

The Girl from the South

Nguyen Trung Nguyet's parents had named their firstborn child "faithful moon." In Vietnamese culture, whose rhythms follow the lunar calendar, the moon is the symbol of constancy. As the oldest child of Nguyen van Nham and his wife, Dao thi Chau, Trung Nguyet was known as Second Sister by her siblings and, much later, as Second Aunt by their children. This southern custom was said to derive from the belief that the first child should always be known as "second" to fool the devil, who loved to take firstborn children back to the netherworld; others claimed the custom honored the first lord of the South, the ancestor of the Nguyen emperors.

Nguyen Trung Nguyet's father had been one of ten children. When Trung Nguyet was growing up, she knew only three of her father's siblings: Fourth Uncle, Ninth Aunt, and Uncle Ut, the youngest. Only Uncle Ut seems to have been close to Nham in age, political ideals, and love of learning. It appears from Trung Nguyet's memoir that the French had killed one brother and a cousin. Nguyen van Nham was born around 1890 in the province of Ben Tre, one of three ceded to the French in the Treaty of Saigon of 1862. The remaining three provinces of the South were brought under French control in 1867 to form, together with those ceded earlier, the colony of French Cochinchina, but sporadic opposition to colonial rule continued throughout the 1870s. It is thus likely that Nham's brother and cousin died in some futile attempt at overthrowing the French. Whatever the exact circumstances, Nham nurtured a hatred of the French that he passed on to his children. Nham also seems to have blamed the French for abuses perpetrated by Vietnamese officials or landlords, which his daughter witnessed far more frequently than actual displays of French power.

Like many young men of his time, Nguyen van Nham went away to study; lit-

erate men were fairly scarce in rural southern Vietnam and good teachers even more so. His teacher was Dao Duy Chung, a man whose granddaughters remembered him as speaking with a “Quang” accent. To Southerners “Quang” was a catchall reference to the center of the country, where many provinces bore names beginning with *Quang*. His family claimed to be descended from the famous scholar Dao Duy Tu, who had left Hanoi because his birth as the son of an entertainer made him ineligible to sit for the civil service exams in 1592. Dao Duy Tu had offered his services to the lord of the South in Hue and had suggested building the walls at Dong Hoi in 1630 that divided the country for nearly two centuries. Dao Duy Chung’s descent from this scholar and statesman could not be confirmed, but his progeny took great pride in it. Dao Duy Chung arrived in the South from “Quang” in the early 1880s, in response to the call of Emperor Tu Duc for scholars to mobilize peasants against the French. Enthusiasm for empire, which had diminished in the wake of France’s defeat in the Franco-Prussian war of 1871, had revived in France. Apparently, Emperor Tu Duc thought that anticolonial activism in the South might undermine French expansionist efforts in the rest of the country. Dao Duy Chung’s efforts proved futile, but he decided to remain in the South and settled in Tra Vinh. Of his wife, we know little except that she came from a large family surnamed Tran in My Tho and that she died in childbirth. Of her four children, only one, Dao thi Chau, survived to adulthood.

For a time Dao Duy Chung served on the Judicial Council of Tra Vinh, but he resigned in disgust at the abuses of power committed by those in authority, in particular their interference in the judicial process. His resignation earned him fame as a man “loyal to Vietnam” (*Nam trung*). He then opened an academy to teach Chinese classics, even though a new Franco-Annamite system of education had rendered the old curriculum obsolete. He was a stern taskmaster, holding himself responsible not only for inculcating knowledge in his students but also for their moral growth. He maintained this sense of responsibility long after his students had left his care and assumed positions of authority in society. According to a family story, he upbraided a prefect who had once been his student when the man came to extend New Year’s greetings to him: “Peasants from your district passing through here recently complained of bad administration. The duty of every mandarin is to care for the welfare of the people. What have you to say for yourself?”¹ Stories such as these enhanced Dao Duy Chung’s reputation for both probity and patriotism.

Nguyen van Nham was Dao Duy Chung’s favorite student, and to him Chung decided to give his surviving daughter, Chau, in marriage. The young people had not met before the wedding ceremony, which probably took place in 1908. Chau would say later that she was relieved to see that her bridegroom wore his hair in the traditional topknot. In the rest of the country young reformers were advocating the adoption of Western clothing and hairstyles as a sign of patriotic progressivism, but

many in the South, the only region under direct French rule, clung to the old ways as an expression of love for their country.

