productions of the shores he visited, very much in the spirit of the typical institution of the new age, the Royal Society. While not the first European to make landfall on Australia, he gave the first account of it in English. Swift (as Jonathan Lamb has suggested) drew upon Dampier's resonantly negative evocation of New Holland for his account of Houyhnhnm-land and its degraded human inhabitants, the Yahoos.

[1684: the privateers' attempt on Guayaquil]

It was to this town of Guayaquil that we were bound, therefore we left our ships off Cape Blanco, and ran into the Bay of Guayaquil with our barque and canoes, steering in for the island Santa Clara, where we arrived the next day after we left our ships, and from thence we sent away two canoes the next evening to Point Arena. At this Point there are abundance of oysters, and other shellfish, as cockles and mussels; therefore the Indians of Puna often come hither to get these fish. Our canoes got over before day, and absconded in a creek, to wait for the coming of the Puna Indians. The next morning some of them, according to their custom, came thither on barque-logs, at the latter part of the ebb, and were all taken by our men. The next day, by their advice, the two watchmen of the Indian town Puna were taken by our men, and all its inhabitants, not one escaping. The next ebb they took a small barque laden with Quito-cloth. She came from Guayaquil that tide, and was bound to Lima, they having advice that we were gone off the coast, by the barque which I said we saw while we lay at the island Lobos. The master of this cloth-barque informed our men that there were 3 barques coming from Guayaquil, laden with Negroes: he said they would come from thence the next tide. The same tide of ebb that they took the cloth-barque, they sent a canoe to our barque, where the biggest part of the men were, to hasten them away with speed to the Indian town. The barque was now riding at Point Arena; and the next flood she came with all the men, and the rest of the canoes to Puna. The tide of flood being now far spent, we lay at this town till the last of the ebb, and then rowed away, leaving 5 men aboard our barque, who were ordered to lie still till 8 a clock the next morning, and not to fire at any boat or barque, but after that time they might fire at any object: for it was supposed that before that time we should be masters of Guayaquil. We had not rowed above 2 mile before we met and took one of the three barques laden with Negroes; the master of her said that the other two would come from Guayaquil the next tide of ebb. We cut her main-mast down, and left her at an anchor. It was now strong flood, and therefore we rowed with all speed towards the town, in hopes to get thither before the flood was down, but we found it farther than we did expect it to be, or else our canoes, being very full of men, did not row so fast as we would have them. The day broke when we were two leagues from the town, and then we had not above an hour's flood more; therefore our captains desired the Indian pilot to direct us to some creek where we might abscond all day, which was immediately done, and one canoe was sent toward Puna to our barque, to order them not to move nor fire till the next day. But she came too late to countermand the first orders; for the two barques before-mentioned, laden with Negroes, came from the town the last quarter of the evening tide, and lay in the river, close by the shore on one side, and we rowed upon the other side and missed them; neither did they see nor hear us. As soon as the flood was spent, the two barques weighed and went down with the ebb, towards Puna. Our barque, seeing them coming directly towards them, and both full of men, supposed that we by some accident had been destroyed, and that the two barques were manned with Spanish soldiers, and sent to take our ships, and therefore they fired 3 guns at them a league before they came near. The two Spanish barques immediately came to an anchor, and the masters got into their boats, and rowed for the shore; but our canoe that was sent from us took them both. The firing of these 3 guns

made a great disorder among our advanced men, for most of them did believe they were heard at Guayaquil, and that therefore it could be no profit to lie still in the creek; but either row away to the town, or back again to our ships. It was now quarter ebb, therefore we could not move upwards, if we had been disposed so to do. At length Captain Davis said he would immediately land in the creek where they lay, and march directly to the town, if but 40 men would accompany him: and without saying more words, he landed among the mangroves in the marshes. Those that were so minded followed him, to the number of 40 or 50. Captain Swan lay still with the rest of the party in the creek, for they thought it impossible to do any good that way. Captain Davis and his men were absent about 4 hours, and then returned all wet, and quite tired, and could not find any passage out into the firm land. He had been so far that he almost despaired of getting back again: for a man cannot pass through those red mangroves but with very much labour. When Captain Davis was returned, we concluded to be going towards the town the beginning of the next flood; and if we found that the town was alarmed, we purposed to return again without attempting anything there. As soon as it was flood we rowed away, and passed by the island through the N.E. channel, which is the narrowest. There are so many stumps in the river, that it is very dangerous passing in the night (and that is the time we always take for such attempts) for the river runs very swift, and one of our canoes stuck on a stump, and had certainly overset, if she had not been immediately rescued by others. When we were come almost to the end of the island, there was a musket fired at us out of the bushes on the main. We then had the town open before us, and presently saw lighted torches, or candles, all the town over; whereas before the gun was fired there was but one light: therefore we now concluded we were discovered. Yet many of our men said, that it was a Holy-day the next day, as it was indeed, and that therefore the Spaniards were making fireworks, which they often do in the night against such times. We rowed therefore a little farther, and found firm land, and Captain Davis pitched his canoe ashore and landed with his men. Captain Swan, and most of his men, did not think it convenient to attempt anything, seeing the town was alarmed; but at last, being upbraided with cowardice, Captain Swan and his men landed also. The place where we landed was about 2 miles from the town: it was all overgrown with woods so thick that

we could not march through in the night; and therefore we sat down, waiting for the light of the day. We had two Indian pilots with us; one that had been with us a month, who having received some abuses from a gentleman of Guayaquil, to be revenged offered his service to us, and we found him very faithful. The other was taken by us not above 2 or 3 days before, and he seemed to be as willing as the other to assist us. This latter was led by one of Captain Davis's men, who showed himself very forward to go to the town, and upbraided others with faint-heartedness. Yet this man (as he afterwards confessed) notwithstanding his courage, privately cut the string that the guide was made fast with, and let him go to the town by himself, not caring to follow him; but when he thought the guide was got far enough from us, he cried out that the pilot was gone, and that somebody had cut the cord that tied him. This put every man in a moving posture to seek the Indian, but all in vain; and our consternation was great, being in the dark and among woods; so the design was wholly dashed, for not a man after that had the heart to speak of going farther. Here we stayed till day, and then rowed out into the middle of the river, where we had a fair view of the town; which, as I said before, makes a very pleasant prospect. We lay still about half an hour, being a mile, or something better, from the town. They did not fire one gun at us, nor we at them. Thus our design on Guayaquil failed: yet Captain Townley and Captain François Gronet took it a little while after this. When we had taken a full view of the town, we rowed over the river, where we went ashore to a beef estancion or farm, and killed a cow, which we dressed and ate. We stayed there till the evening tide of ebb, and then rowed down the river, and the 9th day in the morning arrived at Puna. In our way thither we went aboard the 3 barques laden with Negroes that lay at their anchor in the river, and carried the barques away with us. There were 1,000 Negroes in the 3 barques, all lusty young men and women. When we came to Puna, we sent a canoe to Point Arena, to see if the ships were come thither. The 12th day she returned again, with tidings that they were both there at anchor. Therefore in the afternoon we all went aboard of our ships, and carried the cloth-barque with us, and about 40 of the stoutest Negro men, leaving their 3 barques with the rest; and out of these also Captain Davis and Captain Swan chose about 14 or 15 apiece, and turned the rest ashore.

There was never a greater opportunity put into the hands of men

to enrich themselves than we had, to have gone with these Negroes, and settled ourselves at Santa Maria, on the Isthmus of Darien, and employed them in getting gold out of the mines there. Which might have been done with ease: for about 6 months before this, Captain Harris (who was now with us) coming over land from the North Seas, with his body of privateers, had routed the Spaniards away from the town and gold-mines of Santa Maria, so that they had never attempted to settle there again since. Add to this, that the Indian neighbourhood, who were mortal enemies to the Spaniards, and had been flushed by their successes against them, through the assistance of the privateers, for several years, were our fast friends, and ready to receive and assist us. We had, as I have said 1,000 Negroes to work for us, we had 200 tons of flour that lay at the Galapagos, there was the river of Santa Maria, where we could careen and fit our ships; and might fortify the mouth, so that if all the strength the Spaniards have in Peru had come against us, we could have kept them out. If they lay with guard-ships of strength to keep us in, yet we had a great country to live in, and a great nation of Indians that were our friends. Beside, which was the principal thing, we had the North Seas to befriend us; from whence we could export ourselves, or effects, or import goods or men to our assistance; for in a short time we should have had assistance from all parts of the West Indies; many thousands of privateers from Jamaica and the French islands especially would have flocked over to us; and long before this time we might have been masters not only of those mines (the richest gold-mines ever yet found in America) but of all the coast as high as Quito. And much more than I say might then probably have been done.

But these may seem to the reader but golden dreams. To leave them therefore: the 13th day we sailed from Point Arena towards Plata, to seek our barque that was sent to the island Lobos, in search of Captain Eaton.

[1688: natives of New Holland]

New Holland is a very large tract of land. It is not yet determined whether it is an island or a main continent; but I am certain that it joins neither to Asia, Africa, nor America. This part of it that we saw is all low even land, with sandy banks against the sea; only the points are rocky, and so are some of the islands in this bay.

The land is of a dry sandy soil, destitute of water, except you make

wells; yet producing divers sorts of trees; but the woods are not thick, nor the trees very big. Most of the trees that we saw are dragon-trees, as we supposed; and these too are the largest trees of any there. They are about the bigness of our large apple-trees, and about the same height: and the rind is blackish, and somewhat rough. The leaves are of a dark colour; the gum distils out of the knots or cracks that are in the bodies of the trees. We compared it with some gum dragon, or dragon's blood, that was aboard, and it was of the same colour and taste. The other sorts of trees were not known by any of us. There was pretty long grass growing under the trees; but it was very thin. We saw no trees that bore fruit or berries.

We saw no sort of animal, nor any track of beast, but once; and that seemed to be the tread of a beast as big as a great mastiff dog. Here are a few small landbirds, but none bigger than a blackbird; and but few seafowls. Neither is the sea very plentifully stored with fish, unless you reckon the manatee and turtle as such. Of these creatures there is plenty; but they are extraordinary shy; though the inhabitants cannot trouble them much, having neither boats nor iron.

The inhabitants of this country are the miserablest people in the world. The Hodmadods of Monomatapa,* though a nasty people, yet for wealth are gentlemen to these; who have no houses and skin garments, sheep, poultry, and fruits of the earth, ostrich eggs, etc. as the Hodmadods have: and setting aside their human shape, they differ but little from brutes. They are tall, straight-bodied, and thin, with small, long limbs. They have great heads, round foreheads, and great brows. Their eyelids are always half closed, to keep the flies out of their eyes, they being so troublesome here, that no fanning will keep them from coming to one's face; and without the assistance of both hands to keep them off, they will creep into one's nostrils, and mouth too, if the lips are not shut very close: so that from their infancy being thus annoyed with these insects, they do never open their eyes as other people: and therefore they cannot see far, unless they hold up their heads, as if they were looking at somewhat over them.

They have great bottle noses, pretty full lips, and wide mouths. The two fore-teeth of their upper jaw are wanting in all of them, men and women, old and young; whether they draw them out, I know not; neither have they any beards. They are long visaged, and

of a very unpleasing aspect, having no one graceful feature in their faces. Their hair is black, short and curled, like that of the Negroes; and not long and lank like the common Indians. The colour of their skins, both of their faces and the rest of their body, is coal black, like that of the Negroes of Guinea.

They have no sort of clothes, but a piece of the rind of a tree tied like a girdle about their waists, and a handful of long grass, or 3 or 4 small green boughs full of leaves, thrust under their girdle, to cover their nakedness.

They have no houses, but lie in the open air, without any covering, the earth being their bed, and the heaven their canopy. Whether they cohabit one man to one woman, or promiscuously, I know not: but they do live in companies, 20 or 30 men, women, and children together. Their only food is a small sort of fish, which they get by making weirs of stone across little coves or branches of the sea; every tide bringing in the small fish, and there leaving them for a prey to these people who constantly attend there to search for them at low water. This small fry I take to be the top of their fishery. They have no instruments to catch great fish, should they come; and such seldom stay to be left behind at low water; nor could we catch any fish with our hooks and lines all the while we lay there. In other places at low water they seek for cockles, mussels, and periwinkles. Of these shellfish there are fewer still: so that their chiefest dependence is upon what the sea leaves in their weirs; which, be it much or little they gather up, and march to the places of their abode. There the old people that are not able to stir abroad by reason of their age, and the tender infants, wait their return; and what Providence has bestowed on them, they presently broil on the coals, and eat it in common. Sometimes they get as many fish as makes them a plentiful banquet; and at other times they scarce get everyone a taste. But be it little or much that they get, everyone has his part, as well the young and tender, the old and feeble, who are not able to go abroad, as the strong and lusty. When they have eaten they lie down till the next low water, and then all that are able march out, be it night or day, rain or shine, 'tis all one; they must attend the weirs, or else they must fast, for the earth affords them no food at all. There is neither herb root, pulse nor any sort of grain for them to eat, that we saw; nor any sort of bird or beast that they can catch, having no instrument wherewithal to do so.

I did not perceive that they did worship anything. These poor creatures have a sort of weapon to defend their weir, or fight with their enemies, if they have any that will interfere with their poor fishery. They did at first endeavour with their weapons to frighten us, who lying ashore deterred them from one of their fishing-places. Some of them had wooden swords, others had a sort of lances. The sword is a piece of wood shaped somewhat like a cutlass. The lance is a long straight pole sharp at one end, and hardened afterwards by heat. I saw no iron, nor any other sort of metal; therefore it is probable they use stone-hatchets, as some Indians in America do.

How they get their fire I know not; but probably, as Indians do, out of wood. I have seen the Indians of Bon-Airy* do it, and have my self tried the experiment: They take a flat piece of wood that is pretty soft, and make a small dent in one side of it, then they take another hard round stick, about the bigness of one's little finger, and sharpening it at one end like a pencil, they put that sharp end in the hole or dent of the flat soft piece, and then rubbing or twirling the hard piece between the palms of their hands, they drill the soft piece till it smokes, and at last takes fire.

These people speak somewhat through the throat; but we could not understand one word that they said. We anchored, as I said before, January the 5th, and seeing men walking on the shore, we presently sent a canoe to get some acquaintance with them: for we were in hopes to get some provision among them. But the inhabitants, seeing our boat coming, ran away and hid themselves. We searched afterwards 3 days in hopes to find their houses; but found none: yet we saw many places where they had made fires. At last, being out of hopes to find their habitations, we searched no farther; but left a great many toys ashore, in such places where we thought that they would come. In all our search we found no water but old wells on the sandy bays.

WOODES ROGERS, *A Cruising Voyage Round the World* (1712)

Dampier sailed on the ship that marooned Scottish sailor Alexander Selkirk (1676–1721) on Juan Fernandez, off the southern coast of Chile, in 1704. He was back again, as pilot, when the privateer captain Woodes Rogers (1679–1732) rescued Selkirk four years later.

[2 February 1709: the rescue of Alexander Selkirk]

We sent our yall* ashore about noon, with Captain Dover, Mr Frye, and six men, all armed; meanwhile we and the *Dutchess* kept turning to get in, and such heavy flaws* came off the land that we were forced to let fly our topsail-sheet, keeping all hands to stand by our sails, for fear of the wind's carrying 'em away: but when the flaws were gone, we had little or no wind. These flaws proceeded from the land, which is very high in the middle of the island. Our boat did not return, so we sent our pinnace, with the men armed, to see what was the occasion of the yall's stay; for we were afraid that the Spaniards had a garrison there, and might have seized 'em. We put out a signal for our boat, and the *Dutchess* showed a French Ensign. Immediately our pinnace returned from the shore, and brought abundance of craw-fish, with a man clothed in goat-skins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them. He had been on the island four years and four months, being left there by Captain Stradling in the Cinque-Ports; his name was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch man who had been Master of the *Cinque-Ports*, a ship that came here last with Captain Dampier, who told me that this was the best man in her; so I immediately agreed with him to be a mate on board our ship. 'Twas he that made the fire last night when he saw our ships, which he judged to be English. During his stay here, he saw several ships pass by, but only two came in to anchor. As he went to view them, he found 'em to be Spaniards, and retired from 'em; upon which they shot at him. Had they been French, he would have submitted; but chose to risk his dying alone on the island, rather than fall into the hands of the Spaniards in these parts, because he apprehended they would murder him, or make a slave of him in the mines, for he feared they would spare no stranger that might be capable of discovering the South-Sea. The Spaniards had landed, before he knew what they were, and they came so near him that he had much ado to escape: for they not only shot at him but pursued him into the woods, where he climbed to the top of a tree, at the foot of which they made water, and killed several goats just by, but went off again without discovering him. He told us that he was born at Largo in the county of Fife in Scotland, and was bred a sailor from his youth. The reason of his being left here was a difference betwixt him and his Captain; which, together with the ship's being leaky, made him willing rather to stay

here, than go along with him at first; and when he was at last willing, the Captain would not receive him. He had been in the island before to wood and water, when two of the ship's company were left upon it for six months till the ship returned, being chased thence by two French South-Sea ships.

He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, some practical pieces, and his mathematical instruments and books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could; but for the first eight months had much ado to bear up against melancholy, and the terror of being left alone in such a desolate place. He built two huts with pimento trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun as he wanted, so long as his powder lasted, which was but a pound; and that being near spent, he got fire by rubbing two sticks of pimento wood together upon his knee. In the lesser hut, at some distance from the other, he dressed his victuals, and in the larger he slept, and employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying; so that he said he was a better Christian while in this solitude than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again. At first he never ate anything till hunger constrained him, partly for grief and partly for want of bread and salt; nor did he go to bed till he could watch no longer: the pimento wood, which burnt very clear, served him both for firing and candle, and refreshed him with its fragrant smell.

He might have had fish enough, but could not eat 'em for want of salt, because they occasioned a looseness; except crawfish, which are there as large as our lobsters, and very good. These he sometimes boiled, and at other times broiled, as he did his goat's flesh, of which he made very good broth, for they are not so rank as ours; he kept an account of 500 that he killed while there, and caught as many more, which he marked on the ear and let go. When his powder failed, he took them by speed of foot; for his way of living and continual exercise of walking and running cleared him of all gross humours, so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods and up the rocks and hills, as we perceived when we employed him to catch goats for us. We had a bulldog, which we sent with several of our nimblest runners, to help him in catching goats; but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, catched the goats, and brought

'em to us on his back. He told us that his agility in pursuing a goat had once like to have cost him his life; he pursued it with so much eagerness that he catched hold of it on the brink of a precipice, of which he was not aware, the bushes having hid it from him; so that he fell with the goat down the said precipice a great height, and was so stunned and bruised with the fall that he narrowly escaped with his life, and when he came to his senses, found the goat dead under him. He lay there about 24 hours, and was scarce able to crawl to his hut, which was about a mile distant, or to stir abroad again in ten days.

He came at last to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread, and in the season had plenty of good turnips, which had been sowed there by Captain Dampier's men, and have now overspread some acres of ground. He had enough of good cabbage from the cabbage-trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the pimento trees, which is the same as the Jamaica pepper, and smells deliciously. He found there also a black pepper called *Malagita*, which was very good to expel wind, and against griping of the guts.

He soon wore out all his shoes and clothes by running through the woods; and at last being forced to shift without them, his feet became so hard that he ran everywhere without annoyance: and it was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him; for not being used to any so long, his feet swelled when he came first to wear 'em again.

After he had conquered his melancholy, he diverted himself sometimes by cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left and continuance there. He was at first much pestered with cats and rats, that had bred in great numbers from some of each species which had got ashore from ships that put in there to wood and water. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes while asleep, which obliged him to cherish the cats with his goat's-flesh; by which many of them became so tame that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats. He likewise tamed some kids, and to divert himself would now and then sing and dance with them and his cats: so that by the care of Providence and vigour of his youth, being now but about 30 years old, he came at last to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude, and to be very easy. When his clothes wore out, he made himself a coat and cap of goat-skins, which he stitched together with little thongs of the same, that he cut with his

knife. He had no other needle but a nail; and when his knife was wore to the back, he made others as well as he could of some iron hoops that were left ashore, which he beat thin and ground upon stones. Having some linen cloth by him, he sewed himself shirts with a nail, and stitched 'em with the worsted of his old stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when we found him in the island.

At his first coming on board us, he had so much forgot his language for want of use, that we could scarce understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram, but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water since his being there, and 'twas some time before he could relish our victuals.

[Rogers narrates other cases of marooned seamen.]

But whatever there is in these stories, this of Mr Selkirk I know to be true; and his behaviour afterwards gives me reason to believe the account he gave me how he spent his time, and bore up under such an affliction, in which nothing but the Divine Providence could have supported any man. By this one may see that solitude and retirement from the world is not such an unsufferable state of life as most men imagine, especially when people are fairly called or thrown into it unavoidably, as this man was; who in all probability must otherwise have perished in the seas, the ship which left him being cast away not long after, and few of the company escaped. We may perceive by this story the truth of the maxim that necessity is the mother of invention, since he found means to supply his wants in a very natural manner, so as to maintain his life, though not so conveniently, yet as effectually as we are able to do with the help of all our arts and society. It may likewise instruct us, how much a plain and temperate way of living conduces to the health of the body and the vigour of the mind, both which we are apt to destroy by excess and plenty, especially of strong liquor, and the variety as well as the nature of our meat and drink: for this man, when he came to our ordinary method of diet and life, though he was sober enough, lost much of his strength and agility. But I must quit these reflections, which are more proper for a philosopher and divine than a mariner, and return to my own subject.

under the shade of a bush, where we hoped the mosquitoes would not trouble us. Our beds of plantain leaves spread on the sand, as soft as a mattress, our cloaks for bed-clothes, and grass pillows, but above all the entire absence of mosquitoes, made me and, I believe, all of us sleep almost without intermission. Had the Indians come they would certainly have caught us all napping; but that was the last thing we thought of.

14th. Our second lieutenant had the good fortune to kill the animal that had so long been the subject of our speculations. To compare it to any European animal would be impossible, as it has not the least resemblance to any one I have seen. Its fore-legs are extremely short, and of no use to it in walking; its hind again as disproportionally long; with these it hops seven or eight feet at a time, in the same manner as the jerboa, to which animal indeed it bears much resemblance, except in size, this being in weight 38 lbs., and the jerboa no larger than a common rat.

15th. The beast which was killed yesterday was today dressed for our dinner, and proved excellent meat.

GEORGE FORSTER, *A Voyage Round the World, in His Britannic Majesty's Sloop, Resolution, commanded by Capt. James Cook, during the years 1772, 3, 4, and 5* (1777)

Cook returned, as commander of the *Resolution*, on a second quest for the mysterious southern continent (1772–5). After twice venturing into the Antarctic Circle he concluded that no such land-mass was to be found, unless it consisted of ice. George Forster (1754–94), the son and gifted assistant of Banks's successor as ship's naturalist, Johann Reinhold Forster (1729–98), published his own account of the expedition. The return to New Zealand brought eyewitness proof of cannibalism among the Maori. (Later, after the ships became separated, the crew of a ship's boat from the *Adventure* was killed and eaten.) Through his aversion Forster strives to understand the cultural logic of a practice about which he had been inclined to be sceptical. Observing the prostitution of native women for iron and cloth, he reflects on the moral corruption brought by European contact. Forster goes further: the common sailors, ignorant, hardened, and licentious, are the true savages.

[29 May 1773: New Zealand]

About thirty natives surrounded us in several canoes the next morning, and brought a few of their tools and weapons to sell, for which they received great quantities of our goods in exchange, owing to the eagerness with which our crews outbid each other. There were a number of women among them, whose lips were of a blackish blue colour, by punctuation; and their cheeks were painted of a lively red, with a mixture of ruddle* and oil. Like those at Dusky Bay, they commonly had slender and bandy legs, with large knees; defects which evidently are deducible from the little exercise they use, and their mode of sitting cross-legged and cramped up almost perpetually in canoes. Their colour was of a clear brown, between the olive and mahogany hues, their hair jetty black, the faces round, the nose and lips rather thick but not flat, their black eyes sometimes lively and not without expression; the whole upper part of their figure was not disproportionate, and their assemblage of features not absolutely forbidding. Our crews, who had not conversed with women since our departure from the Cape, found these ladies very agreeable and from the manner in which their advances were received, it appeared very plainly that chastity was not rigorously observed here, and that the sex were far from being impregnable. However their favours did not depend upon their own inclination, but the men, as absolute masters, were always to be consulted upon the occasion; if a spike-nail, or a shirt, or a similar present had been given for their connivance, the lady was at liberty to make her lover happy, and to exact, if possible, the tribute of another present for herself. Some among them, however, submitted with reluctance to this vile prostitution; and, but for the authority and menaces of the men, would not have complied with the desires of a set of people who could, with unconcern, behold their tears and hear their complaints. Whether the members of a civilized society, who could act such a brutal part, or the barbarians who could force their own women to submit to such indignity, deserve the greatest abhorrence, is a question not easily to be decided. Encouraged by the lucrative nature of this infamous commerce, the New Zealanders went through the whole vessel, offering their daughters and sisters promiscuously to every person's embraces, in exchange for our iron tools, which they knew could not be purchased at an easier rate. It does not appear that their married women were ever suffered to have this kind of intercourse with our people. Their ideas of female

chastity are, in this respect, so different from ours, that a girl may favour a number of lovers without any detriment to her character; but if she marries, conjugal fidelity is exacted from her with the greatest rigour. It may therefore be alleged that, as the New Zealanders place no value on the continence of their unmarried women, the arrival of Europeans among them, did not injure their moral characters in this respect; but we doubt whether they ever debased themselves so much as to make a trade of their women before we created new wants by showing them iron tools, for the possession of which they do not hesitate to commit an action that, in our eyes, deprives them of the very shadow of sensibility.

It is unhappy enough that the unavoidable consequence of all our voyages of discovery has always been the loss of a number of innocent lives; but this heavy injury done to the little uncivilized communities which Europeans have visited is trifling when compared to the irretrievable harm entailed upon them by corrupting their morals. If these evils were in some measure compensated by the introduction of some real benefit in these countries, or by the abolition of some other immoral customs among their inhabitants, we might at least comfort ourselves that what they lost on one hand, they gained on the other; but I fear that hitherto our intercourse has been wholly disadvantageous to the nations of the South Seas; and that those communities have been the least injured who have always kept aloof from us, and whose jealous disposition did not suffer our sailors to become too familiar among them, as if they had perceived in their countenances that levity of disposition, and that spirit of debauchery, with which they are generally reproached.

