



TRANSACTIONS

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ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

KOREA BRANCH

Some Background Notes on the Dutch in Korea
in the 17th Century

by Johannes Huber

Tigers in the Tree: Korean Family Lineage Records

by Hildi Kang

The Poetic Vision of Kim Kwang-kyu

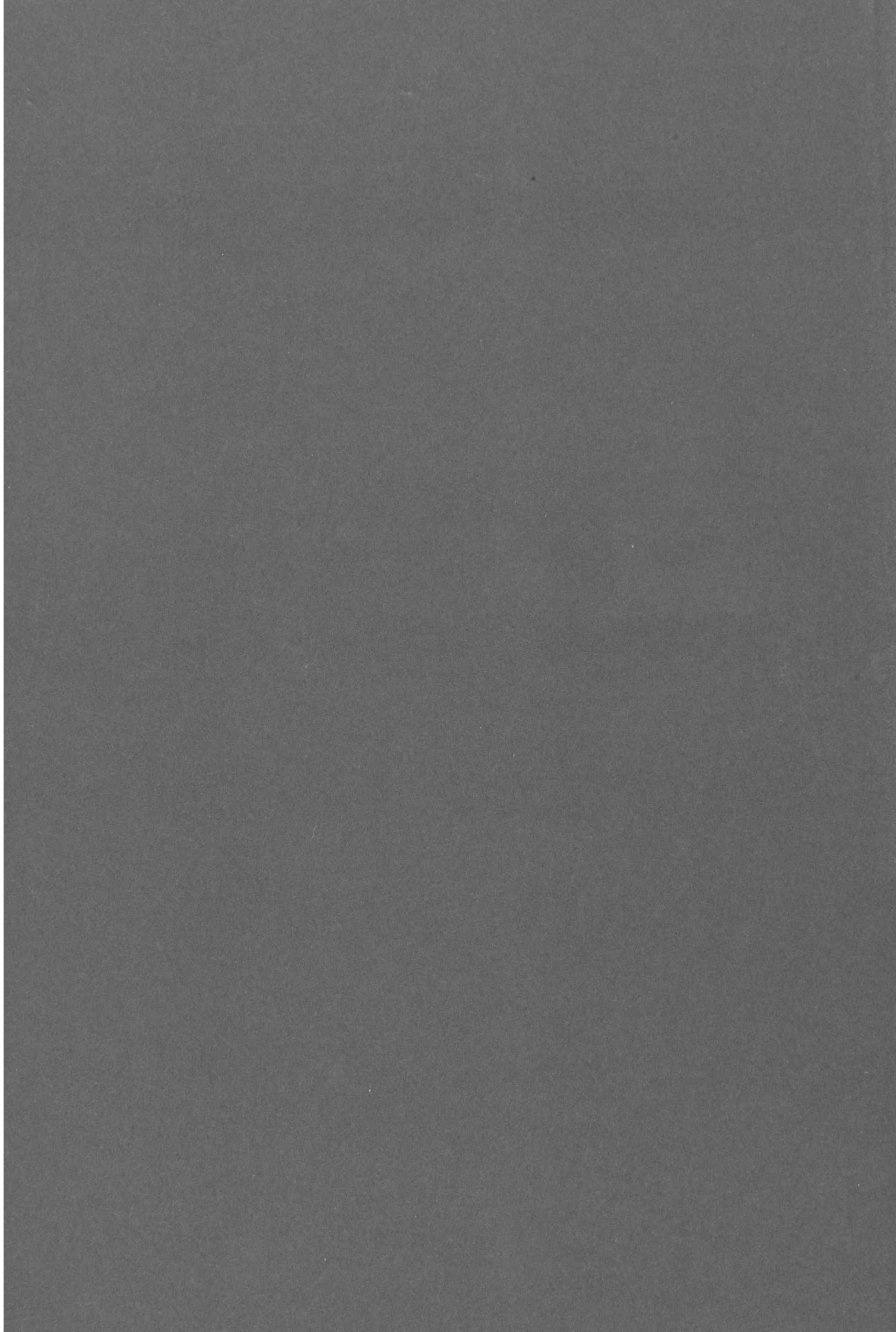
by Br. Anthony Teague

Kim Ch'on-hung: Portrait of a Performing Artist

by Judy Van Zile

Three Koreas I Have Known

by Henry Dodge Appenzeller



CORRECTION

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TRANSACTIONS

of the Royal Asiatic Society, Korea Branch



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HENRY DODGE APPENZELLER's life and Korean history intertwined. Born in Seoul in 1889 to pioneer Protestant missionaries Henry G. and Ella D. Appenzeller, he spent his first eleven years (1889-1900) in Korea. He returned to Korea in 1917 as a missionary for the Methodist church, serving as the principle for Paichai dang from 1920 until forced to leave by the Japanese in 1940. He played an active role in the Royal Asiatic Society: Korea Branch, serving as an officer often, including president in 1926. In 1946 he returned to Korea with the United States War Department, and presented radio news commentaries in Korean for one year. In 1951 he returned to Korea for the last time to serve as director of relief for the Church World Service until his death in 1953.

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Some Background Notes on the Dutch in Korea in the 17th Century

by Johannes Huber

INTRODUCTION

The first reliable information about Korea reached the West in a book called "Journal of the Unfortunate Voyage of the Yacht the Sparrow-hawk" written by Hendrik Hamel of Gorcum. In this book Hamel tells of his shipwreck on the coast of Cheju-do on August 16, 1653, and of his subsequent adventures in Korea together with a few dozen other survivors. One of the first discoveries that they made was that they were not the first Dutchmen to arrive in Korea, but that they had been preceded by a man named Jan Jansz. Weltevree, who had also been shipwrecked on the Korean coast in 1627 and who was serving at the court in Seoul as an expert on cannon manufacture and other foreign techniques. Hamel and his men were first taken to Seoul; later, however, they were sent to Cholla Province and interned at military bases there. They were not allowed to leave the country, but in 1666 eight of the remaining crew members succeeded in escaping in a boat and in reaching the Dutch trading post (factory) in Nagasaki, Japan. Then the remaining seven were sent to Nagasaki by the Korean authorities in 1668.

The purpose of these notes is not to retell the story of Hendrik Hamel, which has been ably done by Professor Gary Ledyard in his book *The Dutch Come to Korea*,¹ but to explain something of the background to these events, and to try to answer questions like: Where did these men come from? What were they doing in Asia? Why did they come to Korea?

THE VERENIGDE OOSTINDISCHE COMPAGNIE
(UNITED EAST INDIA COMPANY)

Although the Portuguese preceded the Dutch in most parts of Asia and the Far East by up to a century, and had sighted the shores of Korea on their journeys to Japan, they never, as far as we know, visited the country, and certainly did not publish any books about it.²

By the time Hendrik Hamel went East, the Portuguese had been replaced in most parts of Asia by the forces of the Netherlands East India Company. This organization had been established in 1602 to bring under one umbrella the various commercial undertakings by different groups of merchants since the first Dutch voyage to the Indies in 1595-1597. In the four years after that voyage, no less than 61 ships in 14 fleets had left the Netherlands in a mad rush to capture the riches of the Indies, and the Dutch merchants were competing everywhere for scarce spices and driving up prices in the Asian markets.³

To put an end to this ruinous competition and to give the commercial outposts in Asia a more solid legal basis, the companies were amalgamated, after tedious negotiations, into the United Netherlands Chartered East India Company, an organization endowed by the States General of the United Provinces not only with the monopoly of all trade between Asia and the Netherlands, but also with quasi-sovereign powers to build forts, raise armies, conclude treaties with native rulers and administer justice. The VOC, as it is known in the Dutch language, was the largest commercial organization in the world at the time and one of the earliest permanent joint-stock companies in Western history.⁴

By the middle of the century, the fleets of the VOC had driven the Portuguese from their most important strongholds in the Spice Islands and in Malacca. The Portuguese forts in India and Ceylon were under constant siege. Around the same time, the Portuguese and Spanish were expelled from Japan by the isolationist policy of the Tokugawa Shoguns. In 1640, sixty-one members of an embassy from Macao were beheaded for daring to enter Japan. The only link between Japan and the outside world for the next two hundred years was the Dutch factory in Nagasaki, where a few Dutchmen carried on their trade under strict control of the suspicious officials of the Shogunate. The English, who were nominal allies of the Dutch in their battles against the catholic empire of Spain, were actually driven out of the Spice Islands by the VOC, and were barely holding on in India. For the next half century or so, the Netherlands East India Company was the dominant maritime power throughout Asia.

This is not to say that the VOC was a purely Dutch organization. Far from it. The number of foreigners serving the Company was quite large, especially in the lower ranks. According to a recent estimate, at the time of Hendrik Hamel's voyage about 35% of the sailors and 2/3 of the soldiers serving in the Indies was of non-Netherlands origin.⁵ Among the people who survived the thirteen years' imprisonment in Korea, according to the list in Hamel's published account, were "Jacob Jans of Norway, Anthony Ulders of Embden, and Alexander Bosquet a Scotsman."⁶

HENDRIK HAMEL'S OUTWARD VOYAGE

In the published versions of Hendrik Hamel's "Journal" it is stated that he sailed from Holland on the 10th of January, 1653, arrived in Batavia on June 1st, and travelled right on to Taiwan.⁷ This is not correct; as Ledyard points out, the publishers probably made this voyage up to make it appear Hamel had arrived in Korea straight from the Netherlands and thus to increase the appeal of the book to the Dutch reading public.⁸

Hendrik Hamel had actually left Holland on November 17, 1650 with the ship *Vogelstruys*, and had worked in the Indies for two years before he embarked on his unfortunate voyage on the *Sparrow-hawk*. The *Vogelstruys* was one of the biggest ships in use by the Company at that time, measuring about 1000 metric tons and carrying more than 300 crew and passengers. It was one of six ships that left the Netherlands for the Indies that winter. All six arrived in Batavia in the summer of 1651, which made that a very good year. The *Vogelstruys* arrived on July 4th, 1651 with 189 sailors, 94 soldiers and 18 passengers on board, after having lost 23 lives during the voyage.⁹ This was a comparatively low number; sometimes the death ratio was much higher. The diet and hygienic circumstances of the crew, confined in a very small space for months on end, left much to be desired and death tolls of up to one quarter or one third of the entire crew were not uncommon.¹⁰

BATAVIA

Batavia (the present day city of Jakarta, the capital of Indonesia) had been the hub of the VOC network in Asia since 1619, when Jan Pietersz. Coen established his headquarters there. From Batavia, the Governor General and Councillors of India ruled a vast commercial empire with trading outposts (factories) stretching from Persia to the Spice Islands and from Ceylon to Japan. Although the main commercial goal of the Company at first had been

the cloves and nutmeg from the Spice Islands (the Moluccan archipelago in the Eastern part of Indonesia), and these articles were the most valuable part of the return cargoes from Batavia to the Netherlands, these were not the only commodities handled. Other important articles for the European market were pepper from Sumatra and Sunda, silk and porcelain from China, cinnamon from Ceylon, sugar from Formosa and China, and a great range of precious metals, gems, medicinal herbs, dyestuffs etc. from all corners of Asia.

But the importation of Asian commodities for the European market was only one aspect of the Company's commercial operations. As the VOC penetrated deeper into Asia, and replaced, often by force, the local traders, it soon found that the intra-Asian trade was almost as profitable as the intercontinental trade. Also, the silver carried by the outgoing fleets was not nearly enough to finance the activities of the Company, and the demand for European products like woollen cloth was very limited. Asian manufacturing in many fields was more advanced than European manufacturing and there was no equivalent in Europe of Chinese porcelain and silks for instance. Indeed, the Company would have had a doubtful success if it had occupied itself only with Europe-Asia trade. A lot of its profits came from intra-Asian trade. Most of the cotton cloth bought in India, for instance went to other Asian destinations; to the Moluccan islands, to be exchanged for cloves, mace and nutmeg. Part of the spices in turn went to China; the Chinese silk was carried to Japan to be sold for Japanese copper, silver and gold... these were the operations that eventually financed the yearly return fleets setting out from Batavia to supply Amsterdam.

TAYOUAN

Hendrik Hamel left Batavia on June 18th, 1653, on board the Sparrowhawk, a yacht of 540 tons, about half the size of the ship Vogelstruys, with a normal crew of about 70 men.¹¹ After a voyage of about a month, it arrived at the port of Tayouan on July 16th. Tayouan, a 17th century spelling of the modern name Taiwan, had not yet become the name for the whole island of Formosa, but referred to the bay on the south-eastern coast, at the site of the present day city of Tainan, where the Dutch had established their headquarters for the China trade in 1624. Although the settlement had been founded mostly as a commercial establishment from which the East India Company would carry on the trade with China (they had been forbidden to establish factories at the mainland ports). Actually, in the twenty-five years since its founding Tayouan had become the center of a growing colony of Chinese settlers.

Formosa became important not only as a source of deerskins for the Japanese market, but also as an agricultural colony producing rice and sugar cane. The total number of Chinese colonists had reached some 15 to 20 thousand in the early 1650s¹². To maintain order and suppress the head-hunting aborigines, there was a force of about 1000 soldiers quartered in Castle Zeelandia, the Dutch fort in Tayouan, and since the 1640s a Governor had been appointed to rule over the colony. Actually, the most important passenger on the Sparrowhawk on this part of her journey was the Chief Merchant Cornelis Caesar, newly appointed Governor of Formosa.

THE SPARROW-HAWK'S CARGO

The total value of the cargo carried by the Sparrowhawk was 38,820 florins.¹³ According to the records quoted by Prof. Ledyard¹⁴ the composition of the cargo was as follows:

- 20,000 catties *putchuk*. This was the root of a plant (*Costus Indicus*) grown in Indo-China and India and sold by the Company in China and Japan as an ingredient to make incense-sticks with.
- 20,000 catties alum. This salt, usually bought from China, was used in dyeing and tanning industries.
- 3,000 pieces Taiwanese eland skins. One of the most important products of Formosa, especially in the early period before rice and sugar cane cultivation started, was deer skins. They were sold in Japan among other things as raw material for the manufacture of shields and armor.
- 20,000 pieces Taiwanese deerskins.
- 3,000 pieces goatskins.
- 92,000 catties¹⁵ powder sugar from Taiwan.

The predominance of intra-Asian trade in the VOC's activities is illustrated by this list. None of the articles either originated in or was destined for the Netherlands; these were all products of Indo-China, India, China or Formosa and they were destined for the Japanese market.

NAGASAKI

The destination of the Sparrowhawk, and the place that Hendrik Hamel would eventually reach thirteen years later, was the Dutch factory at

Nagasaki. The first Dutch ship to reach Japan was the ship *de Liefde*, which landed on the coast of Kyushu in 1600, even before the founding of the VOC, with its famous English pilot, William Adams. The first Dutch factory was established at Hirado in 1609. As has been mentioned above, in the 1630s the Portuguese and Spanish were expelled, leaving the Dutch as the only Westerners allowed to trade with Japan. In 1641 the factory in Hirado was closed and the Dutch were moved to an artificial island in the harbor of Nagasaki, called Deshima, where for the next two hundred years they had a tightly regulated and at times precarious, but very profitable existence.

An interesting aspect of their activities in Nagasaki was that they had to make a yearly journey to the court of the Shogun in Yedo (Tokyo), and were required to present each year a report of the events in the outside world, an annual news bulletin, as it were, for the Japanese Shogunate. Although the Japanese were strictly forbidden to travel out of their country, and contact with the West was limited to the Deshima "channel," there were occasional contacts between Japan and its immediate neighbours: China, the Ryukyu Islands and Korea. In the report of the Governor General and Councillors of India to the Netherlands of 19 Jan. 1654, we read about the latter: "The coming year there is going to be an ambassador from Korea to appear at the Imperial Court in Yedo, which happens only once every three years."¹⁶

THE VOYAGE OF HENDRIK HAMEL: A UNIQUE EVENT

One striking fact about the visit of Hendrik Hamel and his compatriots to Korea is the fact that it remained a unique event. No other servants of the East India Company, as far as can be ascertained, ever visited Korea again, and the next Westerners to reach Korea were French missionaries who came overland from China more than a century later.

Why did the Dutch never come back? Of course, the attitude of the Korean government was not exactly welcoming, but that was only part of the reason. In his account, which was originally a report to the East India Company authorities, Hamel does not mention any bright commercial prospects for the Company in Korea. He is apparently not very impressed by the produce of Korea, and describes the existing international trade of Korea as very limited; essentially it was confined to an exchange with the Japanese in Pusan of local produce for pepper, sweet-wood, alum, horns and skins from the "Southern Barbarian countries," and the overland trade with China by the long and arduous route through the mountains of North Korea and Manchuria.¹⁷

To put this fact in its proper context, however, I should point out that, aside from the regular voyages between Batavia and Nagasaki, Company ships did not call on any other port in Northeast Asia. The VOC's first priority in the early and middle seventeenth century was to expel the Spanish and Portuguese from their Asian strongholds. This effort was successful in the Spice Islands and on Formosa, where the Spanish forts were captured in the 1640s. On the other hand, despite many years of blockades and naval raids the Dutch were not able to dislodge the Spanish from the Philippines, and one or two attempts to capture Macao were equally fruitless.

Also, it was hard enough to supply the Japanese market with enough silk, deerskin, and other articles, and the capacity to start new trade routes was simply not available. Aside from one or two unsuccessful attempts to establish trading links at the ports around the mouth of the Yangzi River, the Dutch merchants kept to the regular routes they had established. If the enormous Chinese market was not tempting enough to entice the Company to new ventures, it is not surprising that no Dutch ships were ever sent to Chemulp'o. After the Dutch had been driven from Formosa by the Chinese in 1662, there was even less enthusiasm in Batavia for adventures in this part of the world.

CONCLUSION

The "discovery" of Korea for the Western public was not the result of a deliberate expedition, but the by-product of an accident while Hamel was engaged in the regular trading activities of the VOC, which have been illustrated in the above notes. It is doubtful if Hamel ever gave permission for the publication of his account, which started as an internal Company report; the first editions were published in Amsterdam before Hamel had even returned from the Indies. Also, Hamel was apparently never tempted by the success of the book to continue his career as an author, for he never published anything else after his return to his hometown of Gorcum.

