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Vietnam's Martial Women: The Costs of Transgressing Boundaries

Karen Gottschang Turner

When the enemy comes close to home, even the women must fight.

(Vietnamese proverb)

"The American pilots never knew that beneath them, our Vietnamese women had woven a fine hairnet of opposition. With their shovels, hoes, and guns, they secured the future of Vietnam."¹ Military historian, Professor Nguyen Quoc Dung, boasted about the contrast between the "well-fed US pilots in their big, heavy planes," and the "simple, modest activities of women, who used their small guns to shoot at airplanes and delicate hands to defuse unexploded bombs." His gendered language describing the work of the 300,000 or more women who joined the Communist armies squares with the official line that a unified population and high morale in Northern Vietnam outweighed US technological superiority.² This discourse plays against the insults leveled by American militarists to feminize and thus diminish Vietnam and its leaders, implying that if diminutive Vietnamese women prevailed against the American leviathan, their male counterparts must have presented a far more potent threat.³

It was into this sexualized terrain that Vietnamese women entered the war zone and established a new chapter in the nation's history of martial women, who since the first century CE have taken up arms to save the nation from outside invaders. The war the Vietnamese call the "American War" drew far more men than women into the military, but it is the plight of the women who joined the volunteer youth brigades while in their teens, who risked their chance to marry and bear children, that has captured the imagination of cultural interpreters in postwar Vietnam. They were thrust into the war after the United States landed combat troops and began an air war against cities and strategic sites in North Vietnam in 1965, charged with defending the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the 10,000-mile long network of paths and roads running through the jungles sheltered by the Truong Son mountain range. These women's stories are linked with one of the most potent symbols of Vietnam's capacity for endurance. Both the United States and Vietnam viewed the Ho Chi Minh Trail—the "Blood Road"—as the key to the war, the only inland supply route from the northern rear to the Communist armies in the south, and the main target of US airstrikes.⁴

In this paper, I have chosen to focus on Northern Communist women who went into the field after 1965, to build on scholarship on martial women in Vietnam's earlier history.⁵ I offer here an analysis that includes my own first-hand encounters with some of the male and female veterans of the youth brigades, placed in context with relevant textual, literary, and cinematic representations. Structured according to the sources, the paper begins with the writings of women veterans, followed by the memoirs and fiction of men who worked with and observed women in the jungles, and concludes with oral histories I collected with Phan Thanh Hao in Hanoi between 1996 and 2000.⁶ My goal is to discern why the female volunteers remain absent from Vietnam's pantheon of national heroines. By drawing on a living cultural experience in which the women themselves still have a voice to shape their stories, I hope that these materials will yield clues about the construction of national heroines in other times and places. What I glean from a variety of Vietnamese materials is that women's health problems troubled postwar Vietnamese society less than the transpositions of gender roles and hierarchies of authority that emerged during the war. Women became literally polluted by contact with dirt and blood as they excavated the roads and buried the dead; but more seriously, they crossed the normative gender line between the protectors and the protected. The women who rejected the second-class citizenship that these boundaries were meant to safeguard posed a serious threat to established authority.

Pure and Dangerous

Despite their critically important work on the Trail, value as symbols of the collective energy of a unified nation, and the socialist government's promise to award women full citizenship in exchange for their support, the volunteers have not gained the economic benefits or official recognition merited by their service. As volunteers, they are eligible only for disability benefits but many cannot document wounds treated in field hospitals during the war.⁷ The most vulnerable veterans, unmarried women and those too ill to work, live in destitution, even as the nation has prospered since the economic reforms initiated in the late 1980s. Women who cannot or choose not to marry and bear children are marginalized as no longer useful to the patriarchal family and nation state. Those who defy convention to remain single or bear children outside marriage create unease. And many veterans believe that as young people forget the war, their service will be erased, written out of history.

They are right to worry. The women who fought on the Trail are not the heroines who have been officially recognized. It is a militia woman, Ngo Thi Tuyen, famed for guarding a strategic bridge in her hamlet near Thanh Hoa, who was singled out for public honors in the north. Like the Viet Cong guerilla fighters in the south, she carried on under the watch of her family and community. As a war widow who spent years searching for her dead husband's body, remains childless, and lives in poverty, Ngo Thi Tuyen shares experiences with many ordinary women. Her symbolic value is enhanced because she broke her back, not during the war, but when East German filmmakers forced her to re-enact her feat of carrying huge loads of ammunition when she could not call on her revolutionary spirit for energy.⁸ The politics of memory

operate differently for the volunteers who left home at the time they should have married, to live with men for years in the jungles. True, a few volunteers are honored in their local communities, but as far as I know, no national-level museum exhibitions or public monuments honor them. Male and female volunteers alike were denied graves in the official cemeteries reserved for regular soldiers; instead, their comrades buried them along the jungle paths where they fell.⁹

As I searched for clues to explain these omissions, I recalled a conversation with a retired colonel who had supervised young people on the Trail. Le Trung Tam began our session with a poem he had written to a girlfriend who had been killed there, which in turn sparked a conversation about the dilemma faced by military planners who feared that sending "pure young virgins" to work with men in the dense jungles that sheltered the Trail would compromise their futures as wives and mothers and thus harm the well-being of the nation itself.¹⁰ The French historian, Françoise Guillemot, paints a darker picture, one of heartless exploitations with no concern for women's welfare:

These teen-soldiers (sometimes even child-soldiers) armed only with simple pickaxes and shovels and with little intellectual grounding, given their few years of elementary school education, often found themselves propelled into the line of fire. They had no military knowledge and so were trained on-the-job The shock must have been particularly brutal for girls from urban areas, many of whom only knew how to hold a pen or carry out simple household tasks Bodies were struck down by fever, hunger and death. The hostile environment was infamous for its rains, mud, poisonous vines and leeches. Daily life was a series of accidents, bombings, and chemical attacks. The most common feelings were pain, fear, and horror.¹¹

Figure 12.1 Young People on the Trail, date unknown. Courtesy of Colonel Le Trung Tam.

Both versions triangulate with other sources. Military records show that Ho Chi Minh himself ordered field commanders to attend to women's health, but because short supplies, especially medications to prevent and treat malaria, went first to the regular soldiers, most volunteers suffered afflictions that persisted long after the war ended. Yet as oral histories testify, although they would not deny the costs of their service, many of the female volunteers do not view themselves as pawns, but rather as active agents who joined the brigades for their own purposes and banked on their wartime sacrifices to press for benefits when they returned home.¹² Their later disappointments did not diminish the pride they earned in the field.