[23 November 1773: New Zealand]

At their return they were witnesses of an instance of the ferocity of manners of this savage nation. A boy about six or seven years old demanded a piece of broiled penguin, which his mother held in her hands. As she did not immediately comply with his demand, he took up a large stone and threw it at her. The woman, incensed at this action, ran to punish him, but she had scarcely given him a single blow, when her husband came forward, beat her unmercifully, and dashed her against the ground, for attempting to correct her unnatural child. Our people, who were employed in filling water, told my father they had frequently seen similar instances of cruelty

among them, and particularly, that the boys had actually struck their unhappy mother, whilst the father looked on lest she should attempt to retaliate. Among all savage nations the weaker sex is ill-treated, and the law of the strongest is put in force. Their women are mere drudges, who prepare raiment and provide dwellings, who cook and frequently collect their food, and are requited by blows and all kinds of severity. At New Zealand it seems they carry this tyranny to excess, and the males are taught from their earliest age to hold their mothers in contempt, contrary to all our principles of morality. I leave this barbarity without a comment, in order to relate the remaining occurrences of this day, which was pregnant in discoveries relative to the New Zealanders. The captain, with Mr Wales,* and my father, went to Motu-Aro in the afternoon, where they looked after the plantations, collected greens for the ships, etc. In the mean while some of the lieutenants went to the Indian Cove, with a view to trade with the natives. The first objects which struck them were the entrails of a human corpse lying on a heap a few steps from the water. They were hardly recovered from their first surprise, when the natives showed them several limbs of the body, and expressed by words and gestures that they had eaten the rest. The head, without the lower jaw-bone, was one of the parts which remained, and from which it plainly appeared that the deceased was a youth about fifteen or sixteen years old. The skull was fractured near one of the temples, as it seemed by the stroke of a pattoo-pattoo.* This gave our officers an opportunity of enquiring how they came in possession of the body. The natives answered that they had fought with their enemies, and had killed several of them, without being able to bring away any of the dead besides this youth. At the same time they acknowledged that they had lost some of their friends, and pointed to several women who were seated apart, weeping and cutting their foreheads with sharp stones, in commemoration of the dead. Our former conjectures were now amply verified, our apprehensions that we were the innocent causes of this disaster increased, and the existence of anthropophagi confirmed by another strong proof. Mr Pickersgill* proposed to purchase the head, in order to preserve it till his return to England, where it might serve as a memorial of this voyage. He offered a nail, and immediately obtained the head for this price,* after which he returned on board with his company, and placed it on the taffarel.* We were all occupied in examining it, when some New

Zealanders came on board from the watering-place. At sight of the head they expressed an ardent desire of possessing it, signifying by the most intelligible gestures that it was delicious to the taste. Mr Pickersgill refused to part with it, but agreed to cut off a small piece from the cheek, with which they seemed to be well satisfied. He cut off the part he had promised, and offered it to them, but they would not eat it raw, and made signs to have it dressed. Therefore, in presence of all the ship's company, it was broiled over the fire; after which they devoured it before our eyes with the greatest avidity. The captain arriving the moment after with his company, the New Zealanders repeated the experiment once more in his presence. It operated very strangely and differently on the beholders. Some there were who, in spite of the abhorrence which our education inspires against the eating of human flesh, did not seem greatly disinclined to feast with them, and valued themselves on the brilliancy of their wit, while they compared their battle to a hunting-match. On the contrary, others were so unreasonably incensed against the perpetrators of this action that they declared they could be well pleased to shoot them all; they were ready to become the most detestable butchers, in order to punish the imaginary crime of a people whom they had no right to condemn. A few others suffered the same effects as from a dose of ipecacuanha.* The rest lamented this action as a brutal depravation of human nature, agreeably to the principles which they had imbibed. But the sensibility of Mahine,* the young native of the Society Islands, shone out with superior lustre among us. Born and bred in a country where the inhabitants have already emerged from the darkness of barbarism, and are united by the bonds of society, this scene filled his mind with horror. He turned his eyes from the unnatural object, and retired into the cabin, to give vent to the emotions of his heart. There we found him bathed in tears; his looks were a mixture of compassion and grief, and as soon as he saw us, he expressed his concern for the unhappy parents of the victim. This turn which his reflections had taken gave us infinite pleasure; it spoke a humane heart, filled with the warmest sentiments of social affection, and habituated to sympathize with its fellow-creatures. He was so deeply affected that it was several hours before he could compose himself, and ever after, when he spoke on this subject, it was not without emotion. Philosophers, who have only contemplated mankind in their closets, have strenuously maintained that all the

assertions of authors, ancient and modern, of the existence of men-eaters are not to be credited; and there have not been wanting persons amongst ourselves who were sceptical enough to refuse belief to the concurrent testimonies in the history of almost all nations in this particular. But Captain Cook had already, in his former voyage, received strong proof that the practice of eating human flesh existed in New Zealand; and as now we have with our own eyes seen the inhabitants devouring human flesh, all controversy on that point must be at an end.

[25 December 1773: Christmas at sea]

On the 25th, the weather was clear and fair, but the wind died away to a perfect calm, upwards of ninety large ice-islands being in sight at noon. This being Christmas-day, the captain, according to custom, invited the officers and mates to dinner, and one of the lieutenants entertained the petty-officers. The sailors feasted on a double portion of pudding, regaling themselves with the brandy of their allowance, which they had saved for this occasion some months before-hand, being solicitous to get very drunk, though they are commonly solicitous about nothing else. The sight of an immense number of icy masses, amongst which we drifted at the mercy of the current, every moment in danger of being dashed to pieces against them, could not deter the sailors from indulging in their favourite amusement. As long as they had brandy left, they would persist to keep Christmas 'like Christians', though the elements had conspired together for their destruction. Their long acquaintance with a seafaring life had inured them to all kinds of perils, and their heavy labour, with the inclemencies of weather, and other hardships, making their muscles rigid and their nerves obtuse, had communicated insensibility to the mind. It will easily be conceived that as they do not feel for themselves sufficiently to provide for their own safety, they must be incapable of feeling for others. Subjected to a very strict command, they also exercise a tyrannical sway over those whom fortune places in their power. Accustomed to face an enemy, they breathe nothing but war. By force of habit even killing is become so much their passion that we have seen many instances during our voyage where they have expressed a horrid eagerness to fire upon the natives on the slightest pretences. Their way of life in general prevents their enjoying domestic comforts; and gross animal appetites fill the place of purer affections.

At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart.

THOMPSON*

Though they are members of a civilized society, they may in some measure be looked upon as a body of uncivilized men, rough, passionate, revengeful, but likewise brave, sincere, and true to each other.

JAMES COOK, *The Voyage of the Resolution and Adventure, 1772–1775*, ed. J. C. Beaglehole (Cambridge, 1961)

When otherwise friendly natives deter the explorers from penetrating inland to survey an active volcano, Cook reflects on his historical role as an invader of their country.

[14 August 1774: Tanna, New Hebrides]

Happening to turn out of the common path we came into a plantation where there was a man at work; he either out of good nature or to get us the sooner out of his territories, undertook to be our guide. We had not gone with him far before we met another fellow standing at the junction of two roads with a sling and a stone in his hand, both of which he thought proper to lay aside when a musket was pointed at him. The attitude we found him in and the ferocity which appeared in his looks and his behaviour after led us to think he meant to defend the path he stood in; he pointed to the other along which he and our guide led us, he counted us several times over and kept calling for assistance and was presently joined by two or three more one of which was a young woman with a club in her hand; they presently conducted us to the brow of a hill and pointed to a road which led down to the harbour and wanted us to go that way. We refused to comply and returned to the one we had left which we pursued alone, our guide refusing to go with us; after ascending another ridge as closely covered with wood as those we had come over, we saw still other hills between us and the volcano, which discouraged us from proceeding farther, especially as we could get no one to be our guide and therefore came to a resolution to return. We had but just put this into execution when we met twenty or thirty

of the natives collected together and were close at our heels; we judged their design was to oppose our advancing into the country but now they saw us returning they suffered us to pass unmolested and some of them put us into the right road and accompanied us down the hill, made us to stop in one place where they brought us coconuts, plantains and sugar canes and what we did not eat on the spot, brought down the hill for us; thus we found these people civil and good natured when not prompted by jealousy to a contrary conduct, a conduct one cannot blame them for when one considers the light in which they must look upon us, it's impossible for them to know our real design. We enter their ports without their daring to make opposition; we attempt to land in a peaceable manner; if this succeeds it's well; if, not, we land nevertheless and maintain the footing we thus got by the superiority of our firearms. In what other light can they at first look upon us but as invaders of their country? Time and some acquaintance with us can only convince them of their mistake.

JAMES COOK, *The Voyage of the Resolution and Discovery, 1776–1780*, ed. J. C. Beaglehole (Cambridge, 1967)

Cook's third and last expedition (1776–80) followed the coast of Alaska up into the Arctic Sea in a vain search for a Northwest passage to the Atlantic. Cook brought back a passenger to the South Sea islands: Omai (Mai), a native of Huahine, who had sailed to England in 1774 with Captain Tobias Furneaux on Cook's sister-ship the *Adventure*. Although high-born, Omai had lost caste after finding himself on the losing side in an inter-island war. Cook took care to supply him with European goods, crops, and livestock so as to bolster his status back at Huahine.

[12 August 1777: Omai's first reception at Tahiti]

When we first drew near the island, several canoes came off to the ships, each conducted by two or three men, but as they were only common fellows Omai took no notice of them nor they of him; they did not even seem to perceive he was one of their countrymen although they conversed with him for some time. At length a Chief whom I had known before named Ootie and Omai's brother-in-law, who chanced to be here, came on board, and three or four more, all

411 *Vauxhall*: London pleasure-garden.

412 *Scott's Macbriar*: Ephraim Macbriar, fanatical Covenanting preacher in Walter Scott's *Old Mortality* (1816).

Bedlam: London insane asylum (originally the hospital of St Mary of Bethlehem).

413 *Milton's lines*: 'Lycidas' (1637), ll. 119–27.

414 *the Revival*: Trollope narrates her visit to a revival meeting in Cincinnati in an earlier chapter.

415 *Quivi . . . suon di man con elle*: 'Here sighs, cries and loud lamentations resounded through the air . . . horrible utterances, words of sorrow, accents of rage, voices shrill and hoarse, and sounds of beating hands': Dante, *Inferno*, iii. 22–7.

Canova's Magdalene: 'The Penitent Magdalene', statue by Antonio Canova (1809), now in the State Hermitage Museum, St Petersburg.

Don Juan: legendary libertine, dragged down to Hell by a statue: see Molière's play *Le Festin de pierre* (1665) and the Da Ponte/Mozart opera *Don Giovanni* (1787).

416 *Mr King*: Charles Bird King (1785–1862) painted more than 100 portraits of Native American chiefs and elders who came to Washington for treaty negotiations between 1821 and 1842. Most of the portraits were destroyed in a fire in 1865.

417 *by the fiat of the President*: Andrew Jackson's Indian Removal Act (1830) drove Native Americans west of the Mississippi, in violation of existing treaties.

PART VI. AUSTRALIA AND THE PACIFIC

427 *Hodmadods of Monomatapa*: Hottentots, the Khoi people of the South African Cape.

429 *Bon-Airy*: Bonaire, island in the Dutch Antilles.

430 *yall*: yawl, ship's boat.

flaws: sudden gusts of wind.

439 *luffed*: sailed nearer the wind.

442 *the Fort*: Fort Venus, site of the observatory.

443 *more from custom than lewdness*: the published report of this incident caused a sensation in Europe; see Neil Rennie, 'The Point Venus "Scene" ', *The Global Eighteenth Century* (ed. F. A. Nussbaum, 2003, 239–50).

Obarea: Purea, 'queen' (high chief) of Bora-Bora.

Dr Solander: Daniel Carl Solander (1732–82), Swedish pupil of Linnaeus; Banks's assistant on the voyage.

Tootaha: Tutaha (?1708–73), Tahitian high chief.

446 *Tupia, Mr Green and Dr Munkhouse*: Tupaia (d. 1770), chief and high priest of Raiatea; Charles Green (1735–71), the expedition's astronomer; William Monkhouse (d. 1770), ship's surgeon. Tupaia came on board the *Endeavour* as a guest in July 1769; he proved a skilled navigator as well as interpreter.

447 *two or three were killed*: Cook heavily revised this passage. According to Banks's journal, the seven men in the canoe rebuffed the boat's approach with stones and paddles; Cook's party opened fire and killed four of them.

451 *an animal he had seen*: probably a fruit bat ('cagg' = keg).

455 *ruddle*: red earth or ochre.

457 *Mr Wales*: William Wales (*c.* 1734–98), the expedition's astronomer.

pattoo-pattoo: club.

Mr Pickersgill: Richard Pickersgill (1749–79), third lieutenant on the *Resolution*.

this price: 'The head is now deposited in the collection of Mr John Hunter, F.R.S.' (Forster).

taffarel: or taffrail—the upper part of the stern.

458 *ipecacuanha*: an emetic.

Mahine: or Odiddy (d. 1790), chief of Morea; he joined the *Resolution* at Raiatea in September and returned the following June.

460 *At last . . . THOMPSON*: James Thomson, *Spring* (1728), ll. 304–6.

462 *Tyo's*: friends, in a ritual sealed with gift-exchange. Red feathers from the Friendly Islands were prized in the Society Islands.

463 *Toutous*: servants.

New Zealand youths: Tiarooa and Koa (Coaa), taken on board in February 1777. Omai and the youths died of fever three or four years later.

464 *Pretane*: Britain.

468 *in the following manner*: Arabanoo was kidnapped in December 1788.

470 *the loss of this man*: Arabanoo died in May 1789.

life might be prolonged: 'One of the convicts, a Negro, had twice eloped with an intention of establishing himself in the society of the natives, with a wish to adopt their customs and to live with them, but he was always repulsed by them, and compelled to return to us from hunger and wretchedness' (Tench).

471 *Baneelon and Colbee*: Bennelong and Colbee were taken in November 1789. Nanbaree and Abaroo are the children who survived the smallpox outbreak, described in the selection from Hunter.

472 *how fields were won*: compare Oliver Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village* (1770), l. 158 (reading 'Shouldered his crutch . . .').

a watch over him: although shackled, Bennelong managed to escape in May 1790.

a bark of the dead floating in slowly under the very gate of Erebus a boat leading departed souls to Erebus, the dark place under the earth where the dead pass before entering Hades, according to Greek mythology.

beyond my ken beyond my range of knowledge.

Binnacle the upright, cylindrical stand holding a ship's compass, usually located near the helm.

bo's'n phonetic spelling of "boatswain," a ship's warrant officer or petty officer in charge of the deck crew, the rigging, anchors, boats, and so on.

Bullock a young bull.

Cain in the Bible, the oldest son of Adam and Eve; he killed his brother Abel.

Cambodge Cambodian.

campstool a lightweight, folding stool.

Cardiff seaport in Southeast Wales, on the Bristol Channel; capital of Wales and county seat of South Glamorgan.

Cochin-China historic region and former French colony in Southeast Indochina; the southern part of Vietnam.

Conway boy sailor who trained on the British battleship Conway.

Cuddy the cook's galley on a small ship.

foreyards the lowest yards on the foremast (the mast nearest the bow, or front, of a ship), from which the foresail is set. (A "yard" is a selnder rod or spar, tapering toward the ends and fastened at right angles across a mast to support a sail.)

gimbals a pair of rings pivoted on axes at right angles to each other so that one is free to swing within the other; a ship's compass, will remain horizontal at all times when suspended in gimbals.

Gulf of Siam "Siam" is the old name of Thailand; the Gulf of Siam is the arm of the South China Sea, between the Malay and Indochinese peninsulas.

Halter hangman's noose.

Java Head the westernmost point of Java, a large island of Indonesia, southeast of Sumatra.

Koh-ring the prefix "Koh" connotes an island; the island of Koh-ring is Conrad's creation.

mainyard the lowest yard on the mainmast (the principal mast of a vessel),from which the mainsail is set. (A "yard" is a slender rod or spar, tapering toward the ends and fastened at right angles across a mast to support a sail.)

Malay Archipelago large group of islands between Southeast Asia and Australia, including Indonesia, the Philippines, and sometimes New Guinea.

Mizzen the mast that is third from the bow of a ship with three or more masts. (The "bow" is the front part of a ship.)

Norfolk county of East England, on the North Sea.

the poop on sailing ships, a raised deck at the stern, sometimes forming the roof of a cabin.

Ratlines any of the small, relatively thin pieces of tarred rope that join the shrouds of a ship and serve as the steps of a ladder for climbing the rigging. "Shrouds" are sets of ropes or wires stretched from a ship's side to a masthead to offset lateral strain on the mast.

"She's round" the ship has passed around the land and is clear of danger.

Square the yards by lifts and braces nautical command meaning, "Sail directly before the wind." "Yards" are slender rods or spars, tapering toward the ends and fastened at right angles across a mast to support a sail; "braces" are ropes passed through blocks at the ends of yards, used to swing the yard about from the deck.

Sunda Straits straits running between a group of islands in the Malay Archipelago, consisting of two smaller groups; Greater Sunda Islands (Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Sulawesi, and small nearby islands) and Lesser Sunda Islands (Bali and islands stretching east through Timor).

taffrail the rail around the stern of a ship. (The "stern" is the back end of a ship.)

that unplayful cub the second mate; a "cub" is an inexperienced, awkward youth.

What does the Bible say? 'Driven from the face of the earth.' in the story of Cain and Abel, Cain complains he will be "driven from the face of the earth" for the murder of his brother.

Reading Log

Date:

The reading, the theory or the context: (you could put the reference list citation here)

The message (and where it fits in the big picture)

How would this work in practice?

What you like: (and why)

Your concerns:

Your questions:

Reading Log—deeper level reflections

I recognise the following worldviews in this reading.

Connection/s to other readings / lectures on this topic

As a result of this reflection I have changed my beliefs /attitudes in the following ways:

The beliefs / attitudes about this subject I have <u>kept</u> (because…)

My future practice is now influenced in the following ways:

Reading Log—essay notes

THE UNIVERSITY OF
WAIKATO
Te Whare Wānanga o Waikato

5

"Wade in the Water" a Negro Spiritual

Wade in the water
Wade in the water, children,
Wade in the water
God's a-going to trouble the water

See that host all dressed in white
God's a-going to trouble the water
The leader looks like the Israelite
God's a-going to trouble the water

See that band all dressed in red
God's a-going to trouble the water
Looks like the band that Moses led
God's a-going to trouble the water

Look over yonder, what do you see?
God's a-going to trouble the water
The Holy Ghost a-coming on me
God's a-going to trouble the water

If you don't believe I've been redeemed
God's a-going to trouble the water
Just follow me down to the Jordan's stream
God's a-going to trouble the water

First published in New Jubilee Songs as Sung by the Fisk Jubilee Singers (1901) by John Wesley Work II and Frederick J Work

"If we must die" Claude McKay

If we must die, let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursèd lot.
If we must die, O let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!
O kinsmen! we must meet the common foe!
Though far outnumbered let us show us brave,
And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow!
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

Published The Liberator, summer of 1919 (The Red Summer)

"Harlem" Langston Hughes (1951)

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore—
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over—
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

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LANGSTON HUGHES
1902–1967

Langston Hughes was the most popular and versatile of the many writers connected with the Harlem Renaissance. Along with Zora Neale Hurston, and in contrast to Jean Toomer and Countee Cullen (who wanted to work with purely literary patterns, whether traditional or experimental), he wanted to capture the dominant oral and improvisatory traditions of black culture in written form.

Hughes was born in Joplin, Missouri; and in childhood, since his parents were separated, he lived mainly with his maternal grandmother in Lawrence, Kansas. He did, however, reside intermittently both with his mother in Detroit and Cleveland, where he finished high school and began to write poetry, and with his father, who, disgusted with American racism, had gone to Mexico. Like other poets in this era—T. S. Eliot, Hart Crane, Edgar Lee Masters, and Robert Frost—Hughes had a mother sympathetic to his poetic ambitions and a businesslike father with whom he was in deep, scarring conflict.

Hughes entered Columbia University in 1920 but left after a year. Traveling and drifting, he shipped out as a merchant seaman and worked at a nightclub in Paris (France) and as a busboy in Washington, D.C. All this time he was writing and publishing poetry, chiefly in the two important African American periodicals *Opportunity* and the *Crisis*. Eleven of Hughes's poems were published in Alain Locke's pioneering anthology, *The New Negro* (1925), and he was also well represented in Countee Cullen's 1927 anthology, *Caroling Dusk*. Carl Van Vechten, one of the white patrons of African American writing, helped get *The Weary Blues*, Hughes's first volume of poems, published in 1926. It was in this year, too, that his important essay "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain" appeared in the *Nation;* in that essay Hughes described the immense difficulties in store for the serious black artist "who would produce a racial art" but insisted on the need for courageous artists to make the attempt. Other patrons appeared: Amy Spingarn financed his college education at Lincoln University (Pennsylvania) and Charlotte Mason subsidized him in New York City between 1928 and 1930. The publication of his novel *Not without Laughter* in 1930 solidified his reputation and sales, enabling him to support himself. By the 1930s he was being called "the bard of Harlem."

The Great Depression brought an abrupt end to much African American literary activity, but Hughes was already a public figure. In the activist 1930s he was much absorbed in radical politics. Hughes and other blacks were drawn by the American Communist Party, which made racial justice an important plank in its platform, promoting an image of working-class solidarity that nullified racial boundaries. He visited the Soviet Union in 1932 and produced a significant amount of radical writing up to the eve of World War II. He covered the Spanish civil war for the *Baltimore Afro-American* in 1937. By the end of the decade he had also been involved in drama and screenplay writing and had begun an autobiography, all the while publishing poetry. In 1943 he invented the folksy, streetwise character Jesse B. Semple, whose commonsense prose monologues on race were eventually collected in four volumes; in 1949 he created Alberta K. Johnson, Semple's female equivalent.

In the 1950s and 1960s Hughes published a variety of anthologies for children and adults, including *First Book of Negroes* (1952), *The First Book of Jazz* (1955), and *The Book of Negro Folklore* (1958). In 1953 he was called to testify before Senator Joseph McCarthy's committee on subversive activities in connection with his 1930s radicalism. The FBI listed him as a security risk until 1959; and during these years, when he could not travel outside the United States because he would not have been allowed

to reenter the country, Hughes worked to rehabilitate his reputation as a good American by producing patriotic poetry. From 1960 to the end of his life he was again on the international circuit.

Like other Harlem Renaissance writers (many of whom were not Harlemites), Hughes faced many difficulties in writing a self-proclaimed "Negro" poetry. Could or should any individual speak for an entire "race"? If he or she tried to, wouldn't that speech tend to homogenize and stereotype a diverse people? Harlem poets, aware that the audience for their poetry was almost all white, had to consider whether a particular image of black people would help or harm the cause. To the extent that they felt compelled to idealize black folk, their work risked lapsing into racist primitivism. African American writers questioned, too, whether their work should emphasize their similarities to or differences from whites. Different writers arrived at different answers, and there was much debate within the movement. Hughes's solution to these problems was to turn from the rural black population toward the city. The shift to the contemporary urban context freed Hughes from the concerns over primitivism; he could be a realist and modernist. He could use stanza forms deriving from blues music and adapt the vocabulary of everyday black speech to poetry without affirming stereotypes. And he could insist that whatever the differences between black and white Americans, all Americans were equally entitled to liberty, justice, and opportunity.

The source of the poems printed here is *Collected Poems* (1994).

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the
flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its
muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset

I've known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

1921, 1926

Mother to Son

Well, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it,
And splinters,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor—
Bare.
But all the time
I'se been a-climbin' on,
And reachin' landin's,
And turnin' corners,
And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.
So boy, don't you turn back.
Don't you set down on the steps
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.
Don't you fall now—
For I'se still goin', honey,
I'se still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

1922, 1926

The Weary Blues

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,
Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,
  I heard a Negro play.
Down on Lenox Avenue the other night
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light
  He did a lazy sway. . . .
  He did a lazy sway. . . .
To the tune o' those Weary Blues.
With his ebony hands on each ivory key.
He made that poor piano moan with melody.
  O Blues!
Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool
He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.
  Sweet Blues!
Coming from a black man's soul.
  O Blues!
In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone
I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan—
  "Ain't got nobody in all this world,
  Ain't got nobody but ma self.
  I's gwine to quit ma frownin'
  And put ma troubles on de shelf."

Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.
He played a few chords then he sang some more—
"I got de Weary Blues
And I can't be satisfied.
Got de Weary Blues
And can't be satisfied—
I ain't happy no mo'
And I wish that I had died."
And far into the night he crooned that tune.
The stars went out and so did the moon.
The singer stopped playing and went to bed.
While the Weary Blues echoes through his head
He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

1932

I, Too

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll sit at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

1932

Yet Do I Marvel

I doubt not God is good, well-meaning, kind,
And did He stoop to quibble could tell why
The little buried mole continues blind,
Why flesh that mirrors Him must some day die,
Make plain the reason tortured Tantalus
Is baited by the fickle fruit, declare
If merely brute caprice dooms Sisyphus[1]
To struggle up a never-ending stair.
Inscrutable His ways are, and immune
To catechism by a mind too strewn
With petty cares to slightly understand
What awful brain compels His awful hand.
Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:
To make a poet black, and bid him sing!

1925

1. Tantalus and Sisyphus are figures in Greek mythology who were punished in Hades. Tantalus was offered food and water that was then instantly snatched away. Sisyphus had to roll a heavy stone to the top of a hill and, after it rolled back down, repeat the ordeal perpetually.

Incident

Once riding in old Baltimore,
  Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
I saw a Baltimorean
  Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small,
  And he was no whit bigger,
And so I smiled, but he poked out
  His tongue, and called me, "Nigger."

I saw the whole of Baltimore
  From May until December;
Of all the things that happened there
  That's all that I remember.

1925

Heritage

What is Africa to me:
Copper sun or scarlet sea,
Jungle star or jungle track,
Strong bronzed men, or regal black
Women from whose loins I sprang
When the birds of Eden sang?
One three centuries removed
From the scenes his fathers loved,
Spicy grove, cinnamon tree,
What is Africa to me?

So I lie, who all day long
Want no sound except the song
Sung by wild barbaric birds
Goading massive jungle herds,
Juggernauts[1] of flesh that pass
Trampling tall defiant grass
Where young forest lovers lie,
Plighting troth beneath the sky.
So I lie, who always hear,
Though I cram against my ear
Both my thumbs, and keep them there,
Great drums throbbing through the air.
So I lie, whose fount of pride,
Dear distress, and joy allied,

Is my somber flesh and skin,
With the dark blood dammed within
Like great pulsing tides of wine
That, I fear, must burst the fine
Channels of the chafing net
Where they surge and foam and fret.

1. The juggernaut is a sacred Hindu idol dragged on a huge car in the path of which devotees were believed to throw themselves—hence any power demanding blind sacrifice, here spliced with the image of elephants.

Africa? A book one thumbs
Listlessly, till slumber comes.
Unremembered are her bats
Circling through the night, her cats
Crouching in the river reeds,
Stalking gentle flesh that feeds
By the river brink; no more
Does the bugle-throated roar
Cry that monarch claws have leapt
From the scabbards where they slept.
Silver snakes that once a year
Doff the lovely coats you wear,
Seek no covert in your fear
Lest a mortal eye should see;
What's your nakedness to me?
Here no leprous flowers rear
Fierce corollas[2] in the air;
Here no bodies sleek and wet,
Dripping mingled rain and sweat,
Tread the savage measures of
Jungle boys and girls in love.
What is last year's snow to me,[3]
Last year's anything? The tree
Budding yearly must forget
How its past arose or set—
Bough and blossom, flower, fruit,
Even what shy bird with mute
Wonder at her travail there,
Meekly labored in its hair.
One three centuries removed
From the scenes his fathers loved,
Spicy grove, cinnamon tree,
What is Africa to me?

So I lie, who find no peace
Night or day, no slight release
From the unremittant beat
Made by cruel padded feet
Walking through my body's street.
Up and down they go, and back,
Treading out a jungle track.
So I lie, who never quite

2. The whorl of petals forming the inner envelope of a flower.
3. An echo of the lament "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" from the poem "Grand Testament" by the 15th-century French poet François Villon.

Safely sleep from rain at night—
I can never rest at all
When the rain begins to fall;
Like a soul gone mad with pain
I must match its weird refrain;
Ever must I twist and squirm,
Writhing like a baited worm,
While its primal measures drip
Through my body, crying, "Strip!
Doff this new exuberance.
Come and dance the Lover's Dance!"
In an old remembered way
Rain works on me night and day.

Quaint, outlandish heathen gods
Black men fashion out of rods,
Clay, and brittle bits of stone,
In a likeness like their own,
My conversion came high-priced;
I belong to Jesus Christ,
Preacher of humility;
Heathen gods are naught to me.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
So I make an idle boast;
Jesus of the twice-turned cheek[4]
Lamb of God, although I speak
With my mouth thus, in my heart
Do I play a double part.
Ever at Thy glowing altar
Must my heart grow sick and falter,
Wishing He I served were black,
Thinking then it would not lack
Precedent of pain to guide it,
Let who would or might deride it;
Surely then this flesh would know
Yours had borne a kindred woe.
Lord, I fashion dark gods, too,
Daring even to give You
Dark despairing features where,
Crowned with dark rebellious hair,
Patience wavers just so much as
Mortal grief compels, while touches
Quick and hot, of anger, rise
To smitten cheek and weary eyes.
Lord, forgive me if my need
Sometimes shapes a human creed.
All day long and all night through,
One thing only must I do:

4. In his Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 5.39), Jesus declared that when struck on one cheek, one should turn the other cheek rather than strike back.

Quench my pride and cool my blood,
Lest I perish in the flood.
Lest a hidden ember set
Timber that I thought was wet
Burning like the dryest flax,
Melting like the merest wax,
Lest the grave restore its dead.
Not yet has my heart or head
In the least way realized
They and I are civilized.

1925

From the Dark Tower

We shall not always plant while others reap
The golden increment of bursting fruit,
Not always countenance, abject and mute,
That lesser men should hold their brothers cheap;
Not everlastingly while others sleep
Shall we beguile their limbs with mellow flute,
Not always bend to some more subtle brute;
We were not made eternally to weep.