The accidental nature of Hamel's adventures is underscored by the fact that his journey was not followed by any more visits until some 150 years later. The Dutch, as has been explained above, were not interested, and the English, when they gradually supplanted them as masters of the sea in the 18th century, were more occupied in India. Thus it came about that Korea was left alone to continue as "the hermit Kingdom" in deeper isolation than any of its neighbours.

NOTES:

1. Gary Ledyard, *The Dutch Come to Korea* (paperback ed.; Seoul: Seoul Computer Press, for the Royal Asiatic Society, Korea Branch, 1984).
2. According to Boxer, the first recorded European to see the coast of Korea was one Domingos Monteiro, whose ship nearly suffered shipwreck on the Korean coast in 1578. C.R. Boxer, *Fidalgoes in the Far East, 1550-1770* (reprint of the 2nd ed.; Hong Kong: Oxford University Press, 1968), p. 39.
3. F.S. Gaastra, "De vaart buiten Europa: het Aziatisch gebied," *Maritieme Geschiedenis der Nederlanden* Vol. 2, eds. L.M. Akveld, S. Hart and W.J. van Hoboken (Bussum: De Boer Maritiem, 1977), p. 249.
4. A standard work in English is C.R. Boxer, *The Dutch Seaborne Empire* (London, 1965).
5. J.R. Bruijn and J. Lucassen (eds.), *Op de schepen der Oost-Indische Compagnie: Vijf Artikelen van J. de Hullu* ("Historische Studies" Vol. 61: Groningen: Wolters-Noordhoff & Bouma's Boekhuis, 1980), p. 21, 139-140.
6. Ledyard, *op. cit.*, p. 204. As Ledyard himself points out, however, these identifications are not certain (*ibid.*, p. 127-128).
7. *Ibid.*, p. 173.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 129.
9. J.R. Bruijn, F.S. Gaastra and I. Schöffner (eds.), *Dutch-Asiatic Shipping in the 17th and 18th Centuries* Vol. 2 ("Rijks Geschiedkundige Publicatien," Grote Serie Vol. 166; The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1979), p. 104-105.
10. *Ibid.*
11. *Dutch-Asiatic Shipping*, p. 100-101.
12. Johannes Huber, "Chinese settlers against the Dutch East India Company: the rebellion led by Kuo Huai-i on Taiwan in 1652," in E.B. Vermeer (ed.), *Development and Decline of Fukien Province in the 17th and 18th Centuries* (Leiden: E.J. Brill, 1990), p. 274.
13. W. Ph. Coolhaas (ed.), *Generale Missiven van Gouverneurs-Generaal en Raden aan Heren XVII der Verenigde Oostindische Compagnie* Vol. 2 ("Rijks Geschiedkundige Publicatiën," Grote Serie Vol. 112; The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1964), p. 744.
14. *The Dutch Come to Korea*, p. 22.
15. One cattie equals about 600 g.
16. *Generale Missiven*, p. 709.
17. Hamel, in *The Dutch in Korea*, p. 223.

Tigers in the Tree: Korean Family Lineage Records

by Hildi Kang

Landed gentry, learned scholars, cabinet ministers, Prime Ministers--and a baby nursed by tigers. Men whose courage inspired armies and a queen who did so much for her country that the Emperor of China sent a letter of condolence when she died. And a baby nursed by *tigers*?

We found these people as we coaxed them from their hiding place in the pages of the Kang family register. Honorable Grandfather had mentioned these ancestors and convinced us that long ago our family had been important, but he never knew the details. These, of course, were in The Register that sits on the shelf and everybody knows about and nobody reads.

And then one day we awoke to our heritage. Our family has four volumes of ancestors dutifully logged in by a multitude of relatives and reaching back in time further than we can sensibly even imagine. We decided to reclaim this ancient family and bring them out of their dusty hiding place. And the very first entry stopped us with a jolt.

“Kang Hogyŏng (호경) was born in Kyŏngyang (경양) village in the Chin won area (진원). When he was six months old a rebellion erupted in the area and his parents rushed away to escape from the fighting. They left the baby in the bushes behind the house. When the civil war was over, they returned and found a pair of white tigers taking good care of the baby.¹

What a story to come upon as we translated our Korean family register into English. Are these ancestors myth instead of reality? Shall we leave the tiger story out? It casts doubt over the entire record, making the whole thing seem ridiculous. After the initial shock had passed, we still could not explain

the tigers, but we realized our goal was not to challenge this record searching for verifiable ancestors, but to translate the record as it exists, thereby preserving it, and perhaps coming to understand it.

The problem of the nursemaid tigers was only one of the questions that began to haunt us as we worked on the translation. Just what is the family register and how did it happen that so many families have them? How reliable is the list? And since it sometimes goes back into the shadowy realms of the eighth century, at what point does fact begin to blur into legend or myth? And why did Koreans make such a fuss over their family genealogies in the first place?

Searching for answers, or even clues to answers, we moved gradually backwards into the depths of Korean history.

ANCESTORS BY THE VOLUME — THE CHOKPO

Present-day Americans, searching for their heritage, spend years following clues that lead them across continents and oceans. They grasp at every lead, prying into county offices, high school yearbooks, court records, passport offices, and newspaper articles in their search for the elusive ancestors.

Koreans searched in just the same way. Using basically the same type of records, they also pried and delved, rummaged and searched to find from whence they came, but there was a difference. Westerners search out of curiosity; Koreans searched out of necessity. And the searching that Westerners do today, Koreans did four, five, even seven hundred years ago. They searched, found, copied and published their lineage records with a fervor rarely matched in any other time or place.

This published record of a family tree, the *chokpo* (족보) traces a family through the father's line. This family group is called a lineage or clan, and the clan is usually identified with the locality that was the native place of the lineage founder (*pongwan*, 봉완). Thus Koreans will say they are "Kim of Kyŏngju" (경주김씨) or "Kang of Sin Ch'ŏn" (신천강씨).

The format followed by nearly all these *chokpo* is to list sons first and then daughters, daughters being recorded not in their own names, but by the names and ancestral seats of the husbands. Daughters typically were not included, because they were not considered permanent members of their birth clan. Nowadays some clans are beginning to register their daughters.

The oldest lineage records still in existence in Korea come from sometime in the 1200s. The oldest one in book form comes from the 1400s and belongs to the Gwon clan of Andong (안동권씨). This book seems to have set

the pattern for all later *chokpo*.²

In ancient times each family kept track of its own ancestors, but gradually clans began to establish offices to keep track of the entire extended family. Our Kang office is in Seoul, and our family register currently takes up four large volumes. It was published in 1710, 1774, 1805, 1855, 1918 and 1979.

The care of the register was handed down from father to eldest son. Here in America we received the Kang family register as a gift from grandfather in Korea, and eventually we began the simple task of translating the records into English.

But simplicity is deceptive. The task was not simple. It turned out to be a bit like an Englishman, untutored, trying to read Chaucer. The older entries are written in difficult Classical Chinese, the language of the scholars, an archaic language sprinkled with idioms long ago lost to the casual reader.

We managed to translate some of the entries and from this we learned ancestor's names, dates and occasional accomplishments, but the more we learned, the more questions arose. We began to search more deeply into the events through which they lived.

A LITERATE GOVERNMENT — PUBLIC RECORDS

Keeping written records was something ancient Koreans did well. The ruling class was literate and educated. As early as 372 AD Koreans established a National Confucian Academy,³ wrote volumes of history in 350 and 545 AD, and kept government census records as early as the 700s. They published such a wide variety of books that in 1091 the Sung government of China sent to Korea for works not available in China.⁴

These publications, however, were essentially official government copies of such things as yearly chronicles, protocol records, and international records.

Other public documents kept track of the people, their possessions and their accomplishments. In addition to the census there were official histories and gazetteers, local histories, literary collections of members of the clan, literary collections of associates who composed obituary notices, rosters of the Civil Service Exams and tombstone rubbings.⁵

With so many well kept public records, why did Koreans feel the need to keep detailed private family records? What happened in Korean culture or history to make the family records so complete and so important?

THE NEED FOR FAMILY LINEAGE RECORDS

"You never miss the water till the well runs dry." Twist that a bit and read it, "You'll never miss your lineage records till you can't find them." Meet Ki Taek, a hypothetical teenager in 1598, wandering, dazed, staggering out alive after the attacking Japanese army has swept through his neighborhood.

Our young man pokes among the total destruction and thinks grown up thoughts. *When this war is over, he is in big trouble. The census taker will come and ask who he is and who his family is, and there are no records left to submit his lineage. He was about to take the civil service exam and without his lineage scroll to prove the importance of his grandfather and great grandfather, he won't even be allowed into the examination hall. Wait! It's worse. Without that scroll he can't even prove that this land on which he stands belongs to him—they'll take him for a commoner or worse yet, a slave. And whatever will he do when the autumn festival comes round? He's the only one left in his family, so he must read the prayers at the ancestors' shrine. Four generations, two grandparents each, eight names to recite to perfection. It's up to him to honor each ancestor, and he can't remember all those names, and the wooden tablets containing their names are all part of the ashes around him. He is doomed. Without his lineage scroll he cannot save his own property or get his hoped-for job or honor his family or show appropriate respect to all his ancestors. He will never be the Confucian superior man.*

It wasn't always this crucial to have lineage records. In earlier Korean history, the census, aristocracy, civil examination and ancestor worship all existed, but they were much more free-form and Koreans had their own ways of doing things. However, Confucian influence grew continually from its introduction around 300 AD to its complete hold on society in the 1600s, and it gradually developed into a rigid and legalistic structure. As Confucianism grew stronger, the need for lineage records grew along with it.

It is not by accident that our hypothetical young man was a wealthy, educated property owner. Family records were always more important to the upper class than to the commoners. In fact, this clan consciousness originally was limited to only about ten percent of the population. For the other ninety percent, mostly peasants and farmers, family descent was not important; many of them did not even have a family name.^{6, 7} However, for those to whom it mattered, it mattered greatly.

CENSUS REGISTRATION

Long before genealogy became important, the Korean government tallied its population. A researcher discovered a portion of a Korean census taken as early as 755 AD. It shows that, even back then, a census was taken every three years and required more than the usual vital statistics. Cattle, horses, mulberry trees and nut trees were all counted, apparently to pad the list of things that could be taxed.

Lineage records soon entered the picture, however. Later references to the census show the government's interest in family as well as population. By early Koryo times (around 1,000 AD), "society attached great importance to lineage background, and indeed aristocratic families were listed on separate census registers from those that recorded the commoner population."⁹ As Confucian ideas took hold in the Yi dynasty (1392-1910), census registration gradually came to require that "lineage records, together with the usual vital statistics, be submitted by each household."¹⁰ People needed to know their ancestors in order to face the arrival of the government census officials.

PROOF OF ARISTOCRATIC BIRTH

Knowledge about one's family was also important in the ruling circles because of the class system common in early Korean society. When the Confucian beliefs arrived from China and required all people to know and maintain their proper place in society, the Korean ruling circles found this easy to accept. Confucianism simply strengthened and organized the existing pattern.

Gradually, however, people in this hereditary ruling class (*yangban*, 양반) began to need more accurate knowledge of their lineage. It was crucial to the *yangban* gentlemen to establish and maintain their place in the "in" group, because members of this group enjoyed all political power, economic well-being, and social prestige. The *chokpo* developed as one clear way to record the lineage and accomplishments of these genuine, practicing *yangban* families.¹¹

In the early days, this list of ancestors was written in brush and ink and kept in the house of each eldest son (*changson*, 장손). The *changson* was in charge of this scroll (*ka-sǒng*, 가성), and he kept it in an honorable niche in his home; our Elder Sister in Seoul actually remembers such a niche in their North Korean ancestral home. The scroll recorded the preceeding five or six generations of ancestors with the highlights of their accomplishments. This was immediate and mobile proof of lineage, and in case of calamity the

changson protected this document, tied safely around his waist, to retain proof of his family's status.¹²

ACCESS TO CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

During the Silla dynasty (668-935 AD) the Korean ruling class had remained within the narrow grasp of three main families (Kim, Pak and Suk). When that dynasty fell in 935 AD, the new rulers attempted to shift the power base away from these hereditary families to men who could prove their ability to govern. Again, the teachings of Confucius fit right into the need.

Confucius believed that man is made perfect by learning, and in particular, by learning the moral teachings of Confucius. China developed a Civil Service Examination based on these teachings and thoughtful Koreans eventually urged their leaders to do the same. They borrowed the examination system from China in 958 AD and then, theoretically, anyone could take the exam and enter the power base of the country.

As Korea moved into the new Yi dynasty in 1395, however, the list of qualifications needed to sit for the exam became more and more restrictive.¹³ Natural selection, limited the exam to the wealthy, as only the wealthy could afford the time and money it took to have a son spend his life studying, and an imposed selection limited the exam to those with an impeccable list of "family," as no son of a concubine, no illegitimate son, no one born below a certain rung of society could even sign up to take the exam.¹⁴

And so the exam, begun as a way to break the hold of heredity, gradually developed its own heredity. By the 1500s, every candidate was required to record at the head of the exam paper the names and ranks of his father, grandfather and great grandfather, and the name, title and clan seat of his maternal grandfather.¹⁵ In addition, the candidate must prove that these ancestors were men of distinction and achievement if he himself was to take the government exam and remain in the circle of power and prestige. The *chokpo* became a ready reference for the names and distinctions of the family.

ANCESTOR RITUALS

Confucian ideas of government and education fit comfortably into the Korean life style, but the Confucian rules for family and private life met decades of resistance. When these ideas finally took hold, however, they brought the biggest changes and the most sweeping need for lineage records.

The new dynasty of 1395 was securely Confucian and the king dictated

ancestor worship into law in 1400. Koreans had many ways to show respect for their families, but the new rules were much more specific, and not always comfortable.

Confucius taught that deceased relatives needed continued support from their descendants, and emphasized proper worship before the ancestral tablets. That apparently was not a problem, but the rites also brought a new element — the importance of the male sons.¹⁶ The rules said that the rites could be offered only by the ancestor's qualified heir, and "qualified" meant sons, preferably only the first son. Now Korean custom of the times gave mothers, fathers, sons and daughters all equal importance in family affairs, and so for many years people simply rotated the rites among all family members, showing a kind of passive resistance to the new male-only laws. This worked for about a hundred and fifty years, but by 1555 people began to be arrested if they failed to conform. As necessity became a way of life, it began to show in the lineage records. A daughter was pushed to the end of the list and registered only by her husband's name. Lineage records became a list of the family's sons.

In addition, the new rules required that upper class families offer the rites to four generations of ancestors, and even commoners were told to join in with rites to at least one generation, so now those lineage records took on increased importance. They became a necessity, not just for the inner circles or the exam seekers, but for every family. People scrambled to verify generations of their families. The 1500s show a major jump in the publication of genealogies and by the 1700s and 1800s nearly everyone was documenting the importance of his family. The proper recording of ancestors became a national pastime.

FACT OR FANCY — IS THE *CHOKPO* RELIABLE?

People of any age go along complacently following tradition until some outside event disrupts their comfortable pattern of life. These disruptions become markers of what is important to them and provide for us who follow some clues to understanding the changes. Each of our steps backward in time is marked by one of these disruptions.

RELIABILITY BACK TO 1500 — THE NEED TO CLARIFY AND STABILIZE RECORDS

During the 1590s a catastrophe occurred that upset and then invigorated

the status quo. At the end of the 1500s the Japanese invaded Korea under their leader, Hideyoshi. Everything was ruined — houses, palaces, crops and people, and in the chaos nearly all government records and many lineage records were lost or destroyed.

Before this catastrophe, it had been common for a family to consult a variety of official records in order to reinforce the clan's own family records. When peace returned in the mid 1600s, people scrambled to prove their family lines by the use of any public records they could find.¹⁷ They reorganized, clarified and solidified records for the entire clan and by the 1700s began publishing the registers as regular books. Buddhist monks made money for their monasteries by writing multiple copies of the books for private families.¹⁸ The *chokpo* tradition had taken a firm hold.

Professor Edward Wagner of Harvard believes that during this time the compilation process adhered to the most rigid standards of fidelity. The values shared by all *yangban* clans demanded integrity. These values came from the Confucian ideology with its emphasis on the 'princely man,' the patriarchal family unit, and the overriding importance of maintaining unbroken the lines of ritual (*chesa*, 제사) descent. "Deliberate falsification of family records was, I feel sure, unthinkable to those who took upon themselves the often awesome burden of compiling and publishing a *chokpo*."¹⁹

The *chokpo* may fail to mention real accomplishments that today would be considered historically valuable because its primary mission is simply the recording of lineage sequences. Wagner argues that the reliability of a *chokpo* may be gauged as much by this information that it does not offer as by the information it does. Page after page goes by filled with a dreary list of names and dates with occasional brief mention of a life marked by some modest accomplishment. "There are scores of thousands of names recorded in a good-sized *chokpo*, but the number for whom even the meanest achievement is claimed is reassuringly small. In this respect, I believe, the *chokpo* is a faithful mirror of life."²⁰

RELIABILITY BACK TO 1100 — CONTINUOUS RECORDS

Prof. Wagner speculates that "at some point in Koryo dynasty time, perhaps during the 1100 or 1200s, the *chokpo* begins its continuous lineage listing with a genuinely historical first ancestor."²¹ Why the twelfth century?

Hundreds of years before the twelfth century, as we have seen, Koreans were reading and writing in a very civilized manner. There were volumes of histories and geographies, chronicles and biographies, but not many of these

early works survived.²² “A large number of historical records... were destroyed in holocausts and other catastrophies when the dynasties fell into ashes ... Detailed records must have been in existence, but most were lost in war, fire, and turmoil.”²³

Beginning with the 1100 and 1200s, however, records become increasingly plentiful and complete. Wagner gives as an example, the Kim clan of Kyongju, whose founding ancestor was a semi legendary character in AD 65 but whose seventh generation descendant was a king of Silla. Now those kings are well known, yet the compilers of the Official *Chokpo* in 1784 believed that existing records could not establish a conclusive link between the founding ancestor and the Silla king. To show their uncertainty, they began renumbering their descent at a point where it could be verified — from a Koryo official in the 1100s.