References in a variety of sources to innocent teenagers who entered a zone that violated their bodies and souls resonate with Mary Douglas's work on purity and pollution as a useful framework for sorting through the contradictions and ambivalence that pervade narratives by and about militarized women in Vietnam. The question that guides this chapter, then, is whether conceptions of purity and pollution help to explain the discrimination against women veterans who transgressed boundaries during the war and threatened a fragile postwar culture. As Douglas famously asserts, "Pollution ideas work in the life of society at two levels, one largely instrumental, one expressive Beliefs reinforce social pressures I believe that some pollutions are used as analogies for expressing a general view of the social order."¹³ She refers to the story of Joan of Arc as one emblematic example of a woman with no place in "proper" society. A woman, peasant, and warrior, she was sacrificed to restore order. Douglas's insights about gendered nationalism are useful for analyzing more contemporary studies of problems generated when the female body becomes identified with the health of the nation-state in times of transition.¹⁴ The impulse to impose boundaries and margins is not limited to "primitive societies," but intensifies in times of disruption, especially the chaos generated by political violence. According to Douglas, "I believe that ideas about separating, purifying, demarcating and punishing transgressions have as their main function to impose system on an inherently untidy experience."¹⁵ Such pressures are rarely directly expressed, but appear in oblique, encoded fragments that suggest dangerous boundary crossings.

Women Frame the War Story

Most Vietnam War stories are shaped by men as is evident from US media and literary productions by male veterans that dominated the 1980s, and more recently, Ken Burn's documentary series, "The Vietnam War."¹⁶ When women are included, they usually serve as accessories, bit players in a masculinized drama. As critic Kali Tal points out: "These fictional relationships with Asian women, whether as mistresses or prostitutes, do not indicate any feeling *on the part of either character or author* that women are human beings worthy of respect."¹⁷ The Vietnamese case is unique, however, because martial women are not an anomaly there and so Vietnamese women can neither be readily silenced nor written out of war. It is true, however, that most of the published sources are authored by male veterans, and in some cases, I agree with Guillemot that

they betray male fantasies about the teenagers who seemed so incongruous as they bravely led the trucks and soldiers through the jungles, their white bras and blouses gleaming in the night. But it is precisely these subjectivities that bolster my argument about how perceptions of women as pure, but also sources of disorder, would play a role in postwar culture.¹⁸ As more women become combatants in recent global conflicts, records of first-hand experiences are no longer limited to men, as Eliza Griswold observes: "It's a dubious privilege that a woman can tell war stories as brutal and devastating as a man can, but it's certainly earned."¹⁹

One of the few women anywhere who has shaped a public war story through film is Nguyen Thi Duc Hoan (1937–2003), whose personal history mirrors that of revolutionary Vietnam. Educated and radicalized in French Catholic schools, she escaped her oppressive Confucian father to join the Viet Minh Armies to teach literacy classes in the countryside.²⁰ "I was able to use the education in the French Catholic schools but I hated the nuns, who made us feel inferior. They also told us about the French revolution. We wondered why they couldn't apply their principles of liberty and equality to us Vietnamese." In Vietnam's final battle with the French at Dienbienphu in 1954, she served as an artillerywoman. Duc Hoan was one of many women who supported the Indo-Chinese Communist Party's anti-French movement, but she was more fortunate than resistance workers who suffered imprisonment and execution by the colonial powers. These martyrs were often radicalized and organized in French prisons and though their work was essential for the movement, their tough, uncompromising commitment to the cause above family duties troubled some Party men. But as Party General Secretary, Le Duan, reassured his comrades in 1959, if the radical women themselves eschewed motherhood, they must have been raised by good mothers:

It is in women that we find the essence of our national characteristics. The fine traits of the Vietnamese character are first of all present in Vietnamese women. I noticed in prison that most of our revolutionaries had fine women as mothers.²¹

Duc Hoan managed to juggle a variety of duties to the nation over the course of her life. In her domestic affairs, she continued to resist patriarchal norms, divorcing her first husband, a career army man who could not adjust to civilian life, to marry a man fifteen years her junior. She was also a devoted mother who raised a daughter who followed in her revolutionary path. Professionally, she was above all an artist. After studying acting in Russia, she became one of Vietnam's most beloved actresses by the 1960s.²² She used the cachet of her background as a privileged, educated artist and veteran to take up problems others feared to raise. In our conversations, she emphasized the themes she cared about: "The old men in charge of war images wanted films that featured bombs and heroic men standing up against the enemy. As for me, I believe that in the end, there are no heroes, for everyone suffers, even the victors."²³

Duc Hoan circumvented government censors to film the damage that even a righteous war inflicted on individuals and their families, creating sympathetic portraits of individuals who threatened the puritanical norms of the regime: a wife repulsed by

her soldier-husband's disfigured face, an officer in the Communist forces who defected to the enemy in a moment of terror and weakness.

Of the female volunteers, she declared: "We took for granted the fact that women always fought when the country was in danger. Our mothers sang lullabies of the heroines of old, the Trung sisters who rebelled against the Chinese in 40 C.E., and the flamboyant Lady Trieu Thi Trinh (d. 248), who rejected domestic duties to fight the Chinese." Like many Vietnamese women, she relished Lady Trieu's famous manifesto against domestic duty: "Why should I imitate others, bow my head, stoop over and be a slave?" No written records verify Lady Trieu's legends, but literary and visual images portray her riding high on her war elephant, her three-foot-long breasts cast aside to better handle her sword. She supposedly died in battle, weakened by the unruly, smelly Chinese soldiers who played on her aversion to dirt and disorder. When a pestilence threatened her home village, the Chinese commander ordered phallic symbols nailed on doors to mute her female power.²⁴ Duc Hoan rejected links between prowess and masculinity: "Our heroines were never successful in gaining power in the long run, but neither were they crazy like Joan of Arc. Why would a woman dress up as a man when her female beauty is her greatest asset?" She admired the eighteenth-century poetess, Ho Xuan Huong, an early feminist who railed against male authority—mocking in one poem a famous Chinese general: "I see it up there in the corner of my eye; the general's tomb standing all alone. If I could change my fate, become a man of heroic deed, couldn't I do better?"²⁵ Duc Hoan's heroines were not limited to Vietnam, but like other educated women who supported the socialist revolution and studied in Russia, she admired Soviet women like Alexandra Kollantai. Bolstered by this rich legacy of strong women, Duc Hoan fashioned an exceptional life. But she believed in the collective energies of ordinary people and in a common humanity: "Politics change, but human beings remain the same."²⁶