The night whose sable breast relieves the stark
White stars is no less lovely being dark,
And there are buds that cannot bloom at all
In light, but crumple, piteous, and fall;
So in the dark we hide the heart that bleeds,
And wait, and tend our agonizing seeds.

1927

Uncle Jim

"White folks is white," says uncle Jim;
"A platitude," I sneer;
And then I tell him so is milk,
And the froth upon his beer.

His heart walled up with bitterness,
He smokes his pungent pipe,
And nods at me as if to say,
"Young fool, you'll soon be ripe!"

I have a friend who eats his heart
Away with grief of mine,

Who drinks my joy as tipplers drain
Deep goblets filled with wine.

I wonder why here at his side,
Face-in-the-grass with him,
My mind should stray the Grecian urn[1]
To muse on uncle Jim.

1927

1. An allusion to "Ode on a Grecian Urn" by the British Romantic poet John Keats (1795–1821). Cullen was particularly fond of the poetry of Keats.

Song for a Dark Girl

Way Down South in Dixie[1]
(Break the heart of me)
They hung my black young lover
To a cross roads tree.

Way Down South in Dixie
(Bruised body high in air)
I asked the white Lord Jesus
What was the use of prayer.

Way Down South in Dixie
(Break the heart of me)
Love is a naked shadow
On a gnarled and naked tree.

1927

1. Last line of "Dixie," the popular minstrel song, probably composed by Daniel D. Emmett (1815–1904).

Visitors to the Black Belt

You can talk about
Across the railroad tracks—
To me it's *here*
On this side of the tracks.

You can talk about
Up in Harlem—
To me it's *here*
In Harlem.

You can say
Jazz on the South Side—
To me it's hell
On the South Side:

Kitchenettes
With no heat
And garbage
In the halls.

Who're you, outsider?

Ask me who am I.

1949

COUNTEE CULLEN
1903–1946

The African American artists associated with the Harlem Renaissance faced difficult problems as they attempted to enunciate a collective identity for themselves and their people. Should they demonstrate excellence by working within traditional art forms, or should they develop new forms specifically derived from black experience? Should they write (or paint, or sing) only about their experiences as black people, or should they write like Americans, or about universal issues? If the answer was always to write as blacks, could it be maintained that there was just one black experience common to all African Americans? Countee Cullen, a black middle-class New Yorker, experienced these issues in a particularly divisive fashion: he wanted to be a traditional poet but felt it his duty to articulate a black experience that was not entirely his own.

He was the adopted son of a Methodist minister and enjoyed a secure, comfortable childhood. He attended New York public schools, and traveled to Europe. He earned a Phi Beta Kappa key at New York University, where he received his B.A. in 1925; he took an M.A. at Harvard in 1926. He returned to New York as a public-school teacher. His first book of poems, *Color*, appeared in 1925, when he was only twenty-two. His youth, his technical proficiency, and the themes of the poems—truth, beauty, and goodness, in the world of time and circumstance—established him as the "black Keats," a prodigy.

Cullen's anthology of black poetry, *Caroling Dusk* (1927), was an important document for Harlem Renaissance poets. He prefaced his selection with the assertion that the traditional forms of English poetry, not transcriptions of black dialects or militant manifestos, were the proper tools of the artist. In this idea he went counter to the practices of such other Harlem writers as Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes; he wanted to be a poet as he understood poets to be. Nevertheless, the titles of his books—*Color* as well as *Copper Sun* in 1927 and *The Ballad of the Brown Girl* in 1928—showed that, like Claude McKay and Jean Toomer, he felt a responsibility to write about being black even if he did so in modes alien to black folk traditions.

Cullen won a Guggenheim fellowship to complete *The Black Christ* in 1929 and published a novel, *One Way to Heaven,* in 1932. He succeeded in his aim of becoming a literary man recognized for his skill as a traditional artist; it is an important part of his achievement that in an era when American society was far more racially segregated than it is now he worked to bring black themes to the awareness of white readers who admired him because he worked with poetic modes that they found familiar.

The text of "From the Dark Tower" is that of *Copper Sun* (1927); the text of the other poems included here is that of *Color* (1925).

Reading Log

Date:

The reading, the theory or the context: (you could put the reference list citation here)

The message (and where it fits in the big picture)

How would this work in practice?

What you like: (and why)

Your concerns:

Your questions:

Reading Log—deeper level reflections

I recognise the following worldviews in this reading.

Connection/s to other readings / lectures on this topic

As a result of this reflection I have changed my beliefs /attitudes in the following ways:

The beliefs / attitudes about this subject I have <u>kept</u> (because…)

My future practice is now influenced in the following ways:

Reading Log—essay notes

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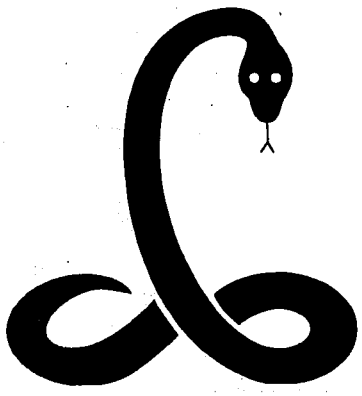
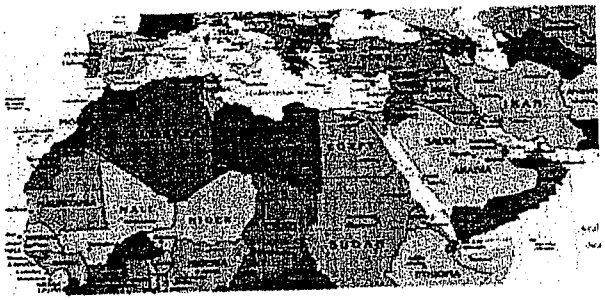
WAIKATO
Te Whare Wānanga o Waikato

6

WEST AND EAST:
Fantasy and Appropriation



West and East: Fantasy and Appropriation



Orientalism: A Case Study

The Exotic Orient

'The image of the Orient which set the Occident dreaming in the nineteenth century…is highly coloured, shimmering, this Orient of arabesques, of costumes and the richness of forms being eclipsed by a much more modern world.' (Brahim Alaoui, 1987)

'Tis a wonderful land this Egypt; I've been time after time through the slipper, brass and bronze, jewellery, perfume, silks, ring, curio bazaars…All the orientals are here…' (Arthur Streeton, 1897)

'One entered into a vestibule paved with marble…From there one proceeded to a room surrounded by sofas…Around this bed there burned, in golden censers, the most agreeable aromatics of the East, and here several women devoted to this purpose awaited the sultana's exit from the bath to dry her beautiful body and rub it with the sweetest oils; and it was here that she subsequently took voluptuous relaxation.' (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 1838)

A Western Construct

Negative Construct:

- Edward Said, *Orientalism*, 1978
- Linda Nochlin, *Orientalist Art*, 1983
- Tyranny, cruelty
- Laziness
- Lust
- Technical backwardness
- Languid fatalism
- Cultural decadence

Positive Construct:

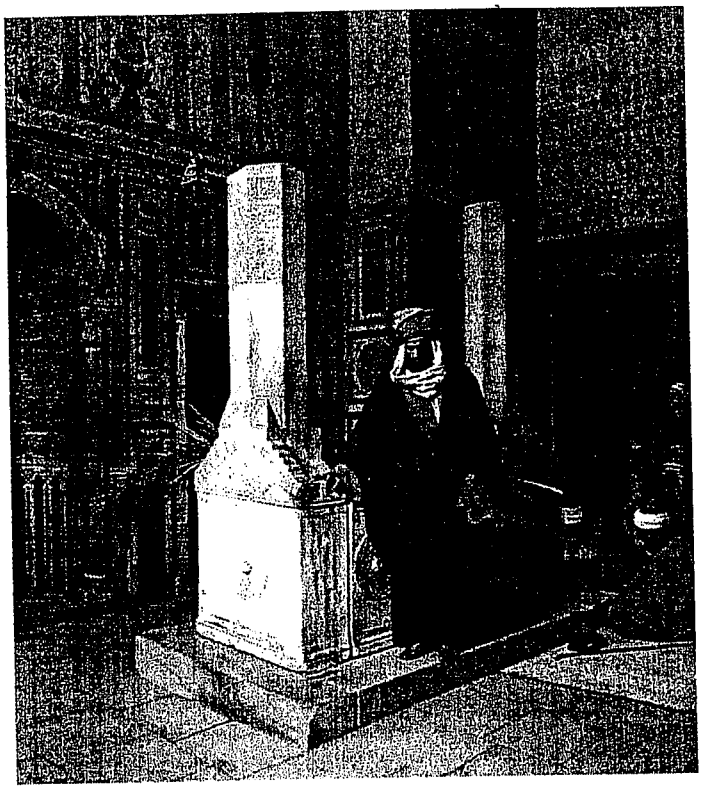
- John MacKenzie, *Orientalism*, 1995
- Chivalry
- Rich Textiles
- Religious Ritual
- Repose and Reflection
- Sexual Freedom

Rana Kabbani, *Europe's Myths of Orient*, 1986: Female Subjugation

Eugene Delacroix, Arab Horseman Attacked by a Lion, 1850

Emile Glockner, A Fine Blade, 1900

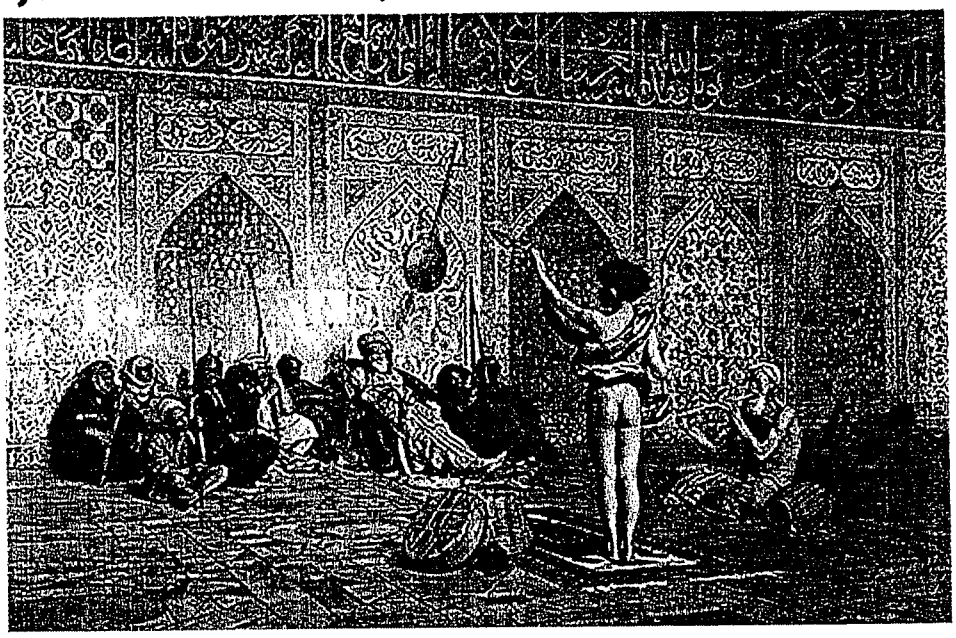
Ludwig Deutsch, The Nubian Guard, 1895;



Ludwig Deutsch, Prayer at the Tomb, 1898

Etienne Dinet, The Snake Charmer, 1889

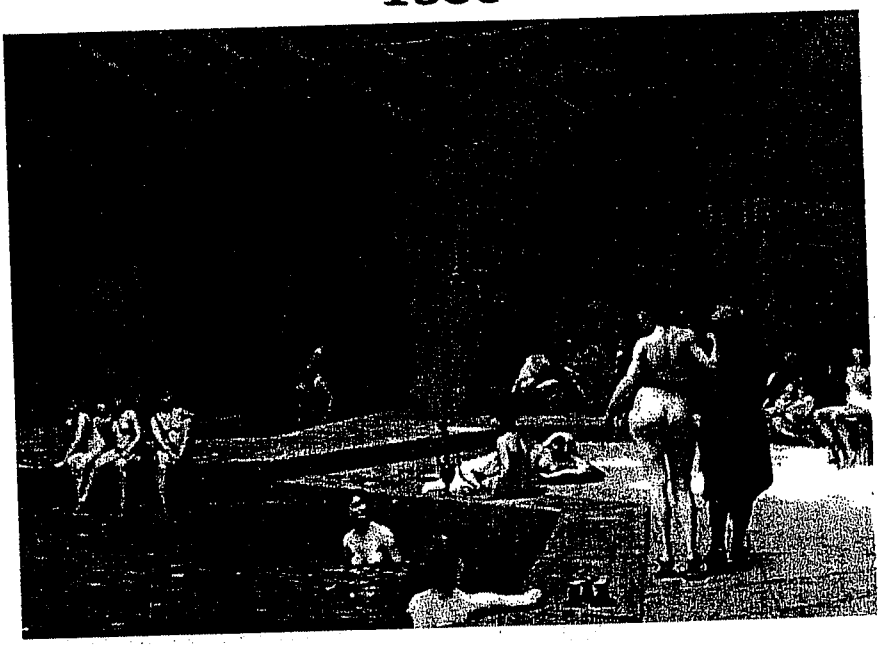
Jean-Leon Gerome, The Snake Charmer, 1880



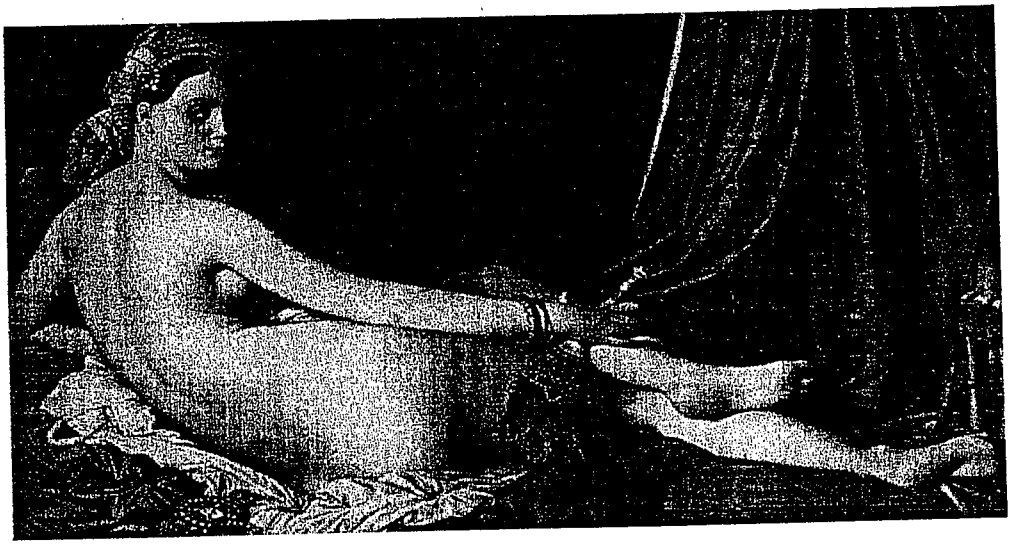
Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, Turkish Bath, 1862

Jean-Leon Gerome, The Bath, 1885

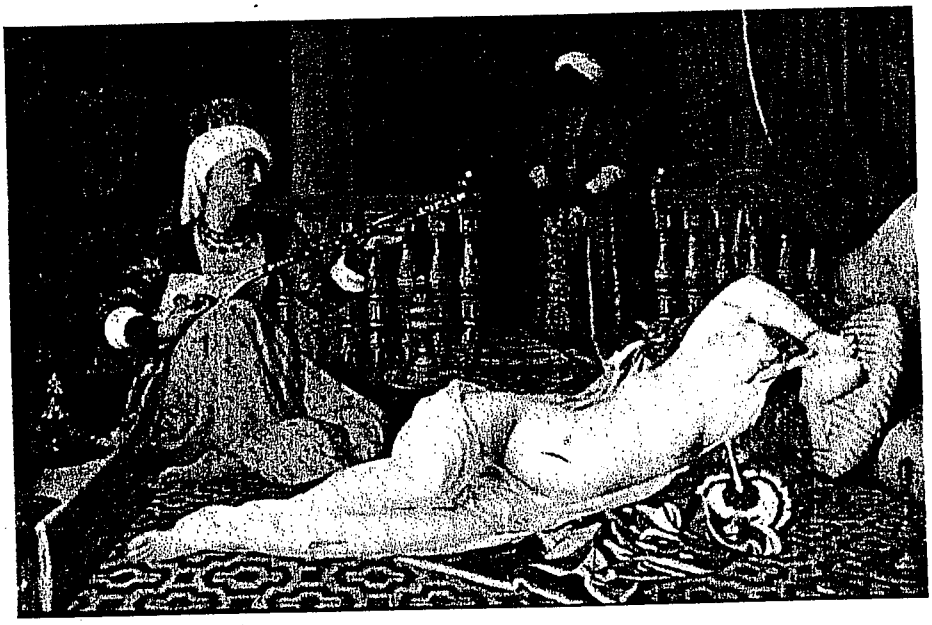
Jean-Leon Gerome, Great Bath at Bursa, 1886



Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, Obalisque, 1818;



Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, Obalisque and Slave, 1839



Jean-Leon Gerome, Slave Market, 1882

Jean-Leon Gerome, Slave Market, 1882

Eugene Delacroix, The Death of Sardanapalus, 1827

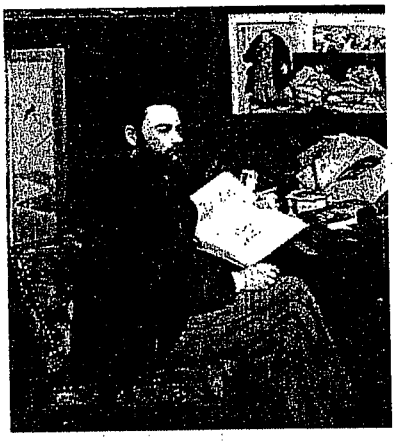
Homage or Theft?
An Artistic Case Study

Theft or Homage? Japonisme: An Artistic Case Study

James Abbott McNeill Whistler, Symphony in White No 2: The Little White Girl, 1862

Japan and the West

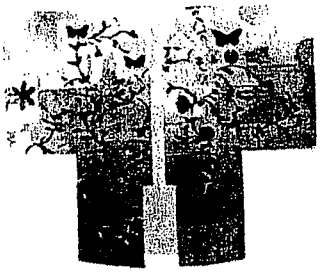
- 1854 Treaty of Kanagawa (End 216 Years Japanese Isolation)
- European Appetite for Japanese Artifacts, Ornaments
- 1867 Paris Exposition Universelle, Japanese Stand
- 1872 Philippe Burty Coin Term: 'Japonisme'
- Samuel Bing Gallery
- 1890 Impressionist Japanese Exhibition



Edoaurd Manet, Portrait of Emile Zola, 1868

Japonisme: Gustav Klimt, Kimono, 1910

'...pages like ivory palettes laden with colours of the Orient...sparkling with purple, ultramarine and emerald greens. And from these albums of Japanese drawings, there dawned for him a day in this magical country, a day without shadow, a day that was nothing but light.' (The de Goncourt brothers, *Manette Salomon*, 1867)



James Tissot, Jeunes Femmes Regardant des Objets Japonais, 1869

Georges Croegaret, The Reader, 1888

- Noh Theatre Masks
- Kakemono (Hanging Scrolls)
- Lacquer Panels, Cabinet

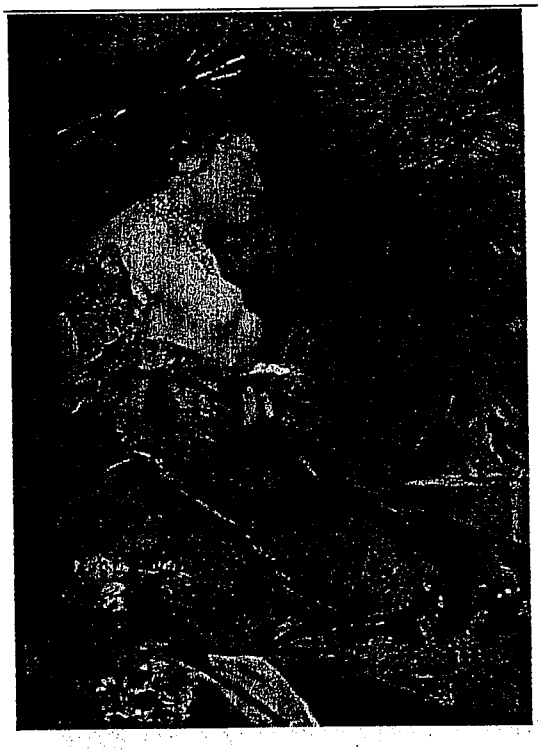
Alfred Stevens, Femme à la Poupée Japonaise, 1823-1906

Claude Monet, La Japonaise, 1876

- Uchiwa (Paper Fan)
- Kabuki Robe
- Kimono
- Camille Doncieux

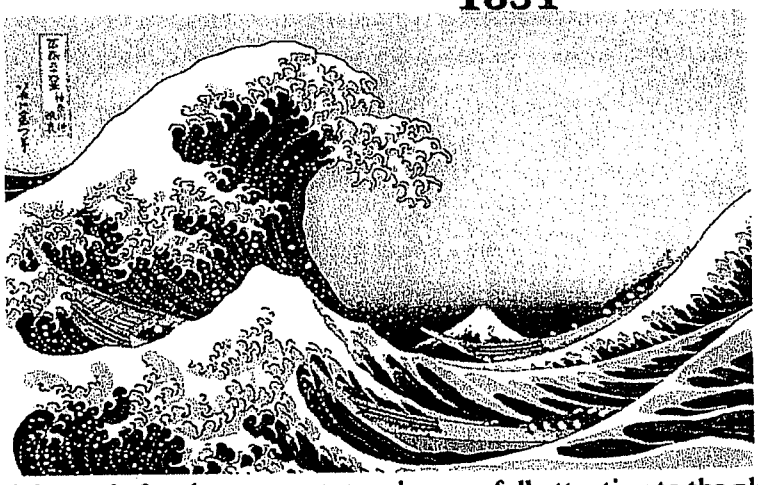
Kitagawa Utamaro, Yoshiwara Courtesan, 1816

James Tissot, La Japonaise au Bain, 1864



Hans Makart, The Japanese Woman, 1875

Katsushika Hokusai, The Great Wave at Kanagawa, 1831



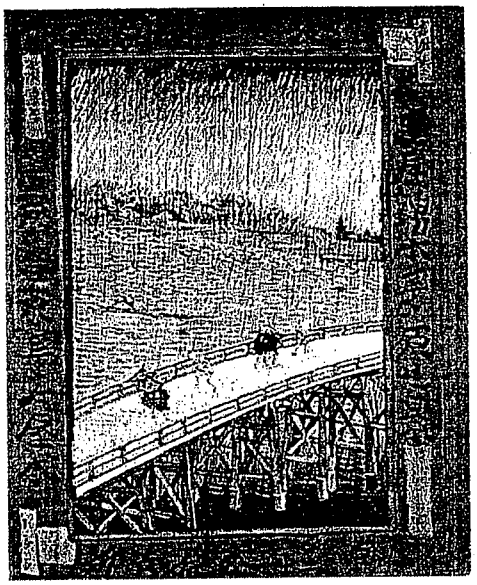
Ukiyo-e (Woodblock Print)

'Living only for the moment, turning our full attention to the pleasures of the moon, the snow, the cherry blossoms and the maple, singing songs, drinking wine, and diverting ourselves just in floating, caring not a whit for the poverty staring us in the face, refusing to be disheartened, like a gourd floating along with the river current: this is what we call ukiyo-e.' (Asai Ryoi, *Tales of the Floating World*, 1665)

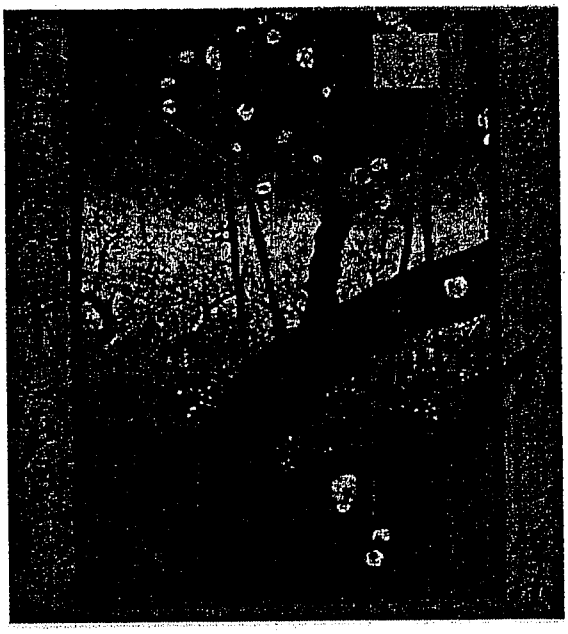
Vincent van Gogh, Portrait of Pere Tanguy, 1887

'If we study Japanese art, we see a man who is undoubtedly wise, philosophical and intelligent, who spends his time how? In studying the distance between the earth and the moon? No. In studying the policy of Bismarck? No. He studies a single blade of grass...this blade of grass leads him to draw every plant and the seasons, the wide aspects of the countryside, then animals, then the human figure. (1887)

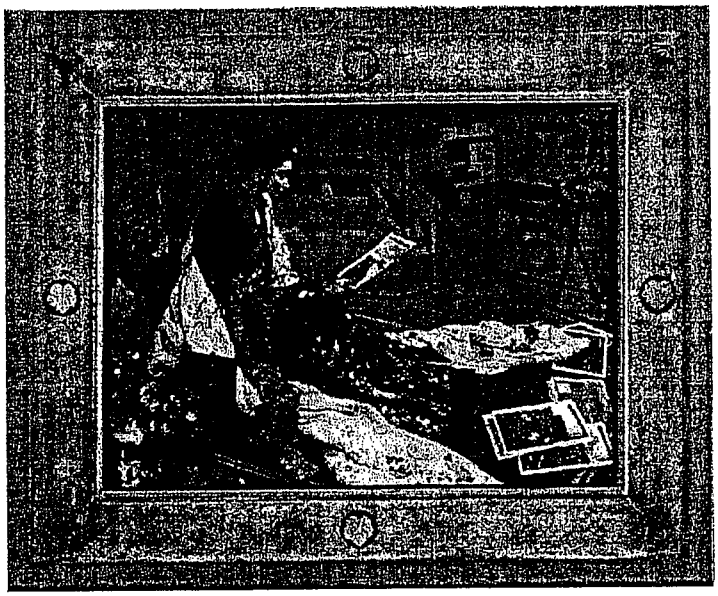
Utagawa Hiroshige, Bridge in the Rain, 1857; Vincent van Gogh, Japonaiserie, Bridge in the Rain, 1887



Katasushika Hokusai The Cherry Tree, 1830; Vincent Van Gogh, The Blooming Plumtree 1887



James Abbott McNeill Whistler, The Golden Screen: Caprice in Purple and Gold, 1861

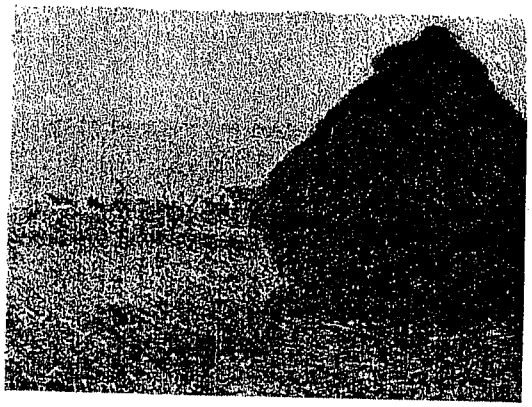


'It seems to me that colour ought to be...embroidered on the canvas...the same colour ought to appear in the picture continually here and there, in the same way that a thread appears in an embroidery, and so should all the others, more or less according to their importance. Look how well the Japanese understand this.' (1868)

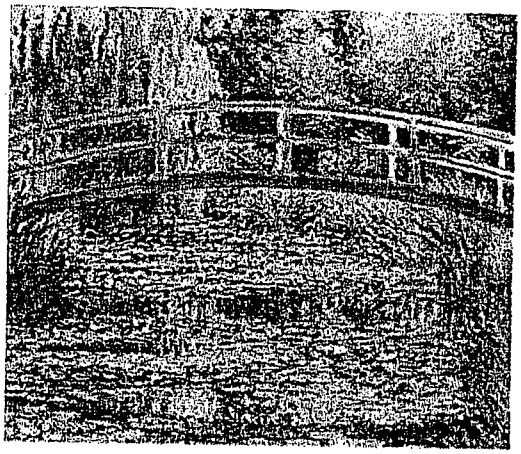
James Abbott McNeill Whistler, Variations in Flesh Colour and Green: The Balcony, 1868; Torii Kiyonaga, Gentleman Entertained by Courtesans and Geisha at a Teahouse, 1783

Mary Cassatt, The Letter, 1891; Kitagawa Utamaro, Courtesan Hinazuru at the Keizetsuru, 1795

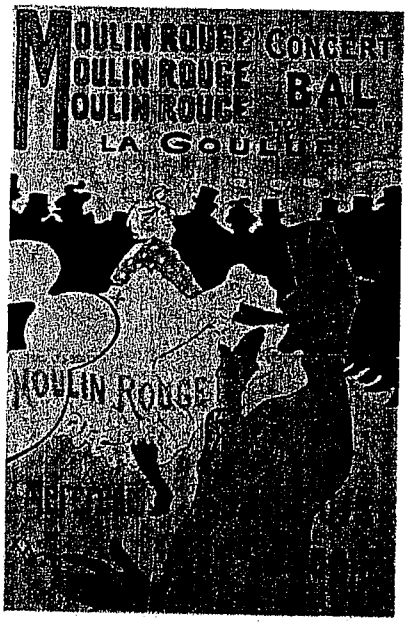
Katasushika Hokusai, South Wind, Clear Dawn, 1832; Claude Monet, Haystack, Sunset, 1891



Utagawa Hiroshige, Wisteria Bloom over Water at Kameido, 1857; Claude Monet, The Water Lily Pond (Japanese Bridge), 1899



Henri Toulouse-Lautrec, Moulin Rouge, 1891; Keisai Eisen, The Lonely Night House, 1848



'Take any Japanese print...it will be found to embody all that a good poster should. One dominant idea is presented graphically, beautifully, the detail does not weaken, but enforces the motif.' (Raymond Needham, 1901)

Gustav Klimt, Lady with a Fan, 1918;
Torii Kiyonaga Three Aristocrat Beauties. 1780;
Katasushika Hokusai, Courtesan 1812

Gustav Klimt, Portrait of Friedericke Maria Beer-Monti, 1916

Aubrey Beardsley, The Peacock Skirt, 1892
Alfons Mucha, Dancel, 1898; Kikukawa Eizan, Elegant Beauty, 1836

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ART AND DESIGN: East Asia

ANNA JACKSON

The myth of the exotic East has always been a potent one in the western imagination. A romantic vision of fabled Cathay with its 'stately pleasure-domes'[1] was fuelled in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries by the large quantity of ceramics and silks that reached British shores. By the time Victoria ascended the throne, a yearning to penetrate hidden worlds was driven by the desire to exploit the apparently enormous, but hitherto untouched, markets of East Asia. The story of Britain's intrusion into China and Japan is one of fantasy confronting reality and finding it wanting. The new mythologies and stereotypes that were created in response were informed by Britain's sense of superiority, but such attitudes were often tempered with a sense of nostalgia for worlds, real and imagined, that seemed forever lost.