Our Kang *chokpo*, first published in 1710, follows that same pattern — renumbering starting at a date estimated to be 1190 — but a different explanation is given. Ancestor Number One, “Founding Ancestor,” has a birth date tentatively set around 700 AD. Ancestor Number Fourteen, “Intermediate Ancestor,” has a reasonably probable birthdate of around 1190, yet with him the numbering begins all over again with another number one. The two systems continue simultaneously throughout the rest of the book. Our family members do not question this dual numbering system, accepting the explanation given in the *chokpo*. “(He) has the honor of being called the Intermediate Founder of the clan because the home he established on his royal land-grant gradually developed into the ancestral seat and the ancestral graves became concentrated there.”²⁴

So now we have two possibilities, and quite likely both are correct and interwoven. Perhaps renumbering begins at the point where it could be verified, or perhaps an ancestor is renumbered because he is the one who received the land grant and established a permanent clan home. In any case, both ideas coincide with the Confucian lineage consciousness that grew steadily more important during the 13th and 14th centuries.

RELIABILITY BACK TO 700 AD. — LEGEND AND HISTORY, A TWISTED CABLE

Pushing back further in time, we realize that history at some point fades into the mists of legend, or, just as likely, legend may be masking actual history. In our Kang *chokpo* we have arrived back at that first entry, the startling story of the nursemaid tigers. “(Kang) Hogyong was born in Kyong

Yang village ... his parents returned and found a pair of white tigers taking good care of the baby.”

What should we make of this? Imaginative nonsense? Worthless? Dr. Rogers of the University of California, Berkeley²⁵ gives some clues into a famous family of this period, and by a twist of fate, into our own family as well. Again it appears that an outside threat disturbed the complacency of the time and again it is the twelfth century that is the significant starting point for our understanding.

A KING'S DILEMMA

In the years 1146 through 1170 there was a king named Uijöng (의정) whose rule was a little shaky. International upheavals were taking place on the continent to the north, and within the peninsula two factions were pulling against each other in his government. A military group was anxious to oppose the Jurchen to the north and expand in that direction, and another group, content to remain at home, still felt a kinship with the peaceful, scholarly days of the Silla rulers. Our king supported this latter group and searched for ways to enhance their position.

He set out to demonstrate the truthfulness and sacredness of his own lineage, reminding people that the dynasty had been founded by a man strong in the Silla tradition, with ancestors who walked with the very gods themselves.

THE ROYAL ANCESTORS

To do this, he collected history of the dynasty's founder, Wang-gön (왕건). His book begins with a quote from the "Veritable Records of T'aejo" (Wang-gön's official name) which states that in 919 Wang-gön honored three generations of his ancestors with posthumous titles. Immediately following this entry is a long quotation from a work by a man named Kim Kwanüi (김관의) who was active during the reign of our King Uijöng. Kim, saying that he based his work on privately preserved writings., supplies three earlier generations to Wang-gön's lineage, taking it back six generations to what must have been the early 700s.

When he reaches ancestor number one, he begins, "There was a man named Hogyöng (호경) who claiming to be *sönggol* (성골)..."²⁶ and with a jolt we realize that in this official history we are suddenly reading about Hogyöng, the very same person listed as the founding father of our Kang family *chokpo*.

How can this be? It is indeed a twist of fate that as this twelfth century King Uijöng gathered and preserved the stories of Wang-göñ's ancestors, he inadvertently did the same for us. There is a point in Wang-göñ's lineage where it inexplicably shifts to the mother, and at this point it becomes our lineage also. Instead of listing Wang-göñ's great grandfather, it lists his great grandmother. We will not concern ourselves with that scholastic puzzle, but rather with the help it turns out to be for us. The grandmother mentioned was a Kang, and so the King's three earliest ancestors are also our three earliest ancestors, and our ancestor number seven is a cousin to the Wang-göñ, the King's ancestor number seven. Thus the entries that we have in our Kang *chokpo* for ancestors one, two, three and four are echoed and extended in the official genealogies (*Koryösa*) of Wang-göñ.

FACT OR FANCY—DOES IT MATTER?

This six generation lineage recorded for Wang-göñ was variously challenged and accepted, believed, ignored and revised as different Korean scholars examined it. In 1451 the reigning king gave instructions to prepare an Official History of the Koryo Dynasty (*Koryösa*, 고려사). The compilers, proper Confucian historians, accepted the three immediate ancestors ("In the present instance we take the Veritable Records' notice of the posthumous appointment of the Three Generations as the proper version")²⁷ and scoffed at the earlier three, calling them "spurious interpolation."²⁸ Nevertheless they kept these three "substandard" generations at the head of their official dynastic history—spurious perhaps, but also important enough to retain.

The truth of the matter may be at either of these extremes or somewhere in between. "The ancestor stories should not be taken too seriously as documentation for ninth and tenth century relatives,"²⁹ but at the same time, even as legend they need not be dismissed. Rogers³⁰ puts these early entries into perspective. Legend is not myth. "Legend...is associated with specific identifiable localities, and is generated by historical personages and the important events in which they played a role. Legend brings us into the shadowy part of history where fact is overlaid and fleshed out with fantasy in a way that is by no means haphazard."

Our Hogyöng legend deals with people who may well have been real. The embellishments were for a purpose. The ancestors, as proof of their significance, required an intimate experience with the sacred, and the sacred throughout the Koryo period was the native shamanistic tradition, where

tigers were the messengers sent direct from the spirit world. The tigers found caring for the infant, Hogyŏng, came as proof that the gods considered the baby to be extraordinary, and as a sign that someday he would become a great person.

FACING THE TIGERS — SOME CONCLUSIONS

In a search to understand times long gone, possibilities abound and definitive answers are rarely available. The more pieces of the puzzle one has, the more clear the picture. Yet turning over pieces of the puzzle can often produce questions rather than answers. In the beginning, while translating our ancestors' stories, we were brought up short by a pair of tigers lurking in the family tree. Shock. Dismay. A definite quandary. Looking for reality, we bumped face to face with legend. To face the tigers meant facing ancient superstition, modern embarrassment.

We could not honestly hide the tigers nor comfortably ignore them, and we certainly could not explain them. So we set them aside and searched for the meaning of the *chokpo*—the reasons, the process, the history—and found ourselves back again, looking at the tigers.

To the ancients, the tiger messengers said, "Sit up, take notice. This person is important."

And in hindsight, the tigers' appearance did the same for us. It shocked us into reflection and sent us on the search for what was known and not known of the book in which they lived. Unwittingly the tigers projected their message to us, "Stop. Take notice. This book, this piece of history, has worth."

The work done by so many family members across hundreds of years of time should not be relegated to the dusty library shelves simply because it is no longer a ritual necessity. The *chokpo* remains an asset to culture, a window into history, and a source of both personal and family identity. It is intriguing to read of government officials, noblemen, and queens, but in every *chokpo*, ninety percent of the entries are simple nobodies. Far from devaluing the lists, it links them even more closely with the nobodies of today.

"The humbling realization...that each of us is merely a link in a chain. We may someday be forgotten, but the contribution we made to the chain, however slight, will always be there, and as long as the chain exists, a piece of us will exist, too." (unknown)

NOTES:

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3. Lee, Ki-baik. *A New History of Korea*. Translated by Edward Wagner, Harvard University Press, 1984. p. 58.
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5. Wagner, Edward. "The Korean Chokpo as a Historical Source," In *Papers in Asian Genealogy*, Edited by S. Palmer, Brigham Young University, 1972. p. 143.
6. Nahm, Andrew. *Korea. Tradition and Transformation*. Hollym, 1988. p. 33.
7. Shin, Kyu-Ho, editor. Interview.
8. Lee, Ki-baik. p. 80.
9. *Ibid.* p. 111.
10. Wagner, Edward. p. 143.
11. *Ibid.* p. 142.
12. Shin, Kyu-Ho, editor. Interview.
13. Lee, Ki-baik. p. 174.
14. Lee, Peter. p. 180.
15. *Ibid.* p. 43.
16. Haboush, JaHyun. "The Confucianization of Korean Society," in *Confucian Heritage and its Modern Adaptation*. Edited by Gilbert Rozman, Princeton University Press, 1991. p. 104.
17. Wagner, Edward. p. 143.
18. Shin, Kyu-Ho, editor. Interview.
19. Wagner, Edward. p. 143.
20. *Ibid.* p. 144.
21. *Ibid.* p. 145.
22. Note: Two significant works, incorporating much of the more ancient writings, were written during this period. In 1145, Kim Pu Sik included passages from older works in his "History of the Three Kingdoms" (Samguk Sagi) and in approximately 1285 more of their contents went into Iryon's "Memorabilia of the Three Kingdoms" (Samguk Yusa).
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24. Kang, Du Shik, p.
25. Rogers, Michael. "P'yonnyon T'ongnok: The Foundation Legend of the Koryo State," in *The Journal of Korean Studies*, Vol. 4, 1982-83.
26. *Ibid.* p. 5.
27. *Ibid.* p. 11.
28. *Ibid.* p. 11.
29. *Ibid.* p. 51.
30. *Ibid.* p. 14.

The Poetic Vision of Kim Kwang-kyu

by Br. Anthony Teague

The poems to be introduced here were written between 1975 and 1986; Kim Kwang-kyu has published more works since then, but these are the poems which first made his reputation in Korea, and which I have recently published in English translation. Professor Kim was born in Seoul in 1941, and he is at present a professor in the German department of Hanyang University, having studied German language and literature at Seoul National University and Munich. He published his first volume of poems in the same year, 1975, as he published translations into Korean of poems by Heinrich Heine and Gunter Eich; any one interested in possible Western influences in Professor Kim's work would also have to know that he has translated poems by Bertold Brecht.

As we begin to read Professor Kim's work, a useful term for what he is doing may be found in the word an 'anatomy'. The 17th Century English poet John Donne used this word as an image for a close scrutiny, corresponding to what people today often rather dauntingly call an 'analysis.' Both these terms are images borrowed from the physical sciences; when chemists analyse, they break down a substance into its component elements in order to be able to describe in detail what it is made of. Donne's word 'anatomize' was borrowed from medical science and is potentially gruesome, suggesting as it does people watching the systematic dissection of a dead body (Donne's step-father was a doctor). The work of the anatomist, though, is not limited to the discovery of causes of death. Through autopsies, doctors discover the physical mechanics of our being, and this in turn enables others to find ways of restoring similarly diseased bodies to health.

Kim Kwang-kyu has dissected his way through much diseased tissue. His study is the sick body of modern society, and his poems are suggestive of

diagnoses that are also valid far beyond the confines of this Peninsula; in many poems we have a survey of the main symptoms, in some we glimpse prescriptions, *perspectives of healing, but after reading others we wonder if there can be any cure!* For the disease dissected and depicted with such subtle wit in Professor Kim's poems will need more than aspirins to make it better. *At the same time, it is not possible to respond to this poetry from the sidelines; it only really works when we recognize ourselves in it!*

I want to begin with one of his earliest poems, a prose poem that seems to need no initial explanation:

· SPIRIT MOUNTAIN

In my childhood village home there was a mysterious mountain — Spirit Mountain, it was called — and no one had ever climbed it.

Spirit Mountain could not be seen in daytime.

With thick mist shrouding its lower half and clouds that covered what rose above we could only guess dimly where it lay.

By night too Spirit Mountain could not be seen clearly.

In the moonlight and starlight of bright cloudless nights its dark form might be glimpsed but yet it was impossible to tell its shape or its height.

One day seized with a sudden longing to see Spirit Mountain — it had never left my heart — I took an express bus back to my home village, but strange to say Spirit Mountain had utterly vanished and the now unfamiliar village folk I questioned swore there was no such mountain in those parts.

This poem is not, I think, mainly about a person's disappointment on returning to childhood haunts. The mountain of the poem was no private dream; in childhood it was a vision shared by all in the village, transcending the ordinary but at the same time transforming the ordinary by its presence. The loss is not individual, but collective, and it has been brought about by all the violent changes that Korea has been subjected to. The speaker has long been away, living in the city, but even in the village there has been a break in continuity, a destruction of tradition, so that the strangers now living there have lost sight of anything transcending their ordinary material existence, and have no memories of anything else ever having existed.

Urbanization has robbed Korea of so much humanity, and many of Kim Kwang-kyu's poems are city-poems:

Going Home in the Evening

We gave up any thought of flying long ago

These days we don't even try to run
we dislike walking so we try to ride
(We mostly travel about by bus or subway)

Once on board we all try to get a seat

Once seated we lean back snoozing

Not that we are tired

but every time money-making is over

our heads become atrophied

scales sprout all over our bodies

Our blood has grown cold

But still with half-open eyes

our practised feet take us home

We return every evening to our homes

like reptiles returning to their swamp

Professor Kim invites us to recognize the sub-human sides of modern life; the person speaking in his poems does not moralize from outside or above, but offers a little vignette of an only too familiar experience. I suppose that for many today, the private car has replaced the bus and subway, but perhaps the reptile is only more numbly headed for the swamp, sitting in the middle of a traffic jam.

Professor Kim's poems are in the tradition of social satire, and in that tradition the portrayal by negative examples often goes hand-in-hand with positive visions drawn from an elsewhere closer to Nature, as in this poem:

Ducks

Holy bird!

Never ever perching

in branches of trees of comfort

those trees that grow straightest

if not completely vertical

that generate no electricity

A duck is not one for lying down or getting up

Quietly wandering over winter river water

it merely repeats simple gestures

It has not picked up any complicated habits

Sometimes it leaves water prints
 in the snow-covered ice
 and if an earthquake comes
 riding the whirlwind it flies up
 up into the sky
 casting a final shadow
 destined to become a fossil
 on the land of death
 Most perfect bird!
 The place from which the duck comes flying
 and to which it returns
 is a place I have come too far from
 Borne on trains traversing continents
 crossing oceans by aeroplane
 I have travelled so far in any case
 that now it is impossible for me
 to cross that far horizon and return
 How happy is the duck returning
 with unthinking wing-beats
 whenever the seasons change
 If I am ever to return to that place
 I must first forget with groans of pain
 all the language I have so arduously learned
 With far greater difficulty than in the gaining
 I must lose one by one all the things I know
 Useless the pitiful body's writhing
 as it tries to get up and get up again
 then lie down and lie down again
 At last I shall have to set out alone
 How envious then is the life of the duck
 that flies and flies then drops plop dead
 Blessed bird
 serenely frequenting that far-off place
 I can never return to so long as I live
 There are times when I long to be a duck

Such poems do not seem to require much commentary, but the reader should notice the very strong lyric element in that last poem. The 'poetic' is a very difficult word to define, but in the Korean literary context it is important

to stress that in these poems the poetic and the social are reconciled. In the past, and even today, they are too often considered to be irreconcilable. Next, the poem which gives its title to the whole collection:

Faint Shadows of Love

At the end of the year of the April Uprising
we met at five in the afternoon
happily clasped hands in greeting
then sitting in a chill fireless room
our breaths condensing white
we engaged in heated discussions
Foolishly enough we believed
we were living for the sake of something
for something that had nothing to do with politics
The meeting ended inconclusively and that evening
drinking grog at Hyehwadong Rotary
we worried in a pure-minded way
about problems of love and spare-time jobs
and military service
and each of us sang as loud as he could
songs no one listened to
songs no one could imitate
Those songs we sang for no reward
rose up into the winter sky
and fell as shooting stars
Eighteen years later at last we met again
all wearing neckties
each of us had become something
We had become the older generation
living in dread of revolution
We chipped in to cover the cost of the party
exchanged news of our families
and asked the others how much they were earning
Anxious about the soaring cost of living
happily deploring the state of the world
expertly lowering our voices
as we discussed rumours
We were all of us living for the sake of living

this time no one sang
 Leaving abundant drink and side-dishes behind us
 noting one another's new phone numbers we parted
 A few went off to play poker
 A few went off to dance
 A few of us walked sadly
 along the university street we used to frequent
 Clutching rolled-up calendars under our arms
 in a place returned to after long wanderings
 in that place where our love gone by had bled
 unfamiliar buildings had appeared suspiciously
 the roadside plane trees stood in their old places
 and a few remaining dry leaves trembled
 sending shudders up our spines
 Aren't you ashamed?
 Aren't you ashamed?
 As the wind's whisper flowed about our ears
 we deliberately made middle-aged talk about our health
 and took one step deeper into the swamp

One of the experiences reflected in these words is that of finding oneself middle-aged with youth lying back there, lost in the past. For the Korean intellectual of Professor Kim's generation, though, this implies a shared social experience. The memory of having been a student in April 1960, as he was, means that the loss of youth is paralleled by the loss within Korean society of that vision which drove the students down the streets in April of that year with a burning hope: a hope that guns extinguished in some, time and repression in the rest.

Dictatorship ensued, and there was the challenge of learning to survive as a human being within the silence, the suppression of truth and of divergent opinion which it demanded:

The Land of Mists

In the land of mists
 always shrouded in mist
 nothing ever happens
 And if something happens
 nothing can be seen
 because of the mist

for if you live in mist
you get accustomed to mist
so you do not try to see
Therefore in the land of mists
you should not try to see
you have to hear things
for if you do not hear you cannot live
so ears keep growing bigger
People like rabbits
with ears of white mist
live in the land of mists

Non-Koreans who were not here in the late '70s and early '80s may not see at once why long ears were necessary; but even today, when there is much more liberty of expression, the art of getting to the truth of things is scarcely easier. The military 'put its foot down' in 1961, as we would say in rather too humorous English, and in the little poem that follows, you should recall the expression:

Death of a Baby Crab

One baby crab
caught together with its mother

tumbles out of the hawker's basket
while the big crabs fixed in a straw rope
foam and wave aimless legs
It crawls off sideways sideways over the roadway
in quest of past days of hide-and-seek in the mud
and the freedom of the sea
It pricks up its eyes and gazes all around
then dies squashed across the roadway
run over by a speeding army truck

Where the baby crab's remains rot in the dust
no one sees how the light of glory shines

In the deathly silence that the Korean dictators demanded, it took courage to speak, and wit to outwit the censors. By his poems which we might call 'beast fables,' Professor Kim joins hands with Aesop and La Fontaine, or perhaps rather with Swift. These are allegories, designed for

readers who have grown the long ears which are not unrelated to those Jesus demands: 'those who have ears to hear, let them hear'. What do you hear, I wonder, in the following poem?