The wedding rituals over, Nham brought his bride back to Binh Dai, where Trung Nguyet was born in 1909. Two more children were born to Nham and Chau in Binh Dai: their only son, Vien Dai, in 1910 and another daughter, Hue Minh, in 1913.

Ben Tre was one of the South's oldest provinces, but a lot of land remained uncultivated. The village of Binh Dai itself was located near the estuary of one of the Mekong's many branches. The house where Trung Nguyet grew up was one of four straw huts erected on land that her grandfather had cleared. By one side was a banana grove, by the other a field of sugarcane. In front was a large rice field. At the back was a jungle full of tigers, boars, monkeys, and foxes. Trung Nguyet recalled that her father and uncles often went hunting. She remembered being terrified one day when she realized that she was still in the jungle as the sun was setting. Luckily, her grandmother's brother, on his way to visit his sister's family, heard Trung Nguyet's cries of distress and brought her safely home.

Trung Nguyet was a carefree child, though she was expected to help out by spreading fertilizer made of dried fish around the banana trees and tending to the family's buffaloes. But her father also insisted that she get an education at the nighttime "school" run by Uncle Ut for the village boys who herded buffaloes by day. Of all his pupils, Trung Nguyet was the most diligent, for the boys were not entirely persuaded of the value of literacy. Some fell asleep as soon as they arrived. Others talked throughout the class at a volume more suited to the rice fields than a hut in the quiet of night. Uncle Ut taught them by lamplight, using banana leaves for paper and purple fruit juice for ink. He also taught them the rudiments of hygiene with the help of a cane. Students who forgot to wipe their noses or whose feet were caked with mud found the cane crashing on their legs before they had a chance to dance away.

One night a notable (a member of the village council) named Ngo came to visit Uncle Ut, ostensibly to remind him that the school he was running was illegal. But after whispering in Uncle Ut's ear, Ngo straightened up and said: "I have great respect for your father; when he was alive, we were good friends. This is why I've come to warn you. The French government has earned our gratitude; we must keep that in mind. So I won't report that you are teaching children in your house. A few kids won't matter, I'll protect you. But you need to prepare for the reception right away." This was the real reason behind his visit: the coming visit of the salt and alcohol inspector. In the imagination of the village children, the French inspector was a fearsome figure. He was tall, gaunt, and pale, with deep-set blue eyes and a sharp, prominent nose. And he carried a shotgun.

Salt was a state monopoly that was expected to bring in revenue to the colonial state, but the price set by the monopoly for this basic commodity made it unaf-

fordable for most peasants and fishermen. For the inhabitants of Binh Dai, which was close to the sea, producing salt was easy, but the punishment for violating a state monopoly was severe. The previous year the inspector had taken away more than ten men for having illegal stores of salt. They had been marched out of the village, hands tied behind their back and roped together in a long file, followed by their sobbing wives and children.

When the estuary had flooded a few months earlier, Trung Nguyet and her mother had painstakingly carried the salty mud home and carefully sifted it until they had a sizable amount of pure white salt crystals that they stored in containers hidden in the orchard under a pile of dried banana leaves. As soon as the notable left, every member of the household, including the buffalo boys, was mobilized to move the salt containers to a better hiding place and covered the hole with grass. For good measure Fourth Uncle covered the lot with buffalo dung mixed with water. Barely had they completed the camouflage when they got word that the salt inspector had arrived. Nham was then away in Rach Gia, seeking out sites where he might move his family to start a new life. His mother and older brother decided that, in case the salt's hiding place was discovered, his wife would take responsibility for it: "A woman will receive a shorter prison term," they said.

At four in the morning, the men convened in the communal house to await the inspector. When the inspector and his large entourage finally arrived, a steady drumbeat alerted everyone to his presence. After the preliminaries were over, the inspector visited each house. He soon uncovered the cache of salt on Nham's property. Just as Chau was about to confess, Uncle Ut arrived. He was unaware of the earlier discussions and took responsibility for it. He was immediately taken away. But to the great relief of his family he returned home a free man a few hours later. He had claimed that the salt belonged to his absent brother, and Notable Ngo confirmed that Nham had been in Rach Gia for some time. Trung Nguyet, who had absorbed her father's tales of French rapacity, was deeply influenced by this first encounter with colonial oppression. When the inspector left, Trung Nguyet and her mother set out to dig up more estuary mud to make another illegal store of salt.