By the nineteenth century, British trade with China via the port of Canton was well established,[2] although the activities of foreign merchants were severely restricted by the Chinese. Tea was the major export, but China showed little interest in the products of the West. Britain redressed this trade imbalance with two products from India, raw cotton and opium. Trade in the latter, although illegal, proved extremely profitable for British merchants, but to the Qing authorities the damage it inflicted on the health and economy of the country was of grave concern.[3] When, in 1839, attempts were made forcibly to prevent the trade, Britain responded by dispatching warships and troops. China's subsequent defeat in this, the first Opium War, fundamentally changed its relations with foreign powers. By the terms of the 1842 Treaty of Nanking it was forced to open five ports to foreign residence, trade and consular establishment. The island of Hong Kong, occupied in 1841, was ceded to Britain in perpetuity.

Plate 286: The Chinese Collection, Hyde Park Corner. Engraving from the *Illustrated London News* 6 August 1842, p.204. V&A PP 10.

In the same year as the treaty was signed, an exhibition of Nathan Dunn's 'Chinese Collection' was held in London (plate 286). Dunn (1782–1844) was a Philadelphian who had spent 12 years as a merchant in China. Although it is unlikely that he obtained his objects from anywhere other than Canton, the collection was presented and accepted as an encapsulation of the entire 'Celestial Empire'. Whatever its limits the exhibition was certainly the most comprehensive presentation of Chinese material culture yet seen in Britain and included displays of decorative arts, painting, architectural models and flora and fauna as well as a series of tableaux of life-size Chinese figures modelled from clay. Interest in China was at its height and the exhibition was extremely popular, remaining open until 1846. Although it may have increased knowledge about the country, it did not radically alter established views of China. Reviews stressed either the stagnation of Chinese civilisation compared with the progressive West or emphasised the exotic: 'the elaborate carvings . . . the embroidered silks . . . the immense decorative lanterns . . . seem to realize those imaginings of the gorgeous East, which have haunted us like dreams . . . We seem to be in the China of the Arabian Nights'.[4]

In 1851, while the Great Exhibition was taking place, a much-diminished version of Dunn's exhibition was shown in London. The educative mission of the original show was now lost in favour of sensationalism and the exploitation of racial stereotypes, the objects serving merely as a backdrop to the display of a Chinese family, including a woman 'with small lotus feet only two and a half inches in length.'[5] The custom of binding feet had been featured in the 1842 exhibition, but by 1851 it had become the main attraction. Comments made throughout the

Victorian period highlight the obsession the West had with what was seen as the ultimate image of China's barbaric 'otherness'.[6]

A small number of Chinese objects was also on show in the Great Exhibition. Official participation had been requested from China, but it was not forthcoming. The Royal Commission did manage to elicit the help of Rutherford Alcock (1809–97), British Consul in Shanghai, who sent examples of porcelain, silk and other items. However, the majority of East Asian objects were exhibited by the London dealer William Hewett, who also engaged the services of a Chinese attendant, perhaps a member of the family being 'exhibited' with Dunn's objects or one of the crew of a Chinese junk that arrived in London in 1848.

Following Britain's lead other western powers had signed treaties with China and, by the time of the Great Exhibition, the number of foreigners on Chinese soil was growing. Merchants continued to press for greater access to China's markets while missionaries, eager to tap into the millions of Chinese apparently waiting not only to be sold western goods but also to be converted to Christianity, often attempted to stray beyond the treaty port boundaries creating problems for consuls such as Alcock. One person also making illegal forays beyond the ports in the 1840s and 1850s was plant-hunter Robert Fortune (1812–80), sent to China by the Royal Horticultural Society. Just as the reviewer of Dunn's exhibition was imagining himself in an 'Arabian Nights' romance, Fortune was discovering that 'this celebrated country [that] has long been looked upon as some kind of fairy-land' was not matching such expectations.[7] Like the many visitors that were to follow him, Fortune comments most vociferously on the filth and smell of Chinese towns, but he was captivated by the beauty of the country and developed a strong sympathy for the Chinese people. By the time of his second visit to the country in the 1850s he expressed the hope that his book might help people 'to look with more kindly feeling on a large portion of the human family'.[8] When these words were published in 1857, however, China and Britain were again at war. China was defeated once more and by the terms of the 1858 Treaty of Tianjin, negotiated by the Earl of Elgin (1811–63), was forced to open more ports, allow greater travel within China, and give Britain the right to an ambassador in Peking.

After his success in China Elgin went on to negotiate another treaty, this time with Japan. Since the 1640s the country had maintained a 'closed country' policy. It was the United States which breached this national isolation, arriving off the coast of Japan in 1853 with the demand that the country open its ports to foreign powers. Japan was aware of the events that had taken place in China and realised that it would have no chance of resisting the West. Thus, the 'opening' of Japan took place without a resort to arms. Elgin arrived on 3 August 1858 and the Treaty of Edo was signed on the 26th of the same month.

The view of Japan given by the first visitors was rosier than that afforded to its neighbour. Laurence Oliphant (1829–88), who accompanied Elgin as his private secretary, declared: 'The contrast with China was so striking . . . the circumstances of our visit were so full of novelty and interest, that we abandoned ourselves to the excitement and enthusiasm they produced. There exists not a single disagreeable association to cloud our reminiscences of that delightful country.'[9] Given the contrasting experiences in China and Japan, this view is not surprising. Elgin himself felt that his 'trip to Japan has been a green spot in the desert of my mission to the East'.[10]

Elgin presented the shōgun[11] with the steam yacht *Emperor*, a gift from Queen Victoria. Two years later Alcock, Britain's first minister to Japan, helped to arrange a return diplomatic gift of ceramics, textiles, lacquerware and a suit of samurai armour (plate 287). This exchange of technology for art was to be a common theme in the relations between Britain and Japan in the nineteenth century. Travelling on the ship transporting the objects in December 1860 was Robert Fortune who, as in China, had taken advantage of the new treaty in his search for plants. He had found the Japanese 'happy and contented' and Japan itself 'neat and clean',[12] comments that were to be echoed by many visitors to Japan in the succeeding decades.

As Fortune was travelling out to Japan, conflict erupted again in China. When it became apparent that the Chinese had no intention of allowing foreign ambassadors to reside in Peking, Elgin was again dispatched, with a combined British and French army, to deal with the situation. Landing in August 1860 the foreign forces proceeded to march on Peking. On 5 October they arrived at the Summer Palace, a large complex of buildings and parklands on the outskirts of the capital that served as a retreat for the emperor (plate 288). Here the troops found 'a mine of wealth and of everything curious in the Empire'.[13] The sight of such riches proved irresistible and frantic looting commenced. On 18 October news was received that British and French prisoners, captured by the Chinese at the end of September, had been tortured and the majority killed. Elgin decided to retaliate. He ordered that the Summer Palace be torched.

Plate 288: Felice Beato, Temple in the Summer Palace Grounds.
Albumen print, 1860.
V&A: 161-1975.

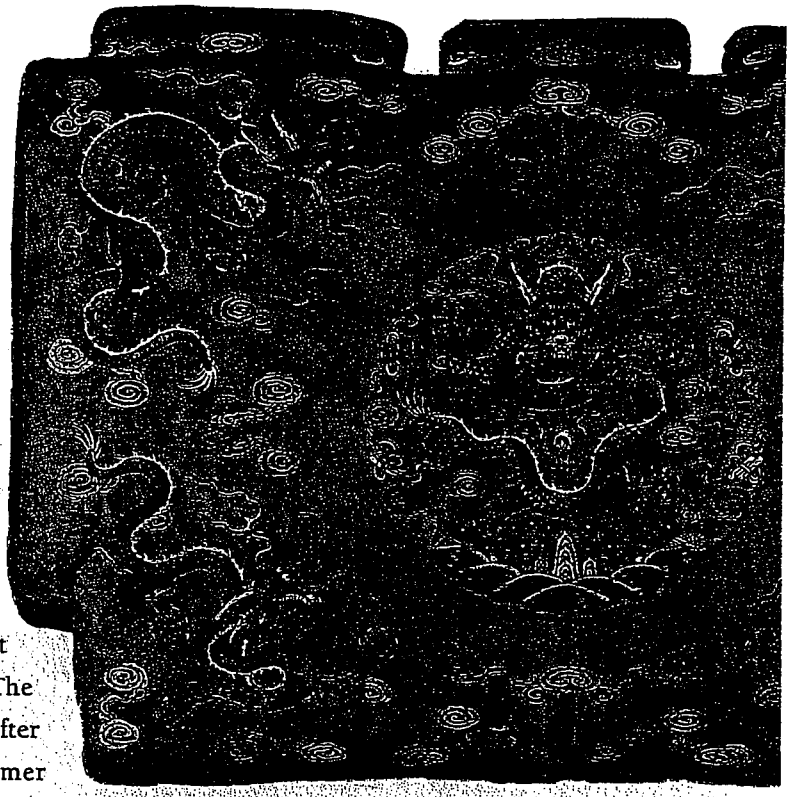


Plate 289: Cushion cover from the Summer Palace. Silk with gold and silk embroidery, Chinese, *c.*1800-20. V&A: T.139-1917.

Charles Gordon (1833–85), a member of the British forces present that day, recorded that '[we] went out, and, after pillaging it, burned the whole place, destroying in a Vandal-like manner most valuable property . . . You can scarcely imagine the beauty and magnificence of the places we burnt. It made one's heart sore to burn them.'[14] The devastating fire raged for two days, after which all that remained of the Summer Palace, famed for its beauty and its treasures, were a few scattered ruins and the images taken by Felix Beato (1825–1904).[15] The Chinese capitulated and Britain and France were granted right of representation in Peking.

Although British reaction to the destruction was mixed, there seemed little doubt what the act of 'righteous retribution' signified: 'The destruction of the Summer Palace . . . destroys the Emperor's prestige, and dissipates . . . that halo of divinity with which he has been surrounded in the imagination of his people.'[16] The 'looted' objects brought back to Britain from the Summer Palace also acquired a particular significance because of their imperial provenance.[17] Lieutenant-Colonel Wolseley (1833–1913) commented on the 'cushions . . . covered in the finest yellow . . . with figures of dragons and flowers' that he observed at the Summer Palace. 'Yellow is the imperial colour and none but those of royal birth are permitted to wear it.'[18] It was just such objects that Wolseley chose to bring back with him, his ownership of something once reserved for the use of the emperor signifying the imperial humiliation that China had suffered (plate 289). Queen Victoria herself was able to partake in this sense of superiority over a defeated monarch when a Pekinese dog found in the Summer Palace and christened 'Looty' was presented to her.[19]

Although Gordon took the part of destroyer in the 1860 campaign, he was soon to become China's 'saviour'. In 1863 he took command of the foreign-officered 'Ever Victorious Army' which helped to defeat the Taiping rebels threatening to overthrow the Qing dynasty. His actions made 'Chinese' Gordon a hero at home and in China where he was awarded the 'yellow jacket' of the highest military rank.

Some of the objects taken from the Summer Palace were shown in the Chinese section of the London International Exhibition of 1862. This display was overshadowed, however, by that from

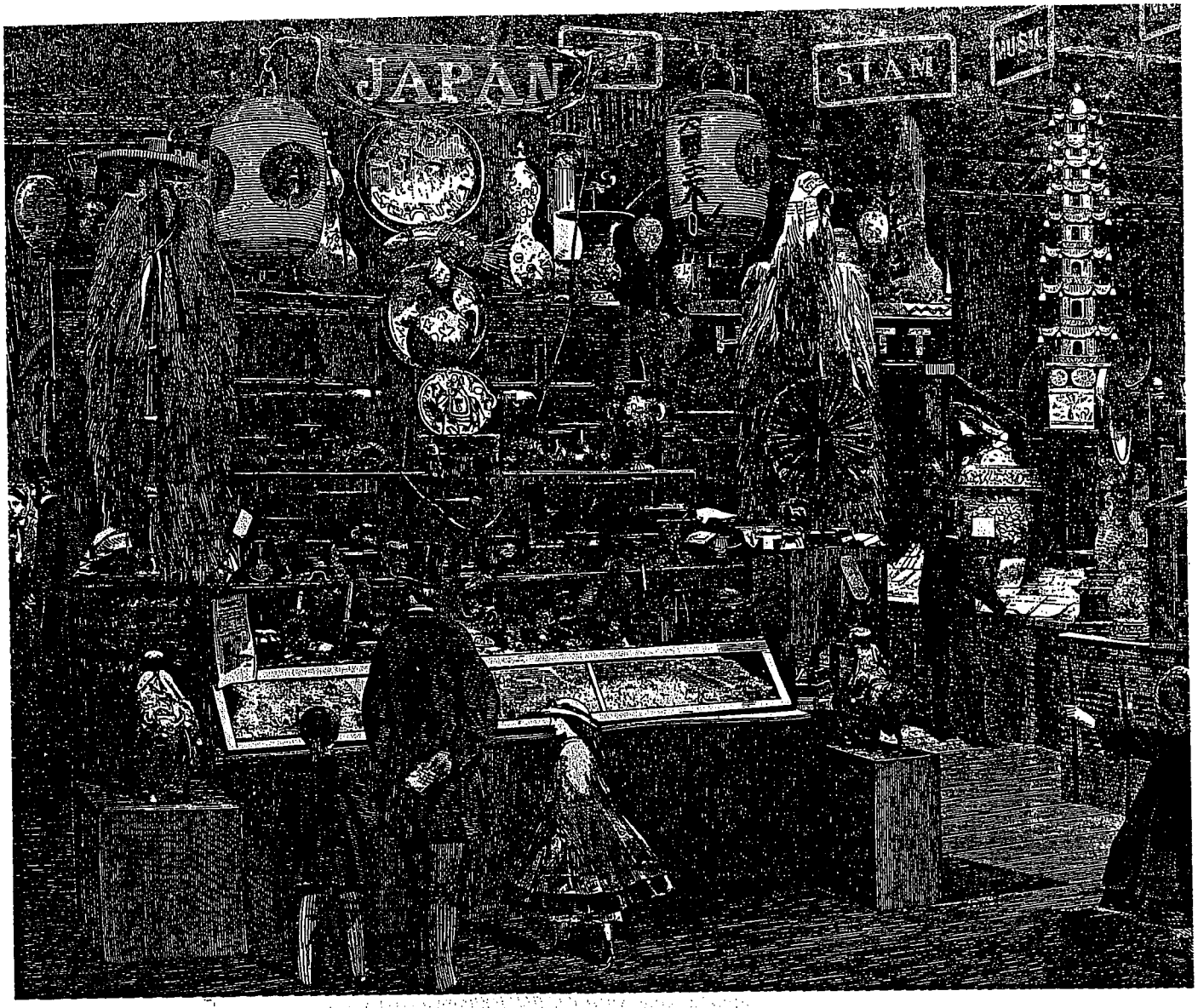


Plate 290: The International Exhibition: The Japanese Court. Engraving from the *Illustrated London News* 20 September 1862, p.320. V&A PP 10.

Japan. This was the first occasion on which a large group of Japanese objects had been displayed before a wide public, the majority of the objects having been sent from Japan by Alcock (plate 290). Comparisons made between objects from the two countries, even at this relatively early stage in the critical appraisal of Japanese art, reveal what were to become standard views: 'From China the art of bronze-casting would appear to have passed to the Japanese; but as with all the industrial arts, it received a development there which gives its production a much higher character than those of the Chinese, as was evinced by the comparative simplicity, purity of form, and strong feeling for nature indicated in the Japanese collection of 1862.'[20] The display proved a great success. Critics advocating the need for design reform urged British manufacturers 'to study' the Japanese objects in order to 'improve their present system of decoration, which is fundamentally bad'.[21] The Japanese Court made the greatest impact on Gothic revivalists such as the architect and designer William Burges (1827–81) who believed that in contemporary, feudal, Japan could be found the ideal society of the Middle Ages.[22] Members of the first Japanese diplomatic mission, which by coincidence arrived in Britain at the time of the exhibition, were less impressed by the objects Alcock had assembled. One member of the party thought that 'it was such a ramshackle assortment of artefacts that it looked just like an old antique shop, and I could not bear to look'.[23]

Alcock hoped the mission's visit might encourage the Japanese government to have a more open attitude to trading relations. Although the British had established rights in Japan peacefully, anti-foreign feeling ran high and there were a number of assaults by samurai answering to the call of 'joi', or 'expel the barbarian'. The British legation suffered a number of attacks and in 1862 samurai from Satsuma killed an Englishman when he failed to show respect for their lord. This latter incident led, in August 1863, to the bombardment by the British Fleet of the Satsuma capital Kagoshima. Interestingly, this action and a similar attack on Shimonoseki in Chōshū in 1864, resulted in a change of attitudes towards the West. Impressed by British firepower, Satsuma and Chōshū decided that it was time to learn from the barbarians and began to purchase foreign arms and ships from westerners, most notably from Aberdonian Thomas Glover (1838–1912) who was based in Nagasaki.[24] In 1863 and 1865 two groups of students were sent illegally to Britain to learn more about western technology at first hand.[25] Stopping on the way in Hong Kong, Singapore, Ceylon and Aden, the students received a first-hand introduction to the extent of British colonialism. On arriving in the heart of the Empire they were generally impressed: 'On seeing for myself . . . how truly advanced is the wealth and power to be found here, I have simply been looking towards the heavens, gasping in astonishment.'[26]

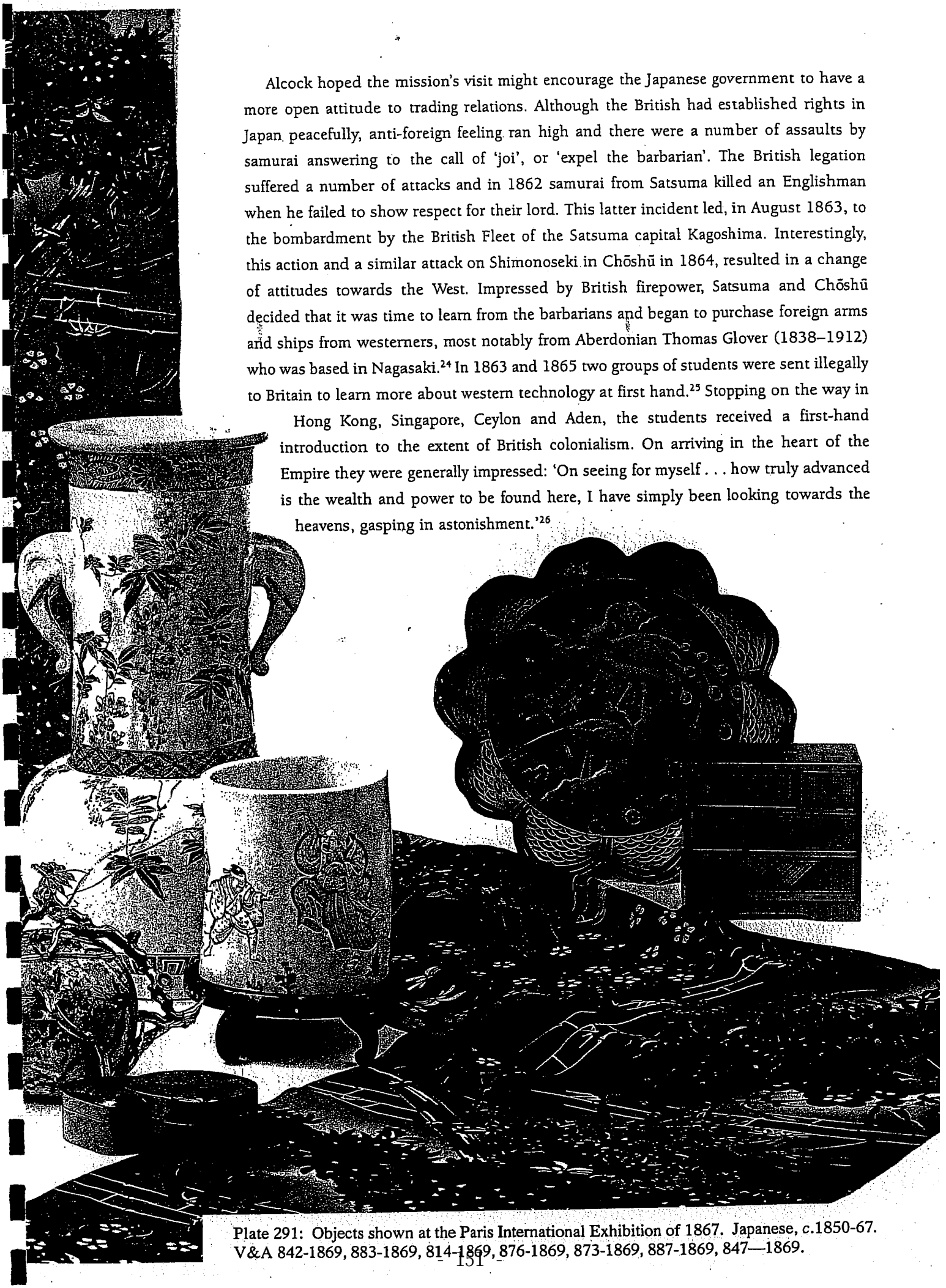


Plate 291: Objects shown at the Paris International Exhibition of 1867. Japanese, *c.*1850-67. V&A 842-1869, 883-1869, 814-1869, 876-1869, 873-1869, 887-1869, 847—1869.

Plate 292: Fivefold screen shown at the Paris International Exhibition of 1867. Silk with kingfisher feathers and silk embroidery, wooden frame, Chinese, *c.*1800-60. V&A: 648-1869.

In 1866 the shogunate lifted the ban on foreign travel. In 1867 diplomats, students and merchants flocked to Paris to see the International Exhibition. At this event the Japanese participated directly for the first time and their contribution was extremely popular with the Parisian crowds. Satsuma, in a deliberately antagonistic move, sent its own exhibit to rival that of the shogunate and it was from this display that the South Kensington Museum (now the V&A) made a number of purchases (plate 291). A year later rebellion by Satsuma and others led to civil war in Japan, the overthrow of the shogunate and the restoration of the power of the emperor. The new Meiji government initiated a major transformation of Japan along western lines, its aim being to achieve parity with the West rather than to be dominated by it. The country participated in all the subsequent international exhibitions, this arena providing them with the perfect opportunity to garner prestige, acquire the latest technological information and promote their own products.

At the Paris exhibition of 1867 the South Kensington Museum also bought a magnificent Chinese screen decorated in kingfisher feathers (plate 292). Unlike Japan, China did not organise its own display, and the Museum acquired this object from a Parisian dealer. The screen is not an export piece, however, so presumably its appearance in Europe resulted directly from the opening of China to the West. By this time more foreigners were travelling to China. Many

ventured little further than treaty ports such as Shanghai which had 'all the accessories of Western luxury and civilisation'.[27] Others, such as intrepid explorer Isabella Bird (1831–1904) and Mrs Archibald Little (d.1926), whose husband sailed the first steamboat up the Yangtze, travelled further, developing a greater understanding and consideration of China and its people than many of their contemporaries. Finally being able to enter Peking, which 'we in Europe have always been in the habit of associating with the wonderful' many found they were 'disappointed', however.[28] Mrs Little found the capital a place of 'horrors . . . a survival from the Middle Ages so agreeable to read about, so disagreeable to live in'.[29] Algernon Mitford (1837–1916), who arrived in 1865 to serve under Alcock who was now British Minister to China, found 'much to offend the senses at every step'. Yet, writing these words in his memoirs, Mitford still felt some nostalgia for 'Peking as I knew it fifty years ago had about it a certain mysterious charm . . . the magic of the old . . . ruinous city'.[30] Most visitors to China shared Mrs Little's view of China as 'discouraging: to think it got so far so long ago, and yet has got no further'.[31] Whether with pity or contempt, China was regarded as a moribund nation, unable to rely any longer on past glories.

Some changes were taking place in China, however. In the 1860s western-style arsenals and shipyards had been established and in 1876, realising that it must engage with the West, the country sent its first diplomatic mission to Britain. The arrival of ambassador Guo Songtao (1818–91) aroused much interest and was taken as an indication that China had 'at last awakened to a sense of her position among the nations. Hitherto she has remained aloof . . . indulging in dreams of her former greatness but now a gleam of light has broken in on her.'[32] Nevertheless, the encounter between East and West did little to change established Victorian stereotypes. The presence of Guo's wife inspired *Punch* to publish a satirical verse 'To the Tottering Lily', which declared that 'An inability to stand, Is not the charm we most demand, In Western women'.[33] The picture that accompanied the verse showed a woman in a *Japanese* kimono, revealing that, even after more than twenty years of direct interaction, the differences between the two 'oriental' nations were by no means clear.