The Summer There Were No Cicadas

One cicada was singing in a persimmon tree
 then flew off but was abruptly checked in mid-air
 Ahah a spider's web spreading wide!
 The spider hiding under the edge of the roof
 had the struggling cicada tied up in a flash
 no point in mentioning anything like
 conscience or ideas
 no place for regret or excuses
 At the end of seven years' training
 the cicada's lovely voice
 after scarcely seven days
 ended up as a spider's supper
 If you're caught like that you've had it
 The cicadas stopped singing
 and flying
 It was a remarkably long hot summer

In these poems, then, there are evocations of the brutal slaughter of the young by the merciless, of the young who have dreams and songs in which Spirit Mountain still rises mysterious above, an image of the 'freedom of the sea'. It is by now clear, I hope, that we are dealing with something far removed from the 'protest poem' of strident tone and indignation. The deaths are not the main point, though, tragic and impoverishing though they are. It is more important for the poet and the reader to reflect on what hope is left:

Roadside Trees in April

Their tops were cut off long ago
 so as not to touch the power lines
 This year even their limbs have been lopped
 so they cannot sway if a spring breeze blows
 and only the trunks remain like torsos
 suffocating and grim
 When the lilac perfume deepens
 memories of another April day return

but now every trailing branch has been cut off
so that the street-side weeping willows
lined up in rows
unable even to unfold new leaves
seething with impatience but
unable to utter even a cry
are putting out leaves from their trunks

Once again Nature offers the poet an image of resistance, of survival, of a stubborn refusal by life to be put down by brute force. And since the theme is hope, it is natural that other poems evoke that hope in ever more lyrical images:

Evening in May

Borne on the early summer breeze
gloomy news
Emerging from some house or other
clumsy piano sounds

Backhaus is already dead
now Rubinstein is getting old
but regardless of adults' despair
there are children beginning *Bayer I*

and because of this hope
that cannot be wrapped up
in newspaper and thrown away
darkness drops shamefaced
down every quiet street

I suppose there ought to be a footnote to remind the unpianoed reader that *Bayer I* is the classic first manual for the would-be pianist. I dislike footnotes, and believe that the message is clear. Like Shakespeare and Jane Austen, Kim Kwang-kyu has faith in the power of the new generations to redeem the terrible mess caused by the failures of their parents.

In Those Days

Was there anyone who didn't know?
What everyone felt

What everyone went through
Was there anyone who didn't know?

In those days
everybody knew
but pretended not to know
What no one could say
what no one could write
was spoken
in our language
written in our alphabet
and communicated

Was there anyone who didn't know?
Don't speak too glibly now times have changed
Stop and think
In those days
what did you do?

The question is a sharp one, very awkward indeed for all those who did little to oppose the insult to Korean dignity represented by the Fifth so-called Republic, whose bald-headed leader seems to be evoked in the following:

Sketch of a Fetish

He is no common man
definitely not an ordinary man
Far more lenient than a common man
far crueller than an ordinary man
he is not some meek kind of man
who endures hardship patiently
deliberately hiding his tears
He is not a man who gazes at the moon
longing for days gone by
Nimbly seizing the ball
like a goalkeeper before a tense crowd
he is not a man who works all day
and then goes home in the evening
He is not the kind of man who keeps to his lane
for fear of the traffic patrols

He is not a man who speaks in words
as he takes over all the best expressions
producing an urn of white silence
He is not someone who gazes
at the endlessly rolling waves
and fathoms the ocean's waves
and fathoms the ocean's heart
He is not a man who hastens
onwards at dawn firm in the conviction
that yesterday's I is alone believable
He is not the kind of man who lowers his head
and silently follows after
Taking up sacred burdens beyond his power
and marching on and on
he is definitely not an ordinary man
not a common man
in short not a man at all

You must not think, though, that our poet is therefore mute before the radical students, although he certainly respects them, as most Koreans have done, until recently at least. For them too he has sharp messages:

Old Marx

Look my young friend
That's not what history is like
it's not what you think it's like
it's not something that unfolds dialectically
and literature too is not like that
it's not what you think it's like
it's not something that changes logically
You are young
it's ok if you still don't know
but just suppose that the moment
you finally realize that really
history and literature are not like that
comes when you have already reached the age
where you can no longer change anything
in your life?
Look my young friend

Ideology in the head
 can never become love in the heart
 Even though our opinions may differ
 how fortunate it is
 that each one of us lives our share
 and how unsatisfying
 that each one of us lives only once
 then is dead and gone
 Even though we die and become the past
 history remains as the present
 and literature honestly records
 the complexities of life in days gone by
 Look my young friend
 Take care
 that your heart doesn't harden
 before your body has had time to grow old
 Take care!

If Kim Kwang-kyu so often evokes the spirit of the young, I think the following poem about April 1960 explains why:

No! Not So

All the pain of the leaves
 as they burst in anguish
 through their hardened shells
 and that of the blooming azaleas
 had become a furious cry
 on that day the earth shook
 as he raced ahead of the others
 then fell near the Blue House
 His satchel still bulging
 with lunchbox and dictionary
 robbed of his bright smile
 and supple movements
 he fell to the roadway
 never to rise again
 So did he die in vain
 in the twentieth year of his youth?

No
Not at all
Since the day he cried Drive them out
he has become a lion eternally young
roaring fiercely
on the central campus lawn
he has become a fountain
soaring skywards
His surviving companions sheepishly
graduated and did their military service
got married and had children so that
before you knew it today they are
middle-aged wage-earners
while he has remained unchanging
a young university student
attending lectures regularly
absorbed in impassioned debates
skillfully pursuing the ball
Look there and see his vital image
unswervingly following truth
in his proud successor
defending the nation with his whole being
our promising son
tending anew the ideals
we had forgotten
So it is
Since the day he fell near the Blue House
endlessly rising again
he races on
ahead of us

The challenges facing Korean society are enormous, and unless this country can find deep reserves of vision and inspiration, it may be overwhelmed by the scale of what is demanded of it. The memory of the past offers a hope that again today the spark of that same self-sacrifice and devotion will prevail.

I want to give you here some poems in which Kim Kwang-kyu suggests a few of the ways in which modern Korea has lost its soul:

Kim With Crutch

5 basement levels

30 floors above ground

150,000 square yards of floor space

When they were doing the groundwork
for Seoul Building

Kim did the rough jobs

Up and down the dizzying scaffolding

he carried loads of gravel

he helped with the plastering

he stuck on tiles

he fixed window-frames

Under Seoul Building's foundation stone

lie some 3 years of Kim's hard life

and somewhere up the dizzying emergency stairs

that go snaking heavenwards

is stuck

the left leg Kim lost there

Luckily he was wearing a safety helmet

so he escaped death by a hair

and six months later

when Kim came out of hospital on crutches

Seoul Building towering aloft

had become a well-known feature of the capital

Department stores with every kind of everything

a hotel too luxurious to sleep in

saunas and restaurants and financial company offices

everywhere white-clean men

busily banging away on computers

girls looking like screw-holes

noisily chewing gum

and recalling last night

with time too bought and sold for cash

it was a TV screen come alive

Wanting only to see how that spot

at the entrance to the emergency stairs

on the 13th floor

where he had tripped and gone headlong

had been finished off
Kim went hobbling along
to visit his former work-site
Suppose he happened to meet Lee the welder
then they might down a daytime glass
to celebrate
But at the entrance to Seoul Building
a janitor wearing a necktie
stopped him
saying people without work can't come in here
and at the back door where the garbage goes out
a fearsome guard blocked his path
so Kim turned away
Who knows where he went?

Or there is this very vivid anecdote, by which Kim Kwang-kyu shows his links with the Korean short story form:

Familiar Shoes

Today in front of the door of 1301
a pair of shoes are lying
The heels are worn down slantwise
the toes scuffed pale
those old shoes are undoubtedly
the ones he wore
Who knows perhaps when he was young
he slaved in the fields
to bring up his family
After losing his old wife
he was obliged to leave his village
and finally ended up in his son's home
So he came to live silently
secluded like a criminal in a room
in New Town's high-rise apartment blocks
His grandchildren said he smelt and disliked him
his daughter-in-law found doing his washing a bind
his son was busy so they never met
Every night he watched the tele through to the end
Each morning going up the nearby hill

he would count the notes in his wallet
 and examine his Farmers' Cooperative Savings Book
 During the day he would stare down
 from the veranda on the 13th floor
 like a skinny animal trapped in a cage
 If he encountered anyone in the elevator
 he would quickly turn his gaze aside
 and say nothing
 He must have lived here about ten months
 and we never once exchanged a greeting
 but today his familiar shoes
 are lying outside the door of 1301

There is no avoiding the fact that at first glance, contemporary society offers little hope. Once people are inside the 'system', they lose sight of Spirit Mountain, and concentrate on staying safe, meekly conforming to society's demands:

Tightropes

There's no audience and yet
 everyone's carrying a pole
 and walking the tightrope up in the air
 where so many ropes are crisscrossed
 that if there's no way ahead on one
 they jump across to the next
 and even when resting keep switching
 seats from one to another and back
 but if you fall
 between the ropes you
 vanish
 into the unfathomed dark
 With so many ropes criss-crossing
 it sometimes looks like solid ground
 but if you blink one eye and
 make a false step
 you've had it so
 trying hard not to fall
 controlling their swaying bodies
 everyone's ever so cautiously
 toeing the line

At one level, you might want to say that Kim Kwang-kyu is a poet of the absurd, refusing to admit that the absurd, refusing to admit that the occupations with which most of the people around us are so busy have any meaning at all in terms of human existence and human dignity. This kind of position, defying as it does the naive polarities of activist or Marxist creeds, has sometimes exposed him to criticism; satire has always been a risky enterprise, once the audience begins to recognize itself in the portraits! Do you find yourself in what follows, I wonder? I hope not:

Small Men

They are getting smaller
They keep getting smaller
Before they had finished growing
 already they had begun to get smaller
Before they first fell in love as they thought about war
 they began to get smaller
The older they get the smaller they get
As they break off a yawn they get smaller
As they shudder from terrifying nightmares
 they get smaller
Jumping every time someone knocks they get smaller
Hesitating even at a green light they get smaller
As they lament that they do not grow old quickly enough
 they get smaller
As they bury their heads in the newspaper
 since the world is so calm they get smaller
Standing neatly in line wearing ties they get smaller
As they all think about earning money doing business
 they get smaller
As they listen to inaudible orders they get smaller
As they repeat words identical as uniforms they get smaller
As they fight with invisible enemies they get smaller
As they attend multiple meetings and clap they get smaller
As they consume luncheons of power and pick their teeth
 they get smaller
As they grow fat and play golf they get smaller
As they go to cocktail parties and drink scotch they get smaller
As they embrace their wives now grown too stout they get smaller
They have grown small

At last they have grown small
 They have grown smaller than the quick-eyed sparrows
 that fly up to the eaves from the garden
 Now they know how to smoke while wearing a mask
 They know how to laugh louder than ever at unfunny moments
 They know how to be sincerely sad for long periods
 about things that are not sad
 They know how to keep happiness hidden deep down
 They know how to evaluate correctly each kind of anger
 They know how not to say what they really feel
 and to cast furious glances at one another
 They know how not to think of questions nobody asks
 They know how to count their blessings
 every time they pass a prison
 They know how each to take an umbrella and walk down alley-ways
 when it rains
 Instead of dancing in the plains
 they know how to sing falsetto in bars
 When they make love they know how to cut back on uneconomical
 wearisome caresses
 Truly
 they have grown small
 They have grown quite small enough
 all that is left is their Name Occupation and Age
 now they have grown so small they are invisible

 so they cannot get any smaller

I have taken you on a wandering journey through Kim Kwang-kyu's poems, and in conclusion I believe that the word he would set at the end is hope, not despair. There are no easy answers, but there is an almost intuitive trust in the mysterious processes of Nature that underlie our human life:

An Old Old Question

Who doesn't know that?
 As time flows on
 flowers wither
 leaves fall
 and one day or other
 we too grow old and die like beasts

return to the earth
vanish towards the sky
Yet the world unchanging
as we live on keeps prodding us awake
with an old old question
Only look!
Isn't this new and amazing and lovely?
Every year the deep perfume
of the lilac growing on a rubbish dump
filling the back-streets
An unsightly prickly cactus
dangling from the corner of a broken pot
blooming with one bright flower
after long restless nights
Springing from a pond's black slime
the bright form of a lotus flower
And surely
a child's sweet smile
sprung from a dark human womb
makes us still more perplexed?
We oblige our children
to put on shoes for
they might tread barefoot on the ground
and when their hands get muddy
we wipe them off saying that's dirty
For goodness sake!
Not rooted in the ground
their bodies not smeared with mud
the children's bursting hearts
their bouncing bodies
as they frolick and grow
all that welling energy
Where does it come from?

Still, the individual is not released from responsibility for and participation in this unholy mess we call the modern world; we are not allowed to opt out or wash our hands. Dictators often claim to have come to purify society, but the problem of pain is a deeper one, demanding also our acceptance of a share of pain:

Wisdom tooth

It's a nuisance
 it ought to come out
 it will just go rotten
 and damage the molars
 a wisdom tooth should come out
 I don't know why they grow at all
 you can't chew with them
 (a doctor's words are always
 medically correct)
 But will taking it out
 really be the cure?
 (Frightened patients
 are invariably pig-headed)
 I think I will not get rid
 of this wretched tooth
 though its aching keeps me awake at night
 it may be a bothersome wisdom tooth
 but who if not I will chew
 and be capable of patiently enduring
 and treasuring
 this part of myself
 that gives me my share of pain?

So what, finally, is Kim Kwang-kyu's solution? There isn't one. He does not talk about God, usually, since that is not directly part of his own perspective, however much the believer may find intimations of faith all through these poems and their vision of humanity. No, he only invites each one to pick up again and again the burdens of social participation that are part of our deepest identity as human beings. We may not run away into solitude, for even Nature shows us that our place is in the midst of the world:

Mountain Heart

Since I cannot be born again
 on days when my heart grows grim
 I leave my quiet house
 and go away to the mountains
 If I climb to the top of Kunak Mountain
 leaving the world to its own devices

only scattered rocks and dense foliage
between the leaves of the dark-hooded oaks
a wild cat slinking past
on a rotting tree stump
a lizard basking in the sun
jealous of all these trees and animals
that have the earth and the sky for their home
living at ease with just their bare bodies
and of those flowers and insects
that die and are reborn year by year
I let loose a heroic 'Yahoo'
but since there is no Lord of the mountain
all I get back is a wayfaring voice
I may climb the lofty peaks
or go down into the deep ravines
the mountain has no central point
only everywhere the chirping of mountain birds
mingles and flows with the foaming torrents
while the scent of the dark green forest
unfolds and rises cool
Unable to settle gently on a branch
unable to sleep huddled in a rocky crevice
unable to rot away with the dead leaves
leaving behind my heart
that longs to live in the mountains
I depart and
on the day I return from Kunak Mountain
now a nameless little hill
in house and village
I am reborn

In his poems, Kim Kwang-kyu does not offer us the intimate revelation of private emotions that Romanticism has taught us to expect in poetry, perhaps because he takes poetry more seriously than that. These poems arise from his experience of life as a social being. That is why I have suggested that it is much more helpful to read him in the light of the satirical poetry of Pope or Swift. There we find the same variety of speaking voices, in a similar variety of relationships to the aspects of society to be criticized. The speaker is sometimes wise, sometimes puzzled, sometimes angry, sometimes incarnat-

ing the folly under attack; but always in satire the poet and the reader are in the end united before the question of their responsibility towards society.

In Kim Kwang-kyu's poems, we are asked to think more deeply about the failures of the modern world, and our own share of responsibility for those failures, in the hope that, all together, we shall be able to advance towards a more humane future, one in which these poems will perhaps no longer be needed, but until which such poems are absolutely necessary for human survival.

All these poems appear in *Faint Shadows of Love*, poems by Kwang-kyu Kim translated by Brother Anthony (Forest Books, London) published in 1991.

Kim Ch'on-hung: Portrait of a Performing Artist

by Judy Van Zile

The tiny, almost fragile-looking figure quickly ascending the stairs to his second-floor office at the Korean Traditional Performing Arts Center brings to mind a young tree, firmly rooted in the soil, but gently giving way to the winds of the time. The smile on his face is a regular part of his being, and as it spreads broadly his eyes become thin slits and almost disappear. This wisp of a man who stands only 163 centimeters tall and who could so easily become lost in a crowd, is strong and of considerable stature in Korean culture. This small but solid figure was born during the turbulent year of Korea's transition from a Japanese protectorate to a Japanese colony. Almost half of his life was spent in a country that was seeking independence. This small but solid figure who attributes his longevity to his childhood involvement with sports and athletic games danced before Korea's last king in Changdok Palace and played music for an elaborate ceremony to relocate the tomb of Korea's last queen so she could permanently rest beside her king. This small but solid figure has been designated a Human Cultural Asset by the Korean government for his expertise in important performing art forms of Korea.

Kim Ch'on-hung was born March 30, 1909 in the village of Imukol, near the southern part of Seoul. He was the third of five sons of a carpenter. The smile he bears today belies the hardships he has endured. His two younger brothers died in infancy, and he has vivid memories of the loud wailing sounds of relatives at the funeral of his grandmother and of catching a glimpse of her lifeless body through a window.

One day in 1924 his father came home from work ill. Kim was only fifteen at the time, and he and his brothers took turns looking after their father, never thinking to consult a doctor. When their father's health did not improve and they finally took him to a physician, it was too late; he died on August 19th.

The following year his family's house was severely damaged in one of Korea's worst floods. Because the family was unable to purchase a home of their own this was the beginning of more than 40 household moves. Much later, after liberation from Japan, many of Kim's family members were separated during the Korean War; he still does not know if some of them are alive.

For almost ten years, starting from his days as a teenager, Kim suffered from severe stomach problems. He faced constant decisions of tolerating pain or yielding to medication that was potentially addictive.