After the inspector had taken away Uncle Ut, Trung Nguyet's grandmother rained invectives and blows on her daughter-in-law—as she often did—blaming her for Uncle Ut's arrest. His sister, whose own illegal store had gone undetected, joined her mother in hitting Chau and yelling at her. Only when Uncle Ut returned unharmed did the insults and blows stop. This was only one of many times when Chau's mother- and sister-in-law treated her badly. Throughout the first ten years of marriage, Chau was at the beck and call of all her in-laws. Trung Nguyet regarded the old woman as an indulgent grandmother and blamed "feudal" tradition for the mistreatment of her mother because it produced oppressed daughters-in-law who later

became oppressive mothers-in-law. In the early decades of the twentieth century, progressive young Vietnamese were beginning to use the word *feudal* (*phong kien*) as a term of opprobrium for any practice or belief they disliked. Feudalism and colonialism would be the twin targets of Trung Nguyet's revolutionary zeal.

Nham was aware of the difficult relations between his mother and his wife, which was why he was exploring a move to Rach Gia. Several times during their marriage, Chau had lamented her husband's refusal to accept help from her father. Dao Duy Chung was famous not only for his patriotism and his erudition but also for his knowledge of herbs, and he had proposed to set his son-in-law up in an herb shop, but Nham had refused. When his wife, smarting from her mother-in-law's abuse, wept at his refusal to go into the herb business, Nham would retort, "Do you think it is fitting that a man should live off his wife?" Moving to Rach Gia would solve both problems.

As he was preparing to move his family from Binh Dai, his mother urged Nham to sell a few acres (*mau*) in order to have some capital with which to begin his new life. After his father's death, Nham had continued to clear the jungle and opened up more land for rice cultivation. But he refused. He was a proud and unbending man, confident that he could provide for his wife and children without the help of either his or his wife's relatives. When Nham and Chau left Binh Dai with their three children, they took only some mosquito nets, three large trays, and a few earthenware bowls. They loaded their meager possessions onto a sampan and set off for Vinh Phu in Rach Gia. Trung Nguyet, then nine, never returned to Binh Dai and never again saw the friends of her childhood.

Much of Rach Gia (now Kien Giang) was marshy land only recently reclaimed from the sea. Land was still plentiful and only beginning to be brought into cultivation. The province had been incorporated only at the turn of the twentieth century. By the mid-1920s it would rank first among the Vietnamese provinces in rice production. Nham bought some land by a river at auction, having decided to earn his living from fishing. He proposed to stretch fishing nets across the river, leaving enough of an opening for sampans to pass through. No one in Vinh Phu had ever used that technique, and his proposal was easily accepted. But his success excited the envy of neighbors. One day a notable brought along a dozen of his Cambodian employees to destroy the dam and the nets. But Trung Nguyet and her siblings had made friends with the daughters of the wealthy widow of a magistrate. When Mrs. Magistrate, as she was known, heard the commotion, she walked out of her house and silently looked from the group of Cambodian laborers to Trung Nguyet's parents and back again. It was enough to unnerve the notable and his laborers, who feared that she would bear witness to the destruction of the nets. They left but continued to harass Nham throughout the rest of the fishing season so that he eventually decided to give up fishing and return to growing rice.

While Nham looked for suitable land, Chau supported the family by making pas-

tries for Trung Nguyet to sell. Few rural women were literate in those days, and Trung Nguyet was much in demand for reasons other than her mother's pastries. Among her steady customers was an old Cantonese lady who loved to be read to from *The Chronicles of the Eastern Zhou*, one of several Chinese historical novels that were beginning to appear in Vietnamese translation. Mrs. Magistrate also often bought up all of Chau's pastries in return for Trung Nguyet's reading from a Chinese historical novel or reciting poetry.