Although there is often some initial similarity between comments about China and Japan, attitudes towards the two countries did differ. China's defeat in two wars and its continued reluctance to embrace the civilisation of the West lowered its prestige while Japan was viewed more favourably. Early visitors to Japan discovered, like Burges at the 1862 exhibition, that 'with the Japanese we take a step backward some ten centuries, to live over again the feudal days'.[34] If Japan, like China, was in the Middle Ages, it was the romance, rather than the backwardness, of that era that was envisaged. If the Japanese, like the Chinese, were 'a nation of children',[35] they were happy, well-behaved ones, not those who only once they had 'received a good flogging . . . become very good boys'.[36] Japan was viewed as a 'fairyland',[37] a charming scene laid before western eyes and 'the number of tempting pictures was truly tantalizing'.[38] Such a vision of Japan was also formed through the medium of photography. Beato's *View of Eiyama* (plate 285), was published in 1868 with a commentary that described 'the neatness and order which prevails in the humblest cottage in Japan . . . the rustic bridge with its simplicity of form and material, and general picturesqueness forms a charming bit of foreground'.[39] The Japanese were seen not

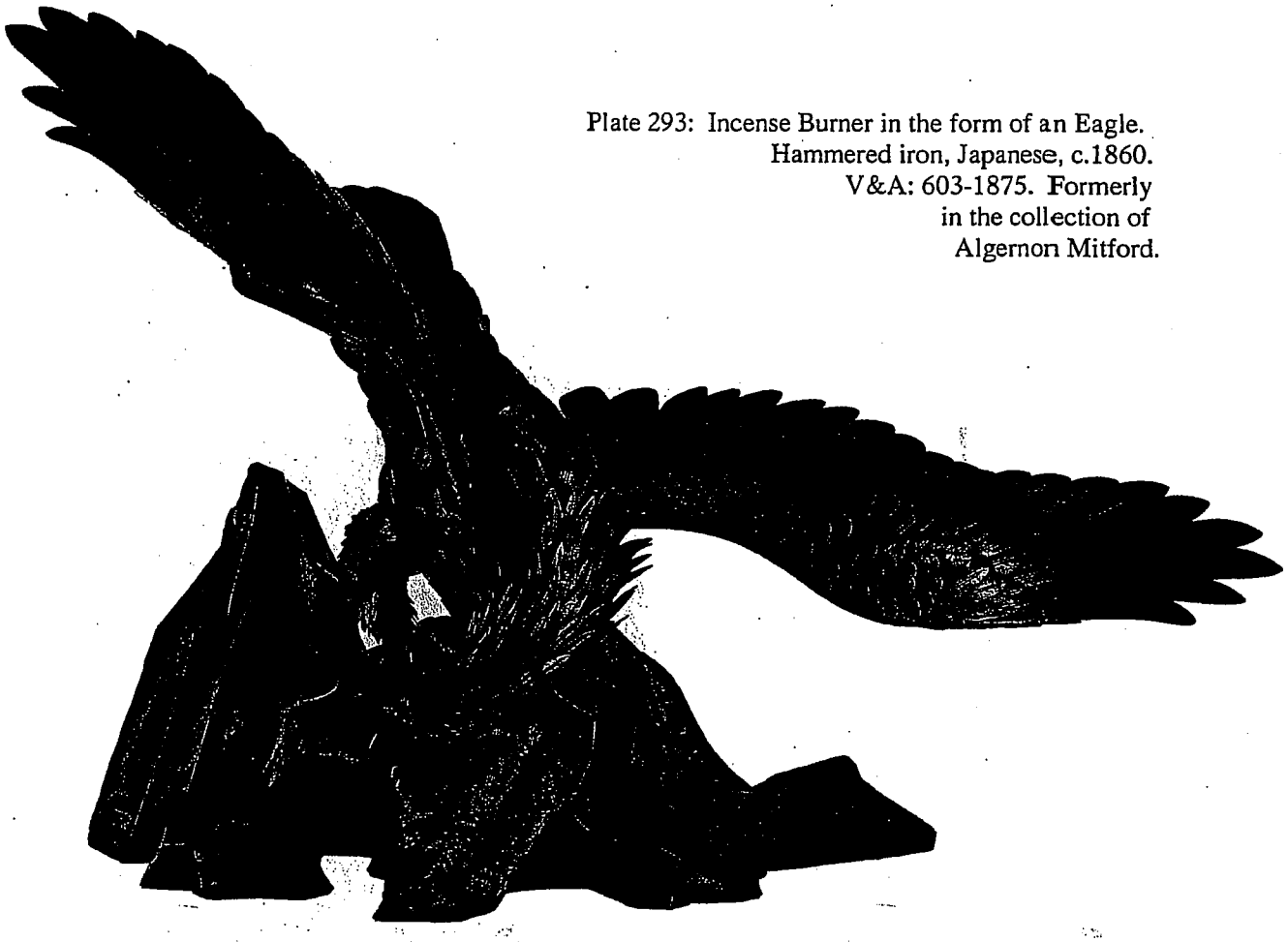


Plate 293: Incense Burner in the form of an Eagle. Hammered iron, Japanese, c.1860. V&A: 603-1875. Formerly in the collection of Algernon Mitford.

merely as picturesque, but as the literal embodiment of their own art. When Isabella Bird first arrived she felt as though 'she had seen them all before, so like are they to their pictures on trays, fans and tea pots.'[40]

Shopping for souvenirs was an important part of any visit to Japan. Most people were content to visit the curio shops that sprang up in the treaty ports and main tourist destinations and to buy the small decorative pieces that appealed to the western eye and were, indeed, designed specifically for this purpose. Others returned from Japan with more unusual items. Mitford, who served in the British legation in Japan from 1866 to 1870, brought back a number of bronzes, including a spectacular incense burner in the form of an eagle which he later sold to the South Kensington Museum (plate 293). The Museum, and perhaps Mitford himself, believed the bronze to be by a celebrated sixteenth-century metalworker, but the eagle was made in about 1860. The object reflects the changing application of Japanese craft skills that occurred as Japan became more westernised and traditional objects became obsolete. Many craftsmen turned their talents to the making of works for the foreign market. The promotion and export of such objects formed an important part of the Meiji government's efforts to expand industry and increase productivity.

Japan's artistic goods flooded into Britain during the Victorian period, creating a craze for all things Japanese. By the 1870s no middle-class drawing room was complete without one of Bird's 'trays, fans and tea pots'. Objects could be bought from a growing number of specialist dealers and from shops such as Liberty's in Regent Street, founded by Arthur Lasenby Liberty (1843–1917) in 1875. The appearance of a new and different aesthetic seemed to offer possible

Plate 294: E.W. Godwin, sideboard. Ebonised wood with silver plate fittings and inset panels of Japanese embossed leather paper, British, *c.*1867. V&A: Circ,38-1953.

solutions to debates about the nature of art and design that were taking place at this time. Designer and theorist Christopher Dresser (1834–1904) believed that Japan could 'supply the world with the most beautiful domestic articles that we can anywhere procure'.[41] Dresser's own work was greatly influenced by Japan and, as a writer and importer, he played a crucial role in the dissemination of Japanese art in Britain. In 1876 he travelled to Japan, visiting numerous artists and manufacturers and advising the Japanese on their art products. Despite his understanding of Japanese artistic principles, Dresser's view of the country was still clouded by the dominant western images. He saw the Japanese as 'a simple and humorous people',[42] and the objects he so admired as 'the children of happy contented men who love their labour as their lives'.[43]

Another leading exponent of *japonisme*, as the artistic phenomenon was known, was E. W. Godwin (1833–86). A major collector of Japanese art, Godwin began to design 'Anglo-Japanese' furniture in the 1860s. In pieces such as his famous sideboard (plate 294) Godwin sought to express the simplicity and elegance that he admired in Japanese art. While Japan certainly provided the main inspiration, many of Godwin's furniture designs suggest that he was also influenced by China.[44] Godwin's close friend, the painter James McNeil Whistler (1834–1903), was also strongly influenced by the Japanese art he admired and collected. He was able to gain a more personal insight into Japan from being 'perpetually in and out of . . . [the] house' of his neighbour and friend Algernon Mitford.[45] Whistler also had a collection of Chinese blue and white porcelain. His first 'Oriental Painting' *Purple and Rose: The Lange Leizen of the Six Marks* (plate 295) is full of such ceramics, yet it is often considered a major document of *japonisme*. To add to the oriental confusion the woman in the painting is wearing a Japanese kimono under her Chinese robe.

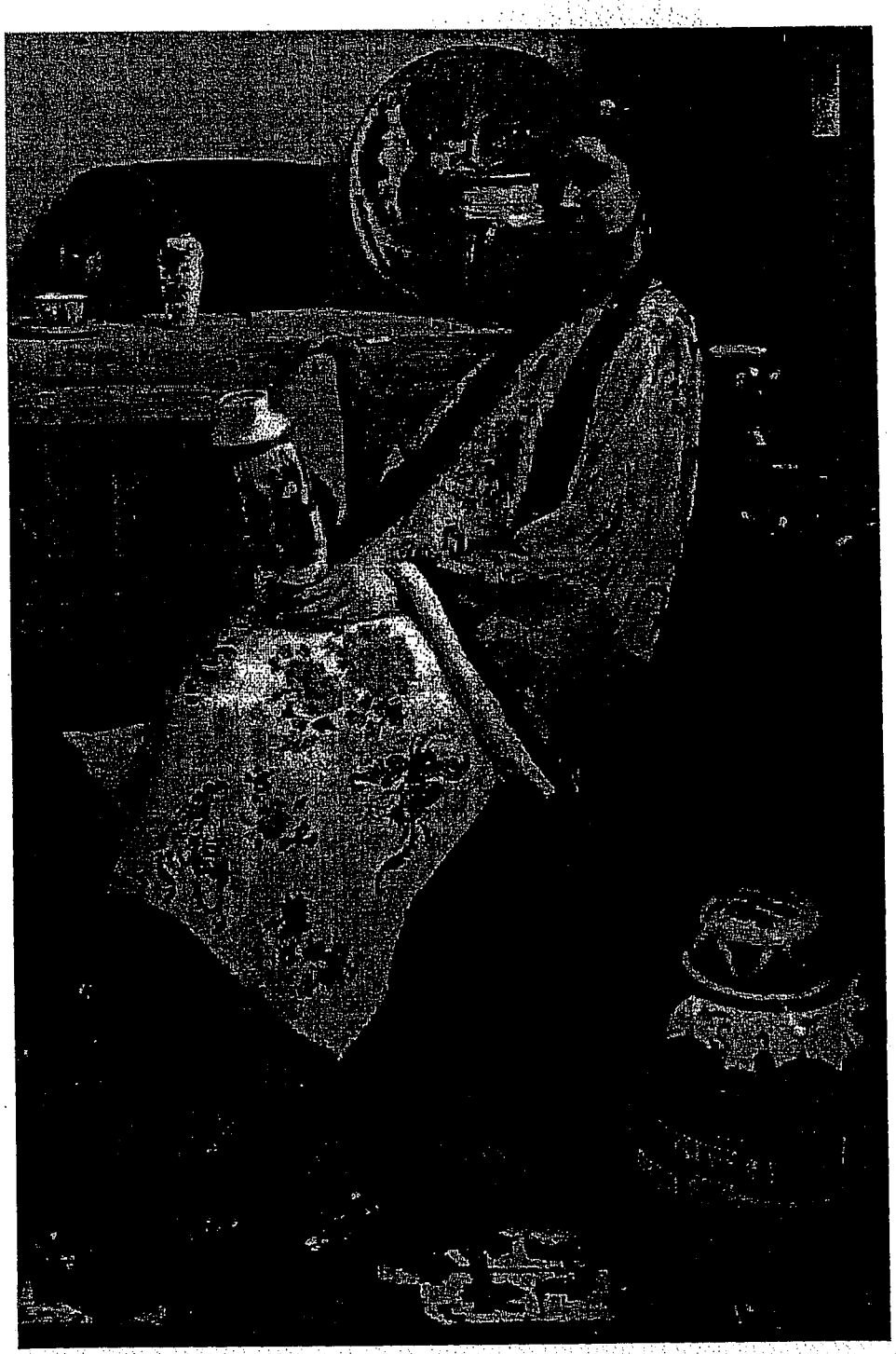
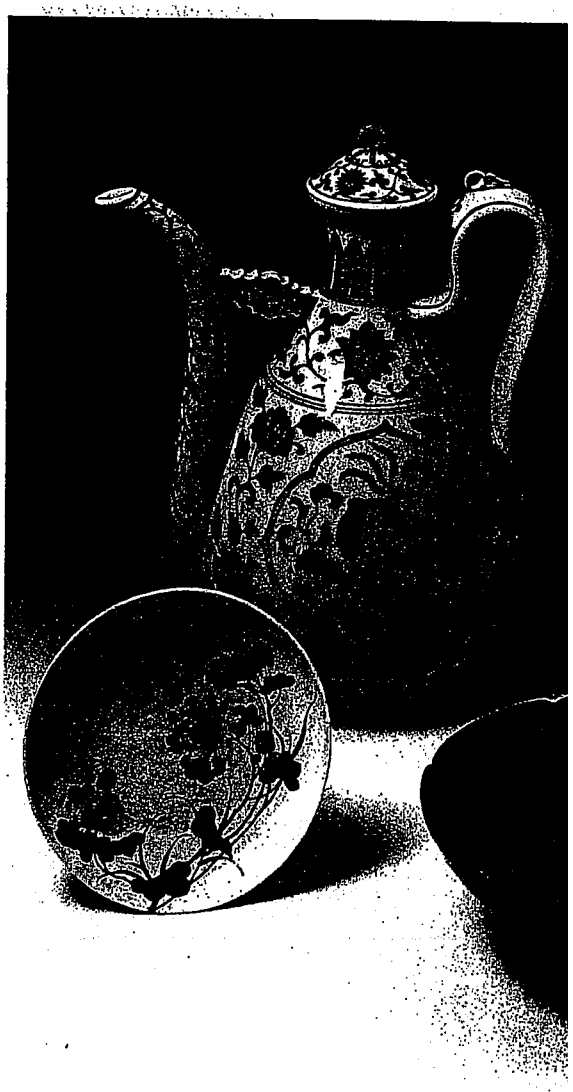


Plate 295: James Abbott McNeil Whistler, *Purple and Rose: The Lange Leizen of the Six Marks*. Detail. Oil on canvas, 1864. Philadelphia Museum of Art: The John G Johnson Collection.

Chinese art did provide inspiration to Victorian artists, yet this was, and indeed still is, largely overlooked. Tarnished by China's fallen reputation and by centuries of half familiarity, Chinese art was compared unfavourably with the recently revealed artistic achievements of its neighbour: 'In contrasting the arts of China and Japan, what strikes one most forcibly is the marked difference of labour . . . the Japanese aiming to produce the greatest possible effect by the least expenditure of trouble, whilst the Chinese make pains the principal virtue; they lack inventive power.'[46] Vast amounts were written about Japanese art in the Victorian period, but there were virtually no general surveys on Chinese art. One exception was the South Kensington Museum handbook published in 1872, but this served only to stress British 'possession' of Chinese art by emphasising that 'we have ample means of judging [cloisonné], the sacking of the Summer Palace having led to the best examples to be found in the country finding their way to Europe'. Such examples revealed that the Chinese had 'the very highest degree of aesthetic perception', but they were 'utterly deficient in artistic power'.[47]

One aspect of Chinese art that was admired, and still much collected, was ceramics. The man who did most to broaden western understanding of Chinese ceramics in the nineteenth century was Stephen Bushell (1844–1908), who from 1868 to 1899 was the doctor to the British legation in Peking. In 1883 the South Kensington Museum employed Bushell to purchase ceramics in China. The 246 objects that were shipped to the Museum reveal Bushell's discerning eye and include ceramics made for the imperial court and for the scholar's table, examples of which would not have been very familiar in Britain at the time (plate 296). It is not known how Bushell acquired the ceramics although it is tempting to think that some of the imperial pieces might have been among those being smuggled out of the storerooms of the Forbidden City by dishonest palace servants.

Chinese objects could also been seen at the international exhibitions. From 1873 China sent an official contribution, the display being organised by the Chinese Imperial Maritime



296 Objects bought in Peking by Stephen Bushell. Left to right: V&A: 85–1883, 109–1883, 717–1883, 706–1883. Porcelain dish with decoration in overglaze enamels, mark and reign of Qianlong (1736–95); porcelain ewer with decoration in underglaze blue, mark and reign of Qianlong (1736–95); stoneware bowl, Guan ware, Southern Song Dynasty (1128–1279); white porcelain vessel altar vessel, Yongle period (1403–24).

Customs. This foreign-run organisation was set up in 1854 to supervise the collection of customs duties. In 1863 the post of Inspector General of the Customs passed to 28 year old Robert Hart (1835–1911), one of the most remarkable and ultimately the most powerful, westerners in China. Hart's efforts to organise displays that would adequately represent China seemed to pay off, and most reviews of the country's contributions to the exhibitions were favourable, critics remarking that: 'In Paris, Vienna and London, China has put in an appearance and . . . presented contributions in a manner worthy of associations with other great nations.'[48] Hart was well aware of the distance that existed between Britain's still fanciful perception of the East and the reality. While organising the display for the 1884 London International Health Exhibition, he wrote: 'The English idea of the Chinese tea-house . . . has nothing corresponding to it in China except the fact that there are buildings in which people can . . . drink tea; if we could supply you with one of them bodily, you would indeed have a slice of the real life of China, but English sightseers would neither eat in it or sit in it.'[49]

This problem was solved by having 'Messrs Holland and Son' erect a Chinese teahouse and restaurant based on 'designs taken from old ivory carvings'.[50] The effect of 'Chineseness' was obviously entirely convincing, the electric lights that were hung in the Chinese lanterns on the veranda of the tea house being 'the only instance in which the extremes of civilisation will touch, for all the rest will be Chinese from the tea to the servants'.[51] Indeed, Hart sent 31 Chinese to staff the exhibition including cooks, waiters and musicians for the teahouse and restaurant.

The Chinese obviously added an 'exotic' dimension to the 1884 exhibition, but the small Chinese community that had developed in East London by this time was usually viewed with suspicion. The supposed 'opium dens' were the subject of sensational reporting, while the fictional descriptions by Charles Dickens (1812–70) and later Oscar Wilde (1854–1900) stirred the popular imagination.[52] By contrast the Japanese village erected in Knightsbridge in 1885, which featured over ninety craftsmen and entertainers, conformed to the less threatening and more picturesque view of the East.

Visitors from Japan were not an unusual sight in Britain by this time. After the Meiji Restoration more and more Japanese visited the country in order to gain western expertise. In 1872 the Iwakura Mission arrived in Britain with the aim of initiating revision of the 'unequal' treaties and studying the industrial might of the West. In their first aim the Mission did not succeed, but during their four-month stay Victorian Britain proudly displayed all its achievements. The mission visited factories and shipyards in the industrial centres of Scotland, the North of England and the Midlands, the naval dockyard in Portsmouth and the Houses of Parliament as well as police stations, court houses, libraries and schools. The 1870s saw a Japanese boom in London. Vast numbers of Japanese students came to the capital, the majority studying science and engineering subjects. They also went to other parts of Britain, notably Glasgow, which became a major centre of scientific study for Japanese students. Such contacts resulted in an interesting exchange of 'art for industry'.[53] In 1878 the City of Glasgow received a gift of over 1,000 items of contemporary ceramics, furniture, lacquerware, metalware, textiles and paper, and in return sent a selection of industrial samples to Tokyo National Museum. Apprentices, engineers, naval cadets and officers were also regular visitors to the shipyards of the

Clyde and other major British ports either working on or supervising the building of ships.

In its quest for industrial and technological knowledge the Meiji authorities not only sent people to Britain to learn, it also employed British engineers and scientists in Japan. The decade 1872–82 saw large numbers of foreign experts engaged in Japan. British engineers constructed railways, lighthouses and telegraph systems, while British shipbuilders and naval architects helped to build up Japan's commercial and naval fleets. Foreign instructors were engaged to teach English, mathematics, physics, chemistry and engineering. Japan also employed British architects to transform its cities along western lines, the most famous being Josiah Condor (1852–1920) who had trained under William Burges.

Having taught the Japanese so well, most of the foreign experts found their services were no longer needed after the mid-1880s and they returned home, although Condor remained in Japan for the rest of his life. Japan was keen to learn as much as it could from the West and keener still to take control of its own destiny. Although initially encouraged by the eagerness of Japan to embrace the West, Britain began to get a little uneasy as the country started to develop industrially and militarily. Despite the increasing knowledge and interaction with the 'realities' of Japan, British commentators retreated into more comfortable 'fantasies'. Old stereotypes persisted and were even reinforced by the increasing number of visitors to Japan.[54]

While the West's vision of China was of a glory long past, the image of Japan was a romance of something only recently lost. Regret was coupled with a vague sense that the West was responsible for this; it had found paradise only to corrupt it. Mitford marvelled at the way in which 'at a bound Japan leapt out of the darkest Middle Ages into the fiercest light of the nineteenth century',[55] but towards the end of his life found that although 'feudalism is dead . . . its ghost haunts me still. I shut my eyes and see picturesque visions of warriors in armour with crested helmets.'[56] Mitford helped create one of the most fanciful, and enduring, images of Japan advising Gilbert and Sullivan on *The Mikado*, the 1885 production of which did so much to popularise the picturesque stereotype of Japan in Victorian Britain.[57]

There was also concern that Japanese art was suffering as 'contact with the West unfortunately brings about the deterioration of Eastern art'.[58] Given the amount of goods that were being produced in Japan for the western market at this time it is not surprising that quality was sometimes lost, but implicit in comments such as this is the idea that something 'pure' had been 'tainted'. There was, however, no suggestion that the western appropriation of eastern aesthetics raised such problems. In 1889 Liberty travelled to Japan, where he lectured on 'Japanese Art Productions'. He warned Japan not to be 'too ready to undervalue the precious heirlooms of a splendid past, to comply with European demands by all means, but let the outcome be still Japanese in character and thought'.[59] In other words Japan was expected to provide plenty of whatever the West wanted of it.

Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936) also travelled to Japan in 1889. He had no doubts about what to expect. He had reached 'the Japan of cabinets and joinery, gracious folk and fair manners', and the appearance of a rickshaw when he arrived at Nagasaki 'shot me into *The Mikado*, First Act'.[60] Such an image of Japan, although more positive than that afforded to China, was still ultimately based on a conviction of British superiority. Japan could be admired artistically, but Britain had

the industrial might and imperial power. As Kipling wrote: 'Verily Japan is a great people. Her masons play with stone, her carpenters with wood, her smiths with iron, her artists with life . . . Mercifully she has been denied the last touch of firmness in her character which would enable her to play with the whole round world. We possess that – we, the nation of the glass flower-shade, the pink worsted mat, the red and green china puppy dog, and the poisonous Brussels carpet. It is our compensation.'[61]

In the 1890s the West was forced to realise that Japan had in fact developed some 'firmness' with which to 'play' with the world. In 1876 it signed a western-style treaty with Korea, forcing the country to abandon its long-standing isolation. Britain was content to take a back seat in the peninsula, signing a treaty only in 1882,[62] and was not willing to become involved in the growing tensions between Japan and China, Korea's traditional protector. War between the two Asian powers broke out in 1894. Defeat at the hands of a country that had for centuries lived under its shadow was a humiliating blow for China.

At the end of the 1890s, as China was being carved into 'spheres of influence', anti-foreign feeling began to run very high. In 1899 a series of orchestrated attacks on missionaries and on railways began, another visible manifestation of the foreign intrusion, by the 'Boxers United in Righteousness'. The Boxer Rebellion culminated in the siege of the legations in Peking. In the British legation, the biggest and easiest to defend, the entire foreign community of the capital, which numbered some 500 people, plus 350 Chinese and over 200 horses and mules (which were later eaten) took shelter. The story of the '55 Days in Peking' has become part of the British imperial legend. Newspapers around the world carried stories of the 'massacre' of foreigners, but when the relief force, which included soldiers from Japan, arrived on 14 August they found the death toll to be quite low. The foreign troops revelled in a frenzy of looting and, for the first time, penetrated the Forbidden City. A formal peace treaty, by which the Chinese had to pay crippling indemnities, was signed in 1901. The rebellion left a lasting imprint on western perceptions of the East, as the Boxers became a symbol for everything feared and hated about China.[63]

The West was quickly having to change its attitude towards Japan, however, as the country started to realise its own imperial ambitions. Although Japanese art, neither traditional enough nor modern enough to satisfy European tastes, began to fall out of favour, Japan finally achieved its political goal. By the terms of the 1902 Anglo-Japanese Alliance it was accepted as an equal power. There is some irony in the fact that Britain had admired Japan's art for decades, but only after the country began fighting wars came to regard it as 'civilised'.

The twentieth century witnessed enormous changes in China and Japan. Britain's relationship with East Asia has also altered dramatically, the final lowering of the Union Jack in Hong Kong in 1997 marking the end of British imperialism in East Asia. Yet many of the myths and stereotypes constructed in the Victorian period remain potent. Despite the radically transformed physical and social environments, thousands of tourists still travel to China in search of the imperial past, an 'exotic experience . . . and an enigmatic journey',[64] and still hope to find 'old Japan' in the temples of Kyoto.

Plate 285: Felix Beato, View of Eiyama, Japan. Albumen print, *c.*1863-8. V&A: 305-1918.

Plate 287: Suit of armour in the Oyoroi style. Japanese, *c.*1859. V&A 362-1865. Presented to Queen Victoria by Tokugawa Iemochi in 1860.

Advertising card. USA, 1880s

'Art and Design: East Asia'
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1 'In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree,' is the opening line to Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem *Kubla Khan*, (1816). Cathay was the European name for China from the Middle Ages.
2 Chinese place names are given in the form used by Westerners in the Victorian period, e.g. Canton rather than Guangzhou, Peking rather than Beijing. All other Chinese words are written in the pinyin system of transliteration.
3 The Qing dynasty was established in 1644 by the Manchu, non-Chinese conquerors originating from the region later known as Manchuria. The majority of those living in China were of Han Chinese origin: the two ethnic groups remained distinct throughout the Qing dynasty. The dynasty was overthrown by the revolution of 1911.
4 *The Athenaeum*, quoted in Saxbee (1990), p.221.
5 Richardson, 'The Exhibition London Guide and Visitors Pocket Companion, describing a New Plan, the Great Metropolis and its Environs' (1851), p.199, quoted in Saxbee (1990), p.273.
6 Footbinding was a Chinese practice. Manchu women did not bind their feet.
7 Fortune (1847), p.2.
8 Fortune (1857), p.vii.
9 Oliphant (1860), p.51.
10 Walrond (1872), p.272.
11 The shōgun was Japan's military ruler. Westerners called him the Tycoon. The Emperor, who, since the late twelfth century had been merely a figurehead, was known as the Mikado.
12 Fortune (1863), pp.95, 16.
13 Wolseley (1861), p.224.
14 Quoted in Spence (1960), p.74.
15 Beato was the semi-official photographer to the British Army in China in 1860.
16 *Illustrated London News* (5 January 1861), p.18.
17 See Hevia (1994), pp.319–45.
18 See Wolseley (1861), p.236.
19 See Cheang (1999), pp.55–8.
20 Waring (1863), vol.3, pl.267.
21 Ibid., pl.288.
22 Burges, 'The International Exhibition', *Gentleman's Magazine* (July 1862), pp.3–12.
23 Fuchinobe Tokuzō, quoted in Cobbing (1998), p.95.
24 In the Edo period (1615–1868) Japan was divided into provinces called 'han'. Each was ruled by a daimyō ('great name') who had a retinue of samurai warriors. Satsuma was on Kyūshū, the south-western island of Japan, and Chosū in the far south-west of the main island Honshū.
25 It was illegal for Japanese individuals to travel overseas at this time. The 1865 group of students were helped by Glover.
26 Nakai Hiroshi, quoted in Cobbing (1998), p.64.
27 Bishop (1899), p.24.
28 Wolseley (1861), pp.302–5.
29 Little (1899) pp.30, 470–71.
30 Mitford (1915), p.342.
31 Ibid., p.544.
32 *Illustrated London News* (24 September 1877), p.171.
33 *Punch* (17 February 1877).
34 Alcock (1863), p.xix.
35 Sladen (1892), p.78, quoted in Littlewood (1996), p.94.
36 Fortune (1863), p.326. Fortune was referring to the 1860 war and the burning of the Summer Palace.
37 Ibid., p.188.
38 Alcock (1863), p.83.
39 Beato (1868), commentary to *View of Eiyama*. The commentary was by James William Murray. Beato arrived in Japan in about 1863 and stayed over twenty years.
40 Bird (1880), p.12.
41 Dresser (1873), p.11.
42 Dresser (1882), p.271.
43 Dresser, 'The Art Manufacturers of Japan, from Personal Observations', *Society of Arts Journal* (1 February 1878), p.177.
44 See Wilkinson (1987), pp.174–9.
45 Mitford (1915), p.646.
46 Leighton (1863), p.596.
47 Ibid., p.2.
48 Standard (17 July 1884), in *Illustrated Catalogue of the Chinese Collection of Exhibits* (1884), p.181.
49 Letter to James Duncan Campbell, 14 January 1884, see Fairbank, Bruner and Matheson (1975), letter 458, p.517.
50 *Illustrated Catalogue of the Chinese Collection of Exhibits*, p.134.
51 *Society* (5 July 1884), in ibid., p. 135.
52 Charles Dickens, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (first pub. 1870), Oscar Wilde *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (first pub. 1891).
53 See Lovelace (1991).
54 See Yokoyama (1987).
55 Algernon Mitford, 'Old and New Japan', Lecture to the Japan Society of London, 14 November 1906. Quoted in Cortazzi (1985), p.11.
56 Algernon Mitford, 'Feudalism in Japan', Lecture to the Authors' Club, 6 November 1911. Quoted in ibid., p.15.
57 Gilbert and Sullivan also got help from members of the Japanese Village in London that year.
58 Dresser (1873), p.161.
59 Liberty (1889), pp.694, 697.
60 Quoted in Cortazzi and Webb (1988), pp.35, 37.
61 Ibid., p.92.
62 This was revised two years later.
63 See Cohen (1997), p.15.
64 Thomas Cook Worldwide Travel Brochure 2000.