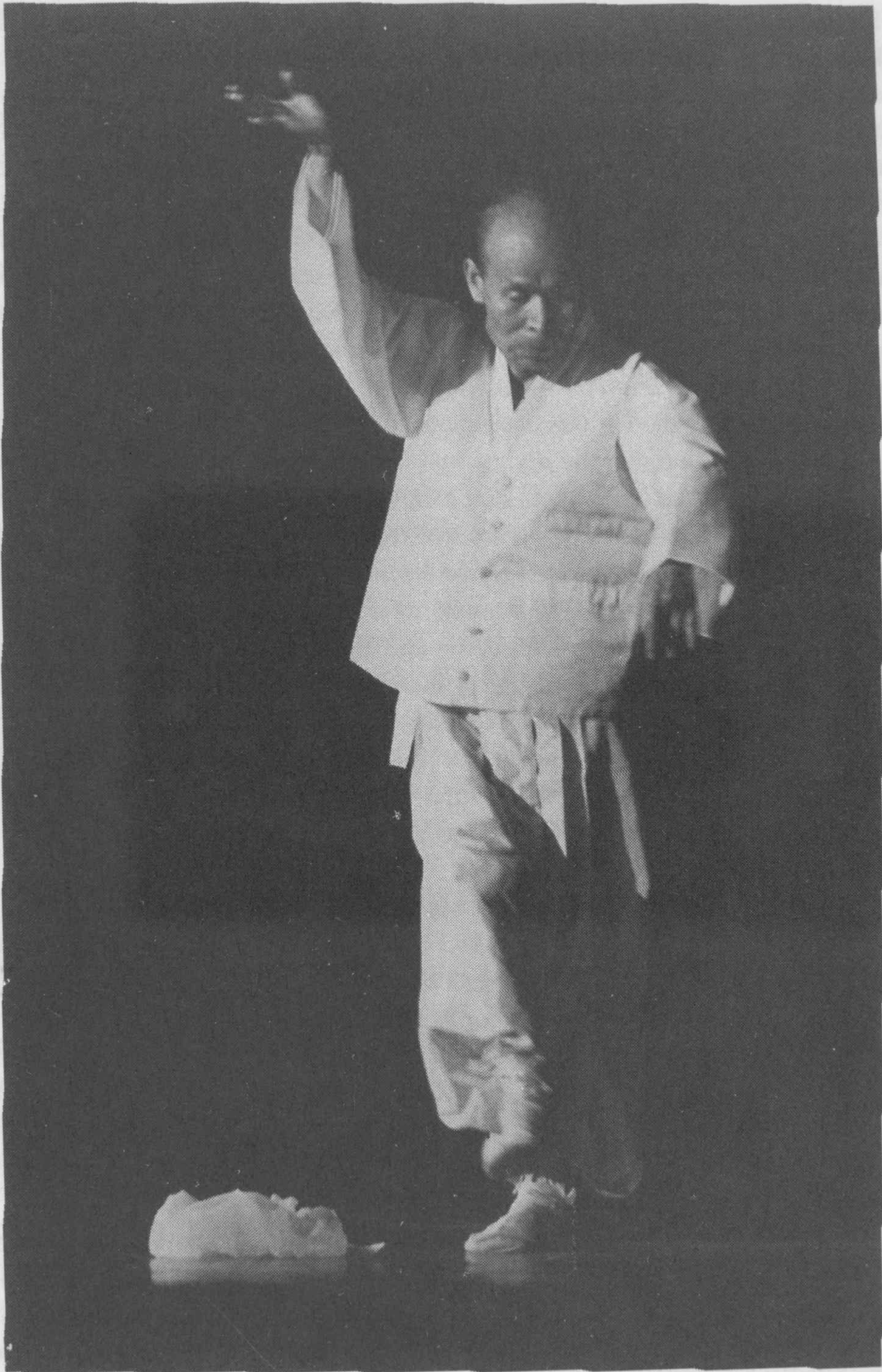
But life has not been entirely harsh. The difficult times have been interspersed with special moments, and more than eighty-two years have brought many happy memories. Early childhood days were spent playing soccer, baseball, and tennis. Trying to play soccer on the ice in winter while wearing only the simple straw shoes of the less wealthy people was a particular challenge. Despite the political upheaval of the times, "instant street theatres" were popular. At the young age of only five or six, Kim imitated the groups he saw in the streets, sometimes draping a white cloth around an empty space, donning his mother's clothes, and putting on his own performances.

Hard work was a part of family life from the days when Kim was a young boy. His father's carpentry skills were constantly put to use. Each time the family moved they searched for a very inexpensive house that was in need of repair. The whole family would pitch in to assist with fixing things and renovations so that when the house was eventually sold, they could reap a profit.

While he was still very young, Kim's mother opened a shop in the family's house. She refurbished the matted stuffing in mattresses, and Kim would help by running small errands. Later, his mother helped augment the family's income by working part-time at Namdaemun Market drying persimmons and shelling nuts to make biscuits and candies. Of course, Kim and his brothers had to sample the treats.

Days at Kyongmyong School were particularly memorable. Sitting on a traditional-style small wooden platform, with a fire to keep away insects, the students recited Chinese poems, becoming deeply involved in their emotional content. And Christmas always meant a visit to the church next door to the school to receive a gift—even if the children were not practicing Christians, and even if this was the only time they visited the church.

In 1922, shortly before Kyongmyong School was closed by the Japanese, Kim began to study at Yiwangjik Aakbu, a court music bureau that had originally been part of the royal palace, but which became a private association after the beginning of the Japanese occupation. Kim was one of nine young



boys selected to become the second group of students to enter the school. He knew very little about the kind of music taught there, but was lured by the opportunity to continue to study other subjects as well. The recommendation of a friend of his father, who was the father of a student in the school's first class, led to his acceptance and to the beginning of a lifelong involvement with the performing arts.

This was a major turning point in Kim's life. He began to learn to play the music that had been performed in the royal court—not on just one instrument, but on many of them. Instruction began with the percussion instruments and then proceeded to the string and wind instruments. Melodies and rhythm patterns were first learned by singing them. Then students learned the techniques of playing the various instruments.

Melody patterns of the *p'yonjong*—a large set of metal bells—were particularly difficult to remember. Kim's creativity led to the development of his own study method. He drew pictures of the bells in their proper arrangement on the wall of his house and practiced striking the imaginary instruments with a stick. At that time walls were made of a mixture of soil, straw, sand, and cow dung that was packed together and then covered with paper. Kim's repeated banging on the imaginary instruments he had drawn on the wall eventually put holes in the paper, and the wall's inner content spewed into the room, littering the floor with dust and dirt. Fortunately, his family was understanding. And when examination time came and he drew the slip of paper indicating what piece he had to play, his creative practicing method yielded good results—he performed well.

Days at Aakbu were not just study days. One of the teachers encouraged the students to play tennis, and in 1927 set up a tennis court in the front yard of the school. Following the introduction of ping-pong to Korea in the 1930s, students and teachers would play together at night.

And there was mountain climbing: memories of beautiful trees and the dew on flower petals reflecting the rising sun; rowing rented boats along the river to get back to the city; and satisfying an outdoor hunger with wine, *kim-chee*, bean curd casserole, and dried fish while standing amid the noisy crowds at the food carts in the streets.

A surprise came shortly after starting classes at Aakbu: eleven students were selected from the school's all male population to study dance. They did not know what the dances were nor why they had been selected to learn them, but they dutifully stood behind their teachers and imitated the movements they found unusual to them—movements they had never seen before. As they caught glimpses of each other they couldn't help but giggle at the sight of

their young male classmates' attempts at being graceful.

But their studies became more serious as a very special day approached. Despite the fact that Korea was now officially a colony of Japan, there was to be a celebration to honor the fiftieth birthday of Sunjong, Korea's last king. On March 25, 1923, after unpacking their bags at Changdok Palace the young boy students encountered another new experience—for the first time in their lives they had to put makeup on their faces. As their teachers helped them there were constant outbursts of laughter at the sight of the transformation of their fellow classmates. And as he mixed the hard dried powder square with water to create a substance that could be applied to his face Kim was introduced, for the first time, to a white porcelain sink. The houses he had known did not have their own water facilities—water had to be carried to the house from a shared well.

When the time for the performance came the young dancers nervously entered the palace room, hands together and eyes downcast, as they had rehearsed so many times. Upon reaching their assigned places they lifted their gaze. Kim vividly recalls seeing the king in his royal seat with elaborate tables of food and flickering candles on either side. Behind the king were guests from Japan and other people of high rank—including Yi Hang-gu, whose father, Yi Wan-yong, was considered by many to be the traitor who sold Korea to the Japanese.

A wooden clapper, known as a *pak*, sounded the introduction to the grandiose music of the court. Nervousness set in, together with a feeling of difficulty in moving his hands and feet. A brief spell of dizziness eventually gave way to relaxation. With his mind finally at ease, Kim was able to dance as he had practiced, and the performance ended without any major mistakes. While the young dancers and musicians rested afterward in their dressing room, a table was ceremoniously brought in covered with some of the most remarkable foods the young students had ever seen. Their teacher explained that these were special foods served at court banquets, foods identified in the Korean language as those 'sent down by a royal person.' A truly memorable day for a young boy about to turn fourteen. A memorable day it was for all of Korea: the first major court-style event since the beginning of the Japanese occupation in 1910, and the last such event ever. Kim believes, however, that because of that event much of the court music and dance repertoire was revived and could be subsequently passed on following liberation in 1945.

In the third year of their studies at Aakbu each student began to specialize in a particular instrument, the instrument was not of their own choosing; teachers assigned the instrument, based on each student's physique and



assumed physical abilities. Kim's small stature and health problems led his teachers to believe that he did not have the stamina or strength necessary to play wind and percussion instruments. He began to specialize in the *haegum*, a two-stringed fiddle that has been used since the Koryo period (918-1392), primarily with wind ensembles. It has two silk strings tuned a fifth apart, that are fastened to a sounding board made of bamboo. The bow is made of horsehair, and passes between the two strings. The *haegum* continued to be the primary focus of Kim's musical studies for many years. In 1967, he was designated a Human Cultural Asset for his expertise on the *haegum* as played for Royal Ancestor Shrine Music.

A short vacation trip with his brother in 1924 contributed to both good and bad memories for Mr. Kim. His eldest brother worked in the freight department of the train station in Seoul. He and his family received twelve free train tickets each year, so in December Kim and his brother embarked on an adventure to Manchuria. Kim's excitement over his first long train trip was tempered by the tedium of Japanese police continually boarding the train and checking passengers and luggage.

After more than twelve hours the train crossed a steel bridge over the Amnok River and entered Manchuria. Large buildings in a traditional style of Chinese architecture, rickshaws, and rickshaw men with their hair in long braids caught Kim's attention. He and his brother strolled through the streets, taking in all the new sights. Then they shopped for gifts to take home—sugar, wine, and especially Chinese cigarettes, which were valued as a special treat since their cost in Korea made them accessible only to the wealthy. As they purchased their treasures they were particularly mindful of what they understood to be the quotas they could bring back to Korea, especially the restriction of ten packs of cigarettes.

With sightseeing and shopping done they decided to return across the border for dinner before heading back to Seoul. Again the Japanese inspected passengers and luggage, but this time more thoroughly than before. As Kim and his brother approached the exit gate on the Korean side of the border they were stopped. A policeman inspected their luggage and without any explanation said they must go to the police station. They had no choice but to accompany the officers.

Once at the station they were questioned and accused of smuggling; they had ten packs of cigarettes and only two were allowed. They felt certain this was just harassment, and that they had known the proper restrictions, but they had no recourse. They gave up their purchases, paid a fine, were forced to ask for forgiveness, and were ordered to leave immediately.

The street outside was dark and cold. As they walked Kim watched his brother looking straight ahead, but focusing on nothing. The sadness they felt from their treatment by the police was augmented by their increasing hunger; the bitterness faded as they entered a restaurant with a straw mat on the floor and large pots of steamy boiling noodles. Memories of winter surfaced, with icicles on the roof reflecting the sunlight, skating on the frozen Han River, ice sellers doing rituals in hopes that the weather would stay cold so they could easily obtain their goods, and *naengmyon*—cold noodles that somehow tasted best in the winter.

In March of 1926, at the age of seventeen, Kim graduated from Aakbu. Together with most of his classmates he continued his studies in an advanced curriculum.

The next month brought both a special performance and considerable turmoil in Seoul. On April 26th Sunjong, Korea's last king, died. Protocol mandated a forty-day mourning period before the king was buried. In addition, it was necessary to move the tomb of the last queen, Queen Min who had been assassinated in 1895, so that the final resting places of these important people would be together. Both events would bring with them elaborate ceremonies, and both would lure hundreds of thousands of emotion-filled Koreans to the streets of Seoul.

At the same time, political activities had escalated and there was keen interest in pushing forward toward independence. Seven years earlier, at the time of King Kojong's funeral, leaders had staged what they hoped would be a peaceful demonstration, but their efforts for freedom failed, and there was a great deal of brutality. Now the Koreans had lived through seven more years of Japanese occupation. Wary of possible uprisings, the Japanese militia was particularly on guard against the anticipated high level of emotion.

On June 9th there was an elaborate ceremony, similar to a funeral, to move Queen Min's body. Kim and members of the Aakbu staff played music as part of the festivities with Kim playing his primary instrument, the *haegum*.

On June 10th there were elaborate activities for the burial of the king, and there was also the June 10th Independence Movement. As young people distributed fliers advocating independence, tensions rose. There was much shouting, and many people were arrested and tortured.

At the young age of seventeen Kim had experienced what many people only read about in history books and fairy tales — the repercussions of an occupied country, movements seeking independence, and performances at a royal birthday and funeral rites, but the practicalities of life moved on, and at

Aakbu the students began to study singing. Ha Kyu-il, a vocalist who was well-known among the common people, was invited to teach. Because there had previously been no written documentation for this music, Ha worked to devise a very detailed notation system as he was teaching. This contributed to the eventual publication of notated scores of numerous songs that are still sung today.

Eking out a livelihood in the performing arts in any country can be a difficult enterprise; doing so while your country is being jostled back and forth as other countries strive for political superiority makes things even more difficult. Although jostled in his career pursuits, Kim Ch'on-hung managed to maintain continual contact with the performing arts.

Upon completion of his preliminary studies at Aakbu he joined the school's staff, teaching as well as continuing advanced studies. He stayed at Aakbu for many years, expanding his performing abilities, gaining experience in teaching a number of musical instruments, beginning to contribute to the documentation of music traditions by recording selected repertoire items in written notation, and performing in a variety of contexts. Together with Aakbu colleagues, from 1927 to 1931 he performed in outdoor music concerts at Changyongwon at cherry blossom time in the spring. During the same years he performed in live broadcasts of traditional Korean music at Korea's first radio station, and in the late 1930s he participated in recording music for the performance tours of Ch'oe Sung-hi, one of the earliest of Korea's dancers to experiment with developing creative dance forms.

Despite his commitment to Aakbu and the strong relationships he developed there, the school was not to be Kim's permanent place of employment. As Japanese control increased, problems emerged regarding equitable treatment and advancement among the staff. In June of 1940, after eighteen years as a student and then staff member at Aakbu, Kim decided it was time to move on.

Through colleagues, he obtained a position at a *kwonbon*, a combination school and union for female entertainers known as *kisaeng*. Although his work was administrative, involving supervision to insure that the young women were properly trained and scheduling the women to go to restaurants, bars, and private houses, he was continually drawn to watching their dance classes, but within only a year he lost his job. To curtail expenses so that more funds would be available for escalating war activities, the Japanese placed restrictions on entertainment, and several *kwonbon* were combined. Many staff members were laid off, and since Kim did not have seniority, he was not asked to continue employment, so he moved on to an elaborate restaurant and

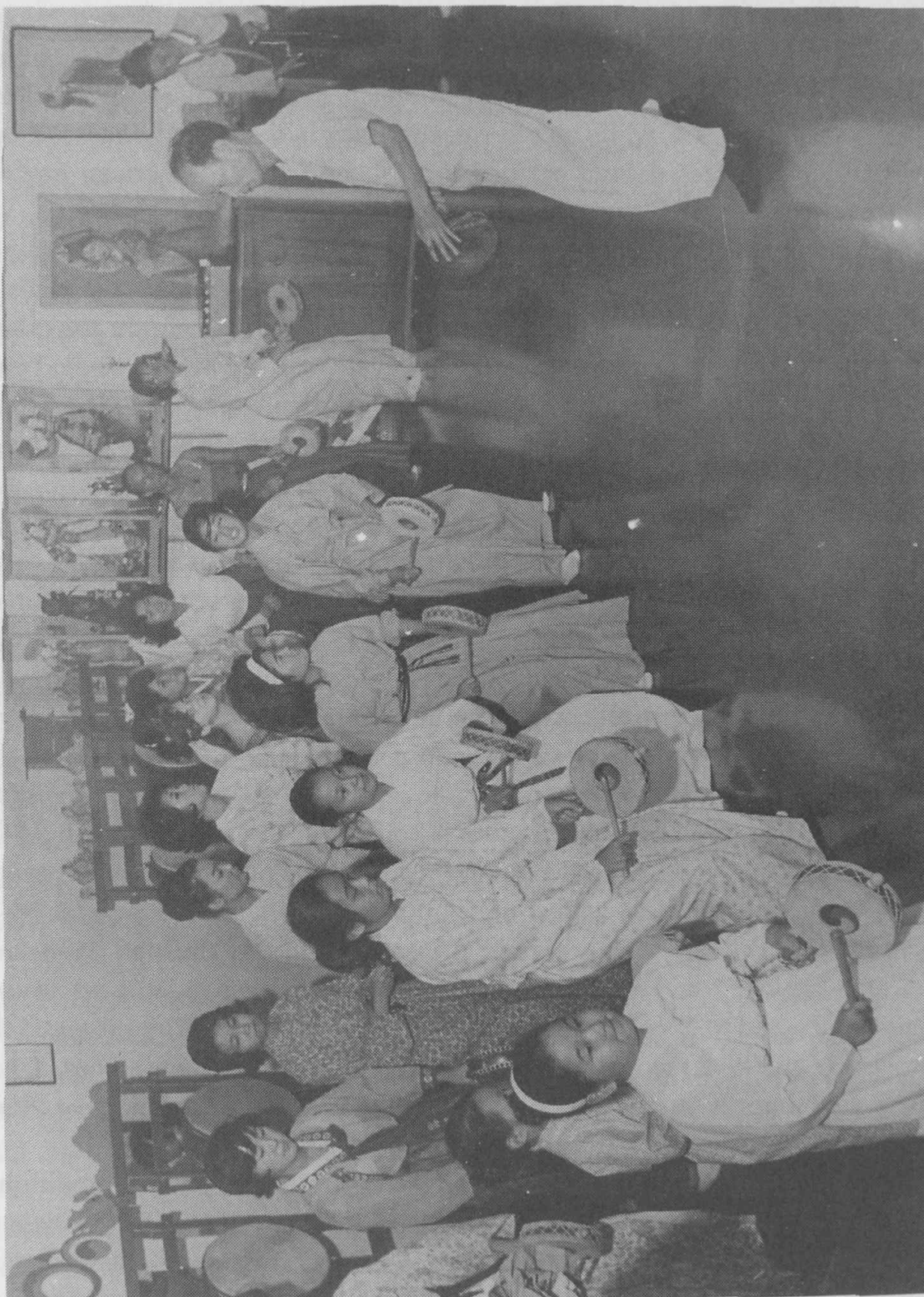
bar to assist with the female entertainers there.