One day Nham followed his daughter into Mrs. Magistrate's house just as two of her servants brought in a man of about fifty whose hands were tied. He was a tenant who had fallen behind in his rent, and she was sending him to the communal house for sentencing. It was a foregone conclusion that he would have to remain in jail until his family could pay up. Some men in his straits languished in prison for years; others left their bones on Con Son penal island. When Nham learned of the man's debt, he immediately said he would provide the thirty measures of rice the tenant owed. Mrs. Magistrate knew very well that Nham did not have the means to pay her; otherwise his daughter would not be selling pastries door to door. But after staring at him in silence for a while, she agreed to release her tenant without demanding payment. The following day the grateful man brought his teenage son and daughter to live with Nham as his assistants. Nham insisted that he would accept their help only if he could teach them to read and write. (The task actually fell to Trung Nguyet.) A few years later Nham heard that the tenant was again behind in his rent and once again faced prison. Nham sent the man's two children home so that they could help their father, and Nham gave them some money to pay off the man's debts.

Shortly after this incident a relative of Chau's came to live in the village. Chau no longer had living siblings, but she had many cousins on her mother's side of the family. One cousin was married to a man named Quoi, a canton chief and thus the most powerful figure in their area. Quoi and his wife built a substantial house of brick and tiled floor near the mud hut where Nham and his family lived. Trung Nguyet became fast friends with Quoi's daughters, but Chau and Nham kept their distance because they did not approve of Quoi. As canton chief he was in charge of interrogating prisoners, and Trung Nguyet, on her visits to his home, witnessed many scenes of interrogation. Prisoners would be kneeling in a row on the floor, their arms tied behind their backs and a metal rod inserted between their wrists. Every time Quoi asked a question, he would strike the man who answered with a rattan stick that had a spiny, rock-hard fruit on one end.

Quoi's brutality and Nham's sense of justice were bound to lead to a showdown. Quoi did not like an answer supplied by Nham's helper and tried to beat the boy up; Nham intervened. Seeing the two men about to come to blows, their wives tried to restrain them. Quoi hit his own wife so hard that she fell down in a dead faint. This created enough of a distraction that the two combatants retreated. When Quoi

returned to resume hostilities, he found Nham sitting in his usual chair in front of his hut, a cigarette in his mouth and an axe by his side.

Trung Nguyet, who was then about ten or eleven years old, was deeply disturbed by what had happened. Her greatest concern was that her friendship with her girl cousins would have to end, as the two families were no longer on speaking terms. She did not appreciate the rights and wrongs of the matter. It seemed to her that her father was just as ready as Quoi to commit violence. Nham realized that he had neglected his daughter's moral education. After the scene at Mrs. Magistrate's house, Trung Nguyet had exclaimed to her father enthusiastically about the woman's soft skin. Trung Nguyet, who walked barefoot like all village children, especially admired Mrs. Magistrate's pink heels. Nham had retorted that there was beauty of the body and beauty of character and that the latter was more important; Trung Nguyet had not appeared convinced. When she seemed to equate her father's behavior with that of Canton Chief Quoi, Nham decided to become more involved in guiding Trung Nguyet's moral development. Under her father's supervision Trung Nguyet began learning in earnest a mixture of history, literature, and moral precepts. She learned how to write Tang-style poetry and to distinguish between literal and figurative meanings, about images, metaphors, and allusions. Her father also taught her about justice, using his father-in-law as an example of honor and loyalty.

Just as Nham decided that he did not want to go on living next to Quoi, an old friend of Nham's began to visit him. This was another relative of Chau's. He was named Nguyen van Duong, but everyone called him Bo Tong. In 1905 Bo Tong had gone to Japan, following the reformist scholar Phan Boi Chau and Prince Cuong De, whom Bo Tong and Nham called "our king" in disregard of the puppet rulers installed by the French.² Bo Tong had later returned to Vietnam to raise funds to support Phan Boi Chau's anticolonial activities (Nham had sold a piece of land to help out) but had been arrested and thrown in jail. Bo Tong was now out of prison, still eager to oppose the French. When he visited, Nham and he would challenge each other to poetry-writing contests. They asked Trung Nguyet to copy their poems down but to burn them right away, much to her dismay. The poems, however, were too dangerous to leave out, containing as they did new words such as *nation*, *invasion*, and *revolution*.

Bo Tong urged Nham to move from Vinh Phu to Phuoc Long. He introduced Nham to a Frenchman who had failed to get rich from the salt marshes of Rach Gia and was willing to sell his house and all his lands.³ Once again, Trung Nguyet, who still dreamed of the friends she had left behind in Binh Dai, was being uprooted. She was twelve years old and disconsolate.