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Reading Log

Date:

The reading, the theory or the context: (you could put the reference list citation here)

The message (and where it fits in the big picture)

How would this work in practice?

What you like: (and why)

Your concerns:

Your questions:

Reading Log—deeper level reflections

I recognise the following worldviews in this reading.

Connection/s to other readings / lectures on this topic

As a result of this reflection I have changed my beliefs /attitudes in the following ways:

The beliefs / attitudes about this subject I have <u>kept</u> (because…)

My future practice is now influenced in the following ways:

Reading Log—essay notes

THE UNIVERSITY OF
WAIKATO
Te Whare Wānanga o Waikato

7

Banana

They call me a banana
A *heung-jew*
Yellow on the outside,
White on the inside.

So, I'm being compared
to a curvy piece of fruit
grown from a palm
somewhere in Ecuador
a *heung-jew,*
a fragrant fruit.

I don't think I'm all that fruity
But I could be wrong.

So
you're calling me a banana
with my yellow skin
prone to a little freckling
in my riper moments
and slanted eyes,
ching-chong they called me at school
straight black hair
that could never hold a spiral perm
and a propensity for being the teacher's pet.

I suppose I could call you back
a coconut or gook or honkey
or nigger or wog or curry-eater
but it wouldn't tell me anything more about
you
though it may tell you about me.

Banana is a term
flung by Asians at other Asians,
it's a reproach,
a squish in the face,
a comment that we have abandoned our
culture.

It's a subtle knife in the back during yum-cha
By my mother's friends,
Those I have to call "Aunty" and "Uncle"

but it tells you nothing about me.

It may be true
That some of us bananas
hang around in bunches
and discuss our marks,
drink pearl milk tea
complain about our parents
bring disgusting things to eat for lunch,
and the rebels among us
have *gwei lo* boyfriends

But it still tells you nothing about me.

Peel me
go on
crack my top
and strip me
layer by layer
and underneath
this blubbery skin
is white, yes.

There's white,
the Kiwi part of me,

but there's a core
of seed-yellow
all the way though.

Go on. Take a bite.
it may surprise you,
who I am.

Glossary:
Guei-lo is the Cantonese equivalent of Pakeha/Palangi

Renee Liang

2005 Auckland

Chinglish

Yesterday
a shop lady smiled at me
and said,
"Your English is very good"

her eyes crinkled
in a let's-be-nice-to-aliens way.

I wanted to say

-of course it bloody is,
-I was born here,
-how about you?

But of course I said nothing.
hardly her fault
we Asians all look the same
anyway.

Maybe I should have
I AM KIWI
tattooed on my forehead
except then
I'd be told off by my mother.

My mother.

When I was born
I slept in Chinese
I fed in Chinese
I cried in Chinese

pooed in Chinese even.

Mother and father
left their English
lying around the house
like lollies

they knew I wouldn't touch
I was good then.

We kids built houses
with wooden blocks
painted with Chinese characters.
We fought over
longer characters
on bigger blocks,

better for building walls.

My mother used to say,
"No talking English at home!"

I'd brought it home like a disease
from kindy
and infected my sisters.

By the time we were teenagers
my mother was getting tired
from yelling
"No English!"

Once my sister and I decided to start speaking French.
We thought we were being smart.
Even though we weren't too good at French.

English was my camouflage.
As long as I wore it
talked in English
dreamt in English
ate in English
yes,

even shit in English
I couldn't be too Chinese

could I?

In Hong Kong
I am swept along the pavement
by a torrent of Cantonese
and shop ladies crinkle their eyes
in a let's-be-nice-to-aliens way.

"Your Chinese is good,"
they say,

"for a foreigner".

Renee Liang 2005

also by Robert Sullivan

Jazz Waiata (AUP, 1990)
Pike Ake! (AUP, 1993)
Maui: legends of the outcast (illustrated by Chris Slane, Godwit, 1996)
Manoa: homelands (editor, with Reina Whaitiri, Hawai'i, 1997)

STAR WAKA

Robert Sullivan

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY PRESS

Some of the poems in this book have appeared in the following publications:
Growing up Maori (Tandem Press, 1998), *JAAM*, *Landfall*, *Nga Tai Puhoro*, *Quadrant*, *Rampike*, *Riding the Meridian* (www.heelstone.com/meridian), *Trout* (www.auckland.ac.nz/lbr/trout/trout.htm), *Wasafiri* (London), *Windsor Literary Review* (Ontario).

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CONTENTS

NOTE

I wrote *Star Waka* with some threads to it: that each poem must have a star, a waka or the ocean. This sequence is like a waka, members of the crew change, the rhythm and the view changes – it is subject to the laws of nature.

There are three sections, indicated by the change in title numbering from Roman to Arabic to 'waka' numbering. Occasionally a poem's numbering breaks into another part of the sequence.

There is a core of one hundred poems, and 2001 lines.

For references to Maori mythology see Margaret Orbell's *Encyclopedia of Maori Mythology*. Other references are built into the text.

He karakia timatanga

A prayer to guide waka out the throat,
between Hawaiiki's teeth, the last green speckled

glove of coast, past upthrust knee and rock toe
in the distance to paddle and sail toward sunset –

when each crack in the house of the sun
is submerged – doors and windows cloaked by night,

charred sky where stars become arrows,
lit signs travelling across a black zone.

A prayer to hold lashings and fittings close
amid the swelled guts of Tangaroa.

A prayer to scoop out sustenance –
sweet fish caught by divers in bright saltwater

marinaded in coconut and hunger. A prayer
to keep food for the two week trip to Aotearoa,

gourds intact, yam and taro and kumara gods alert
to the slap and grab of a restless swell –

whether in the breast or seabed. A prayer, a declaration,
for quick land, straight seas, and health

of all parts celestial, temporal and divine:
food music and drink of this star waka –

the chanted rhythms
hoea hoea ra

storms
hoea hoea ra

a thousand years
hoea hoea ra

fleet mothers of tales
hoea hoea ra

I greet you in prayer oh star oh waka . . .
and pray for your combination here.

He karakia mo korua, e te waka, e te whetu o te ao nei.
Star and waka, a prayer for you both.

Men rest their oars at night –
sailing into paua, plump fowl, sweet
water, miracles of earth, land rolling
from hills into skies, land large enough
for lakes, enough to gather people in,
a feast for a forest of gods hitting sky.

Star waka is a knife through time. Crews
change, language of each crew changes,
as fast as sun burns ground, and tongues curse him.
Crews take longer, yet learn less about makers
of waka, meanings of star. Inheritors
of body, watched by spirits watching star.

Star hangs on ears of night, defining light.
Hear sounds of waka knifing time – aue, again,
what belongs to water belongs to blood. Crews leap aboard
leap out, with songs of relations and care
to send them. Whole families have journeyed here,
they continue the line. The bottom line

is to know where to go – star points.
Kaituki counts stroke. Tohunga,
who dwells beyond law, finds star.
System is always there for waka.
Star rises and falls with night.
So guidance system attached.

Belief system of heart. And tide.
In ancient days navigators sent waka between.
Now, our speakers send us on waka. Their memories,
memory of people in us, invite, spirit,
compel us aboard, to home government, to centre:
Savai'i, Avaiki, Havaiki, Hawaiiki, from where we peopled

Kiwa's Great Sea. We left home by a thousand
different stars, but just one waka takes us back.
Let us regroup. We have never travelled further –
just one star stays familiar in the heavens now.
Tamanui sun dribbles from sky. How will we ever settle
this cold place? Makariri. Will our high magic work here?

ii

And when waka reaches Aotearoa again,
empty, we know it has come for more –

and when waka reaches Europe
we know it has lost some more –

and when craft work on waka
descends into varnish and paint it has lost some more –

more times the waka leaves full
we lose more –

and more

iii About some of the crew

He takes notes about his history and culture, even his own family
he takes notes about. He tries to hit the right ones
every time he speaks about them – he does his best
to compliment and complement their abilities,
the way they looked and what they looked at.
Sometimes a few cracks appear in the waka:
someone was a murderer, or someone was not all
that they seemed. To the interested, cracks appear on
the same scale, are worthy of same judgement.
To hide these judgements in little letters is their fate.

iv 2140AD

Waka reaches for stars – mission control clears us for launch
and we are off to check the guidance system
personally. Some gods are Greek to us Polynesians,
who have lost touch with the Aryan mythology,
but we recognise ours and others – Ranginui and his cloak,
and those of us who have seen *Fantasia* know Diana
and the host of beautiful satyrs and fauns.

We are off to consult with the top boss,
to ask for sovereignty and how to get this
from policy into action back home.
Just then the rocket runs out of fuel –
we didn't have enough cash for a full tank –
so we drift into an orbit we cannot escape from
until a police escort vessel tows us back

and fines us the equivalent of the fiscal envelope
signed a hundred and fifty years ago.

They confiscate the rocket ship, the only thing
all the iwi agreed to purchase with the last down payment.

Waka 75 A storm

a storm so violent
waka and coracles slam into each other
tohunga and filiddh swap notes
sing each other's airs
and before you know it the bloodlines
race in and out at crazy angles

Rangitoto surfaces lets out a breath
blood streams from pohutukawa
all at once
haka chanting fills the ocean
fish come up simultaneously raise their mouths
clouds make the shapes of ancient creatures
dinosaurs moa great eagles
sea hardens while land dissolves to water

night arrives with more blood
but groaning not singing

pigs squeal at the crater rim
pork boulders juggled at the mouth
of a hot clown

the Tarawera waka glides by
death death fear of death
mystery waka

again the wave slaps his face
try harder
slaps him again
portray me as I am

Waka 76

Tangaroa slams his pint on the bar,
'Gissa nother,' he hisses – the bartender jumps,
slides a frothy wave the length of the bay –
the crowd of fur seals resume their conversations,
slapping each other on the backs.

A guy with a waka attitude walks in,
leans over looking at Tangaroa –
'I'll have what the wet guy's having
since he's gonna pay for it.'
The fur seals fly in all directions.

Tangaroa looks him up and down,
checks out his moko and his waka.
'You're one of Tane's kids, ain't ya?
That means we're kin!'
He pays for the drink.

Waka 86

I am Kupe. I have the credit for finding
this new land, the parts of which

I named with parts of me, including
my son – I have left my son here,

the gods were appeased.
My soul will never forget this.

I have been quoted many times,
e hoki a Kupe? Did Kupe return?

The saying is meant to politely
refuse a request. But I do

return to this land. Thoughts
I placed here keep returning

to my ears. I am sorry
for correcting the saying,

but I have been returning
for a very long time now.

Waka 87

I am the anonymous settler
fresh off the boat from Bristol,
arrived from a developed land
where the landscape
is landscaped, seating churches
and palaces, melodious clock towers,
aristocrats and Ascot, a land
where everything
has a place including the people.

Here we have tents and take food
from savages. The town is squatter
than Sydney. The *English* do not know
their stations any more.
My family will spend the next
century building this country
into a new England, and building
the mythology of England as home.

Waka 88

Do not mind the settler. I observe
the rules of this mythology (see how he did not

place a star or ocean or a waka
in his pageantry). I am Odysseus,

summoned to these pages by extraordinary
claims of the narrator. I run through all narratives.

Dr Jung put me there early in the century.
Look closely at the narration. Who

is holding the sails taut, commanding the paddles,
seeing that the carvings follow the patterns

of waka that follow the patterns of the sea?
I. Odysseus. I have put myself here

because this is a text. A very Western text.
The navigators sail with me now.

I sail as a member of the crew,
and can speak for them.

Waka 89

Yo I'm Maui. This facet is the Maui of the hauling.
The great fish is mine. I have first rights

and I am expressing anger ANGER ANGER
at being denied a significant portion of the text

of the Star Waka. The copyrights are mine.
Without me the waka would be a vaka for instance.

They wouldn't have a base, a matrix to tie
their culture to. You know I fished the land up

don't you? You know I placed it under the path
of Kopua, not far from Matariki, don't you?

How else would anyone find it?
What do you mean there'd be another star,

or birds? I tell you I put it there because those stars
are the best ones in the sky. I want credit.

And no more anthropologists.
I belong to cosmology. Dig, Odysseus?

Stroke past line 1642
into European time.
Stroke past 1769
and the introduction of the West

Stroke on the approach to 1835
and formal Northern Maori sovereignty.

Stroke into the New World and stop.

Crews alight, consign waka
to memory, family trees, remove
the prowed tauihu, drape
the feathered mana
around the whare-womb
of the next crew

who are to remember waka
into the beginning
of centuries years minutes hours seconds
long and short hands centred
on Greenwich

each person
of waka memory
to hold their thoughts,
each person of seagoing
and waterborn descent
whose hard waka
are taken away.

And years later,
we ask our ancestors to wake,
whose mokopuna are carving in eyes,
restoring chiselled features, mouths

coming out of wood, genitals,
feet planted
on shoulders winding into stars
on ceilings, our ancestors of a culture
that has held its breath
through the age of Dominion.
We've adzed waka out for them –
the memories, intricate knowledge,
fleet leaders, our reasons for being –
shoulders that carried so many waka –
summoning souls of myriads
of names above hundreds
of waka names.

And you waka, who have seen heaven,
the guts of the ocean, brought terror
and pleasure, who have exhausted
your crews of home thoughts
who have lifted songs above
the waves of the greatest and deepest ocean,

rise – rise into the air – rise to the breath –
rise above valleys into light and recognition –
rise where all who have risen
sing your names.

And you, Urizen, Jupiter, Io Matua Kore,
holder of the compasses –
wind compass, solar compass,
compass encompassing known
currents, breather of the first breath
in every breathing creature,
guide the waka between islands,
between years and eyes of the Pacific
out of mythologies to consciousness.

And you stars, the ancestors,
nuclear orbs, red giants, white dwarves,
burn brilliantly, burn on the waka down there,
burn on waka riding valleys,
burn on waka on mountain summits,
burn on waka in the night,
burn on waka past the end of the light.

Reading Log

Date:

The reading, the theory or the context: (you could put the reference list citation here)

The message (and where it fits in the big picture)

How would this work in practice?

What you like: (and why)

Your concerns:

Your questions:

Reading Log—deeper level reflections

I recognise the following worldviews in this reading.

Connection/s to other readings / lectures on this topic

As a result of this reflection I have changed my beliefs /attitudes in the following ways:

The beliefs / attitudes about this subject I have <u>kept</u> (because…)

My future practice is now influenced in the following ways:

Reading Log—essay notes

THE UNIVERSITY OF
WAIKATO
Te Whare Wānanga o Waikato

8

Festival of Miracles

Alice Tawhai

For G, Nui and Duck, who I love past the edge of the world and beyond the end of time

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Perfect Things

MYMAH COLLECTED LISTS of perfect things. Pale green starlings' eggs, the cake at her cousin's wedding, the full moon outside her window (she had a book that made it rhyme with baboon and June), the beach washed clean by the tide in the morning, the smell of new school books before they were written in, shop mannequins with skinny stomachs, and a bar of dark chocolate (no bites taken).

Mymah lived up on the Coromandel. When it rained, the drizzle shrouded the dark hills so that they looked as if they were covered in grey sheep's wool. The thick pohutukawa trees let the drips through, and the deep red stamens of the flowers fell to the ground in a thick mat. But on a fine day like this one, the shallow water mixed with the colours of the bush and the sky so that it was just like liquid pāua shell spilt across the mud flats.

Phillip and Piata, her cousins from down the road, came to pick her up. Everybody called them Philly and P, just like they called her Mymah, when her real, whole name was Jemimah. Mymah looked up to P, who had perfect ears. Mymah often admired P's ears, and she had them on one of her lists. P had been brave enough to get them pierced, and, when she was older, she wanted her tongue done too.

Horses were not perfect things. They snorted and nipped, and tried to jerk Mymah off if she started to relax. They smelt of sweat, and always waited until she was already on them before stopping to have a tūtae. Mymah rode behind Philly. P wanted a horse all to herself, of course. They rode bareback, using only a bridle and reins.

The nīkau palms, with the sun shining through their criss-

cross leaves above her head, reminded her of the kete that her nanny made out of flax, and of a kete she had once seen in a shop, carved from shining green pounamu, rubbed as smooth as if the river had flowed across it for a thousand years.

The criss-cross of the nīkau leaves also reminded her of the tukutuku panels in the dark wharenui of her marae. Little red, white and yellow cross-shaped stitches on flat black sticks, as black as being in a tunnel without a light. They showed ngā purapurawhetū, the stars sprinkled in the heavens, or the shape of the pātiki, the flounder that lay in the mud in the harbour. Tukutuku was a perfect thing, and so were kōwhaiwhai, the patterns on the rafters, which were the ribs of the body of her ancestral house.

She thought about flounder again. She liked flounder. It wasn't a perfect thing, because fish could make you fat. But it was nice the way its delicate white flesh came free from its muddy green skin when she poked at it with her dainty silver fork. She only ever ate a little bit though. Her dad called her Fatty Girl, in a nice way, but she could see that her puku was rounder than all the other girls', and that her legs were thicker. 'Why am I fat?' she asked her mum. 'You're not fat,' her mum told her. 'You're just like me and your aunties.'

Her mother moved through life with a lazy grace, like a canoe gliding on to the sand before coming to rest. 'You look,' she said, 'at any kapa-haka group. You'll never beat a big woman for the way they sway and dip. Those skinny girls just can't touch it.'

Mymah's thoughts stopped wandering as the horse tried to rub her off against a tree. She and Philly got down and tied it up. The three of them darted in and out between the nīkau trunks like dusky moths, heading to the river. And like moths, they found themselves attracted to a candle. A candle

that lay white and waxy at the edge of the water, one arm flung backwards, hair trailing in the current.

'Dead,' said P. Mymah hid her face.

'Washing her hair,' said Philly.

'Nah,' said P. 'She's not moving.' Philly picked up a stone.

'Don't,' whispered Mymah. 'You'll get tapu!'

'Not if she's washing her hair,' said Philly. He threw the stone hard and low, as he would have if he'd been aiming at P's ankles. It hit the lady by the pool.

'Umm!' said Mymah. Nothing happened. 'Tapu,' she hissed at him.

P threw a stone. Nothing. Mymah gathered her courage and threw one. She missed, but she wasn't really trying. Philly threw another stone, and it hit her hand. 'Dead,' he said.

'Let's look,' said P.

They crept closer and stared down at her. Her face floated above the water. Stream water was a perfect thing, so clear and smooth that it almost didn't exist. Below the lady lay round grey stones with darkness in the spaces between them. They were like eggs laid by the river, holdable and skimmable. More perfect things.

The lady's eyes were wide open, but rolled up into the back of her head. 'She's white,' said Mymah.

'That's how she's supposed to be. All Pākehās are white,' said Philly knowledgeably.

'You're dumb,' said P. 'She's white because all her blood is gone.'

'We're going to be in trouble,' said Mymah. 'She's got no clothes on.'

'Ooh, yuck, titties!' announced Philly. 'It's rude to show your titties!'

'Rudey, rudey!' sang P.

'There's her stuff,' said Mymah, noticing clothes scattered around the edge of the bush. They scrambled over. Philly twirled some pale silky undies on his finger and chucked them upwards where they snagged on some branches. The breeze caught them and they moved gently, clinging on like a translucent chrysalis, catching the sun.

'Let's play mermaids,' called P. She took a few steps into the water wearing a long blue velvet dress, the colour of the night sky in summer before the stars came out. The wet dress clung to her legs, and splayed out around her ankles like the tail of a fish.

Mymah shook her head. Carefully, she collected all the clothes and sat down to fold them neatly. Philly was happily going through the things he'd found in one of the pockets. 'Look, overseas money!' he said, holding it up to see the watermark. 'And a photo of her in a little book!'

'Don't mess things up,' said Mymah. Philly stuck the money in his pocket.

P dived through the water, trailing the velvet dress like a dark comet. Mymah sidled closer to the lady. 'If we jammed a branch under her,' said Philly, 'we could lift her off the bank and float her down to the next pool.'

'No,' said Mymah. 'I'm playing with her.'

'Come in, Philly,' shouted P. 'Let's dive down to see if we can see any eels!'

Afternoon sunlight shone on the surface, and made the water out in the middle a golden green, studded with tiny insects, upside-down beetles and small petals. Summer was a perfect thing. Being eight years old was a perfect thing. Mymah didn't want to get any older. P and Philly were jumping in, momentarily indenting the water with their weight, marking

the centre of the universe.

The splashing and the ripples made the lady's shoulders rise and fall as though she was breathing. She was definitely a perfect thing, and would be on all of Mymah's lists from now on. She had a pale body just like a Barbie doll with its long neck and tiny waist, and thin legs that bent at the knee if you moved them. Blonde wavy hair floated away from the lady's face, and she had no fat on her at all. Mymah had nine different Barbie dolls at home.

She held a small stick against the locks of the lady's hair, and they curled around it, some of them floating away from her neck. Mymah saw that the skin there was squishy and bruised. She hurriedly covered it up so that the lady would stay perfect. She twisted more sticks into her hair, and then waded out into the water, cupping her hands to catch the pohutukawa and pūriri flowers. She placed these amongst the floating curls.

She accidentally brushed against the lady's hand in the water, and it felt real, as if the lady had tried to touch her. Mymah moved upstream. A dragonfly flitted across the lady's chest, its legs barely skimming her. It looked like a brooch with jewelled wings against the lady's fragile skin.

'Look at me!' shouted Philly. And he arched his back and made his mimi arc right out into the pool, like a magnificent rainbow of weakly coloured amber. 'You can't do that, cause you're girls,' he said.

'So?' said P. 'Who wants to? I can spit further than that!' But she looked a little bit jealous.

'When we get home, nobody will tell about the lady,' said P. 'Spit and swear, or the tapu will come and get you.'

At home, Mymah helped her nanny get the dinner ready by making doughboys. She liked to help her nanny with

these; small round balls of floury dough dropped into the rich brown gravy of the stew so that they fluffed up like cotton. 'It seems a shame not to eat something that you like so much,' said her nanny as she dished it out, but Mymah only wanted 'a little bit of meat and no potatoes, thank you.'

She was sitting on the couch, watching TV, when someone knocked on the door. 'Tell them I'm coming,' said Mymah's mum from the bathroom. She was getting ready to go down the pub with Mymah's aunties. But it wasn't them, it was two policemen. They were tall with long legs. Their dark blue pants were pressed with a straight crease down the centre, like paper-doll cut outs. Mymah made a mental note for her list. Philly and P stood at the back. P had been crying. The policemen murmured in low talk to Mymah's dad. He got his Swanndri and a torch. 'Come on, Fatty Girl,' he said.

They all got into the police car. When they got out, Mymah's dad lifted her over the stile, and they walked up the track where they'd ridden that morning. The sky was getting to be like a mixture that had been poured into a pan. Thick and smoky blue in the centre, with the first silver stars appearing like air bubbles. As the mixture thinned out towards the edges where it touched the land, it became paler, until it was light blue, tinged with watered-down green and a hint of lemony gold.

Real moths flew amongst the nīkau palms and blundered into their faces. The lady was still there, grey in the dusk, as though she'd been there for years and years and had turned to stone from waiting so long. The policemen spoiled it by shining their big torches on her, the bare light making her white, like a ghost, or milk.

'Wait here,' said one of them, as they went down to get a close up look.

'Fuck's sake,' said Mymah's dad. 'This isn't something you kids should see.' And until they were allowed to go back to the car, he made them all turn and look at the nīkau palms, which were perfect things themselves, really.

Luminous

Alice Tawhai

For the man I thought my husband was
For the woman I used to be
And for all the girlies who were there when I needed them

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Butterflies and Moths

GLORY'S SMALL MUSTARD-COLOURED car bumped over the metal road, towing her tiny white caravan with a matching mustard-coloured stripe across it. Inside, tealeaves sloshed around in the big stainless-steel teapot, wedged in between the cupboard and the stove, with Sellotape keeping the lid on and blocking the spout, so that Glory could reheat and reuse the darkly brewed tea later on in the day.

The inner edges of the road's sharpest corners had been worn into smooth hollows, like dessert bowls, scooped clean with a rounded spoon.

She came to a field full of thistles topped with dark-pink flowers. A million-shower of white cabbage butterflies hung above them, dislodging each other; floating like fragments of torn-up love letters thrown into the air. Oh, thought Glory. The world is beautiful, and I'm swimming in it.

She pulled over onto a gravel-edged shoulder of the road. This was where the man at the little museum had sent her. Before she set off, she hung her sheets out to air on the fence, using wooden pegs to keep them from dancing off. She was always careful to avoid barbed wire, and once, she had mistakenly hung wet clothes on an electric fence. For that, she had received a shock that had left her mind full of clarity all day.

What she was looking for now was a belly-button in the whenua, a pit full of sliding metal, about the size of two paddocks. She got her backpack from the boot of the car, above the number-plate bearing her name. She'd been called Gloria at birth, but when the kids had grown up, and it was time to reinvent herself,

she'd shortened it to Glory.

She waded through the fields, swedes now, with fat, white tops sticking out above the stony soil, inviting her to trip over them in her steel-capped boots. White butterflies still fluttered around her like confetti, although there were fewer of them now. She felt a tingling in her pocket, and pulled out her silver cellphone, holding it high among the butterflies to catch the signal. It played Bic Runga's song, 'Something good'. A text then, not a call, which would have had a different ringtone.

Her daughter Marama was texting her Happy Birthday. 'Sorry I can't ring,' her text said. 'Dad says you're in the backblocks.' Glory thought of the cellphone tower that she'd passed on a hill a few miles back. It had looked like a white modern-day representation of Jesus and his crown of thorns. Even out here, Glory had said to herself.

Marama was at university in Australia, studying cinematography. 'You girls have so much more opportunity now to go straight into training for what you want to do with your lives,' Glory had told her when she left. 'In my day, you met a boy, you had some nookie, you got hapū, and you were stuck. But you girls have got everything under the sun to stop a baby coming.'

Glory had wanted to be a palaeontologist and hunt fossils. Back when she was younger, there was no possibility. Girls were girls, and then they were wives and mothers. Glory remembered a lot of nappies to be washed and changed, and a lot of school lunches to be made. And constant noise from the kids, and having to have Charlie's dinner on the table by five.

When Marama and the others were a bit older, she'd asked Charlie if he'd mind her doing a few university courses. 'Too expensive,' he'd said. 'Waste of time.' So she didn't.

Glory had gone to Australia eighteen months ago, to visit Marama. Afterwards, she'd gone hunting for opals in the Outback dust. When she polished the ones she brought home, they were pink dawn, pale blue summer sky and apricot sunset. When she was younger, she'd hunted for gemstones in piles of rock.

Sometimes she'd broken the stones open, hoping to find fossilised dinosaur eggs.

Now, she found the pit she was looking for. She got out her chisels and began to chip away at the rock. She had to be so careful, or she'd break what she was looking for. She found some long, thin belemnite fossils. Just a broken one at first, and then, as her eyes adjusted, more and more, in the splinterings of the hard stone cliff face at the far end of the pit. Eventually, she was rewarded with a whole, perfectly formed ammonite, lying half-buried in the shifting metal at her feet. She wrapped the things carefully in cotton wool, and put them into a shoebox in her backpack.