Of women who fought against the United States, Duc Hoan observed: "At no other time in Vietnam's history was the will of the people more necessary for national survival. When even the gentlest Vietnamese woman could be inspired to enter a male world of violence for her country, and when she learned to do the job well, the war became in reality a people's war." Her first film about volunteer youth, *From a Jungle*, presented a somewhat idealized view of their innocence and pure intentions. She was particularly intrigued with youth from Hanoi, so attached to their beloved city that they recreated its street names in their jungle camps. She based her film on her own observations during her time on the Trail, and understood that scenes of young people laughing and playing at one moment, and crying over the dead the next, would trouble viewers: "Old people wallow in their sadness, but the young want to live. I wanted to show young women as full of life, able to laugh, acting as equals with men."²⁷ She did not overlook the sorrows and dangers as well as the freedom that young people found in the jungles. Strangers who had to survive in one of the most remote and dangerous jungle terrains in the world, the youth had to learn to protect themselves from poisonous plants and wild animals; but they also found beauty in an exotic setting unimaginable to those who never left the lowlands. Hidden, not only from the enemy, but in many cases, from the daily scrutiny of military officials, they formed relationships that at times deviated from normal hierarchies of authority. Her young

protagonists embody contradictions: they are pure of heart despite contact with blood and violence, but their self-constructed communities also challenge normal structures of authority.

In her later years, Duc Hoan was not immune to conservative pressures to promote established values. Her final production, aired on television in 1991, features a disabled woman veteran who begs a medicine man, also a veteran, to have intercourse with no attachments so she might have a child. Broken bodies and spirits dominate the production. The female veteran calls herself a "lame duck," and the male calls himself a "drunk who cannot forget the sound of bombs." She envies her sister, a flirt, whose jealous husband beats her. When I questioned Duc Hoan about her sympathetic portrayal of an abusive husband, she replied that he acted out of love for his errant wife, who had failed in her duty to her family. She is best remembered and beloved for her earlier films, and when she died in 2003, "the grand old lady of film" was reduced in official obituaries to her role as a beautiful young actress, whose "sparkling eyes" enchanted audiences.²⁸

Writer Le Minh Khue published her semi-autobiographical story, "Distant Stars," when nineteen years old and still stationed on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Her account of the daily life and dreams of three young girls confined to a cave, charged with detonating bombs and filling craters, plays down their terror and fear, but vividly portrays their response to contact with dirt and destruction.²⁹ The story is shaped by themes related to purity and pollution. The narrator, an educated urban teenager, observes: "The bombs often buried us. Sometimes, when we came down from the hill we were so buried in dirt that only our gleaming eyes showed through At those moments, we called each other the 'Black Eyed Demons.'"³⁰ Language suggesting that these women remain physically and spiritually pure despite these conditions colors the story. After suffering serious wounds, one girl, looking "light and fresh as a white ice cream bar," refused to go to a hospital in the rear for care.³¹ The men in the artillery platoon over the hill, "just a rifle shot away," sentimentalize the girls with offerings of flowers and candies, and one young soldier composes a poem that links their shining courage with clear, bright, distant stars.³² The female narrator brags about taunting a naïve young soldier: "He was hospitable, didn't smoke and didn't flirt with us girls. As for us, we wouldn't leave him alone." Her message is subversive, for her heroines' disdain for the peasant-worker soldiers they encounter reminds us that powerful class distinctions had not been erased by socialism. This theme of gendered and status displacement is repeated in other writings featuring "Hanoi maidens," members of the bourgeoisie who seemed so out of place to the men as they performed labor usually reserved for their less privileged sisters. Even worse, they disturbed the rigid military order when some of them turned out to be harder than trained army regulars.

Three decades later, Le Minh Khue's fiction turned dark. "A Small Tragedy," published in 1990, features a reporter who hears an account about young people ordered by a stupid bureaucrat to fill a bomb crater in daylight. "The vanguard youths? I've never seen so many people die like that. They were empty-handed, puny, running like ants I tried to dig into one depression to pull out three young girls but they died in such a tight embrace I couldn't even untangle them." In this story, the young girls

keep faith with one another, just as they did in “Distant Stars.”³³ But in “Small Tragedies” they do not act with brio and instead die for nothing more than to satisfy the whims of a corrupt official with a reputation for other avoidable deaths of the young. Dana Sachs argues that this “lost idealism” became a major theme for writers in the 1980s, when “the hollowness of revolutionary victory brought tragic disillusionment, particularly in light of how much they had sacrificed in order to achieve that victory.”³⁴

The most famous dissident woman writing in contemporary Vietnam, Duong Thu Huong, deals directly with polluted female bodies in *Novel without a Name*.³⁵ Like Le Minh Khue, she is a veteran of the volunteer youth brigades, one of three survivors of a group of forty young people. Later as a reporter, she witnessed and described the human impact of Vietnam’s border war with China in 1979. Her war story focuses on the mental breakdown of a male soldier who is both admiring and repulsed by the women he encounters in his travels. When he happens upon a woman whose unit abandoned her to deal with corpses in an isolated supply depot, she begs him to have sex. He becomes impotent and angry that he cannot grant her only request. But his angst is not focused on the woman he rejects:

This woman was born of the war. She belonged to it, had been forged by it. It wasn’t that she was so ugly that I had rejected her. I had been afraid to face myself, scared of the truth. I was a coward. Ten years of war had gone by. I had known glory and humiliation, lived through all its sordid games. I had needed to meet her to finally see myself clearly. I had been defeated from the beginning.³⁶

This use of a male soldier as a voice to narrate disgust at polluted women’s bodies, can be interpreted in multiple ways—as anxiety about the author’s own body, or more likely, because Huong is one of the regime’s fiercest critics, as an uncompromising stand on the futility and ugliness of war. She shows as well how the physical pollution of war created internal disorder.