In 1942, in an effort to maintain morale among Koreans sent to work in various military-related activities, the Japanese government established three performing groups to travel around the countryside and entertain the workers. Kim responded to a newspaper announcement, sang the mandatory "audition song," and became a member of Choson Akdae, the group established to perform folk music and dance. He became a musician with the group, and thus returned to direct involvement with music. During his travels Kim collected small rocks as mementos of the many coal mines where he performed, but his precious keepsakes were all lost during the Korean War.

When winter set in, and travel became difficult, the groups returned to Seoul. This time colleagues suggested that Mr. Kim might find employment as a musician to accompany shaman rituals, so he began to frequent such activities to make the availability of his services known. He was eventually tapped by shamans to join them, and through these experiences was able to learn a great deal about rituals and the differences among those of various regions.

Kim's involvement with dance had begun to increase in the 1930s. Because no court dance had been done from 1910 to 1922, senior teachers at Aakbu attempted to reconstruct the dances of former times based on documents of prior court activities. Following his dance debut at the king's birthday party in 1923 and his graduation from Aakbu in 1926, Kim continued to learn more about the dance. In the 1950s he opened his own dance studio in Seoul, and in 1956 his students gave their first recital. During this time he also rejoined the staff of Aakbu, which became known as the National Classical Music Institute, and more recently as the Korean Traditional Performing Arts Center. He began to create dances of his own, choreographing more than five dance-dramas based on traditional Korean stories, but always maintaining strong movement ties to the style of court dances and other traditional Korean dance forms.

In 1971 Kim was designated a Human Cultural Asset for *Ch'oyongmu*, an important court dance believed to have originated in ritual activities, and one he had learned from his teachers at Aakbu, who had reconstructed the dance from historical documents. Many times he returned to such documents to try to reconstruct dances on his own. In 1983, he staged a reconstruction of *Hak Yonhwadae Ch'oyongmu Hapsul*, a suite of three court dances that is described in only a general way in several documents. Each of the three dances had been reconstructed previously, but this was the first time an attempt was made to find a way to combine them as a suite, as described in



court documents.

Kim's exposure to dances of other countries also increased over the years. During the Japanese occupation he saw dances performed by the Japanese *geisha*, and in 1945 he saw a Chinese ribbon dance, which subsequently influenced some of the ways in which Korean dancers manipulated their sleeves. In 1964, while on a performing tour in the United States, he was particularly impressed by a performance of the famous American modern dance company of Jose Limon.

Although he has seen many kinds of dance, Kim has never been tempted to try to learn anything other than Korean dance, but he believes the kinds of experimentation that are being done in dance today in Korea are important. He tells his students that they are more fortunate than he: having studied only Korean dance, he stands on only one leg; with their opportunities to study both Korean dance and foreign dance, they stand on two legs, but he is quick to add that any dance style is difficult to master fully, and therefore, it is important to have a solid foundation and pursue a single focus. He also believes there is so much variety in Korean dance that it is not necessary to borrow from foreign dance; it is possible to be creative from a purely Korean dance base.

The breadth of Kim's music studies was not limited to learning how to play many different instruments; it also included learning how to make instruments. He was taught how to construct a *piri*, a double reed instrument, and had to go to a funeral home to obtain the correct wood, which was the same as that used to make coffins. He used a knife, a drill, and wire to adjust the thickness of the wood, the size of the finger holes, and the distance between the holes in order to make an instrument that would produce the best tones.

In 1932 the Japanese government instructed the Aakbu staff to make a set of *p'yonjong* (the large metal bells) and *p'yon'gyong* (a large set of jade chimes) to send to Manchuria for the coronation of Pu Yi. Kim observed the process of smelting the metal and obtaining and cutting the jade stones. When the jade chimes were near to completion, one of Kim's teachers gave him a pitch pipe and asked him to help tune the instrument.

Kim also took note of his teachers's efforts to perpetuate traditional music by documenting it in written form. In 1924 Aakbu teachers began to require that students enhance their studies of music by adding a secondary specialization. Once again, however, the choice of instruments was not left to the students. Kim was instructed to pursue secondary studies on the *yangum*, a dulcimer used mainly in court music ensembles and to accompany long lyric songs. It has fourteen sets of wire strings. There are four strings in each

set that are stretched over and through round holes bored in two metal bridges. The strings are struck with a small, light bamboo beater held in the right hand. Kim's involvement with this instrument led to his authorship, in 1971, of the *Chongak Yangumbo*, a book of scores for the *yangum*.

Following his days as a student and then staff member of the court music school, his involvement with the female entertainers' union, and performances as a roving musician and shaman ritual accompanist, Kim was invited to teach music at Ewha Women's University. This was the beginning of his involvement with the university community. Since that time he has continued to teach at universities in Korea as well as abroad, and has taught both music and dance.

Kim's active life of study and performing did not prevent him from having a rich family life. In 1931 he married Park Jun-ju, the sister of a fellow Aakbu student. Over the years they had eight children—five girls and three boys. Difficult times led to the early deaths of two of the girls, and the 1990 death of a son has now left five children, all except one of whom live in the United States.

When Kim's children were young, they were never really aware of what their father did. Kim Chung-won, his second oldest daughter, recalls being surprised at seeing her father's students perform in a dance program in the 1950s; she had no idea that he was so involved with dance and that he was so good at training dancers. When she expressed an interest in learning to perform her father tried to discourage her. When she persisted he finally said it would be all right, but that she would have to learn from someone else. She did so, but eventually her father agreed to teach her, and when he opened his own studio she became an assistant to him.

Through performances and teaching Kim Ch'on-hung has contributed to spreading Korean dance world-wide, but perhaps his greatest influence outside Korea has been felt in Hawai'i. In the 1960s Korean dancer Bae Ha-la, who had moved to Hawai'i in the late 1940s and set up a dance studio there, returned to Korea to study with him. She subsequently invited Kim to visit and teach at her studio. She also sponsored Kim's second oldest daughter, who emigrated to the United States and assisted at the dance studio. Both Halla Pai Huhm, as she was known in Hawai'i, and Kim's daughter, as well as Kim himself, taught classes at the University of Hawai'i. Although Kim's daughter is no longer very actively involved with dance, she frequently assists with Halla Huhm's studio performances.

Throughout all of his experiences Kim has maintained a sense of humor and an almost child-like delight in small pranks and turning what might be

dark things into light-hearted jokes. This attitude has permeated his relationships with people, his teaching, and his studying. For example, the *yangum*, Kim's secondary instrument, is difficult to play because of the spatial sensitivity needed to strike the right strings with the small padded beater. Kim and other students would hold contests to see who could play *yangum* best at night—in total darkness.

At another time, while he was overseeing activities at the *kwonbon*, he realized that the young women were particularly averse to practicing a difficult movement pattern in the summer heat. Whenever it came time to rehearse *yompungdae*, a movement involving many rapid turns, the women decided not to exert themselves. To motivate them he promised a reward—if they would work hard, he would treat them all to popsicles. Practice sessions perked up, and he provided treats for everyone.

Once when he was preparing his students at Ewha University for a Christmas performance, he realized that the student who played the *tanso*, a flute, was not particularly strong musically. He felt it would enhance the performance to have another student, who was a bit more skillful, play from backstage at the same time. Following the performance a colleague told him that he had heard the *tanso* played incorrectly at one point, but that at the same time he also heard the correct melody coming from somewhere else. Kim revealed his camouflage, and he and his colleague had many a good laugh each time they thought about the incident.

On another occasion, when some young female entertainers came to perform at the radio station with Kim and his male colleagues in the 1930s, the gentlemen told them that if they wanted to play well they had first to bow to the microphone. They all then enjoyed a good laugh as the young women got up *en masse* and dutifully paid their respects to the equipment of modern technology.

Professor Lee Hye-gu, a very prominent Korean ethnomusicologist, provides an analogy for Korean culture that can readily be used to describe the life of Kim Ch'on-hung. Professor Lee describes Korean culture as being like a sand castle built by a child at the edge of the water: the child builds the castle, waves come in and tear it down, and eventually the child rebuilds the castle. In a similar fashion, Korean culture is built up, is torn down by foreign invasions, be they through war or simply through contact and exposure, and then the Koreans build it up again.

Kim Ch'on-hung could easily be compared to the child, continually involved with a "castle" of traditional Korean culture. He has endured many hardships and, indeed, turned them to his advantage; he has taken bleak

moments and made light of them so they could be tolerated; and he has contributed to the life of Korea's traditional performing arts. He believes he was chosen to do court dance, it was his destiny. He has what some would consider a fatalistic attitude; he has always accepted what life has placed on his plate and made the best of it, and he has always worked to maintain traditional Korean culture. The study of his life is the study of a rather special man, but it is also the study of Korean music and dance and of an important period in Korea's history.

Research on which this article is based was carried out in Korea during four residencies over the eleven-year period from 1979-1990. The material presented here was first given as a lecture on March 31, 1991, for the Royal Asiatic Society, Korea Branch. It is based on interviews with Kim Ch'on-hung, his family, and his colleagues, and on Kim Ch'on-hung memoirs as published in the February-December, 1990 issues of *Ch'um* magazine. Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following organizations for providing funding assistance for research: Korean Culture and Arts Foundation (Seoul); Academy for Korean Studies (Seoul); Korean-American Educational Foundation (Fulbright Program); and International Cultural Society of Korea. Acknowledgment is also made to individuals who provided invaluable translation assistance at various stages in the research process—Alan Heyman, Joo Yun-hee, Kim Sung-ja, Lee Chun-hye, Lee Young-lan, Gary Rector, Ryu Ran, Um Hae-kyung, and Tim Warnberg, and to individuals who provided helpful comments on early drafts of the manuscript—Karen Jolly, Jane Moulin, Judy Rantalla, and Barbara B. Smith.

Three Koreas I Have Known

by Henry Dodge Appenzeller

INTRODUCTION

In October 1951, Henry Dodge Appenzeller reflected upon his experience in Korea which had spanned a lifetime from 1889 to 1953. In this paper, "Three Koreas I have Known," Appenzeller discussed three phases of Korean history; Korea of the late 19th century, Korea of the Japanese occupation, and Korea of the North/South division.* Although much of what he wrote about has been recorded elsewhere, Appenzeller's reflections provide a significant first person historical perspective on three important periods in contemporary Korean history. That perspective is especially timely as we approach the reunification of North and South Korea and the inauguration of the "Fourth Korea"—the Korea of Reunification.

It is the consensus of Henry D. Appenzeller's two daughters and son—Margaret Noble Appenzeller Huyler, Carol Appenzeller Sheffield, and Richard D. Appenzeller—"that 'Three Koreas I Have Known' must have been an off-the-cuff oral delivery in Pusan during the Korean War, a talk which may have been recorded and transcribed by one of his listeners, perhaps one of his staff." The original copy contained uncharacteristic, for Henry D. Appenzeller, errors in grammar and syntax, errors which we (Margaret and John Huyler, and Daniel Davies) have edited while painstakingly striving to preserve the content.

The paper also contains historical errors, which certainly have their origin in the same off-the-cuff nature of the talk—H.D. Appenzeller gave the talk in wartime Pusan, away from diaries and history books. He spoke strictly from memory. Be that as it may, we felt obliged to present the historical statements exactly as presented in the original document. Footnotes have been included to correct historical errors or provide clarity, and information has been placed in brackets in the text to make the article more comprehensible,

but I have attempted to keep editorial comments to a minimum to permit H.D. Appenzeller's article to speak for itself.

We are grateful to Dr. Horace G. Underwood for a critical reading of the document and making suggestions for improvement of footnotes. Special thanks go to Henry D. Appenzeller's son and daughters (Richard Appenzeller, Margaret Huyler, and Carol Sheffield) for their assistance in preparing, and permission to publish, their father's article.

Daniel M. Davies
25 December 1991
Seoul, Korea

THREE KOREAS I HAVE KNOWN

Up until the very middle of this our twentieth century, Korea was known only by some merchants and missionaries, some government officials and students of world movements, but not at all by the man on the street throughout the world. On the other hand, since the fatal "six-two-five" as the Koreans call it, June 25th, [1950] Korea is known around the world as the testing ground of two ways of living.

By accident of birth, it was my good fortune to be born in 1889 of American parents in Seoul, Korea, giving me the privilege of American citizenship, but the inevitable tedium of always having to explain and offer proof of it, as does anyone born abroad. I have known three Koreas in my lifetime, each a distinct and different country with the background of familiar mountains and streams, smells and sounds, yet each giving one a feeling of having come back to earth in some new incarnation. I little realized at those times the changes that had come over the observer as well as the observed. I suppose this is true in the life of anyone as he may review the alterations that have taken place in the old home town.

I. THE KOREA OF MY CHILDHOOD. My father, Henry G. Appenzeller, and mother, Ella Dodge Appenzeller, were pioneer missionaries of the Methodist Church, who arrived with Horace G. Underwood of the Presbyterian Church at Inchon harbor, then known as Chemulpo, on Easter Sunday, April 5, 1885. Through a treaty of amity and commerce with the United States, Korea had opened her doors to the United States only three years before. Subsequently, legations of the great powers had been established in Seoul, and the Hermit Kingdom, as it was then called, had broken her long separation from the rest of the world and plunged into a kaleidoscopic clatter of events, the impact of the new upon the old.

All of this took place, of course, many years after the opening of the country and the founding by my father, shortly after his arrival in 1885, of the first school of Western learning. The Korean king graciously had given the school its name, Paichai—the first Chinese character means "rearing, or raising" and the second, "useful timber." This name has stood through the years for both the new and the old, a symbol of Korean patriotism during the long years of Japanese domination, as attested to by their many futile attempts...to do away with the significant name Paichai.

In the Korea of my childhood the men wore top-knots and horse-hair hats; the flowing white coat, or *turumagie*, was universal with them. Women were not seen frequently, and when they did appear, wore green capes over

their heads as a covering for their faces, although old women exposed their wrinkled countenances with impunity. Both boys and girls wore pigtails, the former putting their hair up in topknots at the time of marriage. It was quite an innovation, therefore, when the first brave students at Paichai followed the leadership of Philip Jaisohn [So Jae-p'il]...returned from America [January 1896], and cut their hair.

It was, indeed, a Korea of the Koreans in my boyhood. The few apple trees which my father had imported and tended so carefully, the three American cherry trees, the strawberries which my mother watched so fondly, all these commonplaces of the present had their beginnings in Korea in the days of my youth. I remember seeing the signal fires on the South Mountain, Namsan, fires which were flashed from peak to peak along the coastline of the country back to the capital to indicate some seeming threat from the outside upon the peace of the Kingdom.

There was no education for girls in old Korea other than that absorbed in the home or the training of the specialized *keisang*, or dancing girls, who entertained at court or public places. It was Mrs. Mary F. Scranton, mother of medical missionary, Dr. W.B. Scranton, who started the first school for girls in 1886 in Korea. This time it was the Queen who gave the school its name: "Pear Flower School" or Ewha, another honored name which has continued to the present in the great Ewha Woman's University. There was opposition to sending girls to this newfangled institution, and at first only the brave or the homeless could be enrolled because of the wild tales that were circulated. It was said that these foreigners wanted to eat the eyes of children and so were gathering girls for horrible purposes.

Those were turbulent times. Japan went to war with China as a test of supremacy in the Orient, asserting her leadership as the growing military giant, the giant which finally attacked at Pearl Harbor. Li Hung Chang was a young consular official in the Chinese Embassy in Korea in those days, where he earned his spurs which later brought him the first presidency of the Republic of China in 1912.¹ Under the plotting of Miura² of the Japanese Residency, their ruffians stormed the Queen's quarters in the palace, dragging Queen Min³ out into the courtyard, where they made a pyre of her body. I remember how the Korean King fled to the Russian Legation in fear for his life after this dastardly act⁴ and how my parents took me to call on Madame Weber,⁵ wife of the Russian Consul, while the King was in hiding there. In my untutored Korean, I addressed His Majesty in low talk, which brought a good laugh from him.

Following the assassination of Queen Min, who met this fate because she

was the real power behind the throne of the vacillating King Yi,⁶ there was a movement of some dimensions known as the Tonghak, or "Eastern Learning," movement.⁷ Revolutionary and violent in nature, the Tonghaks opposed the Korean government. In those days I recall father's saying that he had to sleep with one eye open. I pondered his ability to perform that feat.

American initiative and engineering pioneered the building of the first railway line from Chemulpo (Inchon) to Seoul, and it was a great event when the first train went over the Han River bridge. It intrigued me greatly to hear them say that the bridge sank half an inch; I wondered how they could tell. In those days there were only four locomotives, numbered from one to four, and we children used to stand at the railway cut near our summer home in Chemulpo and watch the trains go by, morning or evening, putting crossed pins on the track and marveling at the resultant scissors...In those days the summer homes were at Inchon, as later they came to be at Wonsan and Sorai beaches, Chirisan [Chiri mountain], and at Taechun beach. This last one, of liberation days, I have not yet seen.