The shingle shifted like a shoal of butterflies under her feet. It was hot and dusty work, and her back was beginning to ache when she stood up. This isn't hot, she told herself. Being hot is being stuck in the suburbs all summer with five kids and no car.

She sat down on a rock to eat the sandwiches that she'd prepared on the caravan bench that morning. Chopped dates and cream cheese from out of the little fridge, spread onto soft brown bread and cut into triangles. She swung her thick black plait over her shoulder. She wished it would go grey properly, instead of just a few silver cobweb-like threads. That would give her that kaumātua edge of distinction. Younger people than her had already had their hair turn white, and Charlie and the kids had surely done enough over the years to turn her hair that way too.

Charlie was at home, fending for himself these days. Making his own sandwiches, scratching his own back. Eating baked beans on toast when he forgot to shop, and eating them in the dark when he forgot to pay the power bill.

In the late afternoon, she started tapping the loose round boulders, trying to break them in half. The memory of looking for dinosaur eggs was still with her. Eventually, she was rewarded. A huge moth emerged, embedded in a stone the size of her head. Glory hadn't known that moths had ever been so big. Obligingly, the wings lay open in perfect symmetry, the veins drawn into the rock in delicate ridges, as if the moth was still flying through the

night. Thrilled with her find, she cleaned it off and put it away.

A short time later, she stopped suddenly. Where the metal had shifted as she stood on a drift, a small skeleton began to emerge. Glory dropped to her knees, and scooped away more of the stones, until she had in her hands the bones of a baby. She said a karakia, just as she had before she had begun hunting for the first fossils of the day.

She knew enough about bones to know that these were less than fifty years old, and that because of its size, and the fact that the legs were still turned outward from the pelvis like a rodeo rider's, this baby had probably died before it had begun to walk.

Glory wondered if he or she had been born to a scared young mother, maybe born dead, and she'd tried to hide her. Had she dropped her on her head by mistake? She thought of that woman, and how her life would have changed and moved on as the flesh fell from her baby's bones, the way that the shale shifted and changed, always forming new patterns.

It must have been some time ago. Sometimes the past should be left undisturbed, Glory decided. She buried the baby deep in the ground on the edge of the pit, deeper than the swedes would ever be planted. She chose a piece of earth on a difficult angle, hoping that it would never be used for anything else.

By this time, the moon was a creamy bitten fingernail floating in an apricot sky. She found a firm stick and stuck it above the baby's head for the moth that was her soul to crawl up and cling to, drying its wings before it flew towards Te Reinga, Hawaiki and the twelve heavens.

She turned to leave, but changed her mind. Opening her backpack, she took out the stone that had trapped another, different moth within, and laid it to mark the place where the baby rested, picture side down. That way, it looked like any other old rock in the field.

The white cabbage butterflies were nearly all resting now, although one or two, disturbed and disorientated by her feet, fluttered up to touch her face. Butterflies were for daytime, moths

were for night.

The sky had changed now and as Glory drove through the blue, yolky-tinged dusk to the camping grounds in Kawhia, twinkling stars sprang into view, like shiny silver drops of fat splashed from a frying pan onto the kitchen wall. She thought about a time, long ago, when Marama was a baby, and she, Glory, had walked through the darkness to her cot, her eyes still closed with exhaustion; barely awake.

But Marama was awake, crying and screaming. It was the fifth time since Glory had gone to bed, and it had been going on night after night. 'Shut that bloody baby up!' Charlie had shouted. 'I need some sleep! I've got work in the morning!' And Glory had picked Marama up and shaken her hard, just to try and make her stop. But she had only cried louder. And Glory quite clearly remembered how there, in the dimness, she had wished her own baby dead.

Is This the Promised Land?

STEPH HAD GOLDEN HAIR, like an angel, and her eyes were as blue as the pools of water on the sand at low tide, down by the New Brighton pier. The pier, made from steel and newness, jutted out from the white sand into the sapphire water, where lines of foam trailed like white cream piped out of a bag and onto a cake. Steph was born and bred in New Brighton, where Christchurch became a seaside town with sand on the road, and the poorer houses had been accidentally placed.

Evangel's eyes were grey against his brown skin, and if he was inside, or if it was a rainy day, they blackened like twilight falling. As if someone had turned a dimmer switch until they were the shade of darkness that occurred at night when people's eyes had adjusted to the lack of light and they could find their way around quite easily.

He kept his black hair short, but when he was younger, and it was between cuts, it had risen like a sponge cake in the oven on either side of his head, light and fluffy and full of air, like wings attached to his ears.

Steph lay in the bath. The bubbles climbed on top of each other like barnacles, as white as the foam in the surf down at the beach, shot through with flashes of gold where the light from the bulb on the bathroom roof caught their curves. She placed her hands face down on some of the suds, which were stiff like meringue, sturdy enough to hold the weight of her palms if she rested them only lightly on top.

What mistake had led to her hands lying there so pale in the water, when the brownness of her father's skin had flowed so easily into her brother? What had blocked her father's colour from passing across her placenta as she floated in the clean, clear water of her mother's stomach, leaving her colour gold and blue and fair and unfinished when she emerged?

And if she had been born with beautiful warm brown skin, would she still have been herself? Or would the DNA tweak have been enough to form an entirely different consciousness, so that she wouldn't have existed at all, and instead there would have been a different Steph, with darker skin, and a different mind? Was her fair skin a condition of her existing?

Steph had been a blue baby, born with bad blood, ugly blood. And straight away they'd pumped it out of her, and pumped new, fresh blood in, blood from an anonymous donor. Maybe that was why she was so colourless, she thought. All her real, dusky blood had been flushed away and replaced.

Had wanting to be recognised as Māori all her life made her who she was? Would her brain have been built differently, or would she think and feel the same if she hadn't had that longing? Would she have been happier, or would she have wanted to be white, like her mother? Steph blinked. It was hard to imagine ever wanting to be like her mother. She turned on her side, and her thigh rose up out of the bubbles. It was the colour of blushed roses.

Evangel didn't remember his Māori mother. He'd been brought up by his dad, a minister of Scottish descent, who'd taken Evangel back home to Dunedin. Evangel could recite all of the Saints names and all of their birthdays, but he hated it when one of the lecturers would ask him, in front of the whole class, for the 'Māori perspective'. 'How would Māori feel about this, Evangel?' 'What would this mean in Māori terms?' And Evangel had to shrug his shoulders, looking sulky and sullen and unwilling to share, when what he really meant was that he had no idea.

He was embarrassed that the people who he thought he belonged

with thought he belonged somewhere else. Māori people were as alien to him as they were to all the other milk-skinned people at art school. 'Try and incorporate your culture into your painting,' said his lecturers. 'Use some Māori motifs and design. That's very popular right now. Think of Shane Cotton.'

Steph thought of her mother, who would never be happy that Steph was Steph. Around her, Steph always had to be the person that her mother wanted her to be, and probably thought she was. Everything that didn't fit in with this was 'just a stage'. 'This art school thing, you'll get tired of it. Leave that sort of thing for people with nothing better to do.' Her mother wanted her to be a teacher or an accountant, something with a steady income.

'You're not like your father, thank goodness,' she always said firmly. 'You take after me. Your father was right off the rails, like your brother.' She rarely mentioned Steph's brother. 'You're fair enough that no one would guess that you've got Māori blood,' she said.

Evangel wanted to be a painter like Colin McCahon. 'McCahon always started his canvasses with darkness,' he told Steph. 'It was the light that he painted on top. Most painters are the other way around. They start with white, and paint in the shadows.'

And he showed her a picture of a chunky white candle, with darkness emanating from the flame, casting a shadow instead of throwing light. He liked the religious aspects of McCahon's early paintings.

Steph wished that the lecturers would ask her the questions that they asked Evangel. 'I'm Māori too,' she wanted to shout. But in the past, she'd had to argue with people who smugly said that she couldn't be Māori, because she was too fair. As if they'd know better than she would. She thought it made her sound desperate, insisting. Sometimes, she didn't think that she deserved to be Māori anyway. She'd never had to put up with racism. She couldn't say

Māori words properly. She'd never been to a marae. She couldn't even remember her father.

She loved the colour of Evangel's skin. Evangel told Steph that he loved her. She was beautiful, and pale, like his father's sisters. Steph fell in love with Evangel. His skin was like the missing part of her, and she felt that he was her soul mate.

Steph knew that church mattered to Evangel. When Steph was young, her teacher had wanted to know what religion she was. 'Anglican? Presbyterian?' Steph hadn't known, so she'd asked her mother, like the teacher had told her to. 'No religion,' said her mother. 'You go back and tell your teacher that we work hard, and dress nicely and know our manners, and that's enough.'

Steph went back and told her teacher that her family were Anglican. The soft way that her teacher said the beginning of the word Presbyterian reminded her of the word penis, a shameful word. Whereas the word Anglican sounded like a bell tolling. Ang-li-can. She told Evangel that her family were Anglican as well.

She went with him to the carols by candlelight service in the Square before Christmas. Evangel liked Christmas songs. They reminded him of his dad in church on Christmas Day, after a breakfast of porridge with raisins, and brown sugar and cinnamon melting on the top. His dad always opened his mouth as wide as possible when he sang the carols and the hymns, as if he was frightened that some of the notes might get squashed by mistake on their way out.

A policeman stopped Evangel as they walked towards the Square. 'What are you doing around here?' he asked him.

'We're here for the carols by candlelight,' said Steph, who had been looking in a shop window. 'Why don't you ask those other people what they're doing here?'

'Sorry, miss,' said the officer. 'I didn't realise that he was with you.'

'It doesn't matter who he's with,' said Steph.

'Just doing my job, making sure no one breaks into these cars,' said the policeman.

'Leave it, Steph,' said Evangel.

Tiri enrolled in the next year's intake. He hung out with Evangel because Evangel had brown skin, and he was the only one there that Tiri felt comfortable with. Evangel would have preferred other friends, but the Pākehā students always treated him like an outsider, even though he laughed when they told jokes about 'lazy Māoris.' Evangel thought that Tiri made him stick out even more. Steph invited him around to their flat all the time, and started saying 'bro' and 'cuz' like Tiri.

Evangel wanted to say, 'Don't you know how stupid you sound?'

Later, he told her, 'We were both brought up Pākehā. The difference is that I want to stay Pākehā, and you want to be something else.'

Driving home to see his father, through the South Island emptiness, Evangel was surrounded by the plains and distant hills with their dry grass soaked in the golden afternoon sun. He could see forever. The sky was thin and fragile blue above him, and he was reminded of Steph. He had a sense of an angel hovering above the land, just as McCahon had; trying to express it in his painting, *The Promised Land*. Perhaps, thought Evangel, this might be the spirituality that his own father had spent his life trying to communicate.

The angel was face down towards the earth. Evangel had a stirring of something beautiful and old – ancient, even. Maybe, he thought, I am feeling the presence of a being from another age, millions of years ago, but only a blink away through the membrane of time. I can notice it today because of the stillness of the landscape. I feel it as an angel, because that is the shape that I've been brought up to know it as. The gold light on the land is the reflected glow of this angel. And the blue of the haze on the hills is the reflection of his cloak.

And he was so busy thinking about the wonder of it that his car went into a slide on the metal road, and he ended up upside down on the other side of a fence.

After that, Evangel painted awkwardly. His shoulder hurt. It felt as though it had been shot with a bullet that had spread ice through the surrounding tissue, leaving it frozen and stiff. Fragments of the icy feeling travelled down his arm and into his back, leaving little sharp shocks of glittering wintry pain if he held a brush for too long. It was a South Island pain; come down off the Alps.

He told Steph about Glenys, a Pākehā nurse who he'd met while he was in hospital. 'She wears dresses, not jeans,' he tried to explain. 'She leaves pink lipstick marks in the white icing when she eats cake. She sings in her church choir on Sundays. She's about who I am. You're about who you want me to be. I don't want to take Māori night classes with you, or wear black T-shirts with the Māori flag on the front. I want to be who I am with Glenys,' he said.

Steph was hysterical. Evangel was the missing part of her. 'You're my soul mate,' she said, clinging to him, crying.

'Let me go,' he insisted, guilt tasting metallic and nasty in his mouth. But she wouldn't, and he couldn't calm her. Eventually, he held her down on a wooden kitchen chair by wrapping one of his arms across the front of her from behind. And while she kissed the brown skin that he never saw himself wearing, and whispered how much she loved him, he tied her to the rungs at the back with her own hair. He made lots of little blonde knots, and his shoulder ached.

When he pulled himself free and stepped back, she found herself stuck. She wrenched herself up, chair and all, determined to follow him with it still tied to her back, but she tripped on a rug and fell forwards and hit her head. The door slammed. She cried hot wet tears that the hidden part of herself could do this to her, because that was what she considered Evangel to be. She wondered if she could ever love that part of herself again.

The late afternoon sun shone on a crystal hanging in the window. A rainbow fell on the floor. Steph moved her head slightly and the light hit her eye. It was bright red, the most

beautiful red ever. When she moved her head slightly to the right, it was a juicy, luminous orange, and then a pure golden yellow, and a green so thirst-quenchingly cool that she could have drunk it. She wished that she had her paints right at that moment. Evangel was a painter like McCahon, who started with the darkness and painted in the light. But she was a painter who started with the light and added the darkness. The darkness she was born with.

Dark Jelly

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With thanks to my mother for her talent and generosity, and to my father for his strength of character.

'In the midst of winter, I finally learned that there was in me an invincible summer.'

—Albert Camus

Pluto

'IT'S NOT EVEN A PLANET.'

Pluto looked at Nancy. Little Miss Reality Check. She wasn't sure that she liked Nancy. She hadn't known her very long. What did they say? Real life is for people who can't imagine anything better. That was a quote from somewhere. But not from Nancy.

'How do they do that?' said Soho. 'Rewrite history. It's like, oh, sorry, everything that we've taught you is wrong, and this is what we want you to believe now. And then, twenty years later, they're like, oh, that was wrong too. This is what is true. Nothing's ever true in the long run. Come in number nine. Your time is up. You're no longer a planet.'

Pluto's mother was into the stars and the planets. Pluto would have liked to have been called Mars, except that it was a boy's name, and she was a girl. She would have liked to be named after a real planet, instead of just a rocky asteroid outcrop. But, as it happened, Pluto still planned to think of herself as a real planet. She wasn't going to let reality, or Nancy, get in the way.

She, Nancy and Soho were on shift at the doll factory. They covered the night shift. The interior had a nuclear green glow to it. Powder fell from the run down ceiling and dusted their hair, so that they looked as if they had been rolled in icing sugar. Arsenic, asbestos, anthrax; who knew what it was? Pluto didn't mind. She thought it made her look feminine. Sugar and spice and all things nice, and all that. She spent a lot of time looking at herself in the mirror, but most of that was after work, because the light in the factory toilets was low, and she couldn't see much in there.

She liked her own bathroom at home, in her one-bedroom flat. The walls were covered with lacquer that looked like greenstone-coloured nail polish. In contrast, the ceiling here at work was like a crumbling white planetary surface, pocked with craters, much as she imagined the surface of her namesake to be. She had said this to Soho. Of course Nancy was listening. 'Craters?' she had shuddered. 'I don't do craters. They remind me of acne. I want perfect skin, smooth and creamy.' Nancy's skin already looked like liquid moon. She was fishing for compliments. The talk drifted to skin care and skin creams. Rose petal, Oil of Olay, Swiss Apricot Milk.

And then back to planets. 'There's no getting away from it,' said Nancy, '**your mother named you after a Disney dog.**'

If Pluto hadn't been drunk, she would have slapped her. 'Nancy. That's a boy's name, isn't it?' she said. 'Nancy boy.' Nancy acted like this was the ultimate insult, and turned away to sulk. Pluto didn't care. Nancy had been mean about her name first. Soho winked at Pluto. Now they could get on with their work.

The dolls were pink, with plastic limbs, and green glass eyes and yellow hair. Sometimes Pluto wondered if there could ever be a chocolate-coloured doll. One a different colour to all the rest. Of course there couldn't. They were all the same, each one exactly like the last, each one perfect. Pluto walked over and checked on the assembly line. Her favourite bit was when the hundreds of tiny needles closed around the heads of the dolls, and punched holes in their scalps. When the needles drew back again, the dolls had a full head of hair. Sometimes she stroked the dolls' hair as she boxed them.

The colour of her own hair was apricot rose. It was hard to manage, and it had an energy all of its own. Fine, coiled waves escaped in random directions, as if from a dense cloud of electricity. It was capable of trapping the sunlight in its own field when the sun was shining (and she wasn't working), creating a golden halo around her head. Pluto would have liked blonde hair like a Barbie doll, but the apricot rose colour was stubborn, refusing to be tamed by either dyes or hairdressers.

She had always wanted a Barbie doll, or any doll at all, really. But her mother hadn't, and still didn't, believe in them. Her mother even had a man's name; Bobby. And her skin was brown, not white like the beautiful people's skin, and not white or pink like a doll's. When she was younger, Pluto used to have dreams where she had a Barbie, bending her limbs and dressing her in pretty clothes. 'Neck too long, waist too narrow, breasts too big for her long, thin legs,' said Bobby. 'In real life, her neck would snap, and she'd keel over. She's an unobtainable, unrealistic role model.' Bobby would have liked to ban Barbie.

Bobby campaigned to repeal the abortion law so that women could have freedom of choice. She went on Māori land right marches, and she promoted cervical screening. Pluto was always sad when she woke up from a Barbie dream, and she didn't have a Barbie in reality. 'True white blonde hair is rare in adulthood,' said Bobby, 'even in the Western world. It dirties up with puberty. The only point to grown women dying their hair pure blonde is to convince men that they are still little girls, who need taking care of. They give up their power for an easy ride.' Pluto wouldn't have minded an easy ride. Bobby had no patience with helplessness. She could put her mind to anything, and her hands too.

'In Japan,' said Bobby, who had been there, twice, 'even the news readers dye their black hair blonde, so that they can be like little Western girls, because this has been presented to them as the womanly ideal. Where is Japanese Barbie, with straight black hair and no breasts?' Bobby's hair was dark.

Pluto loved her job. (Apart from putting up with Nancy.) It was like waking up in the middle of her childhood dream, surrounded by all the dolls she'd ever wanted, even if they didn't have bodies with quite the same proportions as Barbie's.

'Guess what?' said Pluto. **'I'm pregnant!'**

Soho, who had known her for a long time, longer than Nancy, shook her head. 'Remember what happened last time you were pregnant?' she asked. 'When you lost your other baby?'

'I went to bed and cried for weeks,' said Pluto. 'I couldn't go anywhere. I felt as if I was paralysed by grief.'

'Is this wise then?' asked Soho. 'I don't want to see you hurt again.' 'Don't spoil my joy,' said Pluto. 'It'll be alright this time. I'll have a little girl, and I'll never ever forget her birthday.'

Bobby never remembered her birthday. She didn't give presents. But once she had turned up, not on a birthday, with potting mix and four rose bushes which she had planted in a row in front of Pluto's flat. Pluto could still remember their names: Carolyn, Anniversary, Long White Cloud and Peachy Cream. Pink, pale yellow, creamy white and pale apricot. Quite girlie, really. Not like Bobby at all. But it didn't make up for all the missed birthdays. Bobby was always travelling, rambling, wandering. Pluto couldn't say that Bobby hadn't been there, just that she had been there at all the wrong times, the times when she was unexpected, and not there when she was expected.

Bobby did everything for herself. She painted, she studied the stars, she went overseas. She didn't consider what Pluto wanted. Pluto wanted to do girlie stuff with Bobby. She had visions of wearing a ballet dress made of masses of pale pink tulle, too much of it to sit down in, and ballet shoes with satin ribbon. Bobby wouldn't let Pluto do ballet, because she said it made your feet bleed. If you were going to make your feet bleed, let it be from tramping in the Himalayas, or marching for social justice, she said.

Pluto had watched Bobby plant the roses. As usual, Bobby did everything. She had no need for anyone else. Her nails were bare, pink and rosy, and cut short and straight for practical things. She flicked her cigarette lighter, and lit her cigarette. Next, she had held the lighter to the rubbish on the ground, the paper that had surrounded the roses. Not the black polythene, they would take that inside and bin it, because burning that wasn't environmentally friendly. The daytime fire on the ground was a brief translucent pink and apricot flower with a golden heart.

'I think you should have an abortion,' said Nancy.

'Why?' asked Pluto. 'Are you jealous because it's not you?'

'I just don't think you're in the right space,' said Nancy. 'You drink too much, for a start. You could harm the baby.'

'Remind me why I'm here again,' said Pluto to Soho, 'putting up with this shit from my co-workers?'

'Because the Dollman doesn't mind employing the ladiez,' said Soho, managing to sound sleazy.

'I might change my shift,' said Pluto.

'Why don't you then,' said Nancy.

'Because the Dollman never does something for nothing,' said Soho, answering for Pluto. 'He wants a favour for a favour, even when you think it's for free. He likes those girlie favours. Nothing's for nothing.'

'Disgusting,' said Nancy. And because she always had something to say, she added, 'You should give up drinking. For the baby,' she said.

'Quite the little campaigner, aren't you?' said Pluto. She knew that she couldn't give up, even if she wanted to. As soon as she got up in the evening, she reached for the vodka. She had a bottle in her bag at work. She drank a bit more on her way home. It helped to keep her straight. She marvelled that something that was as clear as water could have so much hidden magic; a warmth that stole through her bones, and a golden confidence that flowed from her mouth.

Without it, she felt as if she was way up on that small white planet that wasn't even a planet, (moon, asteroid, whatever,) a long way out in the dark and the icy cold.

'Don't change your shift,' said Soho. 'With a name like Pluto, night time is your time.'

Pluto did like the night. She liked driving home at night. She liked nights with no stars. Her mother would have hated them. The darkness on those nights was a particular black; Mars black, like the name of one of Bobby's paints, a dim, thick blanket of

darkness. The line in the centre of the road was golden like egg yolk, and the light from the street lights was pink, an unearthly pink light.

She wound the windows down, even in winter. If it was cold, she turned the heater up so that she was warm from the chest down, with the chilly wind in her face, telling her that she was alive. The pink street lights came towards her like a string of planets, and every ninth one was hers.

At night, she would gaze at her newly pregnant puku, and try to imagine a baby girl in there. When she was tripping, she had seen right through her own skin, and into the deep green water inside. And instead of a baby, there were schools of tiny milky fish; pink, white and pale yellow, swimming and darting, all lit by an interior glow. Was tripping good for the baby? Pluto had no idea.

'How will you tell your mother?' asked Soho. Pluto shrugged her shoulders. Bobby was not going to be pleased. She could be quite disparaging of womanly things. Pluto could once remember feeling surprised when Bobby had made bright green toffee apples. Her mother could cook, and bake, she just didn't see why she should be obliged to do those things, just because she was a woman. If she felt like doing them, it was fine. A little white worm had crawled out from Pluto's sticky apple. Poison with the sweetness, just like in the story of Snow White.

Bobby would think an abortion was the best thing. There had been no legal abortions when Bobby was pregnant with Pluto. Bobby thought that women should put their lives and their careers first. Pluto had the feeling that she had gotten in the way of what Bobby could have done. Not that Bobby had really let her get in the way.

Once, when Pluto was seven, Bobby had left her with a neighbour called Mr Green, while she went off somewhere else for three months. (She thought it might have been the time that Bobby went to see a total eclipse of the sun in India.) Pluto missed her immediately. Sometimes, she cried before Bobby left, and

Bobby would laugh, and say, 'You'll be alright when I'm actually gone,' as if the tears would disappear once Bobby could no longer see them. 'It will be good for you to spend some time with a man for a change,' she had said. Pluto missed her with an ache where her heart was, and pain in her fingertips when she cried.

She didn't like Mr Green, because he was always watching her, and it felt creepy. No matter what she was doing, she would look up, and his eyes would be on her. Bobby had felt pleased that she was leaving Pluto with someone who was going to be observant. If Pluto was outside, she would see Mr Green standing at the window. A week after she carried her stuff over to his house, he unscrewed the hinges of his bathroom door, because he didn't want her to drown in the bath without supervision. Bobby never watched Pluto in the bath. She was too busy.

He wanted her to have a bath every day, and at first, he would just walk past in the hallway and glance in. The he started walking in and washing his hands at the sink while she sat in the water, and after a while, he started bringing his chair in so that he could sit there and 'keep an eye on her.' She tried to keep her undies on, but Mr Green insisted that she take them off, so that she could 'wash herself properly'. Pluto had to sit in the bath as naked as the dolls she desired in her dreams.

She got good at pretending to be too sick to have a bath. Mr Green would check her temperature with the thermometer, and Pluto would stick it under her armpit, behind his back. If she got the chance, she would run it quickly under warm water, but not too much, so that it didn't get so high that he called the doctor. And she wouldn't eat her dinner.

Her footsteps slowed down as soon as she left school in the afternoon, and by the time she got to Mr Green's gate, they were pin steps. She looked longingly over at her own house, all shut up, with the black blinds down. Sometimes, she felt so far away from Bobby that she may as well have been on Pluto, and Bobby could have been the sun, bright and vital, but too far away from Pluto to provide any warmth.

By the time that Bobby did get back, there was a nasty smell about Pluto. And she had a painful, burning bladder infection from trying to hold herself in, because she didn't like going to the toilet with Mr Green watching. She went at school, and when it was dark enough for him to be asleep, she would sneak out behind the shed, so that he wouldn't be woken by the jangling noise of hot urine hitting the water, or the flushing of the toilet. There was a yellow patch of grass amongst the green behind the shed.

She never told Bobby about Mr Green. She was too ashamed. Bobby liked the fact that Mr Green had done what was traditionally supposed to be women's work, caring for a child. 'It just shows that there are some good men out there,' she had said.

'Bottoms up for my birthday!' said Pluto, taking a swig of something. Alizay, Absinthe, Amarula Cream, who cared? Amarula Cream tasted like butterscotch. She never forgot her own birthday. She'd worn some special new shoes. Pluto had an obsession with shoes. Ballet slippers. High shoes. Beautiful shoes. Black ones with big white dots. Red ones with pointy toes, so juicy and shiny that they looked as if they were wet. Even in green factory overalls, Pluto could be guaranteed to be wearing beautiful, impractical shoes that would have horrified Bobby.

She showed Soho and Nancy her new footwear. 'You're going to get swollen ankles,' said Nancy. 'You won't be able to wear those much longer. You'll have to start wearing sensible shoes.'

'Being a mother isn't all about being sensible and practical,' said Pluto. 'It should be about fantasy, and frills, and sharing secrets.'

'You'll find out,' said Nancy. Nancy was a mother. Pluto thought she should have been home with her kids, not out making money that would amount to little more than what she got on a benefit. Pluto felt as if Nancy was spoiling her pregnancy by being a know-it-all.

It was her birthday, so she drank more than usual. She liked drinking, and it was her special day, so why shouldn't she? She

felt like a piece of ice, melting as it slid down a dark tunnel into a dream, into another world. A white powder fell through green light around her. Arsenic, asbestos, anthrax? Her hair began to change colour. It was not strawberry blonde, or apricot blonde, or even custard yellow blonde, it was a blonde that was whiter than snow, and lighter.

She was in a snow globe, not on some far-off, icy planet. She lifted her arms and spun on the spot, delighting at the softness of the powder on her skin. Other dolls danced slow figure of eights around her. She had a vague memory that the figure eight on its side was the symbol for something, but she couldn't remember what.

But bit by bit, she realised that, like the other dancing dolls, she was naked. It hadn't mattered while she hadn't known, but once she became aware of it, it mattered a lot. She was naked except for her pretty shoes; red with white spots, like toadstools. And the other dolls parted, to the left and the right, and there was Mr Green, sitting on a straight backed chair, watching her. 'You'll need a good bath to get rid of all that powder on your skin,' he said.

Pluto woke up with vomit burning the insides of her nostrils, naked on the floor of her bedroom, except for a shoe. The other one was missing.

Just as she had when she'd woken and found no Barbie doll, Pluto found it difficult to distinguish reality from dream. What if the dream had been real, and reality was a dream from which she would wake? Could she choose her reality?

'Pluto's not interested in boys,' Bobby had announced one day in front of her friends. Pluto didn't say anything, because she was, but she obviously wasn't supposed to be. She took the message that attraction to others (let alone sexual attraction) was wrong, and would need to be hidden.