Phuoc Long today is part of Bac Lieu Province, which was incorporated even later than Rach Gia. When Nham bought property there, the area was still underdeveloped and offered plenty of opportunity for a hard-working couple. For Nham

and Chau life became easier and more prosperous. They had three more daughters—Han Xuan, Mong Trung, and Van Trang—in Phuoc Long between 1921 and 1927, the year Trung Nguyet left home. As in most Vietnamese households of the time, the older children were given responsibility for minding their younger siblings. Vien Dai, the only boy in the family, was seldom at home, so Trung Nguyet and Hue Minh had to mind their younger siblings and were punished when they failed in their duty. Nham, like his contemporaries, believed in collective responsibility. If one child did wrong, all her older sisters were punished as well. At the yearly reunions to commemorate Nham's death, his daughters would reminisce ruefully about his method of punishment. He would tell the children to find a twig with which he would cane them. They were then to arrange themselves in a row face down on the floor while he lectured them about their misdeed. He invariably ended his peroration by asking, "How many strokes do you think you deserve?" One was the predictable answer. And, just as invariably, the twig would break at the first stroke. What his daughters remembered most keenly was the sense of having failed to live up to their father's expectations as he droned on in his sorrowful voice about their dereliction of duty. It was clear too that, notwithstanding the traditional preference for sons, Trung Nguyet was his favorite child. They recalled the many times he returned from his trips with special presents for her. They giggled as they remembered the time he returned from a trip with sanitary napkins for Trung Nguyet, who was entering puberty. When he showed these newfangled items to his wife, she was overcome with embarrassment. "But nothing was too good for Trung Nguyet," her sisters would say without rancor.

In their daughters' recounting, Nham and Chau embodied traditional virtues. Chau was the skilled, thrifty housewife who had tried her best to please a demanding mother-in-law, had ably managed the household finances, and contributed to the general well-being of her family. She shunned confrontation, cultivated good relations with neighbors, and always put her family's interests first. Nham, by contrast, fulfilled the stereotype of a good man: learned, generous, not afraid of danger, quick to anger when he saw injustice being done, interested in the affairs of the world beyond his family and his village. Trung Nguyet and her sisters might lament his unbending sense of right and wrong, but they idolized him.

In Phuoc Long, Nham stepped up his anticolonial activities. Over games of chess or poetry contests he would ask Trung Nguyet, "Did you know that the French stole our country?" Many of his visitors shared his ideas. Besides Bo Tong, another frequent visitor was Tran Ngoc Vien, a cousin of his wife's. Widowed at twenty-one, Ngoc Vien had never remarried. She headed a theatrical troupe, Dong Nu Ban, which was involved in launching a new kind of opera called *cai luong*, or reformed theater. From its headquarters in Tran Ngoc Vien's native Vinh Kim near My Tho, the whole troupe traveled throughout the Mekong Delta by barge. On her frequent

visits Aunt Ngoc Vien taught Trung Nguyet to do intricate embroidery, all the while keeping up a flow of anti-French rhetoric.

During visits to her maternal grandfather in Tra Vinh, Trung Nguyet also heard stories of anticolonial resistance: "There have been many heroes who fought the French. But Hoang Hoa Tham was able to resist for ten years because he had his headquarters in a remote and inaccessible location, because he had the complete support of local people, because he had enough supplies, a good strategy, and weapons. Whether or not a struggle is successful does not depend entirely on weapons, but eventually, they must be used. . . . The reason why Hoang Hoa Tham was assassinated [in 1913] was that an informant had insinuated himself in the ranks of his followers."⁴ To the youthful Trung Nguyet these stories of patriotic derring-do were more exciting than the Chinese historical novels that were so popular. Nham continued her education by bringing home the writings of Sun Yat-sen, from which she absorbed her commitment to the people's welfare, democracy and people's rights.⁵

Nham got together with other landowners to establish a branch of the Society for the Promotion of Education (Hoi Khai Tri Tien Duc) in Phuoc Long and rented a small house near the market for the purpose. They set up a library with books and newspapers and opened it to the public.⁶ Nham organized many meetings at the society. One visitor was Nguyen An Ninh, a young radical who in 1923 had launched a French-language newspaper, *La Cloche Fêlée*, which was enormously popular among idealistic young Vietnamese.