Unvarnished by postwar pressures, the wartime diary of a young female doctor represents one of the few sources for discerning the internal world of a woman in the thick of violence. The diary includes themes similar to those in the fiction of Le Minh Khue and Duong Thu Huong—sisterly love and pity for the mangled young soldiers she treats in her mobile clinic, disdain for righteous, ignorant Party bureaucrats who look down on her for her bourgeois background, and confidence earned by dint of her expertise and courage. Her hatred is directed toward the “American bandits” who kill her people and ravage the land: “Oh! Hatred is bruising my liver, blackening my gut. Why are there such terrible, cruel people who want to use our blood to water their tree of gold?” Dr. Tram was killed in 1970, at the age of twenty-seven. Her diary, brought to light after thirty years, is treasured in Vietnam for its honest idealism and critique of Party ideologies.³⁷

These three examples expose some of the reasons that women’s war stories can be so potent and dangerous to male visions of war. Le Minh Khue, Duong Thu Huong, and Dr. Tram include portraits of fragile, naïve, and at times corrupt men. These women both witness and share in the daily trauma of war with men and do not

shy away from describing the bloody business that dangerously reverses gender roles.³⁸ Ultimately, they suggest how conceptions of purity and pollution bring social disorder to light.

Men Write Women into War

The men who have recorded their impressions of the women they met on the Trail tend generally to take a less jaded view of female bodies than women writers. Reports from the field to Hanoi praised the difference that women made, not only for their courage in standing up and shooting at US airplanes and work on the roads but for raising the morale of the men. Some men did worry about women in harm's way and some patronized the girls, but fewer men registered disgust about their bodies. What is notable is just how much attention Vietnamese men in the field paid to their female comrades.³⁹ As historian, Hue-Tam Ho Tai points out, in Vietnam, discourse about women's issues was never just about women, but has long served as a means for men to voice their own fears and vulnerabilities.⁴⁰

A case of a woman who dared to challenge accepted norms is embedded in the diary of an artist who complained that he was forced into the war. While in the jungle, he meets a young volunteer, Nguyen Thi Lien, whose male comrades admire for her singing voice as much as her courage under fire. The outsider is shocked when one night she takes the part of a man in a play, "grotesquely dressed in men's clothing." Even worse, when the men laugh, she chides them for their bad manners. But her superiors react with unexpected approval, musing, "I suppose it's her frequent encounters with death that have made her so fearless." When her luck runs out and she is killed, the men mourn her openly. Here, in isolation from normal civilian society, a woman who flaunts gender identities and military hierarchies is accepted because of her fearless dance with death. The story ends with a male soldier's message to the outsider: "If the jungle is a university, as you people call it, for me, it is first of all a school to teach me to love and believe in mankind. In my judgement, this love, and this belief is actually the source of revolutionary heroism."⁴¹ Here, a seasoned soldier, inspired by brave teenager girls, subversively identifies heroism with love.

In a similar story of war as a transformative experience in unexpected ways, urbane young women tease the protagonist, a twenty-eight-year-old, "taciturn peasant," charged with leading "four real Hanoi maidens," referred to as "stars," to their unit.⁴² The author, a male veteran, draws on themes familiar from Le Minh Khue's "Distant Stars": smart city girls who outshine a naive countrified soldier. Frustrated when they laugh at his orders and take silly risks, he finds himself in a situation that military training never prepared him to face, "He always spoke carefully, aware of their sharp tongues." Sexual frustration plagues him as well. At one point he almost faints when he comes upon one of the girls asleep in her hammock: "The girl was sleeping soundly, a mass of hair over her angelic face. The buttons of her blouse burst out showing her soft and white throbbing chest. Trong put the lights out and ran, bumping into a tree trunk." As the girls toughen up and keep their spirits high in dangerous situations, he finds his

life enhanced by their beauty and courage. He breaks down when one of the girls is wounded and a young widow killed: "He could not repress his feelings. It seemed that the Creator had given women superhuman capacity to suffer things that the men could not." When an older comrade witnesses and criticizes the girl's lighthearted demeanor, Trong defends his charges, to which the older man replies: "This is a war and there are no boys and girls in a war, only soldiers." One of the girls contradicts him: "A soldier is not a fighting machine." The story surely serves as a ploy to voice the male author's own resentments: "Is there any pain greater than this one? Those warmongers must be killed." Trong ends up with a "disease of the heart" that incapacitates him, while the gentlest of the young women marches on to the original destination, now a competent warrior. These inversions of the powerful male and weak female reveal the fragility of gendered hierarchies under duress.⁴³

Many men who encountered women in unexpected places maintained traditional attitudes. General Phan Trung Tue, commander of Division 559 in charge of the Trail, praised the female volunteers who built a section of the road through particularly rugged terrain.⁴⁴ "It was constructed out of nothing but the determination and spirit of the young volunteers with their primitive tools. It was called by different names: 'Determined to Win,' and 'Road 20' to mark the average age of the volunteers."⁴⁵ It was not only women's hard work that intrigued him. When encountering their colorful underwear drying on trees, he likened them to "blossoms of flowers on the mountain slopes." At one point, before an expected attack, he recalled in his memoir: "I decided to keep only the fittest and transfer the girls back to the second line. Girls could be good

Figure 12.2 Veterans of Company 814, Hanoi, 1996. Courtesy of Karen Turner.

at bookkeeping, handling freight, or even manning anti-aircraft guns. But they would be no match for Saigon infantry." The women in his unit protested: "As human beings, we are not inferior to anyone. We're members of the Youth Union and we want to know why you have a bias against us." Fearing what he calls an "interminable diatribe," he orders them home, allowing nurses to remain on duty to care for the wounded. What is surprising is not the officer's mixed reactions, but the women's argument that they had stood up to danger like men and deserved to be treated like men. Other stories show how admiration for women was often mixed with paternalism. A truck driver, irritated because the young female guide he depends on to lead him through a secret path giggles at him, tries to intimidate her: "Your limbs are as slender as raw silk threads. It seems as if you just left your schoolwork at home only a few days ago. You'll have a tough job building roads and cutting through the mountains. I'll bet at night you're still weeping inside your blankets and calling out to mama, right?" She has the last laugh: "You get used to it brother."⁴⁶ Whether the men who penned these memoirs understood that women were rejecting their paternalism cannot be known, but reading between the lines affords readers useful insights about male responses to women in the field.