Bobby's friends had nodded seriously. 'That's good,' one of them had said.

Pluto did not know how to break the news of her pregnancy to her mother, so she wrote and told her in a letter. It wasn't really about her, or about Bobby, but more about the space between them, and the letter filled that. Bobby arrived two weeks later, wearing green combat pants with lots of pockets, and an Indian muslin top of fine apricot cotton with cream embroidery. No make-up.

'Not this again,' said Bobby. 'We've been through this before, Pluto. You don't have the right equipment. You may have had the operation, but they can't grow you a uterus.' Pluto felt the tears brimming up in her eyes. Failed as a planet, and failed as a woman. Bobby had named her after a frigid, barren planet. Which wasn't a planet anymore. Nothing grew from it, nothing was born from it. It was so barren, it was unable to support life.

'Why would you want to have children anyway?' said Bobby. 'Not having children sets you free to do other things. Be glad. You'll cope.'

'I've lost the baby!' she told Soho and Nancy, her mascara running as she stumbled in her high shoes, because her tears were blinding her. She didn't mean to cry in public places, but just when she thought she was doing well, the tears would come again.

'Did your mother come?' asked Soho.

'She's gone again,' said Pluto. 'She didn't stay long. She didn't have time.'

'It's no wonder you lost the baby,' said Nancy, 'with all that drinking.'

'So what are you doing here?' asked Soho.

'Not sure,' said Pluto. 'I just wanted to be around the dolls, really. They're such perfect little girls.'

'Take some sick leave,' said Soho.

'Cheer up,' said Nancy. 'Babies are easy to make.'

Red Moon

HUNTER TOLD ME THAT GANGS were the new iwi. I just shrugged. 'True,' he said. 'When I was inside, I wanted to put my name down to learn Māori. But the Mob said, "What are you, Māori or Mongrel?" And that was the end of that.'

Hunter probably just thought of me as the old guy next door who owned all the dogs, but back in my day, if anyone called you a mongrel, it was an insult.

Hunter had the Coca-Cola symbol tattooed across his forehead. He told me that he used to have something else there, but he couldn't keep it, because WINZ had told him to cover it up. Otherwise they'd cut his benefit, because they thought it would stop him getting a job.

Hunter didn't want a job. When I was working, if you didn't have a job, you were nobody. I was young and fit and troublesome like him, and I worked hard. Nothing much to do now though, with my hips aching at night so that I can't get comfy, and my joints stiff in the mornings. It was getting hard to grip a pen when I circled the names of the horses that I planned to put a bit of money on down at the TAB when the day warmed up a bit.

Hunter spent his time sitting out in front of his house. Sometimes he called out to me to come over, seeing that we were both gentlemen of leisure. His house had a wide balcony across the front of it, like a wide flat tongue lolling out onto the ground in welcome. Peeling fretwork hung above it like cobwebs, and those were there too. Cannas grew along the fence, as red as blood against the blue sky, their dark bronze leaves like Māori skin shining in the sun.

We talked about things like the short verses from the Bible tattooed on Hunter's arm. 'Thou shall love God,' and a few other things. 'You've just read the whole Bible there,' Hunter told me proudly.

'The whole Bible? I've saved myself some time, haven't I?' I said.

'Bro, you've just saved yourself ten years,' he answered. Hunter probably would have been a religious man, but of course, that wasn't allowed either.

Hunter's wife, Nita, cleaned the house every day. She always did everything in the same order, like the Jimi Hendrix guitar riffs that Hunter liked to listen to, up loud, at all times of day and night. First, she swept the steps, and banged the mat, never looking up at the spiders above her. They weren't in her plan. I could hear Jimi's guitar going 'dat-dat-dat-dat, dah dah, dah dah' in my head. About lunchtime, she put the chairs up on the table and mopped the floor, and Jimi sang 'Purple haze! All over my brain!' Mid-afternoon, when she set the sheets billowing on the line by propping up the centre pole, he screamed, "Scuse me, while I kiss the sky!' I'd come to know Jimi Hendrix pretty well, even though he wasn't really my thing.

My Boys, my dogs, didn't like Hunter and Nita. Could have been cause they didn't treat their own dogs right. I could see them out the back, while I was eating my breakfast. I like cornflakes and milk in the morning, with bits of Madeira cake broken up in it, to help soak up the milk, and to make it a bit sweeter. They tied their dogs up too tight, they kicked them, and they didn't walk them very often. They were scabby things, with fight wounds and patches of ringworm.

Not like my Boys. My Boys were the colour of desert sand. The hair on their necks looked as if it'd been buzz-cut and spiked. They kept their ears pricked like a hyena would, and if I called to them to get my pipe or my tobacco from my room, they did. They had lovely soft mouths, and they never chewed on anything that they weren't supposed to.

My favourites slept on my bed with me. It was cheaper than an electric blanket, and I had to watch my pennies. It was nice to feel a heart beating nearby, and to feel a bit of movement next to me. I liked the warm smell of dog hair on my blankets.

You'll never get much out of a dog unless you treat it properly. Same with people. But Hunter treated some people as badly as he did his dogs. Once he had one of the young prospects tied up by the neck down there by his kennels. Something about him hanging round town when he was supposed to be doing a job for them, and then lying about it.

Hunter and his mates couldn't even treat each other properly. They fought and scrapped with each other like little kids. When they turned up, I was off out of there. Rolling around in the dust, trying to punch each other, not worrying about the scuffing and the dirt on their patches. Showing off as to who could swear the hardest. I saw one crying because he didn't get his own way about who was going to do something. The big ones bullied the smaller ones. Kids. Kids with guns and knives and drugs.

They had parties all the time. They would open an 1125 ml bottle of bourbon or whisky each, and stamp the caps flat so that they couldn't leave without finishing their bottle. 'Can't have good alcohol going to waste,' they encouraged each other. Much as I like a drink, I didn't drink with them. I'd rather have had a pint down at the club, where the worst that happened was that someone pissed on their own shoes because he was too drunk to piss up against the wall properly.

If it was winter, by the time they went home, the windscreens of their big red cars were frosted up. Valiants, Fords and Impalas. Big cars, because they travelled in packs, hardly ever by themselves. They stood up on their bonnets and pissed on the ice to melt it. I saw them from my window. I don't sleep nearly as much as I used to, and especially not when they had the music up.

Hunter went to jail at one point, and Nita had a few men calling around while he was away. When he got home, he cried when he was telling me about it, and wiped his snivel on the back

of his sleeve. Apparently, his mates told him to harden up. So did Nita. 'Think where you met me,' she said. 'Up on the block. All of you were having a turn. And after you stuck your dick in and did your business, you grabbed me and put your arm around me. Pulled me up next to you and you said, "This is my missus now." You put your tongue in my mouth while it still tasted of other Dogs' cocks. And you've probably put your own in quite a few different places since you've been with me. You were gone. How was I going to say no to them? Do you think I wanted a punch in the head?'

Hunter got over it. 'Once in a red moon,' he was telling me proudly the next week, as we watched Nita clean. 'It's only once in a red moon that you meet a chick like her.' Mentioning the other colour was forbidden. Through Hunter's bloodshot eyes the moon probably did have a rusty tint, like old blood running off dog meat that had been sitting on the bench for too long.

He could be generous. I remember when I scraped the back of my hand, trying to lift a wooden dog-box. Hunter jumped the fence and lifted it for me. Actually, that hand's still a bit funny these days. If I stroke upwards toward my index finger, I get tingles. If I slide my hand into my pocket to ferret around for coins, I get a small electric shock. Funny things, nerves.

Hunter and I got on famously for ages. But just as he could be generous, he could be devious too. My ticker wasn't too good. The doc said it was the smoking, so I had to go up to the hospital for a few tests. They had to let me out after two or three days, because, as I said to them, who's going to feed my Boys? Dogs don't just feed themselves, not if they're tied up. I got myself dressed and out of those hospital pyjamas, and it would have been a brave nurse to try and stop me leaving.

My Boys were rapt, whimpering and slathering all over me. Pleased to see me, and to see the dog roll. But when I went up my back steps, there was a cable hooked up to my fuse box. The electricity meter ticked over right in front of my eyes. I looked to see where the blighted thing came from, and found that it ran

straight back over the fence to Hunter and Nita's fuse box. It didn't look like they'd been expecting me back for a while.

Naturally, I was furious. I'm on a pension, and that doesn't cover much. Just keeping my Boys in dog tucker takes up most of it. There was no way I could afford to pay for electricity that I didn't use myself. I unplugged the cord and threw it over the fence. And then I went around to sort it out.

Nita was scrubbing the floor. She was down on her hands and knees, her legs spread slightly apart, and her back towards me. I knocked on the door frame and left the wet floor between us. Looking up, she said she knew nothing about it. She was just trying to get the house done before Hunter got home.

I went back later, and Hunter was in the middle of a story to one of his mates about a time that he'd gone round to bash someone from another gang. 'Where's that nigger son of yours?' he'd asked the old lady who answered the door. 'You're blacker than he is,' she'd shouted, and slammed the door in his face. 'Yeah, and I had to punch my prospect over for laughing,' he was saying as I arrived. (I'd heard the story before.) 'Broke his arm for him.'

He flat-out denied hitching up the cable. 'Wasn't me Pops,' he said. I explained that the cord had been connected back to his fuse box. 'Not even,' he said. 'You're getting that Alzheimer's, Pops, or a bit of that dementia. That's what's wrong.' I said that there might be tar on my lungs, and that the old ticker might be getting a bit lazy, but I still had my eyesight and all my marbles, and he owed me a bit of money on my power bill.

'Won't be happening,' he said, standing up. I said, in that case, I'd be getting on to the police. He said, 'You do that, and you'd better watch your back.' I told him that my Boys would look after me. He said that his dogs would eat my Boys alive, which is rubbish. We parted on bad terms.

I considered ringing the police, but I didn't, not then. I'm not to keen on them myself. I didn't ring them until I came home from the TAB one day, slowly. My horses hadn't come in, and

I had no money for a taxi. I ended up with melted lemonade iceblock on my shoe, because one was melting in a pool on the asphalt by my gate, and I didn't see it till I'd already trodden in it.

I whistled out to my Boys, because I'd left them running loose around the back. I didn't want anyone mickeying around with my fuse box again. Normally, there would have been a rush of sandy hair and pricked ears coming towards me, and a lot of licking going on. That day, nothing. I found two of them out the back, lying next to their kennels, just as if they were asleep. Their bodies were still warm, but there was nothing the vet could do when he came.

Some of the meat they'd been given was still lying next to them, but the police said there was nothing to prove who'd put the poison in it. Not even though Nita was feeding the same gristly, fatty type of meat to Hunter's dogs the night before. They said that my other Boys had probably been taken away to use in dog fights, for money, but they couldn't do anything about that either. Not unless they knew where the dogs actually were. They had a look over the fence around Hunter's kennels, but none of my Boys were there.

I kept my doors and windows locked, even in the daytime. When Hunter and his mates saw me outside, they called out rude things, and pretended to whistle out to my Boys. At night, sometimes a bottle would land on my roof, and my ticker would go so fast that I thought I'd have to ring my doc. If I'd had my Boys, it would have been all right. My bed would have been warm, and I would have felt safe. The house didn't even smell the same. Sometimes I went down to their kennels, and just sat there, looking at the empty water bowls.

The doc wanted me in the hospital fulltime, but I had one more thing to do before I went. I got my idea from the electricity thing really. I was reminded every time I put my hand in my pocket. I know how to cross a few wires in a fuse box myself. Nita never knew I was there. Too busy cleaning. And it was an accident just

waiting to happen really, an old wooden house like that. Too bad they were in there when it went up three weeks later.

It was lucky that Hunter had the whole Bible on his upper arm, because he would have taken that with him. It was the sort of accident that doesn't happen to people very often. About once in a red moon, I'd say. The thing is, people are a lot like dogs. Treat them well, and they'll treat you well.

Reading Log

Date:

The reading, the theory or the context: (you could put the reference list citation here)

The message (and where it fits in the big picture)

How would this work in practice?

What you like: (and why)

Your concerns:

Your questions:

Reading Log—deeper level reflections

I recognise the following worldviews in this reading.

Connection/s to other readings / lectures on this topic

As a result of this reflection I have changed my beliefs /attitudes in the following ways:

The beliefs / attitudes about this subject I have <u>kept</u> (because…)

My future practice is now influenced in the following ways:

Reading Log—essay notes

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Te Whare Pukapuka

APA Referencing

THIS IS A QUICK GUIDE TO THE APA REFERENCING STYLE (6TH EDITION)

- The **A**merican **P**sychological **A**ssociation reference style uses the Author-Date format.
- Refer to the *Publication Manual of the American Psychological Association* (6th ed.) for more information. Check the Library Catalogue for call number and location(s).
- When quoting directly or indirectly from a source, **the source must be acknowledged in the text** by author name and year of publication.

IN-TEXT

To cite information directly or indirectly, there are two ways to acknowledge citations:
1) Make it a part of a sentence or 2) put it in parentheses at the end of the sentence.

Direct quotation** – use quotation marks around the quote and **include page numbers

1) Cohen and Lotan (2014) argue that "many different kinds of abilities are essential for any profession" (p.151).
2) "Many different kinds of abilities are essential for any profession" (Cohen & Lotan, 2014, p.151).

N.B. See the Library's APA webpage for a quotation of 40 or more words.

***Indirect quotation/paraphrasing/summarising** – no quotation marks*

1) Professional knowledge alone does not make someone a very capable professional (Cohen & Lotan, 2014).
2) According to Cohen and Lotan (2014), professional knowledge alone does not make someone a very capable professional.

N.B. Page numbers are optional when paraphrasing, although it is useful to include them (Publication Manual, p. 171).

Citations from a secondary source

1) Gould's (1981) research "raises fundamental doubts as to whether we can continue to think of intelligence as unidimensional" (as cited in Cohen & Lotan, 2014, pp. 151-152).
2) Intelligence cannot be believed to consist of one single entity any more (Gould, 1981, as cited in Cohen & Lotan, 2014).

N.B. To cite a source you found in another source, you must acknowledge all the authors.

- ***The author(s) of the source referred to*** ***i.e. Gould, 1981***
- ***The author(s) of the work which contains the original source*** ***i.e. Cohen & Lotan, 2014***

In the reference list, only the book by Cohen & Lotan should be acknowledged. Do not list Gould.

- At the end of your assignment, you are required to provide the full bibliographic information for each source. References must be listed in alphabetical order by author.

EXAMPLES OF REFERENCES BY TYPE

In a reference list	In-text citation
1. **Book with one author** King, M. (2000). *Wrestling with the angel: A life of Janet Frame*. Auckland, New Zealand: Viking. ***N.B. The first letter of the first word of the main title, subtitle and all proper nouns have capital letters.***	(King, 2000) ***or*** King (2000) compares Frame ...
2. **Book with two authors** Dancey, C. P., & Reidy, J. (2004). *Statistics without maths for psychology: Using SPSS for Windows* (3rd ed.). Harlow, England: Pearson/Prentice Hall. ***N.B. Before "&" between authors, do not forget to put a comma.***	(Dancey & Reidy, 2004) ***or*** Dancey and Reidy (2004) said... ***When paraphrasing in text, use and, not &.***
3. **Book with three to five authors (see Library APA referencing webpage for six or more authors)** Krause, K.-L., Bochner, S., & Duchesne, S. (2006). *Educational psychology for learning and teaching* (2nd ed.). South Melbourne, Vic., Australia: Thomson. ***N.B. Use & between authors' names, except when paraphrasing in text. When a work has three, four or five authors, cite all authors the first time, and in subsequent citations include only the first author followed by et al.***	(Krause, Bochner, & Duchesne, 2006) ***then*** (Krause et al., 2006)

4. **Book or report by a corporate author e.g. organisation, association, government department** International Labour Organization. (2007). *Equality at work: Tackling the challenges* (International Labour Conference report). Geneva, Switzerland: Author. ***N.B. When the author and the publisher are the same, use Author in the publisher field. In text, some group authors may be abbreviated in subsequent citations if they are readily recognisable***	(International Labour Organization, 2007) ***or*** (International Labour Organization [ILO], 2007), ***then*** (ILO, 2007)
5. **Book chapter in edited book** Kestly, T. (2010). Group sandplay in elementary schools. In A. A. Drewes & C. E. Shaefer (Eds.), *School-based play therapy* (2nd ed., pp. 257-282). Hoboken, NJ: John Wileys & Sons. ***N.B. Include the page numbers of the chapter after the book title.***	(Kestly, 2010) ***or*** Kestly (2010) compares educational settings of ...
6. **Conference paper online – (see Library APA referencing webpage for alternative formats)** Bochner, S. (1996, November). *Mentoring in higher education: Issues to be addressed in developing a mentoring program.* Paper presented at the Australian Association for Research in Education Conference, Singapore. Retrieved from http://www.aare.edu.au/96pap/bochs96018.txt	(Bochner, 1996) ***or*** Bochner (1996) illustrates that...
7. **Course handout/Lecture notes** (electronic version) Archard, S., Merry, R., & Nicholson, C. (2011). *Karakia and waiata* [Powerpoint slides]. Retrieved from TEPS757-11B (NET): Communities of Learners website: http://elearn.waikato.ac.nz/mod/resource/view.php?id=174650 ***N.B. Put format in square brackets - e.g. [PowerPoint slides] [Lecture notes]***	(Archard, Merry & Nicholson, 2011) ***then subsequently, if 3-5 authors*** (Archard et al., 2011)
8. **Film – (see Library APA referencing webpage for music and other media)** Preston, G. (Director/Producer). (2010). *Home by Christmas* [Motion picture]. New Zealand: Gaylene Preston Production. ***N.B. For films, DVDs or videorecordings use [Motion picture] in square brackets. Give the country of origin and the name of the motion picture studio.***	(Preston, 2010)
9. **Journal article** Lustig, R. H. (2012). Public health: The toxic truth about sugar. *Nature, 482*(7383), 27-29. ***N.B. A capital letter is used for key words in the journal title. The journal title and volume number are italicised, followed by the issue number in brackets (not italicised).***	(Lustig, 2012) ***or*** Lustig (2012) discredits "sugar as empty calories" (p. 28).
9a. **Journal article** (electronic version) **with no DOI** Lustig, R. H. (2012). Public health: The toxic truth about sugar. *Nature, 482*(7383), 27-29. Retrieved from ProQuest Central Database.	(Lustig, 2012)
9b. **Journal article – academic/scholarly with DOI (see also Library APA referencing webpage)** Lustig, R. H. (2012). Public health: The toxic truth about sugar. *Nature, 482*(7383), 27-29. http://dx.doi.org/10.1038/482027a	(Lustig, 2012)
10. **Magazine/Newspaper article – popular/trade/general interest** Goodwin, D. K. (2002, February 4). How I caused that story. *Time, 159*(5), 69. ***N.B. Full date is used if published weekly; month and year if monthly.***	(Goodwin, 2002) ***or*** Goodwin (2002) defends ...
11. **Magazine/Newspaper article with no author** Report casts shadow on biofuel crops. (2007, October 16). *Waikato Times*, p. 21. ***N.B. Article title comes first. In the text, abbreviate title and use double quotation marks. Include p. or pp. before the page number for newspapers, not magazines.***	("Report Casts Shadow", 2007)
12. **Personal Communication** (letters, telephone conversations, emails, interviews, private social networking) ***N.B. No reference list entry as the information is not recoverable.***	(J. Bär, personal communication, March 19, 2004)
13. **Thesis – Institutional or personal webpage - outside the US** Liu, G. (2014). *Improving corporate Internet reporting in China* (Doctoral thesis, University of Waikato, Hamilton, New Zealand). Retrieved from http://researchcommons.waikato.ac.nz/handle/10289/2241	(Liu, 2014) ***or*** Liu (2014) identified ...
14. **Webpage** New Zealand Trade and Enterprise. (n.d.). *Agribusiness*. Retrieved from https://www.nzte.govt.nz/en/export/market-research/agribusiness/ ***N.B. (n.d.) = no date. The basic format is: (1) Author (could be organisation), (2) Date (either date of publication or latest update), (3) Title, (4) URL.***	(New Zealand Trade and Enterprise, n.d., para. 1) ***For direct quote, cite the paragraph number in text***

For more web examples e.g. YouTube videos, blogs and Twitter posts see the APA Online Guide
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Jan 2015

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APA 文献引用

Library
Te Whare Pukapuka

APA 文献引用格式快解（第六版）。

- 美国心理学会文献引用使用“作者和日期”的引用格式。
- 详细请参考《美国心理协会刊物准则》（第六版）。
  从大学图书馆目录上可以查找到索书号和所在位置。
- 当直接或者间接引用文献，文献来源必须注明作者名和出版年代。如果是直接引用，还必须注明文献所处位置，比如页码或者是段落号。

文中

直接引用– 引用的文献要使用双引号并注明页码。

Samovar and Porter (1997) point out that "language involves attaching meaning to symbols" (p.188).
Alternatively, "Language involves attaching meaning to symbols" (Samovar & Porter, 1997, p.188).

间接引用/用自己的话重述或者改写– 不需要双引号

Attaching meaning to symbols is considered to be the origin of written language (Samovar & Porter, 1997).

注意：改写时可以选择是否添加页码，但是包括了页码会更加有帮助 (刊物准则, p. 171).

二次文献的引文

As Hall (1977) asserts, "culture also defines boundaries of different groups" (as cited in Samovar & Porter, 1997, p. 14).

- 你需要在作业的结尾提供完整的参考文献清单，参考文献必须以作者姓氏的字母顺序来排列。

EXAMPLES OF REFERENCES BY TYPE

In a reference list	In-text citation
1. Book with one author King, M. (2000). *Wrestling with the angel: A life of Janet Frame*. Auckland, New Zealand: Viking. ***N.B. The first letter of the first word of the main title, subtitle and all proper nouns have capital letters.***	(King, 2000) ***or*** King (2000) compares Frame ...
2. Book with two authors Dancey, C. P., & Reidy, J. (2004). *Statistics without maths for psychology: Using SPSS for Windows* (3rd ed.). Harlow, England: Pearson/Prentice Hall. ***N.B. Before "&"between authors, do not forget to put a comma.***	(Dancey & Reidy, 2004) ***or*** Dancey and Reidy (2004) said... ***When paraphrasing in text, use and, not &.***
3. Book with three to five authors (see Library APA referencing webpage for six or more authors) Krause, K.-L., Bochner, S., & Duchesne, S. (2006). *Educational psychology for learning and teaching* (2nd ed.). South Melbourne, Vic., Australia: Thomson. ***N.B. Use & between authors' names, except when paraphrasing in text. When a work has three, four or five authors, cite all authors the first time, and in subsequent citations include only the first author followed by et al.***	(Krause, Bochner, & Duchesne, 2006) ***then*** (Krause et al., 2006)
4. Book or report by a corporate author e.g. organisation, association, government department University of Waikato. (1967). *First hall of residence* (Information series No. 3). Hamilton, New Zealand: Author. ***N.B. When the author and the publisher are the same, use Author in the publisher field.***	(University of Waikato, 1967) ***Some group authors may be abbreviated in subsequent citations if they are readily recognisable.***
5. Book chapter in edited book Helber, L. E. (1995). Redeveloping mature resorts for new markets. In M. V. Conlin & T. Baum (Eds.), *Island tourism: Management principles and practice* (pp. 105-113). Chichester, England: John Wiley. ***N.B. Include the page numbers of the chapter after the book title.***	(Helber, 1995) ***or*** Helber (1995) compares luxury resorts ...

http://www.waikato.ac.nz/library/study/referencing/styles/apa/examples

Feb 2014

6. **Conference paper online -(see Library APA referencing webpage for alternative formats)** Bochner, S. (1996, November). *Mentoring in higher education: Issues to be addressed in developing a mentoring program.* Paper presented at the Australian Association for Research in Education Conference, Singapore. Retrieved from http://www.aare.edu.au/96pap/bochs96018.txt	(Bochner, 1996) *or* According to Bochner (1996) ...
7. **Course handout/Lecture notes** Salter, G. (2007). *Lecture 3: SPLS205-07A* [PowerPoint slides]. Hamilton, New Zealand: University of Waikato. ***N.B. Put format in square brackets - e.g. [PowerPoint slides] [Lecture notes]***	(Salter, 2007)
8. **Film – (see Library APA referencing webpage for music and other media)** Zhang, Y. (Producer/Director). (2000). *Not one less* [Motion picture]. China: Columbia Pictures. ***N.B. For films, DVDs or videorecordings use [Motion picture] in square brackets. Give the country of origin and the name of the motion picture studio.***	(Zhang, 2000)
9. **Journal article – academic/scholarly** (electronic version) **with DOI (see also Library APA referencing webpage)** Hohepa, M., Schofield, G., & Kolt, G. S. (2006). Physical activity: What do high school students think? *Journal of Adolescent Health, 39*(3), 328-336. doi:10.1016/j.jadohealth.2005.12.024 ***N.B. A capital letter is used for key words in the journal title. The journal title and volume number are italicised, followed by the issue number in brackets (not italicised).***	(Hohepa, Schofield, & Kolt, 2006) ***then subsequently, if 3-5 authors*** (Hohepa et al., 2006)
10. **Journal article – academic/scholarly** (electronic version) **with no DOI** Harrison, B., & Papa, R. (2005). The development of an indigenous knowledge program in a New Zealand Maori-language immersion school. *Anthropology and Education Quarterly, 36*(1), 57-72. Retrieved from ProQuest Education Journals database. ***N.B. Undergraduates: Give the name of the database. Researchers: Give the URL of the journal homepage. e.g. Retrieved from http://ucpressjournals.com/journal.asp?j=aeq***	(Harrison & Papa, 2005) *or* Harrison and Papa (2005) recommend ...
11. **Journal article - academic/scholarly** (print version) Gibbs, M. (2005). The right to development and indigenous peoples: Lessons from New Zealand. *World Development, 33*(8), 1365-1378.	(Gibbs, 2005) *or* Gibbs (2005) contradicts ...
12. **Journal article - academic/scholarly** (Internet only – no print version) Snell, D., & Hodgetts, D. (n.d.). The psychology of heavy metal communities and white supremacy. *Te Kura Kete Aronui, 1.* Retrieved from http://www.waikato.ac.nz/wfass/tkka ***N.B. (n.d.) = no date. For html version only, cite the paragraph number in text***	(Snell & Hodgetts, n.d.) *or* Snell and Hodgetts (n.d.) suggest "..." (para. 3)
13. **Magazine article – popular/trade/general interest** Goodwin, D. K. (2002, February 4). How I caused that story. *Time, 159*(5), 69. ***N.B. Full date is used for weekly magazines; month and year for monthly magazines***	(Goodwin, 2002) *or* Goodwin (2002) defends ...
14. **Newspaper article** – (Print version) Hartevelt, J. (2007, December 20). Boy racers. *The Press,* p. 3. ***N.B. Include p. or pp. before the page number – for newspapers only, not magazines***	(Hartevelt, 2007)
15. **Newspaper article** (Database like Newztext Plus) **(also see Library referencing webpage for Internet version)** Cumming, G. (2003, April 5). Cough that shook the world. *The New Zealand Herald.* Retrieved from Newztext Plus database.	(Cumming, 2003)
16. **Newspaper article with no author** Report casts shadow on biofuel crops. (2007, October 16). *Waikato Times*, p. 21. ***N.B. Article title comes first. In the text, abbreviate title and use double quotation marks.***	("Report Casts Shadow," 2007)
17. **Personal Communication** (letters, telephone conversations, emails, interviews) ***N.B. No reference list entry as the information is not recoverable.***	(H. Clarke, personal communication, March 19, 2004)
18. **Thesis – Institutional or personal webpage - outside the US** Dewstow, R. A. (2006). *Using the Internet to enhance teaching at the University of Waikato* (Master's thesis, University of Waikato, Hamilton, New Zealand). Retrieved from http://researchcommons.waikato.ac.nz/handle/10289/2241	(Dewstow, 2006) *or* Dewstow (2006) identified ...
19. **Webpages** (When multiple webpages are referenced, reference the homepage) Statistics New Zealand. (2007). *New Zealand in profile 2007.* Retrieved from http://www.stats.govt.nz ***N.B. Author (could be organisation), date (either date of publication or latest update), document title, date retrieved if contents are likely to change, URL***	(Statistics New Zealand, 2007)

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