Not all Nham's dealings with his fellow landowners were harmonious. When he disclosed that the local magistrate had taken bribes from a landlord to drop a charge of exploiting his tenants, Nham became known as a champion of the poor, who flocked to work on his land. This got him involved in another, even more serious, case when the village police officer came to ask for his advice. The police officer had discovered a body hanging from a tree behind the rice store that belonged to Mr. T, an important member of the village and, like Nham, a patron of the Society for the Promotion of Education. When the corpse was cut down, the officer saw that it was covered with bruises and lacerations. The police officer was too frightened of Mr. T to write a report to the prefecture, so Nham made one out for him. The next day Mr. T came to ask Nham to retract his accusations, calling on their friendship, their collaboration in the Society for the Promotion of Education, and their past joint venture in a line of boats plying the river between Rach Gia and My Tho. Nham refused to take back his report unless Mr. T. gave a large tract to the widow of the dead man so that she could support herself and her five children. It turned out that Mr. T had once raped her. Her husband had at first not dared to protest for fear of being driven from the land he rented from Mr. T, but one day rage had gotten the better of him, and he had gone to shout insults at Mr. T. The landlord had gotten members of his family to tie the husband up, and they had hung him upside down and whipped him with thorny twigs till he died. Despite Nham's

report, Mr. T was not prosecuted. Bao Luong does not record whether he gave the man's widow any land.

Despite his frequent conflicts with the rich and powerful, Nham continued to prosper. He no longer tilled his own land but left its management in the hands of a tenant Nham had saved from the magistrate. Nham went by horse from place to place where land was being auctioned in Rach Gia.⁷ Meanwhile, Trung Nguyet was growing up, pretty and accomplished. She was the epitome of the young lady of good family. Her forays outside her home brought gawkers outside theirs. Her ankle-length hair was set in three chignons covered by a scarf; she wore three gauze tunics, the inside ones in pale yellow and pink, the outer one in green silk embroidered with small bunches of flowers. She wore a necklace of gold beads, three gold chains, rings on both fingers, and bracelets on both wrists. Chau would take her to their relatives in Vinh Kim to boast of her pretty daughter but also to look for suitable marriage partners. Her father had already turned down an inquiry from Mr. T, whose son was about to graduate from medical school. "Who would want to give a tiger to a dog?" he had asked rhetorically, using a classical allusion to express his contempt for Mr. T and his family.⁸ Other families were also pressing their sons' cases. But Trung Nguyet refused all inquiries, and her father did not press her.

On March 26, 1926, Nguyen An Ninh was arrested for distributing inflammatory flyers to protest the deportation of a worker to North Vietnam. Nguyen An Ninh's arrest followed by one day the death of Phan Chu Trinh, a leader in the Reform Movement of 1907. Nguyen An Ninh symbolized the new generation of patriotic Vietnamese educated in French or in the hybrid Franco-Annamite schools. Both Phan Chu Trinh and Phan Boi Chau were anticolonial activists who were scholars steeped in the Chinese classics. Phan Chu Trinh had returned to Vietnam only in late 1925 after many years of exile in France. To honor him the Vietnamese wanted to mount a national funeral on the model of Sun Yat-sen's two years earlier. Colonial authorities put a stop to it and expelled from school students who wore black armbands as a sign of mourning. The national student strikes that followed became the catalyst for Trung Nguyet's decision to engage in revolutionary politics.⁹

For a while Trung Nguyet tried to persuade her parents to let her leave home to engage in anticolonial activities. They resisted, fearing that she would lose her reputation if she ventured forth on her own. But Trung Nguyet felt imprisoned by the fortress of traditional expectations. One day in 1927, as her father was at the Society for the Promotion of Education proudly sharing with his cronies the eulogy she had written for Phan Chu Trinh, and while her mother was away on an errand, Trung Nguyet walked to the river with a small valise and caught a barge to My Tho. Within a few days the neighborhood was awash in rumors that Trung Nguyet had "gone off with a man [*theo trai*]." Her father declared to anyone who would listen that she had gone to study, but her mother cried for days of the shame that Trung Nguyet was bringing on her family.¹⁰

Trung Nguyet, however, was not interested in romance. During the long trip she reflected on the stories she had heard about heroes of the resistance against the French. She thought about her mother's words: "Virginity is the outward sign of a woman's virtue. Beauty without virtue is worth nothing." To which her father would add: "I hope that engaging in revolution does not mean abandoning all the virtues of an Oriental woman." As she sailed away, she vowed, "I will do my duty. Do not worry, Father and Mother."