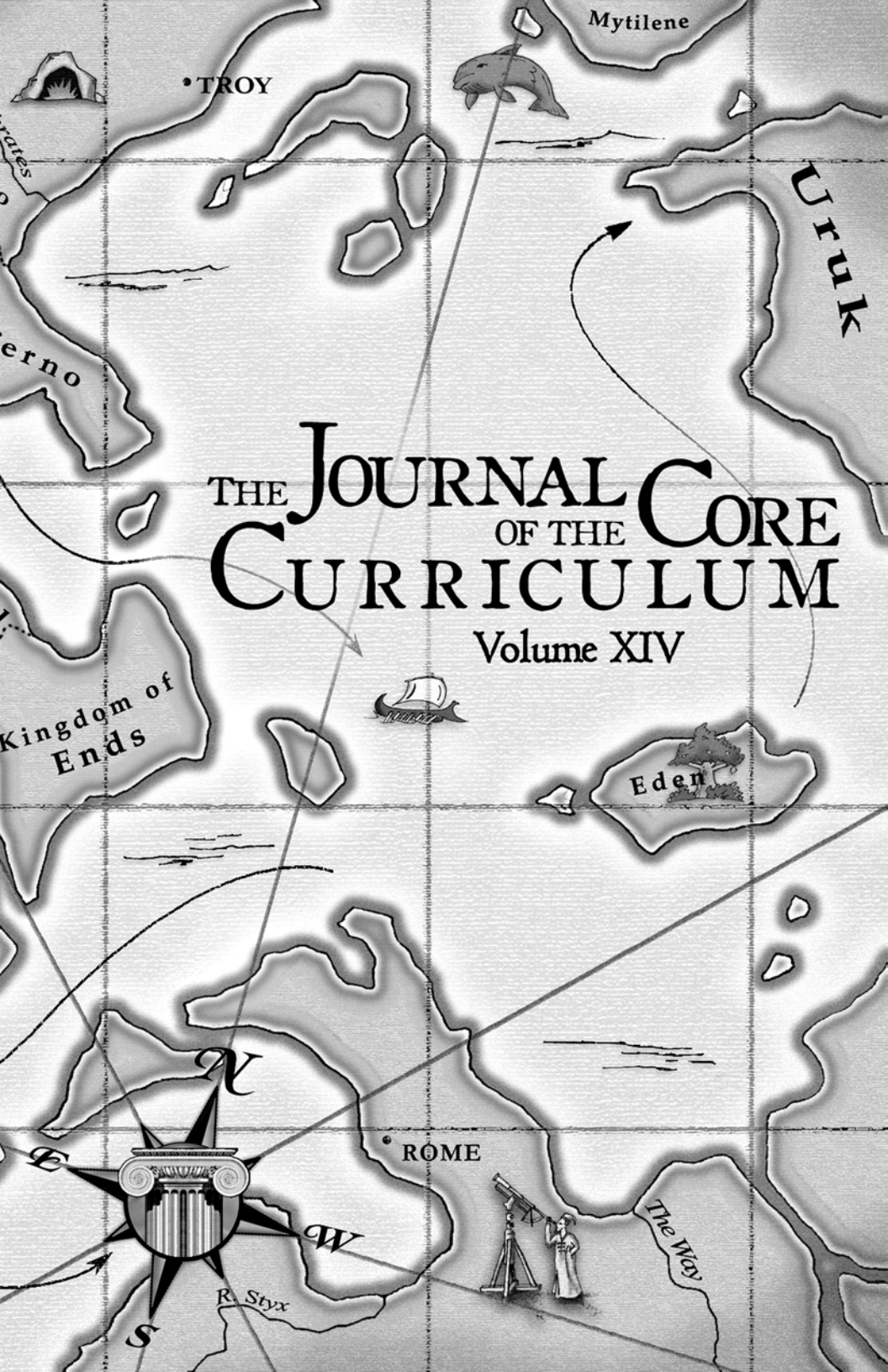


The Journal of the Core Curriculum

Volume XIV

The Journal of the Core Curriculum

Volume XIV

Editor-in-Chief
Joseph Jerome
Art Director
Sonia Rowe
Layout Director
Danielle Nadeau
Poetry and
Translations Editors
Matthew Kelsey
Dygo Tyso
Editorial Staff
Amanda Braun
Imry Halevi
Jeena Kim
Drew Love
Katie Martin
Alex Raike
Stephanie Shimada
Kentaro Yoshida
Michael Zisser

Director of the
Core Curriculum
James Johnson
Faculty Advisor
Sassan Tabatabai

Published by Boston University
Boston, Massachusetts
May, 2005

Illustration Index

Copyright © MMIV by the Trustees of Boston University.
Reproduction of any material contained herein without the expressed consent of the authors is strictly forbidden.

Printed by Offset Prep. Inc., North Quincy, Massachusetts. Copy set in Garamond.

Table of Contents

Editor's Note

The primary purpose of the Core Curriculum is to open up students to new ideas and horizons. This, the fourteenth edition of the *Journal of the Core Curriculum*, serves as a guidebook to the many worlds discovered through the Humanities and the Sciences. Gathered from works of students, faculty and friends of the Core, the reader will navigate across a vast sea of intellectual inquiry and literary creativity. From poetry to analytical essays, thoughtful reflections to imaginative tales, the worlds contained within these pages are ripe to be explored and enjoyed.

For my part, I would like to thank Professor Sassan Tabatabai for his continued support and guidance and Dean James Johnson for being the heart and soul of the Core. I must mention Zachary Bos who led us through the proverbial *inferno* and out into *paradiso*. Finally, I am without words to describe the diligence and patience of the staff—they produced this wonderful volume in spite of my fits of insanity. Words of thanks are hardly enough.

From beginning to end, this collection represents the best that the journey through the Core has to offer. *Bon voyage*!

Joseph W. Jerome
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Contributors

GRECIA ALVAREZ is a sophomore in CAS studying English and Spanish literatures, with a particular interest in translation. She is originally from Miami and is passionate about pro-democratic movements in Cuba. She hopes to someday contribute to the emancipation of her people through her writing.

COCO BALINSKI is a sophomore planning to major in Secondary English. She enjoys exploring Boston, reading, running, and riding fixed-gear bikes.

ALYSSA BIGLEY is a sophomore in CAS, studying French Language and Literature. She hails from Voorheesville, New York.

ZACHARY BOS may very well be on the payroll of the Danish Butter Cookie Corporation . . . the investigation continues. His current projects include translations of Machado, a retelling of evolution in verse, and research into a possible programme of phylopoetics.

SARAH CHANDONNET is a sophomore English major in Core, who loves crayons, hates being late, and lives her life according to fortune cookies.

ERIKA CONNOLLY is a sophomore in CAS, majoring in Music. A native of New Jersey, she plays piano and cello, and plans to study music theory in graduate school. Erika owes her inspiration in part to the late Canadian pianist Glenn Gould.

ANDREW DAVID graduated from Core in 2003, but he never really left. With his post-Core involvement in the Core Current Affairs Association and as RA of the Core House, he spends more time in the office now than ever. He thanks Dean Johnson, the Core faculty (especially Professor Richardson, his original discussion leader, who still speaks of ziggurats), the CCAA, Zak, Liberty, the Core office staff, Joe for putting all this together, and his Core House residents.

MELISSA DEJESUS is an English major in CAS. She is originally from the Midwest, hailing from Madison, Wisconsin.

DANIEL HUDON took advantage of his Canadian citizenship to visit Cuba "before Castro goes." He will deny bringing back any cigars, and certainly not to win friends and influence people. He teaches Natural Science in the Core.

JOSEPH JEROME is studying the development of Western Culture, with a particular emphasis on the influence of the *Pax Romana* on early European thought, through the University Professors Program at BU. However, in lieu of actually doing any research for this topic, he instead spends most of his time attached to the Core Office or the Core House as a self-described Core nut.

JAMES JOHNSON is at work on *Masks and the Making of Modern Consciousness*, a book on the practice and rhetoric of masking in modern and early-modern Europe. His essay on Mozart is drawn from that material.

BRIAN JORGENSEN is Assistant Professor of Humanities and English in CAS, as well as an instructor in the Core. His areas of scholarly interest include ancient philosophy and Renaissance and modern poetry.

DANIEL JOSEPH is a sophomore, hailing from Merrimack, New Hampshire. He is studying towards acquiring a major in English in CAS.

STEPHEN KALBERG studied History and Sociology in Seattle, New York, and Germany, where his writing career began and ended (mostly). He then lived down and out in Boston until the Core Curriculum discovered and rescued him (despite his long red beard). He has now taught for 15 years in the Core and the Sociology Department, where he teaches courses on sociological theory and comparative political cultures.

GEORGE KALOGERIS is a poet and translator. and elsewhere. He is an instructor in the first-year Core. His book of poems based on the notebooks of Albert Camus will appear in the fall.

ELIZABETH KEENAN (CAS 07) is an

English major with a love for 18th century and Romantic literature. She can usually be found playing piccolo for the BU marching and pep bands or reading her favorite books. Elizabeth is from Hamilton, NJ.

MATTHEW KELSEY thanks his parents for making his "thousand-mile journey" easier to bear, and also thanks Dyana for her unending patience during the journal-making process.

JENNA KILEY, an International Relations major, joined the CAS Class of 2008 from Freehold, New Jersey.

DREW LOVE is a junior Philosophy major with an English minor from Aurora, OH. In his free time, he enjoys reading, creative writing, working with the BU Editorial Society, volunteering with the Multicultural Advancement Partnership Program, and exploring Boston.

AVERY ANA LUBELL, CAS freshman and connoisseur of chocolate mousse, is an aspiring children's author. Born in NY, Avery lives like any average girl, immersed in Harry Potter and other phenomenal children's novels while making little progress with writing her own (much to the chagrin of her English instructors).

MARTHA MUNOZ is a Biology major minoring in Statistics. Her research in the lab of Dr. Ayako Yamaguchi involves the surgical removal or the laryngeal muscles of African clawed frogs. She is a sophomore in CAS and hopes to study abroad in the fall in Madrid, Spain.

BETHANY PICKARD, a sophomore in CAS, has particular academic and personal interests in Economics and African Studies. For further biographical information, please refer to her piece, "self."

ALEX RAIKE is a freshman in CAS, studying Philosophy and English. While most think they know something which they do not know, he is quite conscious of his ignorance. While they make pretty speeches, he's being cut to shreds. They feed him to the lions, a delicate balance.

JAMES RIGGAN is a junior majoring in Islamic Studies from Walnut Shade, Missouri. When not fulfilling his duties as an Air Force ROTC cadet officer, he can be seen in pursuit of the end of his Lords' Quest at the BU Pub or engaged in a poetry workshop.

DAVID ROOCHNIK teaches regularly both in the Department of Philosophy and in the Humanities portion of the Core. Before joining Boston University in 1995, he was an Associate Professor of Philosophy and Classical Studies at the Iowa State University and a Visiting Associate Professor at Williams College. In 1999, he was a recipient of Boston University's Metcalf Award for Excellence in Teaching.

NICHOLAS SHAMAN, a Psychology major from Briarwood, New York, is a sophomore in CAS.

FLORA SMITH is from McAdoo, Pennsylvania. She is studying International Relations and is pursuing minors in both French and Italian.

SASSAN TABATABAI completed his Ph.D. in the University Professors Program at Boston University. Now as in instructor in the Core, he continues to be a poet, boxer, and notoriously slow grader.

DYGO TOSA (CAS 08) is a penguin-hedgehog hybrid ninja who enjoys playing soccer and ultimate, fencing, drawing, composing poetry, and being cool (because he's a penguin). He studies Ancient Greek and Latin, loves beauty as truth, and was born in Boulder, CO.

JON WOODING has overcome his persistent difficulty with last lines after many hours of attentive critique from the BU Writers Workshop, of which he is the president. Rather, president *in absentia*, as he is currently attending classes in Oxford. He is an English major from Connecticut now in his third year of study.

KENTARO YOSHIDA is currently thoroughly enjoying his created major, which innovatively combines the study of the Gibberistolic Era with Arsinistic Philosophy in hopes of discovering a cure for pandemic persistent stomach ache. He also would like to thank Professor Marcia Karp for her wonderful insights and inspiration.