With the railway came also the electric street cars, or trams as the English call them. One of the first motormen to assist in installing and running these was James H. Morris, who remained to spend a lifetime in Korea as a trader and friend of the Korean people.⁸ Shortly after the installation of the line running from East Gate to West Gate—and in those days the West Gate still stood at the west end of the city—there was a drought. The geomancers and *moodang* incited the populace by blaming the drought on this new fangled contraption that spurted fire from a wire and ran along the road on iron rails, so a mob assaulted and burned several cars.⁹

Before the days of the trains the main method of transportation had been pony, jiggy — or A-rack as it is now called — and sedan chair. Well do I remember the boredom of being confined in one of these little box-like contraptions, usually open only at the front, and and staring at the sweaty back of the front coolie. Whenever they had to stop to rest, I got out and ran on ahead. One other recollection of transport is my bicycle, with small wheels and inflated tires, imported from Montgomery Ward's and with an alluring name plate which said "Hawthorne." My sister's was a girl's style. I believe these were the first children's bicycles in Korea.

The foreign community in Seoul was a little oasis of Western customs and life in the surrounding desert of strange customs. There took place the first contacts of East and West and the beginnings of the ferment of new ideas in whose titanic upheaval we find ourselves caught up today. The Korea of my childhood was like a Rip Van Winkle waking from a long sleep, awaken-

ing not with the infirmity of age, but with the curiosity which anything new arouses. Concurrently there was suspicion of all innovation, a championing of the past, and a desire on the part of some to try out the new. Pride and corruption mingled in undisciplined and unplanned temporizing to meet an aggressive new order destined to change the Land of Morning Calm into something whose form was not yet revealed. That was the Dae Han, Great Han, of the close of the nineteenth century, still a sovereign state, however precarious its situation may have been.

The Appenzeller family: father, mother, three daughters, and one son, left Korea in September 1900, and I was destined not to see the land of my birth for seventeen years. We returned by the ports of Asia and Europe in a memorable trip that was to be our last together, for my father returned to Korea in [September] 1901 without us, expecting that we would follow when the health of the oldest, Alice—the first white child born in Korea—had recovered enough so that Mother could leave her in school in the States. On the night of June 11, 1902, however, as Father was going to a meeting of the Bible translators at Mokpo, there was a collision off Chemulpo in a fog. Father and Mr. [J.F.] Bowlby, an [American] miner, were the only white men aboard. As Mr. Bowlby saved himself, he turned and saw my father leave the deck and disappear into the companionway—evidently going to try to save his [Korean language] teacher and a [Korean] girl student committed to his charge.¹⁰ Korea took my father before I reached my teens.

Mother was left a widow, with four children to raise and put through school. I never could forget that, till that day in August of 1911 when it was as though the hand of the Lord had been laid on me, and I knew I had to decide whether to surrender completely to His will or to follow my own devices. Strangely enough, the decision to become a minister seemed automatically to carry with it my return to Korea.

So it was, that after university [New York University] and seminary [Drew Theological Seminary] and two ordinations with membership in the New York East Conference, I found myself landing at Pusan harbor in June 1917. That was two years after my sister Alice had come back to Korea as a missionary of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, and also two years after our dear mother had been called "home." It was then no longer a free country, but....

II. KOREA OF THE JAPANESE. Japan's victory over Russia, sealed by the Treaty of Portsmouth in 1905, had made Korea a dependency of Japan. The illusion of Korean sovereignty was soon dissipated in the absolute annexation of the country as a colony on August 29, 1910. My first impression in

1917 was a cringing sense of having to stomach what was unpalatable as I saw a Japanese on the Pusan dock kicking around a Korean coolie, but that was mild compared with what I was to see and experience.

Strange as it may seem, I did NOT know Korean when I landed in June 1917. Seventeen years of absence, plus the fact that I had never studied the language, made me as inarticulate as any other newcomer. True, the sights and smells were familiar, and my taste for Korean food needed no refresher course, for my childhood appetite returned with the first succulent mouthful, but somehow the language offended my ear and was not easy to acquire. After a year of language study, however, with secretarial work for Bishop Herbert Welch, I found myself in the same Chongdong Church, which my father had built, *preaching my first sermon on a Sunday of the April [1918]* following my arrival.

In June of 1918, that year so eventful in World War I, my bride-to-be, Ruth Noble—also born in Seoul—arrived. We were married in Chongdong Church [on September 4, 1918] to the strains of the first pipe organ in Korea, in the construction of which I had helped that summer so that its initial performance might be at our wedding.

We were sent to the port of Chemulpo, where our first child [Margaret Appenzeller] would be born [23 April 1919] prematurely, delivered by her father and an old maidservant, but a landmark in Korean history had transpired shortly before that unforgettable personal event.

On May 1, 1919, while we were visiting in Seoul, the lid blew off in what was then known as the Mansei Movement of Korean Independence. Thirty-three patriots, some third or more¹¹ of them Christians, met at the Taiwhakwan¹² and signed a Declaration of Independence, following the initiative given by President Wilson in his pronouncement of self-determination for all peoples. Theirs was a marvelous piece of organization, which took the Japanese completely by surprise. The populace seemed to rise as one man to lift bare hands to heaven shouting, "Mansei! Mansei! Mansei! for Korean Independence!" Mansei means "ten thousand years," or "long life"; the Japanese equivalent is Banzai.

Governor-General Hasegawa,¹³ nicknamed the Butcher, lived up to that name. Instead of seeking a peaceful quelling of what were to the Japanese masters riot and treason, he ordered out his soldiers and police. Abbetted night after night by civilian roughs, they waded into the crowds and unmercifully beat up and bayoneted the demonstrators. In the little village of Chaiam [Cheam-ni], near Suwon, I saw with my own eyes the smoldering ruins of the houses and of the little church in which they had gathered all the men—some

forty or so as I recall—and then had stood off and riddled it with rifle fire before touching the torch to it. Only two escaped alive from that unholy holocaust. I came to know both of those men.

After a couple of years itinerating the islands off Chemulpo came the call in early 1920 to become principal of Paichai High School, the school my father had founded. Dr. Hugh Cynn had built up the physical plant with two new buildings, but the Independence Uprising had scattered the students, and it was not possible for him to continue. The Japanese dreaded the first anniversary of the Independence demonstrations and it was my responsibility as principal to be sure there were no celebrations by the students in recognition of the day. Police carrying swords came to Paichai and went over the roll books each day for three days. It was a tense time, for in the Orient it is the students who are the patriotic demonstrators; teenage youths like to be dared to danger.

At one o'clock on March 2, 1920, when the bell for classes rang, there was some commotion as the boys gathered to file in. Before I could dash from my home across the athletic field where I was lunching, the school was surrounded by some forty police who poured out of the court building across the street. It was an evident frame-up to make an example of our school. Police and plainclothes men penned me in my office for five hours, trying to get me to change my position that I would not turn over the "culprits" to the law. I told them that if there had been a crime, it was a political one and since they were on the grounds at the time, it was their business, and not my business to turn over the students to the law.

From a little after six till about eleven o'clock that night the detectives and police put the boys through the third degree, finally taking off fourteen students and the athletic director to the police station. The second day after this incident came an official notice from the Governor that my license as principal had been revoked because I was "lacking in moral character to remain as principal." By the following year [1921], however, a new Governor General was in place, Baron Saito of Kellogg Peace Treaty¹⁴ fame—later assassinated by radical militarists while he was Prime Minister of Japan.¹⁵ That statesman among Japanese was good enough to reinstate my moral character and my principalship. I held that position until 1940, when we all were evacuated from the country.¹⁶ I had by then served as principal longer than has any other man yet to hold that office.

The political ferment never had died down. I had gone through three strikes, the first of which was a feud among teachers while the other two had definitely been political. At one time the police said they had found a hundred

volumes of communistic nature in our school library, "indicating the leftist trend of [Korean] youth."

The Manchurian Incident in 1931 showed the world the tide of Japanese ascendancy on the mainland.¹⁷

After Viscount Saito, there arrived as Governor General that dapper politician, General Yamanashi, a navy man [sic]; but he was ousted shortly for alleged bribery.¹⁸ General Ugaki followed him in a regime modeled after Saito's and generally liberal.¹⁹ The Army party, however, brought in the Kwantung Army's General Minami²⁰ shortly before the time of the China Incident of 1937.²¹ This warrior wielded the pen with political astuteness. He wrote an oath of allegiance which had to be repeated every day by students and populace alike, *ad nauseam*. I heard it so often that even now I can repeat its opening lines.²²

The infamous shrine issue was pressed home. An edict required the populace, including students, to make monthly visits to the Imperial Shrine in their city or vicinity, bowing to the edifice as a mark of respect. The great shrine was on South Mountain in Seoul (Namsan), where were enshrined a sword and a bit of the mirror of the Sun Goddess, Ameraterasu.²³ It was this Shinto cult which became a vital issue in the spiritual life of some missionaries and Koreans, who maintained that to go to the shrine was to worship idols. Officially the Japanese government denied that this was religion, just respect for the Emperor, but to fanatical [Korean] patriots it amounted to a religious cult.

The master program to assimilate the Koreans into the Empire was put into high gear with the China Incident; Koreans were required to change their names to Japanese ones.

In every situation of difficulty the Korean has always found a way to make the best of it, and even to get a laugh. Many were the tales when names were changed, but the one that stuck in my memory was about the old fellow who refused stoutly to change his name. He was taken to the police station and had the fear thrown into him. His reply was, freely translated, "Well, if I must, then I must; and you can call me a son-of-a-bitch, for that's my new name."

Propaganda against foreigners was stepped up, and anyone associating with them found himself hauled into the police station for questioning. All foreigners were dubbed spies.

At the time of the closing of the Burma Road in China,²⁴ it became known that no foreigner could remain in any position of leadership, but must be replaced by a citizen of the Empire. Thus it was that my own Board of

Managers asked for my resignation as principal "for the good of the school." After twenty years I was really out.

Events moved rapidly; and as a result of an order to change certain hymns, some of the Scripture, and to establish Shinto in the Theological Seminary, the Mission voted to follow the advice of our government and leave the country. To remain was to bring trouble on the very ones we wanted to serve.

The night before we left [15 November 1940], a group of us was called to the Chosen Hotel, and there the Administrative Superintendent of the Government General asked us not to leave, assuring us that we could preach all we wanted "only remembering that His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor, comes first."

The following day [16 November 1940] several hundred of us left on the S.S. *Mariposa* from Inchon harbor. I shall never forget leaving Paichai that morning with the students, forbidden to see us off at the station, standing at salute. A few brave souls were at the wharf, but when we saw movie cameras being turned on any who shook hands in farewell, we even cut that out.

Thus ended, for the Missions, the era of the Korea of the Japanese, but it dragged out another five years for the Koreans whose youth were drafted into labor battalions in the Pacific expansion of the Empire.

There were many laudable things accomplished by the Japanese during their rule in Korea, but always it was the Empire first and the Koreans second. The Koreans were never trusted with positions of primary authority; the educational system was devised on a discriminatory basis, there being schools for all Japanese but never enough for the Koreans. Although law and order were enforced, the Koreans always had an alibi for any failures they might have: Always it was because they did not have their freedom.

The Korean is much more of an individualist than is the Japanese who excels in team work. The Korean loves to star. It was this basic attitude that we tried to work on in the formative teenager. Our athletic teams came home from Japan with first place in football, rugby, and track, and I must mention the Korean winner of the Marathon at the Berlin Olympic Games.²⁵ He had to run under a Japanese name as a representative of Japan, but when some patriot printed a picture in the *Donga Ilbo* with the Japanese ball changed to a Korean flag, the newspaper was indefinitely suspended. I was told afterwards that during the war, when B-29's came over and were way out of range of Japanese anti-aircraft fire, the Koreans swarmed out to see and surreptitiously to applaud. They were ordered to remain in the shelters, although the bombing was only by leaflets.

III. THE KOREA OF LIBERATION is the Korea you know. I returned

in February of 1946 with a State Department Mission and was simply amazed to see hundreds of GI's everywhere—and not a single Japanese. The Korean flag and the Stars and Stripes flew from twin poles before the Capitol building, inside which we had so often made our New Year calls in the Throne Room to toast the Empire. In the Stone Palace the Joint U.S./U.S.S.R. Commission held its sessions, trying to arrive at a *modus vivendi* about trusteeship and the formation of a Korean Government; yet even before this the fatal dividing line of the 38th parallel had been established.

The Russians stalled and killed time in the Joint commission, and our American government was given, as we pointed out, a perfect example in Korea of what later happened in Europe, that the same words are used with a different meaning or connotation and always time is gained or constructive measures blocked while the Communist program is advanced. One of the most humiliating things I witnessed was the visit of Edward Pauley²⁶ to Korea in 1946 as President Truman's personal representative. He announced to the press that he was going into northern Korea to investigate. The Communists kept him waiting around in Shanghai and then allowed only a limited number of people, under personal convoy by the North Koreans and Russians, to see only what they wanted him to see.

Yet everywhere there was a feeling of seeing the incredible: Korea was free! The Japanese were gone! I finished the year with the War Department delivering in Korean twice-a-week radio programs of news commentary. On the 2nd of January 1947, I returned to my pulpit in First Methodist Church, Honolulu.

The decision to do that had come to me vividly during the Easter Sunrise Service [1946] at the site of the former Shinto Shrine on South Mountain [Namsan]. There, as Koreans and GI's mingled by the thousands and the Cross of Christ shone in burnished brass beneath the *tori*, where once the multitude had bowed to the mirror of the Sun Goddess, it had come as a convincing flash that I should return to my pulpit and my people [i.e., congregation in Honolulu].

I thought my Korea book had ended, yet on that very same Sunday, June 25th [1950] [as the North Korean invasion of South Korea], Bishop Baker read out my appointment in the Southern California Conference to Korea as Director for Church World Service.²⁷

Before liberation we had always come by surface vessel to Pusan and then by train to Seoul. In 1946, and again this year [1951], I flew in from the States and that aerial impression of Korea is a symbol of the degree of change that is evident on every hand. In the four years since January 1947, South

Korea has made tremendous strides forward on the road to recovery and rehabilitation. The first General Assembly, under Military Government direction, was held in the Capitol at 12 o'clock on the 12th day of the 12th month, [1947] triple twelve, which is a catch phrase in English, but impossible to render catchily in Korean. At this initial parliamentary gathering there were women delegates as well as men.

Later [10 May 1948] followed the general elections, which were observed by the United Nations, after which the Republic of Korea was recognized [by the UN general assembly on 12 December 1948] as a new member in the community of nations. Despite the influx of some three million refugees from North Korea and continued infiltration by the Communists spreading riots and violence, the industry of South Korea and its agriculture prospered [between 1945-1950]. It is my own interpretation that the Reds of North Korea realized that things were going too well in the South and that unless they struck soon, the South would become too strong both in arms and industry, so the aggression was launched.

The psychological and social changes seem, to one familiar with the past, quite as great as the material destruction. The tendency to alibi everything by placing blame on Japan is gone and even amid desolation, there is hope. The greatest change is perhaps in the women's world, in which constant contact with GI's and UN soldiers has brought about a freedom undreamed of before. As an example, I merely cite being thumbed for rides by well-dressed women, but perhaps Pusan is no gauge of the country but just a big war-boom town.

The Korea of liberation as we see it is a seething, swirling mass of contradiction and confusion. The fires of war and adversity have seared her towns and villages, and the end is not yet. Competence and incompetence work side by side; courage and cowardice raise their heads in sublime nobility and despicable disgrace. The R.O.K. Army stands with the United Nations on the battle line, while at the same time a handful of venal men in their government fatten on the funds which the training Army never got, fattened [until they are discovered], summarily tried, and executed. Everywhere there are widows and orphans, ever more widows and orphans. Somehow in the relief work to which I am assigned, I have a feeling that in the mysterious providence of God my own upbringing in the home of my courageous and widowed mother gives me a sympathy for the thousands of such in this stricken land.

Here in the Korea of liberation the world sees the elemental factors of human civilization being tested in the crucible of time, for here the forces of the UN are for the first time in the history of the world, fighting side by side

that the invisible spirit of freedom may be seen and known in the lives of our generation and our children's children. Here two ways of life are met in the clash and clangor of war and the travail and agony of new birth. And so the people endure, as seeing the invisible, and the brave fight on, and faith is the victor, even that faith which took the Son of God to the Cross of Calvary and on, through the empty tomb, to life eternal. "others have labored and we have entered into their labors." [John 4: 38]

October 1951

Pusan, Korea

NOTES:

- * While conducting research into the life and work of Henry G. and Ella D. Appenzeller, H.D. Appenzeller's parents, I discovered H.D. Appenzeller's article among the Alice Appenzeller Papers housed at Ewha University. Margaret Appenzeller Noble Huyler, the daughter of H.D. Appenzeller, speculated that her mother, Ruth Noble Appenzeller, may have sent the copy to Ewha University. Margaret Huyler also possesses a copy of the article. To our knowledge, the article has never previously been published.
1. Appenzeller confused Li Hung-chang (1823-1901), the chief Chinese statesman of the era, and Yuan Shih-k'ai, resident Chinese ambassador in Korea and President of China in 1912.
 2. Miura Goro.
 3. Min, Myongsong (1851-1895).
 4. Japanese and Korean assassins killed Queen Min in October 1895, while king Kojong escaped from house arrest in February 1896.
 5. Waeber.
 6. Yi Kojong (1852-1919).
 7. The Tonghak rebellion erupted in southern Korea on 19 February 1894, continuing until crushed by Japanese and Korean troops on 29 November 1894. The assassination of Queen Min occurred on 8 October 1895.
 8. Refer to J.H. Morris, "Early Experiences with the Seoul Street Railway," *Korea Mission Field* Vol. 36 (February 1940): 26-27.
 9. Many Koreans blamed the drought of 1899 on recently installed electric wires [Fred H. Harrington, *God, Mammon, and the Japanese* (Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1966) pp. 188-189]. In June 1899, a Korean mob

burned one street car and wrecked another after a child, struck by a street car, died from injuries. (William Franklin Sands, of State, No. 197, 5 June 1899, in Scott S. Burnett, *Korean-American Relations* Vol. 3, (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1989): 21-215.