Men noticed harm to women's bodies. "Be careful or you'll destroy your sex," a male veteran noted as he encountered a woman pushing a loaded bicycle. He recorded his warning to another brave fighter: "To a girl who had passed her thirtieth year of age, I said: 'We are in wartime. The Party knows your high devotion, but also cares about your future. You must return to the rear, get married and have a family of your own.'"⁴⁷ A civilian writer's story about a woman's loss of sexual appeal that resonates with Huong's *Novel without a Name* appeared a decade later than the veteran's memoirs and fiction. In this case, a female veteran of the volunteer corps, so poor that she begs for a living, pleads with a male veteran to impregnate her so that she can at least have a child. He tries manfully, but tells her that her reproductive system is good only for "excretory purposes," that she is no longer a woman.⁴⁸ In a story about a veteran couple, both exposed to dangerous chemicals during the war, the wife's "sickly yellow," disease-ridden—polluted—body becomes a public spectacle as their community anxiously awaits the birth of her child. The husband's pain at losing a son when the child is born "horribly deformed" is emphasized more than the mother's loss. In general, men don't worry openly in either their fiction or their memoirs about their own sexuality or physical illnesses, despite the fact that more men than women were contaminated by Agent Orange because so many worked closer to the areas where the deadliest defoliants were used.⁴⁹ Yet, it is often the women who birthed disabled children or remained sterile who were stigmatized the most.⁵⁰

One of the few fictional accounts to mention rape features a female volunteer pressured by a male officer to run an "inn" in the mountains as a rest stop for truck drivers. Mai, a widow, and one of his best fighters, is put in charge. She fears the men who pass through, and begs the officer to send a man to protect the women. But the newcomer instead of safeguarding them, impregnates one of the girls, who aborts the pregnancy. Desperate, Mai knows that she cannot escape her fate: "She could not tell him about her loneliness and her revolt within herself... she knew that Major Lam,

without any constraints, could send her to a vicious spot.” Eventually she is killed, sacrificed by a sexist superior who abused his authority. In all of these cases, women’s bodies become polluted by the vagaries of war.

In Their Own Words

Published writings by veterans, even diaries and memoirs, often represent self-conscious portraits that take up difficult questions about war and society. By contrast, oral histories and testimonies center on war as a daily struggle against great odds.⁵¹ One male veteran remarked, “Only Vietnamese could do what we did. It was like we were possessed by a spirit.” Women expressed pride not just for surviving, but for their courage and contributions. But these people at the bottom of the military hierarchy were not simple storytellers, as I learned when Phan Thanh Hao and I were invited to film Company 814’s annual reunion, held at their district Party headquarters in July 2000. There, through song, poetry, and carefully crafted speeches, their designated leaders reminded local Party cadres, and me, their American witness, of their service to the country and the government’s failure to award them proper benefits. In general, as I conducted interviews for a book and film with Phan Thanh Hao, we found our informants well aware of their audiences. While the politics of memory and my position as an American woman shaped their accounts, so did group dynamics: we found interviews with individuals struck a different tone than those conducted with the larger group during which members could check or confirm particular stories. In this case, collective memory acted as a force that drew not only from larger national discourses but also from a shared experience that extended from their longstanding local ties. Unlike US veterans who scattered after deployment, the members of Company 814 came of age, went to war, and returned home again to their hamlet of Tu Liem District, just outside Hanoi. They knew one another very well and in general seemed comfortable speaking in a group, though the women often deferred to the men. But these veterans might have been unusual because they had strong female leaders who looked after them and organized gatherings after the war. As one male veteran reminded me about women more generally, “The bitter ones, the sick ones, who put down their guns and returned to their villages, will never talk even to their families and neighbors.”⁵² The issues raised by subaltern studies—who has the right to speak—in this case did not hinge on gender, or even status. The most disadvantaged woman among her comrades complained about the Party’s failure to give her a piece of land as promised, and a small stall keeper who took only one day off a year, to attend the reunion, proudly spoke on film about her pioneering work as a road builder. It was clear that many of these women believed they had earned the right to speak no matter how dismal their postwar existence.

The volunteers left home for many of the reasons that young people go to war anywhere—to follow friends or lovers, hope for better conditions than offered by their impoverished families, or to bow to official pressure. For those who witnessed the destruction of their homes and villages, no persuasion to leave home was needed.

As one woman declared: "When my two brothers were killed by American bombs, I wanted to avenge my family. When my workplace called for volunteers, I was ready to go. I thought if men could fight, so could I."⁵³ Another woman remembered: "We had to leave home to preserve any hope for a safe place to raise future generations."⁵⁴ Some, especially those in the Youth Union, believed it was the duty of young people to save the nation while the elders remained behind. Some women mentioned that they were inspired by earlier heroines who had taken up arms in a time of national crisis. As they retold their stories, these women did not remember themselves as pawns of a propaganda machine but willing participants who linked their futures with that of the nation-state.

Most women enjoyed greater equality in the field than at home. The male volunteers, deemed too unreliable to join the regular forces, had no official authority over the women and in a sense were "feminized" as subordinate to the army regulars and truck drivers. As one male volunteer remembered, "We were told that if a marching soldier needed care, we had to use our clothing to bandage wounds. This was hard on the women."⁵⁵ In mixed company with the men, women relished retelling stories of coping with hardship better than men. Nguyen Thi Mau recalled that she and her platoon mates, all women, because the men failed to help, used their bodies to support planks over mountain streams so that the trucks could keep on moving. Another volunteer who lived underground with men for ten years in a mixed communication team remembered that she tolerated boredom and hunger more easily than the men. Women assigned leadership positions in mixed platoons and squads asserted that their capacity for endurance, patience, and diplomacy—traits associated with women—helped them smooth relations with men. One woman remembered: "When they called for volunteers for the 'death defying teams,' my girlfriends and I volunteered."⁵⁶ These teams were almost always manned by women, and their testimonies coincide with stories of empowered women in the published literature by male and female authors.

Feminine attributes were considered a strength: "We put flowers in our hair to look nice for a while. And we sang because we believed our songs could drown out the sounds of the bombs."⁵⁷ With one notable exception, the story of Miss Lien, I have found no references to women yearning to take on masculine dress or manners. Some women did admit that they fretted when they lost their hair and pale skin, and worried about menstrual problems and malaria. Le Minh Khue remembered in an interview in 1996 that she was terrified when she bumped into a dead body while bathing in a stream and feared dying with her clothes blown off by bomb pressure. She recalled with a shudder that burying the dead, the job of men in peacetime, troubled the women. "Sometimes, the burial trenches were bombed and we had to take the bodies out and rebury them. Some were in pieces, blown apart by bomb pressure. It was bad luck for everyone, but the women didn't complain. We had to do it."⁵⁸ She also gained perspective on male authority in the field: "After I held in my arms officers who had once been stern, hearing them cry out for their mothers as they died, I no longer feared them."⁵⁹ Le Minh Khue, skilled writer and first-hand witness, clearly signifies that women were polluted by contact with blood and death.