MICHAEL ZISSER. Sophomore in CAS. English, Philosophy and Psychology major with a history minor. "I enjoy reading, writing, philosophizing, singing in the shower, and eating peanut butter out of the jar."

Veils of Oppression

Coco Balinski

The veil I hide behind today, twenty years later, is different from those we once wore in the seraglio of Usbeck, that domineering man who was my father. In that place, we women and girls were shielded from view, our modesty maintained, and our spirits suppressed by the veils we were made to wear . . . or so Usbeck believed. If the veil I wore then was black, the veil I wear today is white. Here in France, where I finally came to reside in peace, the veils of women are merely symbolic. Instead of shielding me behind a shroud of oppression, France lets me hide behind a veil of safety. Here . . . my veil is my freedom.

It is amazing how little I understood during my childhood and how much simply flew over my head . . . to remain unseen, unheard, and unknown until today. Recently, I stumbled upon a letter, Zelis, which you had penned in 1714 to my father, your husband. Do you remember what you said? The impressions of your words are still fresh in my mind. You suggested it would be advantageous to his purpose (as well as to mine) that I be granted early entry into his seraglio. I am assuming that it was as a result of these urgings that during my seventh year I was so ushered, though three years premature, behind those veils and into those walls.

What you told Usbeck in that letter were the 'truths' of the seraglio. You spoke of the necessity that I learn to feel love for and not condemnation in the seraglio. You said it was not enough to feel submissive to the rules and laws of the dwelling, but rather that the idea of submissiveness must be so instilled in me from the beginning that it would become a part of my nature. In entering three years early, I would avoid being tainted by the creeping passions of independence. With ease, you implied to Usbeck, I could simultaneously grow into adulthood and be converted to the *moeurs* of this place.

I imagine that if Usbeck were still alive these twenty years later, he would realize the foolishness and weakness he exhibited in taking your advice. Of late, I have been tempted to look at my entrance at such an early stage of my life as part of your master plan . . . simply one of many manipulations crafted by you and the other women he caged behind those walls. I was too young to understand the powers of your influence then, but he, simply too blind, simply too enraptured by his own supremacy, failed to take note of your cunningly shrouded capabilities.

But I am getting ahead of myself. I have been silent for twenty years, and suddenly my words, no longer quieted by confusion, are pouring uncontrollably from my pen.

Alas, I am writing too late for you to hear me speak. I am ashamed that it took your death, Mother, to allow my words to escape from their ceaselessly spinning torment in my head these twenty years. So many questions I have wanted to ask and so many angers I have wanted to vent, but only now can I find the strength to acknowledge these plaguing thoughts. Although it is too late for you to hear me, I do not have the willpower to suppress these words that surge forth. Open your ears, Zelis, for I hope my words will not be left in vain. This is your daughter writing. I am talking to you freely as I never have been able to before. As you lie beneath me, I feel I can speak at long last . . . the last of my ties to the seraglio six underground.

Did he really think he could conceal us? Control us? Mask us? Place a veil over our faces and hide us from the world in which we lived? Of course he did. Usbeck, my father, that foolish and tyrannical man! I can see now that he was so absorbed by his supposed command of the women in his seraglio that it made him ignorant of your powers of persuasion.

I see now that the seraglio, like you and Usbeck's other Persian wives, had two layers . . . one face exposed and the other cunningly concealed. The outer layer was a mask, an idealistic front used to placate Usbeck and his eunuchs and to conform to Persian *moeurs*. But inside lay a second layer. This face was neither a painted veneer nor a feigned façade, but rather a well-veiled visage of reality.

I am recalling now that façade of the seraglio wherein Usbeck presided with absolute authority even from the distant land of France. The eunuchs, although they ruled over us, were not of independent thought, nor did they govern us according to their discretion. These men were merely enforcers of the commands of Usbeck the tyrant and servants to the cause, as were we. Did they fear more than you did, Mother? I think now that they must have. Whilst you schemed and plotted, using Usbeck's love to your advantage, they simply carried out his orders dutifully, even whilst he was away in the provocative land of France. The only explanation I can see is a terror much greater than yours.

Underneath that front and outer layer is what I have come to view as truth and as reality. Usbeck wanted his seraglio to be upheld as a home to virtue and modesty. Living now in France, the place my father called home before his failure as a ruler and the destruction of the seraglio provoked his death, I come in contact every day with the women he took pleasure from, but did not want us to be like, unveiled and provocative where we were modest and virtuous.

I can remember how much he wanted to be loved by you, Zelis, and I see now that it was this very desire to be more loved than feared that gave you and the other women strength and counsel to take down the seraglio.

That is the reality that I am now aware of. Living with you from the age of seven to fourteen I witnessed the crumbling of that outer layer. The seraglio was seen as a place where modesty dwelled and where virtue was taught and upheld. I see now that it was more; it was home to underlying chaos, chaos which was kindled by the fires of love, instead of extinguished by the oppressions of fear.

Usbeck and the eunuchs thought they could veil us. They thought they had control over us. But it was we who manipulated them in the end, was it not? Usbeck's administration, as seen on the outer façade, was thick with contradiction: he needed to be feared, yet he wanted to be loved; he could imprison our bodies, but never our minds; the eunuchs sacrificed passion for power and wealth, but gained only submission to Usbeck's decrees; and we women were submissive, yet devious in our own right . . . living in slavery, but always remaining free.

Oppression such as that lasts only so long until fear gives birth to a great and weighty insurgency. It was 1719; I was twelve that fateful year when Usbeck gave Solim complete power and commanding authority over the seraglio. I can hear Usbeck's words echoing in my head now, "Solim is your chief eunuch, not to guard you, but to punish you."

The violence . . . the pain . . . the fear. Do you remember, mother? Just before my fourteenth birthday that eunuch took his bequeathed power and brought its tainted reign down upon your chaste body. It was the beginning of the end; it was the moment you revoked all love for my father.

For so long, I have asked myself why your rage was directed at Usbeck and not the eunuch, whose loathsome hands had touched you. It was not until hearing of your death, when thoughts of you and the distant past came whirling through my mind, that I began to understand. Only Usbeck, who stirred in you a complicated love, could prove deserving of your wrath. It was Usbeck who handed down his power of command and gave away his authority. It was the tyrant, not his minion, who in one fell swoop scorned your love and strengthened your hatred.

Sometimes I hate you, Mother, just as you hated father. You leave me here forlorn. I am alone now to think back

on the tumbling of the seraglio: the discovery of Roxana's clandestine lover, the horrors and the violence, and the deaths that ensued from adversity. First Roxana's lover was murdered, then the violence swelled with Roxana's dreadful (yet markedly valiant) taking of her own life until, finally, the climax was reached: the death of Usbeck, husband and father to some, tyrant to all.

Just barely fourteen, I was already poisoned by life in the seraglio because of the advice you gave my father when I was seven, urging him to usher me inside. How I hated you for tainting me as the eunuch tainted you. How much I despised you for veiling me behind the oppression of the seraglio, Usbeck, and the eunuchs.

But I must let go of my rage, for now I stand on Earth while you lie in rest with the others who have departed from this world. Indeed I am indebted to you in ways I did not until recently value. It was because of you that, before I could be forced into submission and forced to love the veils that oppressed me, I was awoken. It was because of your actions and those of the other strong and cunning women that those very walls were torn down and my spirit was freed from the veils that oppressed it.

Looking now from my position in France, I can see that Usbeck's rule was bound to fail. The abundant contradictions under which he based his despotic rule triumphed in destruction in the end. Despotism is founded upon fear; love is founded upon a disregard for fear. How could he expect to rule by bonding love to fear? Who would bond warmth with frost and expect it not to yield a puddle on the floor?

There is nothing but discord and instability to be found between the two ideas Usbeck sought to fuse as one. I see now that it is this very point that is responsible for Usbeck's demise. I'm not sure if you knew, Zelis, but your husband, my father, died from causes much less natural than the old age that took you away from this world. He was driven to death that year of my fourteenth birthday by the loss of his two favored devices: love and power.

But, at long last, the time for words has expired. Here now in my 27th year of life, I have lived through tyranny and oppression, seen fear dissolve, seen love spurn hatred, and discovered understanding, which arose directly from the confusion and desperation of being alone in this world. Through your strength, your persuasions, and your devious manipulations, Zelis, you brought me both into and out of submission. You made me aware of both the power of rebellion and the meaning of independence. Never again will my face be shrouded behind a veil of oppression, for it has now vanished, thanks to you, along with Usbeck and his despotic regime.

From Paris, the 7th of the moon of Rahmazan, 1740

The Nobility in Candide

Andrew David

Voltaire's *Candide* was written at a time of intellectual rebellion. It was a rebellion against the traditions that had stood since the fall of the Roman Empire. Most were still wary of speaking out against well-established institution such as the monarchs of Europe. Beginning with the Enlightenment, however, those fears began to fade. The nobility soon find themselves faced with a revolution in France that would, even in its ultimate failure, sow the seeds for future civil unrest and anti-monarchical sentiment. When Voltaire wrote *Candide*, he saw these revolutionary trends in their infancy.

The spirit of the Enlightenment brought a new freedom that encouraged Voltaire to write things in *Candi*de that he would not have dared to write in the past. Specifically, this can be seen in his attitude towards what was seen as previously unassailable: the nobility. Voltaire showed no mercy to these nobles and mocked them with each word. This mocking of the nobility makes the book interesting and amusing even for the modern reader, but for Voltaire, this was a political statement. While attacking the nobles, Voltaire described the absurdities of their lives. He showed that they did not adhere to the lofty standards they claimed to follow, that they destroyed instead of protected countries, and that they were just regular people.

Voltaire commenced his attack on the nobility on the first page. Candide, the main character of the novel, lived in one of the more unglamorous German states, Westphalia. One would think most nobility would have a fairly nice palace or castle. Befitting his status, the most remarkable apect of Candide's castle is that it, "possessed a door and windows" (Voltaire 1). One wonders how the peasants lived if this was so notable a feature as to necessitate a mention. Early in the novel Voltaire also

mocked the lengthy names that were bestowed upon royalty to indicate what lands they ruled over and to mark their lineage. Candide's father happened to be the Baron of Thunder-ten-tronchk (1). He again demonstrated the absurdity of royal names when the reader is introduced to the governor of Argentina, "Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza" (38).

Voltaire also made sure to mock the famous pastime of the nobility: infidelity. Despite the family's long and authoritative name, Candide's lineage is far from certain. Voltaire writes:

> Old servants in the house suspect that he was the son of the Baron's sister and a decent honest gentleman of the neighborhood, whom this young lady would never marry because he could only prove seventy-one quarterings, and the rest of his genealogical tree was lost, owing to injuries of time (1).

Not only was his father of a lower class, a group that the aristocracy was to remain separated from, but also the person who seemed to have power in the relationship was his mother. The idea of having an affair with someone of a lower class might have been tacitly acceptable, if only in unspoken terms, for men. Yet it must have been shocking to imagine a woman of the nobility in the same situation. This is far from the idea of the pure and noble female aristocrat that was commonly thought of at that time.

Candide was written in the middle of the Seven Years War, so it is not surprising that the next time the reader sees nobility, it is one of the main characters from the conflict: Frederick the Great. Voltaire did not trust the lower classes, and although he had a passionate dislike for the nobility, he agreed with Plato that ideal ruler would be a philosopher king. He initially felt that Frederick was this king, and he traveled to Prussia to meet him. Voltaire spent time in Berlin working for the court of Frederick the Great until he realized that a philosopher king would not use his military as Frederick had (vii). He left Berlin disillusioned after being briefly imprisoned by Frederick. But surprisingly Voltaire still had some respect for Frederick. He did, though, relentlessly mock Frederick's military, the institution that he took the most pride in. Frederick's mighty Prussian army was comprised largely, it seems, of rape-prone "heroes." What's more, when they come upon Candide they pressgang him into their ranks. This is where Voltaire's sympathies can be seen, and Frederick pardons Candide after his attempts to desert.