10. The *Korea Review* for June 1902 recorded J.F. Bowlby's account of the sinking of the Kuma-gawa Maru. Bowlby stated that he:

saw Mr. Appenzeller standing about where he was when he reached the deck, but now up to his waist in the water and groping vainly for something to take hold of. Nothing at all was said so far as our witness knows. Then the ship went down at an angle of something like forty-five degrees. [*Korea Review*, "The Wreck of the Kuma-gawa," (June 1902): 248]

George Heber Jones's account of H.G. Appenzeller's last minutes, presented, at the 19th annual meeting of the Methodist mission in Korea in May 1903, may have been the source of the account given by Henry D. Appenzeller. Jones stated:

On the night of June 11th as this steamer [Kumagawa Maru] was proceeding on her way south she came into collision with the Kisogawa Maru, another steamer of the same company, and sunk immediately. The terrible calamity was finished so quickly we have no full account of what happened, but according to one of the survivors the last seen of our brother he was going towards the hatchway to the second class passengers' cabin. If so he was thinking of his Korean charges, and in that hour of peril and death concerned only for them. This is our belief. [George Heber Jones, "Henry Gerhard Appenzeller," in the *Minutes of the 19th Annual Meeting of the Korea Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, May 1903, (Seoul, Korea: Methodist Publishing House, 1903): 71]

G.H. Jones left the source of the account of Appenzeller's last seconds unnamed.

William E. Griffis speculated that H.G. Appenzeller went to try to save the Koreans traveling with him before going above deck:

Why Appenzeller, even though dressed, delayed to reach the deck, and thus lost the precious minute or two, in which he might have saved his own life, is fully explained by his self-sacrificing spirit. It was in attempting to get to his Korean secretary and to the little Korean girl under his care, hoping to call and arouse them, and in not taking sufficient precautions for his own safety, that he lost his life." [William Elliot Griffis, *A Modern Pioneer in Korea: The Life Story of Henry G. Appenzeller* (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company, 1912): 279]

By the time Henry D. Appenzeller recounted the death of his father, the event had taken on a legendary dimension.

11. Sixteen Korean Protestants signed the Declaration of Independence on 1 March 1919.
12. T'aehwagwan restaurant, often called the Myongwolgwang, near the Chongno intersection in Seoul.

13. General Hasegawa Yoshimichi, second governor general of Korea, installed 10 December 1916; removed 12 August 1919. Terauchi Masatake, first Governor-General of Korea, first held that post from 1910 to 1916.
14. Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928 renouncing aggressive war.
15. Appenzeller mistakenly thought that another Governor General had administered Korea after the removal of General Hasagawa Yoshimichi in 1919. The Japanese Emperor appointed Admiral Saito Makoto (1851-1936) Governor-General of Korea on 12 August 1919. He arrived in Seoul on 2 September 1919, and served in that post until 1927 and then again from 1929-1931. In June 1931, the Japanese Emperor called Saito back to Tokyo where Saito held the posts of Premier, Keeper of the Privy Seal, and advisor to the Emperor. Militarists assassinated Saito in Japan on 26 February 1936.
16. About three-quarters of the Americans left on the Mariposa in November 1940. Others trickled out during the following year. There were 100 American, Canadian, and British missionaries and business people evacuated from Korea on 1 June 1942, six months after Pearl Harbor. (Horace G. Underwood, comments on the preliminary draft of this paper, 10 January 1992, Seoul, Korea).
17. Also known as the Mukden Incident. On 18 September 1931, General Hayashi, without consent from Tokyo, invaded Manchuria from Korea. Militarists in Tokyo, threatening assassination of officials, forced the Japanese government to concede to the creation of an independent kingdom of Manchukuo ruled by a puppet monarch. When rebuked in September 1932 by the League of Nations for violating the Kellogg-Briand Pact, Japan withdrew from the League.
18. General Yamanashi Hanzo held the post of Governor-General from 1927 to 1929 during Baron Saito's absence. As stated above, Saito reassumed the post of Governor-General from 1929 to 1931. Appenzeller forgot Saito's reappointment from 1929-1931.
19. General Ugaki Kazushige, having served as interim Governor General from April to October 1927, held the post of Governor General from June 1931 until August 1936.
20. General Minami Jiro assumed the position of Governor General of Korea August 1936.
21. Chinese and Japanese troops exchanged fire at the Lukowchiao Bridge, also known as the Marco Polo Bridge, near Beijing on 7 July 1937. That "China Incident" led to a full scale invasion of China by Japan.
22. The Oath of Imperial Subjects. The version for the junior age group, which differed only slightly from that for adults, read as follows:
 First: We are subject of the Great Japanese Empire.
 Second: We, in unity of our minds, fulfill the duty of loyalty and service to the Emperor.
 Third: We endure hardships and become strong and good citizens.
 [Sanjunen-shi, p. 790, quoted in Kang Wi-jo, *Religion and Politics in Korea*

- 01 *Under the Japanese Rule* (Lewiston, New York: The Edwin Mellen Press, 1987), p. 101, note 127].
23. Amaterasu Omikami.
 24. Appenzeller confused Japan's occupation of Indochina in September 1940 with Japan's closing of the Burma Road in April 1942. The Burma Road ran from the Chinese city of Kunming to Lashio in Burma, a 681 mile road that provided the only route from the interior of China to the sea. In April 1942 Japan overran Burma, seized Lashio, and closed the Burma Road at its source.
 25. Son Ki-jung, 1936 Olympics in Berlin, Germany. Time: 2 hours 29 minutes 19.2 seconds, an Olympic record until 1952.
 26. Edwin Wendell Pauley, nicknamed Ed.
 27. In 1950, Korea fell under the supervision of the Southern California Conference of the Methodist Church.

ANNUAL REPORT
of the
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY — KOREA BRANCH
for 1991

This is the second year I have had the honor of serving as president of the Korea Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. Reflecting the enthusiasm of a neophyte, I delivered a rather lengthy annual report last year. As a seasoned veteran, this year I will endeavor to be brief.

The Korea Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society was established ninety-one years ago by a group of foreign sojourners in Korea who sought thereby to deepen their understanding of this country and its people. Some of them had scholarly gifts, and their names will be forever associated with significant contributions to our knowledge of Korean history and culture. Even those who were less gifted in a scholarly sense, through their involvement in the Society, left behind a legacy which endures to this day. In carrying on this legacy nearly a century later, truly we are their beneficiaries. As we come together once a year for this annual meeting, therefore, it is right to express our gratitude to our forbearers and to affirm once again our commitment to preserving the Society as a viable institution for the foreign community in Korea and their Korean friends.

As required by the constitution of the Society, in my capacity as president, I am pleased to report briefly on the activities of 1991 as follows:

Membership: Beginning with just seventeen members at the time of its founding in 1900, at present the RAS-Korea Branch has a total of one thousand six hundred twenty members in good standing. This includes sixty-eight life members, five hundred fourteen overseas members, and one thousand thirty-eight regular members residing in Korea. Although membership declined slightly during this year, the Society still enjoys a substantial membership with a firm commitment to its objectives. During the coming year, no doubt, the membership committee will explore ways to retain more old members and to attract some new members.

Programs: Programs involving lectures, performances or slide presentations were scheduled regularly during 1991 on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month with the usual break during late summer. Attendance at most of these programs was up considerably over the previous year. Some of the more memorable lectures are being readied for publication in the 1991 edition (Vol. 67) of the *Transactions*.

Tours: A full schedule of tours was carried out largely without a hitch during the spring and fall of 1991. A total of two thousand one hundred ninety members and non-members participated in these tours, marking a gratifying increase of nearly two hundred tour participants compared with 1990. Once again, it is clear that the tour program remains one of the most successful activities of the Society despite the challenges posed by the ever more incredible congestion of Korea's highways. Thankfully, the results of this year's tour program permit us to be guardedly optimistic about the continuing success of this very important activity of the Society in the years to come.

Publications: The publications committee had another busy year supervising book sales, reviewing manuscripts and preparing Vol. 66 of the *Transactions* for publication. Additionally, the classic essay by Michael Kalton entitled *Korean Ideas and Values* was reprinted in a handsome new edition by special arrangement with the original publisher. The search for suitable distributors of RAS publications in Europe and other parts of the world continued during the year, but produced few tangible results. This remains one of the outstanding challenges for the publications committee and the Society as a whole during the coming year.

Finances: I am pleased to report that the finances of the RAS-Korea Branch remained on an even keel during 1991. Although operating expenses are modest, the Society depends totally upon the support you provide as members in paying annual dues, participating in tours and purchasing publications. Remember, your support continues to be critical to the financial well-being of the Society. Lastly, I want to take this opportunity to acknowledge once again the generosity of the Daewoo Foundation in making these premises available for our use free of charge.

Respectfully submitted,
Frederick F. Carriere
President

1991 R.A.S. Lectures

- January 9 On Tour With The R.A.S.
Mr. Robert Hogarth
- January 23 The Study of Korea in the United States.
Dr. Donald S. Macdonald
- February 13 Kim Kwang-Kyu: A Contemporary Poet In Search of Hope
Brother Anthony Teague
- February 27 The Korean Educational System
Dr. Horace H. Underwood
- March 13 Kim Chun-Hung: Portrait of a Performing Artist
Prof. Judy Van Zile
- March 27 The Influence of Christianity on the Life and
Thought of Chong Yak-Yong
Mr. William Kester
- April 10 Travel to China
Dr. Donald Stauffer
- April 24 The Korean Press: Past and Present
Mr. Lee Kyo-Hyun
- May 8 Whatever Happened to the Big Village
They Called Seoul?
Mr. David E. Halvorsen
- May 22 A View of Books
Katrina L. Middleton
- June 12 The First Western Inquiry on Korea,
Luis de Frois S.J., 1598
Amb. Luis Soares de Oliveira
- June 26 The Right War: The Korean Conflict and U.S.
Defense Policy, 1945-1955
Dr. Alan R. Millett
- August 28 Dance Performance
Mr. Bae Jung-Hye

- September 11 "Dutch in China, Japan and Korea in the 17th Century"
Mr. Johannes Huber
- September 25 The Differences in Culture in Japan and Korea
Prof. Kim Yong-Woon
- October 9 Korean Contemporary Poets
Brother Anthony Teague
- October 23 Prospects of Korean Economics
Dr. Kim Duk-Choong
- November 13 Korean Values and Communication Patterns
From a Cross-Cultural Perspective
Prof. Sohn Ho-Min
- November 27 Arab-Korean Relationship From the Historical
Point of View
Prof. Raslan A. Bani-Yasin
- December 11 Yi Dynasty Seoul Today: Yi Dynasty Seoul as
a Cohesive Governmental, Cultural and Social
Centre Seen Through Its Buildings and What
Remains Today.
Mr. Peter Bartholomew

1991 R.A.S. Tours

Date	Destination	Attendance
January 12	Insadong & Sanchon Restaurant	31
January 20	Winter Break Tour	29
February 2	Yong-Pyong Ski Tour	26
February 9	Kiln Tour	43
February 11	North Fortress Hiking	19
February 14	Lunar New Year Eve Restaurant	55
February 16-18	Söraksan	35
February 23	Calligraphy Studio and Art Studio Tour	22
February 24	Onyang Folk Museum, Hyönchungsa and Independence Hall	19
March 2	Söngmo Island and Kanghwa Island	35
March 3	Yi Dynasty Seoul	26
March 9	Wönju	33
March 10	Inch'ön-Suwön Railroad	43
March 16	Music and Dance Institute Tour	32
March 17	Puyö, Kongju (Paekche Kingdom)	42
March 24	North Han Valley	43
March 30-31	Muju Kuch'ön-Dong Valley and Mai Mt.	17
April 5-7	Cherry Blossom Tour (Chinhae)	61
April 19-21	Cheju-do	33
April 27-28	Magnolia Tour: Ch'öllipo	31
May 3-5	Kyöngju & Yangdong	26
May 10-12	Chöllado, (Bamboo Market)	30
May 18-19	Pöpchusa & Samshin-sa	32
May 21	Buddha's Birthday Tour	133
May 25-26	The Slope of Palgong-san	19
June 1-2	Haehoe and Andong	20
June 6-9	Kömun-do & Paek-Do (Island) Adventure Tour	13
June 15-16	Kangnüng & Tano Festival	28
June 22	R.A.S. Garden Party 91st Anniversary (The British Embassy)	30
June 23	Artist Village Tour (Pyukche)	28
June 28-30	Wando and Pokildo (Islands)	30
July 13	Island Hopping (Chawöl-Do Island)	41

July 14	Triple Treat Tour: Olympic Park, Han River Cruise, DLI 63 Bldg.	18
July 20	Panmunjŏm, Tunnel No. 3 & Observation Point Tora	46
August 10	Shard Collecting & Kiln Tour	20
August 15	Onyang Folk Museum, Hyŏnchungsa, Independence Hall Tour	22
August 17	Step Back into The Past (ChangKyŏng Palace & Han Moo-Sook's Home)	32
August 18	Inch'ŏn-Suwŏn Railroad	29
August 24	Chŏrwŏn & 2nd Infiltration Tunnel	28
August 31	Ch'ŏllipo	31
September 7	Silk Tour	43
September 8	Ch'ŏngp'Yŏng Boat Tour	43
September 14	Chŏngju, Chinaware & Studio Tour	25
September 15	Kanghwa Island	45
September 22-24	Hongdo and Hŭksando (Islands)	29
September 28-29	Pyŏngsan & Sŏnwun-Sa Provincial Park	20
October 6	Surak-San Mt. Hiking Tour (Kyongki-do)	27
October 3-6	Ullŭng-do,	20
October 12	Sudŏk-sa and Haemi	37
October 18-20	Namhae-do, Samch'ŏnp'o, Songkwang-Sa	27
November 2	Embroidery Museum & Needlecraft	20
November 3	Yongmun-sa Hiking Tour	36
November 8-10	Cheju-do	27
November 16	Kiln Tour	30
November 23	The Magical Music Tour	31
November 24	Kimchi Tour	30
December 1	Mani-San Mt. Hiking	30
December 7	Artists' Studios	32

Members

(as of December 30, 1991)

LIFE MEMBERS

Adams, Edward B.
 Bae, Kyoung-Yul
 Bartz, Carl F., Jr.
 Bertuccioli, Guiliano
 Bridges, Ronald C.
 Bungler, Karl
 Clark, Allen D.
 Cook, Dr. & Mrs. Harold F.
 Crane, Paul S.
 Curll, Daniel B.
 Davidson, Duane C.
 de Vries, Helena
 Dines, Frank E.
 Dodds, Mr. & Mrs. Jack A.
 Folkedal, Tor D.
 Goodwin, Charles
 Goodwin, James J.
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 Han, Sung-Joo
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 Kim, Yong-Duk
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 Miller, C. Ferris
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 Overmoe, William J.
 Pai, Inez Kong
 Palmer, Dr. & Mrs. Spencer J.

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 Quizon, Ronald P.
 Rasmussen, Glen C.
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 Rucker, Robert D.
 Rutt, Richard
 Slep, Gerald
 Smith, Warren W., Jr.
 Snyder, Alice L.
 Steinberg, David I.
 Strauss, William
 Tieszen, Helen R.
 Underwood, Dr. & Mrs. Horace G.
 Underwood, Horace H.
 Underwood, Peter A.
 Van Den Berg, Mr. & Mrs. Roland
 Williams, Von C.
 Wholer, Jurgen
 Yoon, Prof. & Mrs. Chong-hiok
 Yoon, Mr. & Mrs. Young-il

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Adair, Steven T.
 Adams, Philip D.
 Aebi, Doris
 Albrecht, Mr. & Mrs. Ronald L.
 Allen, Michael J.
 Anderson, Robert K.
 Andreasen, Bryon C.
 Achleitner Peter
 Audet Dr. & Mrs. Harold H.
 Austin Mr. & Mrs. Stephen
 Baker, Mr. & Mrs. Robert H.
 Bailey, Donald R.
 Baker, Donald
 Balsa, Elizabeth
 Bark, Th. J.
 Batteau, Margreet
 Belbutowski, Mr. & Mrs. Paul M.

- B.L. Fisher Library
 Binyon, Robert F.
 Black, Kay E.
 Blankenship, Mr. & Mrs. Donald
 Bleiker, Roland
 Blessin, James H.
 Blondheim, Carrie C.
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 Bouchez, Daniel
 Bolin, Mr. & Mrs. James
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 Buzo, Mr. & Mrs. Adrian F.
 Byrington, Mark E.
 Cambridge University Library
 Campbell, Mr. & Mrs. Robert E.
 Carlson, David A.
 Carman, Charlene P.E.
 Cartar, Erik
 Cederberg, Carin
 Center for Korean Studies
 Chaney, Dr. & Mrs. Marvin L.
 Chayapan, Monthida
 Cheung, Kisuk
 Clark, Dr. & Mrs. Donald
 Clark, Fred G.
 Clarke, Hugh D. B.
 Clawson, Dr. & Mrs. C. Joseph
 Cleveland Museum of Art Library
 Coleman, Craig Shearer
 Conard, Dr. & Mrs. George P.
 Corbin, Denee J.
 Costa, Alejandro D. S.
 Cotton, James
 Courtney, Mr. & Mrs. James R.
 Cunningham, Eileen M.
 Curtis, Jesse S.
 Davies, T. J.
 DeChicchis, Joseph
 Dege, Dr. & Mrs. Eckart
 DeKens, Elaine H.
 de Oliveira, Amb. & Mrs. L. S.
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 Erismann, Amb. & Mrs. Hans-Peter
 Eshelman, Mr. & Mrs. Terry L.
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 Forte, Antonino
 Fowler, H. Seymour
 Frederickson, H. George
 Freshley, Mary Jo
 Freund, Katherine
 Gardner, Arthur L.
 Gardner, Mr. & Mrs. Frank A.
 Gault, Neal L.
 Gibbs, Gloria S.
 Golden, Jack
 Goulde, Mr. & Mrs. John I.
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