The men of Company 814, like the male writers, never talked about their own physical problems but dwelled on those of the women:

We men felt sorry for the women because it was harder on them. Sometimes they had to work underwater stripped to their underwear. Those conditions harmed them and they have women's diseases. Some of the women are old now and have no medicine. And some could never marry.⁶⁰

One woman, Nguyen Thi Mau, seemed to generate more comments about her ill health than the others. But as I observed the dynamics of the group, it seemed that the men were uneasy about her because of her strong personality rather than her deafness and malaria-related illnesses. She was better educated than many of them, organized the annual reunion—where she recounted the company's history—and chose to remain single despite offers of marriage. Although she laughed off the men's patronizing remarks in mixed company, Nguyen Thi Mau did not deny her problems in an interview with Phan Thanh Hao and me:

I got malaria so bad I couldn't even speak or hear. I was sent back to the rear. But there was no place for me. My boyfriend had married someone else and I was too sick to find another man, and I didn't want one anyway. My family didn't want to give my dowry land back to me, and so I went to live for a while in an all-female collective farm with other women veterans with no place to go.⁶¹

Eventually she recovered enough to become an elementary school teacher. Yet, in a filmed interview in July 2000, her mother lamented, while Mau quietly cried, "Yes, she has many friends. But when she is sick, who will take care of her? Her life is not natural because she has no children, no husband. Her whole life changed because of her sacrifice." Another woman, known for her courage as a platoon leader and member of special teams charged with defusing the most dangerous bombs, also lost her first love after she returned home haggard and sick. Now she boasts that she has admirers and could marry, but chooses not to become entangled: "My life is good now. I have sent my niece to school and she can care for me in my old age. If I got married, I might be a burden to a man. And besides, I would have to take care of him too." Both women admit that they have failed in their filial duty to their families but they also seem content with choices that defy social pressures.⁶²

Sociologists in Vietnam have studied women who call on the essentialist belief that motherhood is a function "bestowed by the Creator," to legitimate their decisions to bear children outside marriage.⁶³ The phenomenon of the single mother, inseminated in many cases by a stranger, has been discussed not only in connection with women veterans, but younger women who simply want to avoid marriage.⁶⁴ Some women veterans chose their "seed sowers" carefully: in one instance, a woman offered her inseminator a larger reward if she gave birth to a son.⁶⁵ In part to support women veterans who "asked for a child" outside marriage, the Vietnam Women's Union successfully pushed for a law in 1986 that allowed these mothers and their children full legal rights. The women who cannot marry and have children because of health

or poverty seem to trouble their communities less than those who deliberately choose to defy patriarchal values. And even more dangerous, the example of female veterans who placed their desire for motherhood over allegiance to the patriarchal family has inspired younger women to follow their unconventional path.

Conclusion

The question that hovers in the background in the written and oral sources—women's sexuality during the war—is one that preoccupies most postwar societies and Vietnam is no exception. A young woman who grew up in the same neighborhood as the survivors of Company 814 told me that as a teenager she realized how different they were: "They walked straight and tall and looked you straight in the eye, unlike most Vietnamese women. Sometimes they wore their old uniforms and medals. We admired them but were a little afraid of them too, because we knew that they had lived with men during the war."⁶⁶ Many older women insisted, on the other hand, that "men were better then," and veterans often admonished those who have never known the realities of war that they were too preoccupied with surviving to indulge in romance. One of the officers I interviewed in 1996 admitted that women got pregnant in the field, but assured me that these were romantic lapses, and that the army sent them home with fake marriage certificates to protect them and their offspring. When I asked Professor Dung if accounts of rape in some postwar fiction had any credibility, he angrily replied: "We had no comfort women like the Japanese. People were sick, tired, trying to survive. You must understand that."⁶⁷ It is true that even the most skeptical observers of the Vietnamese Communist armies cannot find evidence of institutionalized prostitution. As Gerard Degroot points out in his work on oral histories of British service women during the Second World War: "If war seems erotic it is because some people want it to be so. It is always tempting to make the past more exciting than it was."⁶⁸

Evidence that officialdom worried about women who crossed boundaries appeared in an article on plans to domesticate women volunteers published by the Vietnamese Women's Union in 1975. As an example, it uses a female brigade known for courage and expertise, ironically named for Lady Trieu, the heroine who rejected housework to go out to fight. Now these women are being retrained: "Classes are regularly held for the brigade members, at which they acquire a general education and learn sewing and embroidery. Brigade 609's idea of a good woman is one who works diligently, fights courageously, shows good morals and is likely to become a good wife and mother."⁶⁹ Vietnam's celebration of the moral mother over the female warrior follows a path taken by almost all governments after a period of conflict that demands women's service in war but relegates them to the home when national interests shift. In Vietnam, perhaps the problem was not so much that martial women needed to be reminded of their female roles but that men needed to rid their fears that women operated as better soldiers under duress. Moreover, the land itself had been feminized and polluted by the occupation of foreign invaders and their weapons of destruction.

Mary Douglas argues that displaced bodies create confusion after periods that threaten the collective welfare, and Vietnam after 1975 faced a hard road to recovery.