Voltaire was not done with Frederick though. After a bloody battle, during which the combined death toll was about thirty thousand men, both Frederick and his opponent celebrate victory (7), despite the obvious problem with this. Instead of just monarchs who seek to take care of their subjects, Frederick, Louis XV, and Austrian Emperor Franz I appeared like people who carelessly used the lives of their

subjects for no other purpose than to kill them off and openly celebrate death. According to Voltaire, these monarchs treated war as a game that need not have a winner as long as the nobility of both sides enjoyed the bloodshed. This lack of regard for human life by the nobility comes up later in the book when Candide spoke to the old woman who took care of Cunegonde. She related to him how at one point she met a man sent to Morocco "by a Christian power to make a treaty with that monarch whereby he was supplied with powder cannon and ships to help exterminate the commerce of other Christians" (34-5). This hardly seems to be the action that a caring, Christian, monarch should take, especially when one considers what would happen to those fellow Christians taken captive.

The next noble that the reader meets is the governor of Argentina. Voltaire further degraded the nobility by showing that the nobility would do whatever they wanted, regardless of whether or not it is correct or polite. In the novel Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza was attracted to Cunegonde and made this known to Candide. He, "declared his passion, vowed that the next day he would marry her publicly, or otherwise, as it might please her charms" (39). Even though he knew that Cunegonde was with Candide, he did not care. He was interested in her, and she would be his. In this passage Voltaire further demonstrates the greed of the nobility. Despite having a lifestyle that was far better than others of the day, the nobles were still very greedy, and took what they otherwise could not have.

It was an interesting commentary on Voltaire's part that the next noble they meet, the King of Eldorado, is the nicest noble in the book. Yet as readers soon realize, this was a made up king living in a fictitious land. Unlike Don Fernando, the king was very generous to Candide and his servant Cacambo. When they wish to leave he said, "I certainly have not the right to detain foreigners, that is a tyranny which does not exist either in our manners or our laws" (60). The King of Eldorado, friendly and generous to the end, even gave them enough gold to last them a lifetime (it certainly lasts them the rest of the novel). This king appeared to have a sense of morals, and he even followed the laws of his own land. None of the other nobility that Voltaire wrote of followed any rules. Voltaire was trying to make a statement when he made the only noble the reader admires a noble that is so clearly fictitious. To Voltaire, it must have seemed like his imagination was the only place where just and fair nobles existed. He certainly had not seen any other fair and just rulers in Europe to base this character on.

Another interesting vignette involving nobles takes place when Candide arrived in Venice. Upon his arrival the Prince of Venice invited him to dinner. At this dinner were six other guests, and, over the course of the meal, Candide came to realize that these guests were all

kings that had been overthrown and forced into exile. It might seem that exiled six monarchs from countries on one continent was excessive and an invention of Voltaire. The reader of Voltaire's day, however, would have known that the people that Candide met were real kings of the day who had been dethroned. If nothing else, this was Voltaire showing how tenuous the grip of the nobility, or at least certain nobles, was. These men had been placed on the throne supposedly by the divine authority of God. Yet, their divine right had not been enough to keep them there. They were forced to flee their homelands, and never to be able to return. Although they could play games with the lives of others, take what did not belong to them, and act in morally depraved ways, this dinner scene shows they were just like everyone else when all the pomp is stripped away.

Voltaire's *Candide* is an interesting social commentary of the era. In *Candide* one can see the beginning of the revolutionary spirit that would soon sweep through Europe and would continue to effect European countries well into the mid-19th century. He demonstrated that nobles were people too, he described their cruel ways, and pointed out how absurd many of their traditions were. The once mighty nobles were no longer something to admire or fear. They had been reduced to simple, mortal, people. It is entertaining to read of Voltaire's characterization of these people. More importantly, it is interesting to think how revolutionary this writing was at the time. In a modern age where very little, if anything, is sacred, this book seems to fit right in. For its time, however, *Candide* must have been groundbreaking.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Voltaire, François-Marie Arouet de. *Candide or Optimisim*. Ed. Norman Torrey. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1946.

Zacisnąć pięści, zaciąć zęby . . .

JULIAM TUWIM

Zacisnąć pięsci, zaciąć zęby,
Z po bruzdy gniewu partreć w świat,
Iść pod wysoki, szumny wiatr,
Bijący w twarz, tłukacy w świat,
Jak rebeljantów twarde bębny.

Oto samotnych prosta droga:
Wielki, przeciągły wichru huk.
Groźny, szumiący w wichrze Bóg
I burza w chmurach—Jego pięść złowroga.

I ja i On w odwiecznej męce
Miłością rozsadzamy świat,
W niebie szaleją mściwe ręce
I jego oczu gwiezdny grad.

A jeśli grom—to On, to On
Nadół płonącą runął głową!
A jeśli krzyk—to ja, to ja:
Ludzkiego buntu boże słowo!

Clench Your Fists, Grit Your Teeth

TRANSLATED FROM POLISH BY
MATTHEW KELSEY AND KASIA ZABAWA

Clench your fists, grit your teeth,
Look at the world from beneath the imprint of spite.
Walk beneath the high, roaring wind
That would beat your face and pound the world,
Like the tight drums of rebels.

This is the straight road of the lonely people:
The great, drawn-out roar of the gale.
Dangerous God, who roars in the gale,
And the storm in the clouds-His evil fist.

I and He in everlasting agony
Are blowing up the world with love;
In the skies mysterious hands are raging
and starry hail is in His eyes.

If a thunderbolt—that's He, that's He
toppling down with flaming head!
If a scream—that's I, that's I:
The divine word of man's revolt.

Postscript to Gulliver's Travels

Alyssa Bigley

Lemuel Gulliver continued to live in England until his untimely death ten years after his return from the land of the Houyhnhnms. He was unfortunately trampled under a runaway cart when he tried to convince the horses pulling it to slow down by rationally shouting to them as they sped wildly toward him.

His children therefore entered their adult lives with the education they received from their father. Their childhood was cut short, and they were left with their mother who had gone crazy from social isolation as a result of Gulliver's forbidding her to enter into conversation with anyone besides their children, himself, or horses. The absence of their father in the early years of development and their awkward manner of education once he returned, if one can call a random assortment of contradictory morals a solid education at all, resulted in failure in every endeavor the children of Lemuel Gulliver pursued.

As previously stated, when Gulliver returned from his extended stay in the land of the Houyhnhnms, he was absolutely repulsed at the sight of the humanity that surrounded him including his wife and children. These first few months, Gulliver remained mostly in his room and did not speak, touch, or look at other humans—including his family—which left a lasting impression on the young children. They wondered if they had done something seriously wrong and tried to lovingly coddle Gulliver, creating even more anguish when their father pushed them away in disgust. To add to the children's confusion, their mother could offer them no better explanation other than what she believed was severe madness from his many years at sea..

Gulliver often second-guessed himself and his responsibilities as a father when he first returned home. His years away from England were filled with

encounters with peoples such as the Lilliputians, the Laputians, and the Houyhnhnms with various and often contradicting outlooks on the means for a moral life. Among the Lilliputians he wrestled with their idea that "parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children" (Swift 58). The horrors of the Yahoos, on the other hand, resounded in his memory as "the most filthy, noisome, and deformed animal which nature ever produced" (Swift 311). After a great deal of contemplation he came to the conclusion that the prospect of his children living their lives in typical Yahoos fashion was unbearable, and the only way to avoid this was to take their instruction into his own hands by making every effort to eradicate all the evil Yahoo characteristics he saw in his children.

When their father finally did begin to speak it was only to chastise their bad manners and excessive passions or instruct them to speak to the horses. Because Gulliver wished more than anything to bring his children up in the tradition of the Houyhnhnms, he stressed their "friendship and benevolence" toward all living creatures, yet at the same time instilled pride in their character at this crucial time in the development of their personality (Swift 246). Without giving any explanation, the children were forced to inflect their tones to an odd pitch while speaking English, somewhat similar to a horse's neigh and "almost articulate" (Swift 251). Gulliver erased those words that did not exist in the Houyhnhnm vocabulary from their speech because "the Houyhnhnms have no words in their language to express anything that is evil" (Swift 316). He also instructed them never to reject another living being and to be earnest friends with everyone they met. This confused the children because they often overheard their father speak in very arrogant tones about the servants in the household, springing from the Houyhnhnm tradition of tolerating the proliferation of the lower classes simply for the service of the upper classes (Swift 307).

The repercussions of such education extended to all elements of their adult lives. When the Gulliver boys became of age to enter a profession, they assumed that every common job was below their status and conducted themselves with an air of pride with every horse-like step they took. Therefore the only jobs that they—in their minds—condescended to take were that of stable boys and carriage drivers, leaving them with little income and many failed attempts to marry.

The Gulliver girls, on the other hand, faced an even worse fate than their younger brothers. Because they were so strikingly beautiful their father impressed upon them the idea that they must marry only intelligent young men. This idea he instilled in their minds was in keeping with the Houyhnhnm tradition of procreating to create the perfect match of brains and beauty. When they sought after these educated men they did not recieve the response that they

expected. Not only did the English men find their voices irritating and difficult to understand, but they detested the self-importance the girls projected while in social situations and the equality with which they expected to be treated. They reasoned thus because their father instructed them that male and female Houyhnhnms conducted themselves with mutual respect and equal roles in their education and life. He told them frequently that "my master thought it monstrous in us to give the females a different kind of education from the males" (Swift 308).

After their father's death the Gulliver children grew up isolated and ostracized. Without decent occupations or families of their own, they never came to realize what overarching qualities make for a decent life. Lemuel Gulliver's intentions may have been genuine, but he could not realize his own shortcomings and subsequently passed them to his children. They had often heard him say of his Houyhnhnm friend "my master, who daily convinced me of a thousand faults in myself, whereof I had not the least perception before" (Swift 237). Gulliver's obsession for details got in the way of a proper education for his children so he never emphasized the importance of moderation, honesty in all situations, and respect for all living creatures because he was too busy telling them the adventures of his life, the landscape and exact measurements of place he visited, and how many languages he had learned. The children interpreted and in turn mimicked the extremely detailed descriptions their father gave them of the Academy of Lagado, recounting to anyone who would listen all the minute details of their life (Swift 201).

Lemuel Gulliver's children became confused, scatterbrained, and destined to failure as a result of their father's inability to perceive the overall message from the numerous people he encountered and his own inadequacies. The legacy of Gulliver is a sad one because he never lived up to his promise to develop a good society modeled that of the Houyhnhnms. He could not engender this dream in his own family.

Virgil's Aeneid *and the Terror of Terrorism*

David Roochnik

Abstract: Virgil's *Aeneid* contains a fundamental critique of terrorism. The poet depicts Aeneas as the civilized "European" man, hoping to resolve conflict with the "other" by rational, peaceful means. By contrast, his opponents, the native Italians, unleash the forces of terror in their battle against the foreigners.

The *Aeneid* does not, however rest content with this apparently simple moral dichotomy. For even "devoted" (*pius*) Aeneas, when sufficiently provoked, engages in acts of terror: he burns a city down and needlessly kills Turnus. The *Aeneid*, then, contains a basic message: terrorism is a perpetual possibility, in the face of which a good "Roman," a good "European," should be terrified.

Remí Brague, in his extraordinary book, *Eccentric Culture: A Theory of Western Civilization*, claims that Europe itself is essentially Roman. (The original title of the French edition is *Europe, la voie romaine*.) This may come as a surprise, for as great as the Roman Empire was in political, military, and administrative terms, its cultural achievements pale in comparison with those made by the Greeks and the Jews, two of the older cultures Rome absorbed. The Greeks, not the Romans, developed the basic forms of philosophy, science, mathematics, architecture, medicine, sculpture, poetry, history, and drama that all subsequent generations of Europeans, including the Romans, emulated. The Jews, not the Romans, conceived of a single God, who created the universe and demanded obedience, and whose word is revealed in the Bible, the book of European books. With the one possible exception of its legal system, nothing Roman can compare. As Brague puts it, echoing the judgment of countless scholars, "The Romans invented nothing" (29). The origins, the central resources, of their own culture were outside of themselves.

To be Roman, then, is to feel oneself to be inferior to one's own source and thus to experience the need to appropriate an ancient heritage that is not one's own (by, for example, learning Greek). The Roman way is to make the old new, and then to carry it forward. As such, it may appear almost trivial. After all, as Brague puts it, "The Romans have done little more than transmit" (32). The genius of Brague's argument is to

show that it is precisely in this ability to transmit, in this relationship to the external sources of itself, that Rome became quintessentially European.

Europe is Roman because its culture is "eccentric:" its center is outside of itself, in its ancient sources, principally Greek texts and the Bible. The implications of this single observation are huge. European culture is characterized by a "feeling of alienation or inferiority in relation to a source" (100). In other words, to be properly European is to know that one is not self-sufficient. It is to experience a lack and a restless need to learn. On a mundane level, this has implied (until quite recently) that a properly educated European had to know Greek, Latin, and often Hebrew. Even if these were not spoken on the street, they were the original languages of the books that gave birth to Europe's cultural identity.

On the basis of this little sketch, it should not be surprising that Brague identifies Virgil's *Aeneid* as the European epic *par excellence* (See p. 48). It is the story of displaced Trojans who come to Italy, bringing with them their old gods, their old ways, but able to adapt to the new demands imposed upon them by the daunting challenge they face from the native Italians, and to implant their own culture on foreign soil. Aeneas is, precisely as Brague puts it, a "transmitter" of culture, one who will always be "alien" to Italy; one who will always look both forward to the building of his new city, and backwards to the land of his Trojan father.

In this paper I will extend Brague's claim about the *Aeneid* and apply it to one issue, terrorism. I will argue that the Roman epic contains a fundamental critique of terrorism. It is, however, a dark and conflicted story, one infected, from beginning to end, with a "terror of terrorism." On the one hand, Aeneas represents a version of Roman civilization that stands resolutely opposed to terrorism. As his father Anchises famously puts it:

> Roman, remember by your strength to rule
> Earth's people— for your arts are to be these:
> To pacify, to impose the rule of law,
> To spare the conquered, battle down the proud.
>
> VI.1151-4

The statement makes it clear that the goal of the Roman Empire must be peaceful rule by law, and indeed Aeneas himself exhibits just this stance in the *Aeneid*. On the other hand, Virgil also makes it clear to his reader that the danger of even the civilized Roman lapsing into terrorism is a permanent possibility. Enraged by the Rutulians' repeated breaking of the truce and by the killing of Pallas, Aeneas says this to his soldiers:

> Unless our enemies accept our yoke
> And promise to obey us, on this day
> I shall destroy their town, root of this war,
> Son of Latinus' kingdom. I shall bring
> Their smoking rooftops level with the ground.
> Countrymen, this town is head and heart
> Of an unholy war. Bring out your firebrands!
> Make terms, this time, with a town in flames.
>
> XII.771-81

A citizen of what was then the world's

great superpower, Virgil unambiguously condemns terrorism. But he fears that his own empire can, and therefore might, unleash terrors of its own. Just as Brague has it, then, the true Roman is conflicted. Knowing himself to be "eccentric," i.e., not fully self-centered, always alienated, the Roman must be cautious, fearful, open to others, and eager to learn. The worst thing that can happen to the Roman, to the European, is to become "full of himself," i.e., think himself to be self-sufficient and without conflict. For this thought, this massive form of self-congratulation, would eliminate the great obstacle to the terrifying ruthlessness of unlimited military expansionism. The true Roman, according to Virgil in his astonishingly nuanced epic, is terrified of his own capacity for violence. It is precisely this terror that the terrorist lacks.

First, a crude characterization of terrorism: it is the infliction of unexpected violence on randomly selected civilians designed to terrorize an entire population. With this working definition in hand, it is possible to see (albeit with some difficulty) the native Italians, the enemies of the Trojans, as terroristic. The most important fact in this context is that they repeatedly reject or break Aeneas' offer for rational compromise and for peace.

Latinus, king of Laurentium, initially welcomes Aeneas and his band of wandering Trojans when they arrive in Italy. "Now do not turn away / from hospitality here," he tells them. "Know that our Latins / come of Saturn's race, that we are just" (VII.267-69). The king offers his daughter in marriage to Aeneas, and is fully prepared to integrate the new-comers into his community.

But such a peaceful resolution is not to be. Juno, Aeneas' dire enemy, summons "Allecto, / Grief's dear mistress, with her lust for war / for angers, ambushes, and crippling crimes" (VII.444-46), into action. Allecto in turn infects the heart of Amata, queen of the Latins, who then goads Turnus into war.

What is striking about this chain of provocations is its utterly futility. It is a given that Aeneas will conquer Italy and that Rome will rise. It is a given that Turnus will lose this war. Juno knows this full well, and yet proceeds with her plans. She is the spirit of pure resentment, operating only with the desire to inflict maximum, but strategically useless, harm. She confesses this:

> I am defeated
> And by Aeneas. Well, if my powers fall short,
> I need not falter over asking help
> Wherever help may lie. If I can sway
> No heavenly hearts I'll rouse the world below.
> It will not be permitted me— so be it—
> To keep the man from rule in Italy;
> By changeless fate Lavinia waits, his bride.
> And yet to drag it out, to pile delay
> Upon delay in these great matters—that
> I can do: to destroy both countries' people,
> That I can do.
>
> VII.422-33

The terror about to be unleashed by this female triumverate—Juno, Allecto, Amata—is inspired by divinely sanc-

tioned resentment of the militarily and culturally superior Trojans. Its only purpose is to inflict harm and to make the foreigners, the "heathens," suffer pain. This resentment is so pure that it will respect no conventions, no boundaries, and none of the civilized practices of war. For the triumverate and their representative, Turnus, what follows is an exuberantly suicidal war that aims not for victory, but for maximum violence. Aeneas, by contrast, is "heartsick at the woe of war" (VIII.37) and repeatedly tries to make peace.

To elaborate on this notion of the Italians as terrorists: as mentioned, they repeatedly break the initial truce with the Trojans. Despite the fact that their king had said to Aeneas, "What you desire will be granted, Trojan" (VII.351), they (provoked by Allecto) unexpectedly attack the newcomers. They substitute violence for political negotiation. Their nominal excuse is that Aeneas' son Iulus had inadvertently killed a stag loved by Silvia, the daughter of Tyrrhus, chief herdsmen of the Latin. Allecto, "Sounded the herdsman's call: on her curved horn / she sent into the air a blast from hell" (VII.705-6), which called the Latins to arms. The battle begins without just cause.

This pattern of disregarding negotiated treaties continues until the very end. Latinus offers a territorial compromise: "Let this region all be ceded now in friendship to the Trojans" (XI.433). Turnus, "furiously on edge for battle" (XI.662), goads the Italians to reject the truce. He is like a "stallion" who "may turn to a grazing herd of mares" (XI.675). He preys on the innocent. Near the end of the story, it is finally decided that Aeneas and Turnus will engage in single combat and their fight will determine the outcome of the war. However primitive, this is a rational means of "conflict resolution." But the Rutulians, despite the fact that they "hoped for rest from combat, safety for their way of life," yet again engage in an unexpected attack. They "felt / a hankering of weapons, wished the pact / could be unmade" (XII.331-3). Their "bad faith" (XII.672) forces the battle to recommence.

Finally, let us not forget Turnus' chief ally, the torturer Mezentius, the most terrifying of all characters in the *Aeneid*:

> He would even couple carcases
> With living bodies as a form of torture.
> Hand to hand and face to face, he made them
> Suffer corruption, oozing gore and slime
> In that wretched embrace, and a slow death.
>
> VIII.652-6

Obviously, a more elaborate account of terrorism, as well as a far more sophisticated reading of the *Aeneid*, is required to establish the thesis that the Italians are terrorists. For the limited purpose of this paper, however, the above will have to suffice. Nevertheless, it is clear that for Virgil the Allecto-inspired violence of the Italians is uncivilized, apolitical, irrational, futile, and generated from a resentment of a culturally ascendant "other." Finally, it is altogether self-righteous. Turnus has

no doubt about the mad righteousness of his struggle.

To this sort of violence the civilized Roman stands opposed. As mentioned, Aeneas is repeatedly reluctant to go to war. He is, in good "European" fashion, conflicted:

> What carnage is at hand for poor Laurentines.
> What retribution you will make to me,
> Turnus. Many a shield, many a helm,
> And many brave men's bodies you'll take under,
> Father Tiber. Let them insist on war,
> Let them break treaties!
>
> VIII.729-734

The supreme, and most beautiful, moment of Aeneas' conflict is felt when he kills Lausus, the son of Mezentius, the torturer. After felling Mezentius with his spear, Aeneas is prepared to finish him off. But at that moment Lausus enters the fray and tries to rescue his dying father. This is a glorious act of heroic sacrifice. Amazingly, and despite the fact that Mezentius is the cruellest of men, Aeneas sympathizes with Lausus. Indeed, he even warns him not to throw away his life: "Why this rush deathward, daring beyond your power? / Filial piety makes you lose your head" (X.1137-8). But Lausus does not heed the well intentioned warning, and Aeneas must kill him.

> O poor young soldier,
> How will Aeneas reward your splendid fight?
> How honor you, in keeping with your nature?
> Keep the arms you loved to use, for I
> Return you to your forebears, ash and shades,
> If this concerns you know. Unlucky boy,
> One consolation for sad death is this:
> You die by the sword-thrust of great Aeneas.
>
> X.1154-61

This is an astonishing scene, one that rivals Homer's depiction of the reconciliation of Achilles and Priam in the *Iliad*, and it goes to the heart of why the *Aeneid*, as the European book *par excellence*, is fundamentally opposed to terrorism. Aeneas is able to recognize his mortal enemy as a mirror image of himself. After all, like Lausus, he too exhibited great filial piety, and risked his own life (and perhaps lost his wife) for the sake of his father Anchises. The "other," then, is not completely "other." Enemies are linked by a common, and altogether fragile, humanity. For this reason, violence must be used as a last resort, with enormous caution, and with the highest degree of discrimination.

In civilized, in Roman, warfare, there is an essential difference between a combatant and a non-combatant. After all, if a combatant like Lausus is so much like Aeneas, then how much more so must be the women, the children, the older men of the Italians be like the families of the Trojans. For Aeneas, unlike Turnus and Mezentius, war is an undesirable, but lamentably unavoidable option.

Virgil, writing to Augustus who commands the military might of a superpower, will not let his reader sit comfortably with the simple moral dichotomy suggested above. While it is true that because he is conflicted Aeneas is morally superior to Turnus, it is simply false to say that the Rutulians are terrorists and the Trojans civilized. As mentioned, it is Aeneas, not Turnus,

who burns a city down. He has been pushed to the extreme by the breaking of the truce and the killing of Pallas. But what can excuse the burning of a city? To cite again a terrifying line, Aeneas says to his soldiers, "Bring out your firebrands! / Make terms, this time, with a town in flames!" (XII.780-1). And so,

> One company rushed the gates
> And cut down the first guards they met; another
> Launched their missiles, darkening the sky . . .
> Amid the townspeople
> Panic and discord grew.
>
> XII.785-96

This is an air campaign. Missiles and precision guided bombs are dropped from high above, and a city bursts into flame. There is, perhaps, some reason for doing this. The leaders of Laurentum have refused to make peace. They are suicidal fighters, hell-bent on inflicting damage to an enemy that they know they cannot defeat. They must be pounded into submission, and the "townspeople" must be terrified. Only, the reasoning might go, their terror of future bombardments can bring the war to a definitive close.

The last scene of Virgil's *Aeneid* is famously chilling. Despite his father's quintessentially Roman injunction to "spare the conquered," this is precisely what Aeneas fails to do. Turnus is defeated and he begs for mercy:

> You have defeated me. The Ausonians
> Have seen me in defeat, spreading my hands.
> Lavinia is your bride. But go no further
> Out of hatred.
>
> XII.1272-4

But Aeneas is consumed by hatred and cannot resist exerting the force that is his. When he sees the swordbelt that had originally belonged to Pallas and taken as a prize by Turnus—which is a conventionally acceptable right of the victor in battle—Aeneas becomes lost in rage. At that moment, he is utterly without conflict, and so,

> He sank his blade in fury in Turnus' chest.
> Then all the body slacked in death's chill,
> And with a groan for that indignity
> His spirit fled into the gloom below.
>
> XII.1295-9

Virgil leaves his reader with this shockingly, terrifyingly, abrupt ending. Dedicated, loyal, faithful (*pius*) Aeneas, the great Roman hero, is capable of precisely the kind of transgression he opposes. There is no good reason to kill Turnus. At that moment, and perhaps even more so when he burns the city, he is the moral equivalent of the terrorists he reluctantly killed.