The statistics about survival rates among the volunteers are difficult to calculate, but some estimates of a 10 percent death rate suggest that thousands of women returned from the jungles to find a place in civilian society.⁷⁰ There were no historical models for dealing with militarized women in peace time and as governmental agendas shifted, women who could not support the economy or replenish the citizenry drained scarce resources. Few families escaped suffering. Over 3 million people died, and at least 300,000 are missing in action. The land and many of its people continue to be ravaged by chemicals used by the US military. In less materials ways, many people believe that the dead who were never properly buried become ghosts that haunt the living. A revival of conservative Confucian values charges women with participating in and raising families to support a new, global economic order while continuing to shoulder their traditional burdens. Yet, some women manage to follow the path of the volunteers in placing desire over duty.⁷¹ Vietnamese women have been called upon to perform different roles over time and it is not too farfetched to speculate that if the nation should need to call them to arms again, the volunteers might become exemplars, no longer embarrassing reminders of the costs of war, but heroines who sacrificed their lives to save the nation.⁷² As historian Hue-tam Ho-tai has so eloquently written, "In Vietnam, memory has no name, but it has many faces, and ... they are the faces of women."⁷³

Notes

- 1 Another 60,000 women, often for their technical skills, were recruited to the regular forces of the People's Army of Vietnam. For a history of the shock brigades [Thanh Nien Xung Phong], see Francois Guillemot, "Death and Suffering at First Hand: Youth Shock Brigades during the Vietnam War (1950–1975)," *Journal of Vietnamese Studies* 4 (2009): 17–60.
- 2 Interview, Hanoi, 1997.
- 3 See Joshua Goldstein, *War and Gender: How Gender Shapes the War System and Vice Versa* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2001), 356, for Lyndon Johnson's threats to castrate Ho Chi Minh.
- 4 See John Prados, *The Blood Road: The Ho Chi Minh Trail and the Vietnam War* (New York: Wiley, 1999).
- 5 For the female southern guerilla fighters, see Sandra Taylor, *Vietnamese Women at War: Fighting for Ho Chi Minh and the Revolution* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1999).
- 6 See Karen Gottschang Turner, *Even the Women Must Fight: Memories of War from North Vietnam*, with Phan Thanh Hao (New York: Wiley, 1998) and "Hidden Warriors: Women on the Ho Chi Minh Trail," produced and directed by Karen Turner with Phan Thanh Hao, Hen Hao Productions, 2004, housed in the Harvard Film Archive. These projects could not have been carried out without the cooperation of Phan Thanh Hao, a Hanoi-based journalist, diplomat, and translator.
- 7 In 2000, I was informed by members of Company 814 that the state had authorized a one-time payment for anyone without family members, but few qualified.
- 8 See the chapter on Ngo Thi Tuyen in *Even the Women Must Fight*, 51–69.

- 9 Among the few named dead are the ten girls crushed to death in a remote cave by US bombs in 1968, their graves tended by women in white.
- 10 Interview, Hanoi, 1997. My thanks to Phan Thanh Hao and Tri Troung for help with Vietnamese terms. "Pure young virgins" is a rendering of "trinh nu," literally, "girls who have never known love."
- 11 Guillemot, "Death and Suffering at First Hand," 27, 31.
- 12 The volunteers signed on for one year terms. Some returned early because of ill health, some stayed in the field as long as a decade, and a few joined the regular forces.
- 13 Mary Douglas, *Purity and Danger: An Analysis of Concepts of Pollution and Taboo* (London: Routledge, 2001), 3.
- 14 See, for example, Keely Stauter-Halsted, "Moral Panic and the Prostitute in Partitioned Poland: Middle Class Respectability in Defense of the Modern Nation" 68 *Slavic Review* (2009), 557–581, in which the trope of purity and pollution is used to explain why prostitution threatened the integrity of the nation at a precarious time in its history.
- 15 Douglas, *Purity and Danger*, 4.
- 16 Premiered September 2017. Burns includes a few interviews with Vietnamese women, but only one with a US nurse.
- 17 Kali Tal, "The Mind at War: Images of Women in Vietnam Novels by Combat Veterans," 31 *Contemporary Literature* (1990), 76–96, 82.
- 18 On the liminal position of these writers, see Mikhael Bakhtin, *The Dialogical Imagination*, trans. Emerson and Holquist (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1981).
- 19 In "Women, Writing War," *Words without Borders: The Online Magazine for International Literature* (April 2016). For a useful comparison with Vietnamese women soldier's memories, see Svetlana Alexievich, *The Unwomanly Face of War: An Oral History of Women in World War II*, trans. Pevear and Volokhonsky (New York: Random House, 2017).
- 20 I have written about Duc Hoan as an artist working during the Cold War era: Karen Gottschang Turner, "A Vietnamese Woman Directs the War Story," in *Gender, Sexuality, and the Cold War*, ed. Philip E. Muehlenbeck (Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press, 2017), 204–223.
- 21 Quoted in Ashley Pettus, *Between Sacrifice and Desire: National Identity and the Governing of Femininity in Vietnam* (New York: Routledge, 2003), 28.
- 22 For a history of youth and the Viet Minh Forces, see Hy V. Luong, *Revolution in the Village: Tradition and Transformation in North Vietnam, 1925–1988* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1992).
- 23 Interview, Hanoi, 1996.
- 24 Male heroes earned cult status as well, but minority peoples who have contributed to the national story have been left out. For an analysis of the treatment of stories of national heroines in early Vietnam, see Cong Huyen Ton Nu Nha Trang, "The Makings of the National Heroine," *The Vietnam Review* 1 (1996): 388–433.
- 25 Hô Xuân Huang, *Spring Essence: The Poetry of Ho Xuan Huang*, trans. John Balaban (Port Townsend, Washington: Copper Canyon Press, 2000), 94.
- 26 Interview, Hanoi, 1996.
- 27 Interview, Hanoi, 1996. The film *From a Jungle* [Tu mot canh rung] was made in 1975 but released in 1978 because the censors objected to her portraits of young love in the midst of war.
- 28 See Turner, "A Vietnamese Woman Directs the War Story."