To return to Brague's notion of Europe as Roman: the *Aeneid* is the founding myth of Europe precisely because it is conflicted. A "good European" must always be "eccentric," must always recognize that because he came to be from sources other than himself, he is an alien even to himself. A 'good European' should never conceive of himself as self-sufficient and thus should always be open to making peace with, and learning from, strangers.

Terrorism is the opposite. It emanates from a fundamental self-right-

eousness, an utter conviction in the sanctity of one's cause and the consequent permissibility of administering random death to innocent non-combatants. Terrorism implies the strongest distinction between "us" and "them." It is morally permissible to kill "them" because their very otherness makes them evil.

The *Aeneid* teaches its reader that such an attitude is fundamentally wrong. Regrettably, however, it is also a perpetual temptation, even for the civilized Roman. The best, the most "European," attitude is therefore exhibited not by Aeneas, but by the careful reader of the *Aeneid*. At the end of the story, witnessing Aeneas thrust his sword into Turnus, the reader—and Virgil must hope that this would include Augustus himself—should be filled with terror at the possibilty that even the mightiest and most civilized empire will burn down cities, terrify the "townspeople," and ruthlessly kill its enemies.

Bibliography

Brague, Remí, *Eccentric Culture: A Theory of Western Civilization*. Trans. Samuel Lester. Chicago: St. Augustine's Press, 2002.

Virgil. *The Aeneid*. Trans. Robert Fitzgerald. New York: Vintage, 1990.

Recuerdo Infantil

ANTONIO MACHADO

Una tarde parda y fría
de invierno. Los colegiales
estudian. Monotonía
de lluvia tras los cristales.

Es la clase. En un cartel
se representa a Caín
fugitivo, y muerto Abel
junto a una mancha carmín.
Con timbre sonoro y hueco
truena el maestro, un anciano
mal vestido, enjuto y seco,
que lleva un libro en la mano.

Y todo un coro infantile
va cantando la lección:
mil veces ciento, cien mil,
mil veces mil, un millón.

Una tarde parda y fría
de invierno. Los colegiales
estudian. Monotonía
de la lluvia en los cristales.

Childhood Memory

TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH
BY GRECIA ALVAREZ

A brown and cold afternoon
in winter. The schoolchildren
study. Monotony
of rain against glass.

Inside the class. A poster shows
Cain the fugitive,
and a dead Abel
beside a crimson stain.
With a hollow, sonorous tone
the professor thunders, an old man
ill-dressed, skinny and dried-up,
who carries a book in his hand.

And the entire children's chorus
sings out the lesson:
ten times a thousand, ten-thousand,
a thousand times a thousand, a million.

A brown and cold afternoon
in winter. The schoolchildren
study. Monotony
of rain on glass panes.

Heaven's Answer

Nicholas Shaman

A fire burns in the Land of Uz.
A court of priestly wisdom sits
gazing upon flaming despair,
one not ready to quench the blaze.

These religious thrones of wise men are
the ones whom all seek out for a soulful peace.
Attending the ways of God,
paramount is their authority in His works

But this midnight council is of
a different kind. Here they sit to console
one of their own. The one once on
the highest throne. But, now from it he is thrown.

Job, the paragon of integrity and righteousness,
despairing as he has felt the hand of God.
From afar his fellow monarchs of interpretation
divine traveled to ease his lament.

And so, to Justify the ways of God
Eliphaz the Temanite spoke:

"Job, your lamentations and despair, while understandable because you are human, are below you. Of all the men that circle this campfire, you are the one who best comprehends the ways of God and acts accordingly. Can you not realize that your cries of injustice are unfounded? You are but a man. And in comparison

with the Almighty, you are wrong.

"There is no question or doubt that God is perfect. God is the only thing that is perfect. Therefore, when in conflict with him, when in disagreement with him, all else is wrong. This conclusion need not be reached through reason alone. All we need is to view the folly of man's history to see that this is so.

"Let me tell you the story, recorded first by the scribes of heaven, of man's first imperfection. Before the creation of Eden and man, God resided in Heaven, surrounded by his hosts of angels. All were happy and content with the existence God provided them. But as is his way, the Lord with ultimate kindness, created Adam and the race of men.

"Perturbed by this new creation, Satan and his horde made the first transgression. With angelic heresy, they believed themselves to be the best of God's creations. Jealousy and hatred sprung forth and horns took the place of halos. As you can see Job, man's very existence is the cause of the angel's fall. Mankind created Hell and we suffer the consequences for it.

"Now Job, let us move just a bit further in the history of transgression. Our forbearers, Adam and Eve, were given Heaven on earth. Free to do whatever they wished, all but one exception. That exception is now our fall.

"I do not want you to believe that man is inherently flawed. We are a shadow of perfection, but a shadow is all. As bright as the sun shines, God is brighter. As searing hot as fire can be, God is hotter. God is all and is better than all.

"Sitting here, scraping your boils, how can you entertain the notion that you are not in the wrong. God cannot be the reason for your suffering; therefore, you are. The height of human achievement is insignificant compared to God.

"Omnipotentence, Omniscience, Omnipresence. Ask yourself Job: which of these can you achieve? Can you breathe life into dust? Can you know of the far expanse of existence? Can you ever reach the sun?

"Humble yourself, Job. "For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Kneel before the magnificence of the Lord and repent any transgression you have made. Your integrity, righteousness, and humility will receive you into his arms once more. Repent."

Unwilling to accept the terms
his devout friend set, Job
cried out once more, now
blaming God for his troubles.

Heavily distraught from
the sins coming from the lips of Job,
Bildad the Shuhite
excused the Lord:

"Job, my thoughts of God differ from our outspoken friend. You say you have done nothing wrong. Aside from God, only you can know if sin has entered your heart. But do not curse God, praise Him and rejoice in your likenessto Him.

"Scholars have debated since the beginning of time about the character of God. How can one understand the unknown? Humans are not perfect; we owe our thanks to Eve for that. We can only know one thing about the Almighty. He is Omnipotent, all powerful; He can do all.

"I have long wondered what is meant by that phrase in relation to God. As I comprehend it, he contains the capacity to do anything.

"Eliphaz claims we were the cause of the rift in Heaven. Man did nothing; Satan is God's first failure. Within Satan, existed the capability to sin and to blaspheme. God knew that Satan could sin; He created the angel as such., just as He put within man a weakness to fall to seduction. God can do anything, even fail.

"Our heritage tells us we were made in the image of our maker. How are we alike? Does God possess four limbs? Perhaps He has a head of hair? Does He resemble an ancient scribe, dressed in robes with a long white beard? Too many people ask how we resemble the Almighty. I ask how He resembles us.

"After The Lord spent six days forging the cosmos from nothingness, He rested. That day of rest we still hold in honor of His weakness. Even God requires relaxation after such an immense task. Could a mortal ever create a world? That answer is no, but after six days of work, we enjoy the rest as well. Weakness, Failure; Characteristics we cannot dismiss of God. He can be all.

"When His son came down to Earth, to unlock the gates of Heaven, we were able to comprehend the Almighty more completely. The Omnipotent is Father, Son and a Holy Spirit. If a third of

God is Man, what portion of Man is God? I know it is unfair of me, Job, to ask you all these questions, but I wish to help you recognize your own folly. Understand that you must revel in the connection you have with God. He leaves for us enough to know Him enough to praise Him.

"Our predecessors conceded too early in their pursuit of joy. They say that God walks a mysterious path. But all paths have a destination, Job. We can reach Him, though perhaps not by the same path He takes, but we can reach Him. We must continue with our blind struggle. We cannot admit defeat when dumbfounded by the magnificence of God. We must take what is given to us and forge our own paths to salvation.

"Take up the reins of your chariot, Job. Whip the horses of courage, integrity, hope, and faith. You may lose sight of the angel-drawn carriage, but do not despair. Push on forward; never lose sight of your destination, Job. Accept that God is more like you than you realize and the destination will find you. Peace and contentment will settle in your heart and He can finally enter."

Disheartened still, Job despaired
for he realized now that all was hopeless.
Fate toyed with his soul, taking
sadistic pleasure at his misfortune.

Shocked at his disposition,
Zophar the Nammathite,
chided Job
with a story of old:

"Job, why do you say such things? You claim that fate is the cause of your misery. Our two friends, while mistaken about the true ways of God, have not been as misguided as you. Do you forget the greatest gift that God gave man? Free Will. We make the choices of our life, Job, not Fate. Allow me to tell you why.

"As said our friend, Bildad, The Lord made the world in six days, taking Gis rest on the seventh. During that week, Ge created the two forces whose interplay now manages the world: Free Will and Fate. Since God is not one to play favorites with equally created forces, He let the two decide their own domains in the newly created world.

"And as the Almighty continued with His creative activities, Fate and Free Will carved out their portions of existence. In an effort to exert its value for God's plan, Fate spoke up. 'If the world submitted to my power, all would follow the Lord's plan with ease. None would need worry about transgression, none would need fear doing the wrong thing. I can make sure that all choices are correct and heaven is filled with splendor. Suffering would not exist because I could deem it so. A perfect world would be my gift to God.' Disagreeing with the words of Fate, Free Will made its plea. 'What would be the purpose of God's creations, if choices were not presented them? I can take all of existence and put true worth to it. If everything had choice, choice could define everything. The Lord's will is important, that is without question. But the ability to choose will create a meaning for God's will in all His creations.' This debate lasted for a whole day before a conclusion was reached. Through reason and grace, each force of God saw merit in each other and decided to divide their sovereignty over existence. Fate would control nature: the movement of the sky, water, earth, creatures, and plants. Free Will would reign over mankind. Free Will would give men the ability to choose their action and reaction, to God and nature.

"You may be asking, Job, why is this important? You could attribute your misfortune to acts of Fate. I would not argue this point. You do have choices, Job. The ability to decide still resides within you. Do you sit here in despair and lamentation? Or do you stand up and continue to worship the Lord regardless of your sorrow? Do you curse God? Or do you praise the Almighty? These are choices Job and you make them. Fate will still go on, but if you decide to give up choice, it is your fault, not Fate's. Free Will has given you a gift, but you must accept it. Fate will continue its rule over the uncontrollable aspects of your life, but Free Will cannot take its hold over your life if you do not give it its due. Make your choice, Job."

Innocence held stubbornly
in the heart of Job.
Refusing to believe that he was
in the wrong, Job demanded:

"I made my choice long ago,
Zophar. I chose to worship the Almighty.

I chose to turn away from evil and humbly
accept the Lord.

Be it Fate or God, I suffer unjustly
for my services and life were His,
but He took everything from me
without reason or purpose.

Alike am I to the Almighty?
Bildad, you do me wrong by making
this assumption of arrogance.
Never have I failed God,

Why should I accept His failure
regarding me? The difference I see
between God and me
Is I try to never fail and to only do right.

I see in my heart no wrong
Eliphaz. Guilt does not exist in my soul.
Yet still, I suffer at his unjust hands.
Where is the perfection in my suffering?

I have no more questions for you,
three friends. No more desires from you
three fiends. Nothing have you given.
All you do is push me further into despair.

I want justice from the Lord.
I know I have done no wrong.
Where is your proclamation
of innocence in this matter?

No more speeches or excuses.
Right now, without delay
Answer
Me, God."

As if the question was still unasked,
Job received his answer.

Silenced and humbled,
there were no more questions.

The four consolers left for their own lands, ashamed
at their blasphemous responses for
their answers could not approach the glory of
the response which was just made known.

And so Job left his sullen seat
to continue his life contented.
His future life unknown and unimportant
For when his question was asked,

God came.
Not with a tempest or storm;
There was no thunderous voice;
No chariot surrounded by Angels;
Trumpets did not call;
Choirs did not sing;
There were no brilliant lights;
No part of the Earth trembled;
The sky did not split open;
Fire did not consume a bush;
The only thing that happened was
God came.

With a power, which only the Lord of Heaven
could use, God to Job
gave his answer. He did not accuse
or reprimand. There was no long speech
filled with almighty claims. The
ability and power that God possesses
left Job aghast and awed.
It was the answer which struck dumb
the campfire court.
The answer which was all that is
God, all God's reasons and actions,
eternity and infinity, bound by God alone.
"Love."

Odysseus

Jon Wooding

The boiling city frustrated in tears has no analog here.
The fathers of the bastards at my table were my friends.
Against the darkness of my mind a sharp red blade
burns a still hand, held too tight. The skin will blister;
flesh dies but now must mend. Their tepid blood
will soothe my wounds and stain my hands.

To you, I am the ancient man. With the dog, I block the stairs
And ignorant, you eat my food and drink my wine.
More than my wife, you lust for all I left behind.

I kept her deep in silent pain while I drank down a paradise.
Now she has set the challenge to them. Swine follows swine,
each trying to best my bow. There is no wine
that makes a man this strong.

All snarl at the confounding bough. The axes stand inviolate;
you jeer as I rise. Faces half-hidden by cups,
you laugh as the old man presumes, tries to straighten,
grasps bow and string with knotted hands, and shakes
from ankle to brow. Something in me yet is harder
than anything you'll ever know. Your fathers once
took me for a brother. You have stained my home.

My mind is seasoned cypress.
Silence and purpose glove my hands;
Stock still, the bow bends to revenge.

I am tranquil as the sea before Poseidon leaves his throne,
the axe-heads thirst for the force of my bow. My dart
will burst their necks like grapes. Then my eyes
will meet your own, my back will seem much straighter,
my head not so low. Age will fall away, and each will know
my hour has passed, but theirs has come.

Subjectivity and Happiness

Drew Love

But one can do more than that; one can try to re-create the world, to build up in its stead another world in which its most unbearable features are eliminated and replaced by others that are in conformity with one's wishes.

-Sigmund Freud

The theme of happiness is prevalent in the works of *King Lear*, *Paradise Lost*, and *Don Quixote*. In these texts, the happiness of each character rests upon a multi-tiered structure that is composed of three principles: a subjective reality that fulfills desire, the feasibility of fulfilling desire, and the subsequent fulfillment of that desire. Exploring these three principles in the reverse order allows one to understand the importance of each and ultimately, how each character's unhappiness can be traced back to his subjective reality.

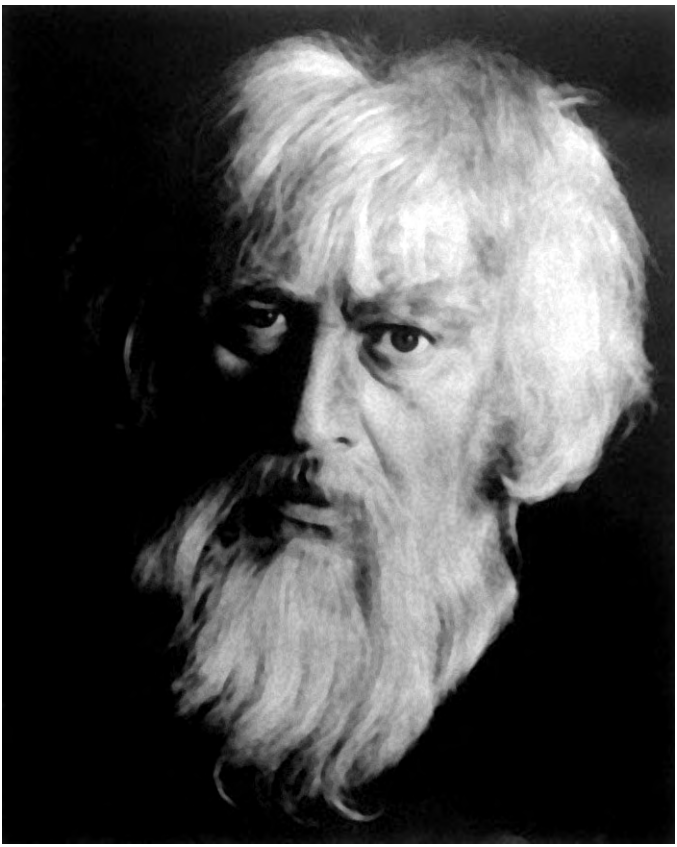
First, one must explore each character's failure to fulfill his desire, and how this failure results in his unhappiness. King Lear's desire revolves around his love for Cordelia. In comparison to all things, he "loved her most" (Shakespeare I.i.126). Lear, however, never gets the chance to live out his life with his beloved Cordelia. After Lear discovers that she has been hanged by Edmund's orders, he says, "she lives. If it be so, / It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows / That ever I have felt" (V.iii.268-70). In other words, Cordelia is so important to Lear that her life will justify every sorrow he has ever experienced. Her death, however, is permanent, and it leaves him incapable of fulfilling his most profound desire, the affections of her love. Realizing that he cannot fulfill his desire, Lear's unhappiness becomes so intense that he dies.

Lucifer, unlike Lear, desires power more than people. Milton describes him as "aspiring / To set himself in Glory above his Peers, / He trusted to have equall'd the most High" (Milton 6, 40).

Lucifer's ambitious drive for power leads him to formulate a plan that will subvert the authority of God. In the execution of his plan, he tempts Adam and Eve to disobey God so that he can "interrupt his joy / In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise / In his disturbance" (38, 371-2). Despite the success of Satan's plan, he is still forced to admit that God is more powerful than he is. His first admission occurs shortly after arriving in the Garden of Eden. Satan reflects upon his rebellion in heaven and blames "Pride and worse Ambition [which] threw me down / Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King" (81, 40-1). His first admission of God's superiority as a 'matchless King,' causes Satan to cry out "Me miserable! Which way shall I fly / Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?" (81, 73-4). Satan admits God's superiority a second time when he returns to Hell following his successful temptation of Adam and Eve. After delivering a victory speech to the denizens of Hell, Satan is transformed into "a monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone, / Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power / Now Rul'd him" (242, 514-6). In his acquiescence of God's superior power, Lucifer's "triumph [turns] to shame" (243, 546) as he is reminded, once again, that he cannot fulfill his desire to overpower God.

Don Quixote is different in that he desires neither people nor power. Instead, he desires to "become a knight errant" (Cervantes 27). The Knight of the White Moon, however, prevents Don Quixote from fulfilling his desire. He says that if Don Quixote loses to him in battle, then Quixote must do what the knight orders. Specifically, the knight tells Don Quixote that he must "put aside your arms, stop looking for adventures, go back to your village for a year and stay there without ever touching your sword" (927). Don Quixote accepts the challenge, and shortly thereafter, loses to the knight. Don Quixote believes that, as a knight errant, he is duty bound to uphold his promise. After realizing that he must abstain from all other duties of knight errantry, "Don Quixote stayed in bed for six days, dejected, depressed, broody, and in the worst of spirits" (931). His depression, undoubtedly, must stem from his inability to fulfill his greatest desire, being a knight errant. So, in an ironic turn of events, Don Quixote's duty as a knight errant bound him to an oath that prevents him from fulfilling the other duties of knight errantry. Unable to fulfill his greatest desire for an entire year, he becomes horribly unhappy and dies shortly after returning to La Mancha.

As the first principle has shown, each character becomes unhappy because he are unable to fulfill his desires. In the essay "Happiness" by Dr. John Kekes, happiness is defined as the "satisfaction of many important wants" (360). Regarding happiness as merely the fulfillment of wants, however, is a superficial analysis of a rather complex idea. In order to reach a more profound understanding of happiness, one must ask: why is each character unable to fulfill his desires? The answer takes one



beyond the limitations of the character and into the formation of the desire itself. When analyzed, each character's desire reveals itself to be inherently flawed. This results in the subsequent impossiblity of that desire's fulfillment.

The internal defect in Lear's desire is that it is only "capable . . . of transitory satisfactions" (Kekes 372). It can only be satisfied as long as Cordelia remains alive. The moment that Cordelia dies she becomes incapable of loving her father. Once she is incapable of loving her father, Lear's desire to be loved by Cordelia is impossible to satisfy. Lear's desire to be loved by a transient entity (Cordelia) creates an internal defect in his desire that leads to its eventual inability to be fulfilled.

While Lear's desire is fulfilled, but then eventually left unfulfilled, Lucifer never fulfills his desire. According to the list of internal defects, Lucifer's desire is defective because "it is impossible [to fulfill]" (371). Lucifer desires to supersede God's place as the most powerful entity. His desire is impossible to fulfill because God is omnipotent (Milton 6, 49). How could Lucifer, who clearly has limited amounts of power, hope to surpass the abilities of an all-powerful being? Lucifer's desire is internally defective because his finite powers will never be able surpass the infinite power of God.

Finally, Kekes believes that Don Quixote has "a life-plan . . . [that is] free of internal defects . . . yet . . . unrealizable due to its context" (372); this conclusion, however, is faulty. Don Quixote's desire is not 'free of internal defects.' However, it is not one that is covered by Kekes in his essay on happiness. The internal defect of Don Quixote's desire is that it is potentially self-defeating. He is bound by chivalry to uphold his promise to the Knight of the White Moon. His promise, however, is to refrain from all other duties of knight errantry for one year. Thus, in an ironic turn of events, Don Quixote has sworn as a knight errant to refrain from all other acts of knight errantry. As one can see, the desire to be a knight errant has the slim, yet tangible potential of being a self-defeating desire.

After inquiring into the internal defects of desire and discovering how they prevent fulfillment, one must wonder how the third principle, subjective reality, influences happiness. In order to answer that question one must first define it and then apply it to each of the three characters' lives. Only then will its central importance become evident.

Any attempt to define subjective reality must also define objective reality. The definition of both is essential for formulating the definition of either, because they are the two aspects of a larger idea, reality itself. In his essay "What is Reality?," David G. Ritchie defines objective reality as "that which has a validity or possible validity for the minds of several persons who can agree as to the content of their mental experience" (267). In other words, objective reality is what a group of people all believe to be real. The flaw with Ritchie's definition of objective reality is

that it is not objective. The objective reality he is describing is completely dependent upon the beliefs of a group of people; it has neither an external nor unbiased origin. It is more like a definition for the communal sense of subjective reality than it is of objective reality.

Ritchie's subjective reality, however, is more logical. Each character's subjective reality is the sum of his thoughts. The subjective reality is built upon three ideas. It is composed of the idea of what is real, the manner in which one's thoughts relate to reality, and finally the subjectivity of those thoughts, that is, the personal nature in which they relate to the individual. Subjective reality is real in the sense that "whatever is truly in any one's experience and is not falsely alleged to be so"(265) and it relates to one's thoughts in that "ultimate reality is thought"(283). It is subjective because it is the character's own thoughts. Synthesizing the ideas of what is real (265) and the relationship between thought and reality (283), one can conclude that subjective reality is composed of the thoughts that the individual believes to be true. Now, one can take the definition of subjective reality and apply it to each character in order to see its influence upon his happiness.

The true source of King Lear's unhappiness is neither Cordelia's death, nor the internal defect in King Lear's desire for her life. Instead, all of his unhappiness can be attributed to his subjective reality—the collection of thoughts that Lear believes is true. He believes he desires Cordelia's love because he "loved her most" (Shakespeare VIII.i.125), and he believes himself when he says Cordelia is "gone for / ever / . . . She's dead as earth" (142, 261-3). This leads him to believe that his desire for Cordelia's life, matched with her subsequent death, will lead him to an unhappy life of unfulfilled desire. Subjective reality, however, which is the "ultimate reality [because it] is thought"(Ritchie 283), implies that Lear, in a sense, chooses his unhappiness. He chooses unhappiness in that his subjective reality accepts his desire for Cordelia and then accepts Cordelia's death. If King Lear did not believe that both of those statements were true, then he would not be unhappy. It is only because he believes both factors to be true that he becomes unhappy.

Lucifer, more so than Lear, shows potential to create a subjective reality that will fulfill his desires. He originally believes that "The mind is its own place, and in itself / Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n" (Milton 12, 223-5). His original faith in the powers of the subjective mind eventually disintegrates. He later believes that he "is Hell; myself am Hell" (81, 74) and that he can no longer "subdue / Th'Omnipotent" (82, 85-86). Lucifer's subjective reality instills truth within each statement because he believes them true. If his subjective reality were to remain in its original state, he might have been able to find happiness within his own mind. As things are, he accepts his own inferiority and damnation as indisputable truths created by his subjective reality.

Don Quixote, more than Lucifer or King Lear, had the most potential to be happy because his subjective reality was the most resistant to the external world. He believes so strongly in chivalry books that they "established [themselves] . . . in his mind that no history in the word was truer for him" (Cervantes 27). He's also able to transform nearly every failure he encounters into a success. When he is hurt, he says "wounds received in battle do not detract from honour, but bestow it" (121). When he is forced to accept that he is attacking windmills instead of giants, he says "Freston . . . has just turned these giants into windmills"(64), and in this way incorporates the windmills into his quest for adventure.