- 29 In Le Minh Khue, *The Stars, the Earth, the River*, trans. Bac Hoai Tran and Dana Sachs, ed. Wayne Karlin (Willimantic, CT: Curbstone Press, 1997), 1–20.
- 30 “Nhưng con quỷ mắt đen” is the rendering for “black eyed demons.”
- 31 “Light and fresh” is “mat me” in the original text.
- 32 “Nhưng ngôi sao rực rỡ” is the rendering for “bright star.”
- 33 Kkue, *The Stars, the Earth, the River*, 128–217. See Dana Sachs, “Small Tragedies and Distant Stars: Le Minh Khue’s Language of Lost Ideals,” *Crossroads* 13 (1999): 1–10.
- 34 This fiction emerged from the mid-1980s to the mid-1990s, a period of relative freedom for writers to express their disappointment in postwar culture. Younger writers are rejecting heroic narratives to explore more quotidian concerns. See Rebeka Linh Collins, “Vietnamese Literature after War and Renovation: The Extraordinary Everyday,” *Journal of Vietnamese Studies* 10 (2015): 82–124.
- 35 Duong Thu Huong, *Novel without a Name*, trans. Phan Huy Duong and Nina McPherson (New York: Penguin Books, 1995), 49. See also Hue-tam Ho Tai, “Duong Thu Huong and the Literature of Disenchantment,” *Vietnam Forum* 14 (1994): 82–91.
- 36 Huong, *Novel without a Name*, 132–133.
- 37 See Dang Thuy Tram, *Last Night I Dreamed of Peace: The Diary of Dang Thuy Tram*, trans. Andrew X. Pham (New York: Broadway Books, 2007).
- 38 For a useful essay on the relationship between what is seen and written by combat nurses, see Carol Acton, “Diverting the Gaze: The Unseen Text in Women’s War Writing,” *College Literature* 31 (2004): 53–79.
- 39 In contrast, see Gregory Daddis, “Historiographical Essay: Mansplaining Vietnam: Male Veterans and America’s Popular Image of the Vietnam War,” *Journal of Military History* 82 (2018): 181–207.
- 40 See chapter 3, Hue-Tam Ho Tai, “Daughters of Annam,” in *Radicalism and the Origins of the Vietnamese Revolution* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1992), 88–113.
- 41 In the memoir of Nguyen Hai Thoi, included in a collection of memoirs and reports from military men, reporters or other personnel who witnessed activities on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. As the preface states, these were compiled to record the heroic determination of the men and women who worked on the Trail. Most of the authors are not professional writers and it is not clear how much of this material was redacted after the war. I thank Phan Thanh Hao and the Joiner Center for the Study of War and Social Consequences, University of Massachusetts, Boston, for help with an unpaginated manuscript copy in translation from the original publication in “Tap chi van nghe quan doi” [Military and Art Review], Hanoi, 1990. Hereinafter referred to as “Memoirs.”
- 42 Duong Trong Dat, *Maiden Stars* [Nhưng ngôi sao con gái]. Translated manuscript copy, courtesy of Phan Thanh Hao. Originally published in Ho Chi Minh City, 1985.
- 43 While outside the purview of this chapter, Judith Butler’s conception of gender as performance is useful for understanding these examples of gendered displacements. Judith Butler, *Gender Trouble: Feminism and the Subversion of Identity* (London: Routledge, 1990).
- 44 Phan Trung Tue, “Memoirs.”
- 45 General Tue’s memoirs are the source for these observations about the volunteers. On his role in building the Trail, see Prados, *The Blood Road*, 112–113.
- 46 Cao Tien Le, “The Sound of Night,” in *Writing between the Lines: An Anthology of War and Its Social Consequences*, ed. Kevin Bowen and Bruce Weigle (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1997), 6–50.
- 47 Nguyen Hai Thoi, *Memoirs*.

- 48 Ngo Ngoc Boi, "The Blanket of Scraps," in *Lac Viet*, 16, ed. and trans. Rosemary Nguyen (1997), 96–123.
- 49 See Diane Fox, "Book Review: Agent Orange: History, Science, and the Politics of Uncertainty," *Journal of Vietnamese Studies* 8 (2013): 120–125.
- 50 Nguyen Quang Lap, "The Sound of Harness Bells," in *The Other Side of Heaven: Post-War Fiction by Vietnamese and American Writers*, ed. Wayne Karlin, Le Minh Khue, and Truong Vu (Willimantic, CT: Curbstone Books, 1995), 287–293.
- 51 See the analysis of oral histories from ordinary women veterans in Alexievich, *The Unwomanly Face of War*.
- 52 On the issue of dealing with wounded women veterans, see Rivka Syd Eisner, *Performing Remembering: Women's Memories of War in Vietnam* (Cham: Springer, 2018), 187–258.
- 53 Interview, Hanoi, 1996.
- 54 Filmed Interview, Hanoi, July, 2000.
- 55 Filmed interview, Hanoi, July, 2000.
- 56 Filmed interview, Hanoi, 2000.
- 57 Interview, Hanoi, 1996.
- 58 Interview Hanoi, 1996.
- 59 Turner, *Even the Women Must Fight*, 135.
- 60 Filmed interview, Hanoi, 2000.
- 61 Interview, Hanoi, 1996.
- 62 Filmed interview, Hanoi, 2000.
- 63 Interviews in Le Thi, *Single Women in Vietnam* (Hanoi: Gioi Publishers, 2006) reveal the hardship and shunning most of these women endure.
- 64 See Harriet M. Phinney, "Objects of Affection: Vietnamese Discourses on Law and Emancipation," *positions* 16 (2015): 235–258.
- 65 Le Thi Nham Tuyet, "Asking for a Child in Anhiep Commune," in *Some Research on Gender, Family and Environment in Development* 1 (Hanoi: 1996), 157–163.
- 66 Conversation with Van Anh Vo, Worcester, Massachusetts, March 2016.
- 67 Interview, Hanoi, 1997.
- 68 Gerard J. DeGroot, "Lipstick on Her Nipples, Cordite in Her Hair: Sex and Romance among British Servicewomen during the Second World War," in *A Soldier and a Woman: Sexual Integration in the Military*, ed. Gerard J. DeGroot and Corrinna Peniston-Bird (New York: Longman, 2000), 100–118.
- 69 From *Glorious Daughters of Viet Nam* (Hanoi: Viet Nam Women's Union, 1975).
- 70 Interview with Professor Nguyen Quoc Dung, Hanoi, 1997, in which he commented that records of casualties were not kept as carefully for the volunteers as for the regular soldiers.
- 71 See *Gender Practices in Contemporary Vietnam*, ed. Lisa Drummond and Helle Rydstrom (Singapore: Singapore University Press, 2004) and Ashley Pettus, *Between Sacrifice and Desire*.
- 72 Wendy N. Dong warns women's entanglement with warfare and collective suffering is dangerous for the state can call on both to suit its needs. Wendy N. Dong, "Gender Equality and Women's Issues in Vietnam: The Vietnamese Woman—Warrior and Poet," *Pacific Rim Law and Policy Journal* 10 (2001): 194–326.
- 73 Hue-Tam Ho-Tai, "Faces of Remembrance and Forgetting," in *The Country of Memory: Remembering the Past in Vietnam*, ed. Hue-Tam Ho Tai (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2001), 196–226, 167.