Don Quixote, like Lucifer and King Lear, does eventually become unhappy. The breakdown in his subjective reality, however, is predictable. Don Quixote begins his journeys by seeing giants and armies where there were only windmills and sheep. Later on in his adventures, he accepts the fulling-hammers without delusion: "when Don Quixote saw what it was he fell silent and stiffened from top to toe" (162-3). Cervantes explains Don Quixote's deterioration by saying "what is human is not eternal, but is in continuous decline from its beginnings to its conclusion" (975). Maybe even subjective reality, despite its incredible power, is destined to decline over time.

If there is anything to be learned from the characters of these books, perhaps it is that one should not spend so much time trying to define the ideals of truth and happiness under the terms of some consensual standard. Instead, one should exercise the formative powers of subjective reality and define the world on one's own terms. After all, it is not just beauty that is in the eye of the beholder, but happiness as well.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Cervantes, Miguel. *Don Quixote*. Trans. John Rutherford. New York: Penguin Books, 2000.

Kekes, John. "Happiness." *Mind*, New Series. Vol. 91, No. 363. July 1982: 371-372.

Milton, John. *Paradise Lost & Paradise Regained*. Ed. Christopher Ricks. New York: Penguin Books, 1968.

Ritchie, David G. "What is Reality?" *The Philosophical Review*. Volume 1, No. 3. May 1892: 265,267, 283

Shakespeare, William. *King Lear*. Russell Fraser. New York: Penguin Books, 1963.

Berlinische Monatsschrift

SPRING 2005 Letters & Opinion THE CORE JOURNAL

Vereinbarung!

A discerning reader comments on the concord between Immanuel Kant and Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

Boston, Massachusetts, Vereinte Staaten

Dear Editor:

Immanuel Kant, while employed by your newspaper, wrote an article elucidating his ideals of enlightenment. I am in strong support of the ideas he abided by, and so is Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Although Rousseau's personality and confessions seem to oppose some of Kant's more specific claims about what enlightenment should stand for, Rousseau's methodology supports Kant's most salient values. These include certain social freedoms, and the concept of self-understanding.

I believe that enlightenment should incorporate a strong balance between a private life and a public life. In the private life, a person abides to the rules of his job, and remains relatively quiet on issues he might disagree with. In the public life, he is free to voice his opinions to others. Enlightened thinkers should come together with others publicly and discuss their emotion's and thoughts to better understand them. Also, a great deal of logical thinking should be gathered and used by all participants to improve themselves and the community around them. Freedoms, especially within the realm of religion, are extremely important for enlightenment. These ideas are similar to those of Kant. In order to see how Rousseau also illuminates Kant's values, the two men must be compared more thoroughly.

At first, it would seem that Rousseau does not fit into Kant's scheme at all. Rousseau seems to be a very emotional man, and one who doesn't feel the need to censor himself. In fact, some of his most famous words are, "I felt before I thought" (Rousseau 19). Kant, in a 1784 essay, emphasized the importance of a man "making use of his own reason" (Kant 59). Thus, it would seem that an emotional man like Rousseau would have no place in Kant's view on enlightenment, which places so much value on being reasonable and logical through action. What most people usually overlook, however, is that Rousseau's opinions and practices actually solidify Kant's ideas.

The first area in which both men draw similarities is found in the idea of self-sufficiency, which ties equally into self-understanding. At the beginning of his essay Kant

Cont. KELSEY page 2

LETTER TO BERLINISCHE MONATSSCHRIFT - MATTHEW KELSEY

KELSEY from 1

writes, "Enlightenment is mankind's exit from self-incurred immaturity. Immaturity is the inability to make use of one's own understanding without the guidance of another" (58). To add to his value of relying on one's self-sufficiency, Kant writes, "Have the courage to use your own understanding! is thus the motto of enlightenment" (58). Kant believes that an enlightened man is one who can work on his own mind, with his own mind. Rousseau also believes that men are their own largest obstacles from gaining enlightenment, or leading a virtuous life. On this idea, he writes, "Virtue is only difficult through our own fault" (69). However, Rousseau also understands that a disciplined self will make for a more virtuous and enlightened mind. This disciplined self comes only through understanding of the self. Rousseau's entire book of confessions seems to be a collective reminder of his willingness to confront and understand his every emotion and action. On the topic of his own feelings and thoughts, Rousseau writes:

> Such were the first affections of my dawning years; and thus there began to form in me, or to display itself for the first time, a heart at once proud and affectionate, and a character at once effeminate and inflexible, which by always wavering between weakness and courage, between self-indulgence and virtue, has throughout my life set me in conflict with myself (23).

Here, Rousseau portrays an astute understanding of all the opposing characteristics he carried as a child. This places emphasis on the ideas both Kant and Rousseau support regarding the understanding of one's own mind.

Without having people to force limits on Kant and Rousseau, they become examples for their next shared value: freedom. Kant believed that a man should be able to speak his mind, but only in public arenas. Kant explains that a priest should not challenge the church during a sermon, but "as a scholar he has the complete freedom . . . to communicate . . . his proposals for a better arrangement of religious and ecclesiastical affairs" (60). Thus Kant believes that a man has a right to challenge a certain community once he is out in society, and away from his job. Rousseau does actually oppose this idea in that he willingly challenges the church while taking lessons from a priest in the church. However, Rousseau and Kant still agree that there should be an emphasis on freedom in the first place. He may be in too private of a setting for Kant's taste, but by using logic to search for a better religion between Catholicism and Protestantism, Rousseau is prescribing to the use of his own understanding, and is abiding to Kant's idea that the freedom of speech is the most important freedom. Kant calls the freedom to use reason for others' benefits the "most harmless form of all things that may be called freedom" (59). Separate from religion or society, where the two writers cross paths, Rousseau upheld all other freedoms. A pertinent Rousseau passage reads, "Now that I was free and my own master, I supposed that I could do anything, achieve anything. I had only to take one leap, and I could rise and fly through the air" (52). Rousseau has found the ultimate connection between self-sufficiency and the freedom it offers to a self-reliant person. While Kant and Rousseau may disagree on the appropriate setting for a person to use his freedom, they are both in strong agreement on the idea that freedoms are vital in the life of men.

Though Rousseau and Kant have some differences between them, they are more similar than most people might understand. Both advocate self-sufficiency and self-understanding. Also, both believe that freedoms are important to use at certain points in society.

Kant and I have similar points on the topic of enlightenment, and Rousseau is important in that he exemplifies the values we share.

Sincerely,

Matthew Kelsey

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Kant, Immanuel. An Answer to the Question: What is Enlightenment? *What is Enlightenment*. ed. James Schmidt. University of California Press: Berkeley, 1996.

Rousseau, Jean-Jacques. *The Confessions*. ed. J.M. Cohen. Penguin Books: London, 1953.

The Analects Of Core

Year I

"The punishment should always fit the crime.
Let him who has performed an evil act

be punished for the act. Let not the flood
be brought down on the heads of all for what

one man has done."

-Ea, *Gilgamesh*

"If you yearn for philosophy, prepare at once to be met with ridicule."

-Epictetus, *The Encheiridion*

"Eppur si muove."

-Galileo Galilei

"Abraham was a hundred years old when his son Isaac was born to him. Now Sarah said, "God has brought laughter for me; everyone who hears will laugh with me."

-Genesis 21.5-6

"It seemed to them a mark of honour to our soldiers who have fallen in war that a speech should be made over them. I do not agree . . . Our belief in the courage and manliness of so many should not be hazarded on the goodness or badness of one man's speech."

-Pericles, *History of the Peloponnesian War*

"As for the lover of wisdom . . . what do we suppose he will hold about the other pleasures as compared with that of knowing the truth . . . ? Won't he hold them to be far behind in pleasure?"

-Socrates, *The Republic of Plato*

"Writing marched together with weapons, microbes, and centralized political organization as a modern agent of conquest."

-Jared Diamond, *Guns, Germs, and Steel*

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being. What has come into being in him was life, and the life was the light of all the people."

-John 1.1-4

"Those who are equal must respect the principle of equality by giving equal affection to one another . . . while those who are unequal must make a return proportionate to their superiority or inferiority."

-Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*

"The Master said, A gentleman takes as much trouble to discover what is right as lesser men take to discover what will pay."

-Confucius, *The Analects*

" . . . to this brief waking-time that still is left/ unto your senses, you must not deny/ experience of that which lies beyond/ the sun, and of the world that is unpeopled."

-Odysseus, *The Inferno*

"A thousand-mile journey
Begins with a single step."

-Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*

Reflections Upon Pierre Bayle*

Joseph Jerome

The Wars of Religion had left Europe a bloody, chaotic mess. Catholics and Protestants had, for eighty long years, slaughtered each other in the name of God and, perhaps more importantly, in the name of whatever king led them into battle. With nothing to show but terrified converts, the European Powers concluded that a sustained campaign of religious fanaticism had not been in anyone's best interest. So in 1648 the Treaty of Westphalia finally recognized the obvious, that different sovereignties existed in Europe. Thus the Western world established that "the nation-state would be the highest level of government, subservient to no others."[1] Protestant and Catholic domains would suffer each other's existence, but the religious biases that had caused the eighty years of violence most certainly had not been defeated. The doctrine of toleration had come into the vernacular of Europe, but its day at Court was not yet to be heard. Pierre Bayle would wage a tirelessly campaign to change this state of affairs. One of the forefathers of the great Enlightened Age, he would spend his life in exile, advocating religious toleration and, as Keith Botsford would say, simple polite conversation. As a refugee in Holland, Monsieur Bayle became a *de facto* news reporter as editor of *News of the Republic of Letters*, which gained him resources to create the most influential collection of evaluated and thoroughly criticized philosophical thought of the time: his *Historical and Critical Dictionary*.

Religious tolerance, or rather intolerance I should say, is where our reflections on the man must begin. Monsieur Bayle was a man of many words and it is with many of his words that we will set the stage of all that is to follow:

> If each religion adopted the spirit of tol-

*(and how he waged war against religious intolerance in his chief publications)

> erance that I recommend, there would be the same concord in a state with ten religions as in a city in which different artisans and craftsmen mutually support one another. The most that could happen would be honest rivalry outdoing one another in piety, good conduct and knowledge [. . .] It is only because [religion] wants to exercise cruel tyranny over men's minds and force others to act against their conscience; because kings foment this unjust partiality and lend secular force to the furious and tumultuous desires of a populace of monks and clerics; in short the whole disorder springs not from toleration but from non-toleration . . . [2]

The king this passage subtly hints at is none other than that hopeful absolute sovereign of France, Louis XIV, the self-proclaimed Sun King. Our story thus begins in France, the great Catholic power of the age, where it was decided that the Protestant Huguenots, while not worth further war, had no right to remain in the kingdom of the Roman religion. His lordship had long wished to purge his lands of all that was not Catholic. However, he was hampered by the work of his grandfather, Henri IV, a Catholic in name only, who in 1598 had in 1598 promulgated the Edict of Nantes. A response to decades of religious violence, the edict allowed the Huguenots the often taken for granted right simply to exist. Louis XIV desired to revoke this decree, but the guarantee "that the Edict was valid in perpetuity and would never be revoked" was, unfortunately for the Sun King, "backed by the Crown's solemn pledge."[3] Now, it was never a good thing for a king to break his pledge, but, especially before the Treaty of Westphalia, breaking such a pledge could also result in all the armies of Europe marching on your doorstep. With the treaty in place, Bayle, born a year before it in 1647, was to learn that the rise of the nation-state would allow his king, Louis XIV, to do whatever he pleased within his domain.

Thus, the king slowly but surely began to unravel the religious peace his grandfather had established. He burned down Huguenot churches and offered financial rewards for Protestant nobles to return to his Court at Versailles. As for Monsieur Bayle, he was "an odd man out in every sense of the term. There [could] hardly have been a greater handicap to be born, as he was, provincial, poor, and last—but not least—Protestant."[4] The stage was suitably set for religion to play a dominant force for all his life. Born a Protestant, he converted to Catholicism after being bested in a religious debate with a Jesuit priest. But he soon regretted his decision and became what the French authorities called a "relapse," a dangerous label to have.[5] With the Edict rapidly losing power, by this point, it was a crime to convert back to Protestantism, and, saying forever farewell to his family, he fled France for Rotterdam, in the Netherlands, in 1681. There he stumbled upon a largely titular position as a chair of history and philosophy for Rotterdam's École Illustre, a poorly paid position that, nonetheless, allowed Bayle to do what he wished with a minimum amount of official responsibilities.

From this vantage point, he

watched Louis XIV destroy the protections of the Edict and eventually revoke it in 1685, sending upwards of a million French Huguenots out of the country. The implications of this action would be immense. This exodus of talent might, I may add, have been partially responsible not only for the coming French Revolution but also for the rise of Prussian dominance on the continent. This, however, is an entirely different story, and what we are focusing on is how Monsieur Bayle ushered in the Age of Reason. He, along with many other refugees, thought his exile from France was only a temporary condition, and he and his contemporaries took advantage of the liberal Dutch government to wage a war of letters against the not-so-liberal French government. Bayle, in particular, saw the Revocation (of the Edict of Nantes) as "an instance of grotesque intolerance based on moral and logical absurdity. The greater part of his life's work [should be] understood as Bayle's attempt to lay bare the absurdity represented by this event."[6]

Monsieur Bayle's writings reflect how unorganized his education had been. Despite his work ethic and desire to read, our subject was handicapped by a sub-par educational experience. Yes, he read Montaigne and the classics, but, being a poor Protestant, his reading was without organization and he was completely devoid of an appreciation for the sciences. He spent his life quite bitter about his educational deficiencies, but it did fuel his life-long desire to acquire more and more knowledge. The man hoarded books, reading and acquiring as many as he could. His educational background, it must be acknowledged, played a large role in the tone of his writings. He was a playful writer, often writing serious essays in the form of easy-going letters. Compared to the dense, complicated treatises of his time, Elisabeth Labrousse notes that Bayle wrote "as people often talk, haphazardly, sharing his knowledge and the things that amuse him, as well as his doubts and his indignation, with his readers."[7] His writings are approachable and easy to digest; he was crafting works designed for mass consumption, making him a founder of modern intellectual journalism.

His career, however, was to begin anonymously when, in 1682, he published the first edition of what became known as *Miscellaneous Thoughts on the Comet of 1680*. Aware of the potential harm his family in France could suffer if his authorship was known, Monsieur Bayle tried as hard as possible to disguise his works. In his *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, we begin to learn of Bayle's two "paradoxes:" 1) atheists do less evil to God than idolaters because they do not corrupt him nor are atheists inherently without virtue, 2) a truly Christian society would be unable to exist in our world of violence and conquest. While he was, in fact, only suggesting what time has proven to be true, these doctrines gave many fanatics the impression that Bayle was an atheist, an unbeliever, and a rad-

ical. But he was none of these things. No, Bayle was, like many of his era, a Cartesian, although he was neither interested in Descartes' abstractions nor able to truly understand Descartes by overcoming his own mathematical ignorance.* Instead, the Cartesian method turned him into a profound skeptic; "the greatest lesson Bayle learned from Cartesianism was to rid himself of a naïve trust in first impressions."[8] He became obsessed with historical accuracy and seeing things for how they really were—a skill that aided immensely when he compiled his *Historical and Critical Dictionary*. Meanwhile, his philosophy and desire for a peaceful coexistence with Catholicism and a universal toleration gained him enemies among his supposed allies.

He began extensively putting forth such a philosophy when, in 1684, he became the general editor of *News of the Republic of Letters* (*Nouvelles de la République des Lettres* en français). The journal, one of the first learned publications of its kind, was a collection of news, politics, and philosophical thought clandestinely transmitted throughout all of Europe. Aside from being one of the first news publications of its era, Monsieur Bayle's journal "brought him a supply of new books and placed him at the centre of an extensive network of correspondents" not only among his exiled Huguenots but also across the continent[9], from Queen Christina of Sweden to his most distinguished contemporary John Locke (who had fled from England during the political upheavals in the years before the Glorious Revolution of 1688). Even "the Royal Society of England requested an interchange with the author" of so noteworthy a publication.[10] Indeed, as Bayle's journal sought to unite all the citizens of a Republic of Letters, it had such a profound impact on his generation and the next that the title came to embody the very meaning of the Enlightenment. For the next hundred years, it became fashionable to say that the vast network of correspondence that made up the Enlightenment was truly the Republic of Letters. It was, as Keith Botsford would say, a republic "in which all writers are equal citizens in that [they are] readers of what their fellow-citizens have written."[11] Bayle ushered in an age where manuscripts, essays, and treatises were taken out of secret vaults and handed 'round for all to read.

But despite the recognition the journal brought our subject, his work incited the anger of the French authorities who, unable to apprehend Monsieur Bayle, decided to arrest the next best thing: his brother, Jacob Bayle. The elder brother was taken and thrown into prison as punishment for his Protestantism and, more importantly, his brother's antics. There, in a cell of truly horrific dimensions, he languished for five months before passing on to the next work. Pierre Bayle was horrified,

* In reality, Bayle had read extensively of Malebranche, an admirer of Descartes, but not of Descartes himself. However, Bayle (and probably most modern scholars) would be hard pressed to find a difference between the two.

mortified, and thoroughly dismayed; his brother's death shattered, once and for all, Bayle's faith in the divine. He began to question the traditional "pseudo-solutions" to the problem of good and evil in the world. His hatred for religious intolerance then increased by leaps and bounds as the journal became more militant in its coverage of religious persecution across the continent, but feelings of guilt over the death of his brother eventually caused him to give up his journal and retire from continuous daily writing and editing. All of this became the backdrop for the philosophy Bayle would lay forth in his *Historical and Critical Dictionary*.

We will see that Monsieur Bayle's disillusionment with religion after the death of his brother ran deep. His views were so perplexing to the religious dogmatists of the time, Protestants and Catholics alike, that Bayle "might have been a positivist, an atheist, a deist, a skeptic, a fideist, a Socinian, a liberal Calvinist, a conservative Calvinist, a libertine, a Judaizing Christian, a Judeo-Christian, or even a secret Jew, a Manichean, an existentialist" depending on your point of view.[12] Assuredly, he could not be all of these, but what is most likely is that he was a somewhat of a loosely-practicing Calvinist who was skeptical of the validity of many religions but nonetheless espoused a strong acceptance of all faiths. However, as I have hinted previously, it was this strong belief in toleration that guided Bayle throughout his life and, unfortunately, was the catalyst for most of his negative encounters with religious fanatics. These fanatics, and there were many, were jealous of his soothing ability to persuade and could not stand the fact that Bayle was not calling for the head of Louis XIV or, rather, that he was not using his skill to the benefit of whatever group was raging against him. In fact, it was one of Monsieur Bayle's old friends, Pierre Jurieu, who, prophesizing a divine retribution against the Catholics, became the strongest critic of Bayle's ideas. (Of course, part of his enmity towards Bayle may lie in our subject's quick rejection of Jurieu's sister-in-law as a wife, seeking instead "[c]omplete independence, and a life of philosophical literature."[13] But I digress!) While Jurieu's name would become more than meaningless in the course of history, Bayle's "indefatigable persecutor, Jurieu, a sort of living personification of the 'odium theologium,' [. . .] accused [Bayle] before the Dutch consistory of impiety and heresy"[14] and, in 1693, had him removed from his post at the École Illustre.

Fortunately for Monsieur Bayle, the publisher of his various works had heard of his project for a critical *Dictionary*, a plan to "detect all the falsehoods and errors in fact, of other dictionaries, and form a supplement of their omissions under every article."[15] This publisher, sensing something scandalous and therefore positively profitable, arranged for Bayle to receive a small annuity in order to work on such a project. The initial proposal was to simply update the *Historical Dictionary* by

the Catholic priest Moréri, removing the strong Catholic bias with various other additions and corrections. The original work was simply a dictionary of biographical nature and Bayle's would, on the surface, appear to have been simply more of the same. However, just like the *Encyclopedia* that it would later inspire, Bayle's dictionary took on a life of its own. First released in the fall of 1696, the *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique* became an immediate success. Through the addition of "critical" to the title, Monsieur Bayle was able to expound his own philosophies on most importantly, as always, religious tolerance but also many, many other things such as:

> [. . .] superstition, prophecy, the masculine fears of castration and impotency, the necessity for historical accuracy, the possibility of finding certitude in any of the human sciences, the power which women wield through sex, the relationship between reason and faith, the influence of the Fall on human nature and all human activity and consequent necessity of submission to biblical revelation in every area of life. [16]

Oddly enough, reading the articles by themselves would not reveal the scope of Monsieur Bayle's thinking. From "Aaron" to "Zuylichem," the *Dictionary* was the definitive seventeenth-century "who's who" list of philosophers, political figures, mystics, heretics, and biblical characters—in essence, every controversial figure no one was ever supposed to know about. However, most of the seven million words that took up the three volumes of the *Dictionary* were not found in the rough biographical sketches. Instead, the articles were used as "the starting-points for a complex series of endnotes, sidenotes, and footnotes" that were often many times longer than the actual text by itself.[17] On paper, the *Dictionary* is a cluttered mess of columns of different sizes and fonts, reading the work is a sure way to acquire a headache, but the way in which articles and their footnotes link up together to create an entire work of philosophic thought (admittedly wrapped around the guise of simple biographies) is remarkable. Comparisons abound that the Bayle's ambitious setup "could reasonably be regarded as Western culture's first significant hypertext document."[18]

Hidden inside all of these little links, Monsieur Bayle began to tackle many of the issues that would plague the future citizens of the Republic of Letters. In many respects, the *Dictionary* was to become a handbook for the Enlightenment. Yes, that seems a bold thing to declare, but, as Thomas Lennon reports, "shelf counts of private libraries from the eighteenth century show the *Dictionnaire* overwhelming anything from the distant competition of Locke, Newton, Voltaire, and Rousseau."[19] While history has embraced the works of those other thinkers much more than it has of Bayle, it is his ideas that these later philosophes, enlightened monarchs, and Rousseau-esque nature boys put forth; they certainly all had read him. The

Dictionary was Bayle's crowning achievement and the end result of a lifetime spent reading and commenting on the absurdities of the world. Bayle used his *Dictionary* to begin a discussion on the place of reason versus all other topics that would preoccupy thinkers for the next hundred years. Voltaire himself commented that "the greatest master of the art of reasoning that ever wrote, Bayle, great and wise, all systems overthrows."[20]

In an age of religious intolerance and radicalism, Monsieur Bayle was faced with the daunting task of explaining (and, indeed, attempting to cope) with the problem of evil in the world. Exiled from his home in France, his family gone, and repeatedly criticized for not having such-and-such position against Catholics or any other group, Bayle was at a loss to understand the world. Certainly, as a forefather of the Enlightment, he attempted to reason his way out of his dilemmas, but despite being a "master of the art of reasoning," even he declared that reason was not in agreement with itself; that "[r]eason is like a runner who doesn't know that the race is over, or, like Penelope, constantly undoing what it creates."[21] Still, as experience had shown him, religion, in the sense that the Catholics or the Protestants often practiced it, was no better a solution. Bayle, a religious man despite all I have said, was not dogmatic in his beliefs. He recognized the power of evil in the world and how that it could not be compatible with the view of God as supreme good. He writes in the *Dictionary* in one of his many footnotes:

> No good mother who has given her daughters permission to go to a ball would not withdraw her consent if she were to know for certain that they would lose their virginity there, and any mother who did know that for certain, and let them go [. . .] would be justly convicted of loving neither her daughters nor chastity. [. . .] How unwise it is, then, to argue that God was obliged to respect Adam's free will. [22]

Hence Bayle recognized, in some respects, the absurdity of religion and the injustice of it all in seventeenth century Europe. But he writes under his article on Spinoza, also, and again I must quote:

> [T]here are [. . .] people whose religion is in the heart, and not in the mind. The moment they seek it by human reasoning, they lose sight of it; [. . .] but as soon as they arguing, and simply listen to the evidence of their feelings, the instinctive promptings of conscience, the legacy of their upbringing, and so on, they are convinced by a religion and live their lives by it, so far as human infirmity allows.[23]

Certainly, he lived by this philosophy. Monsieur Bayle, a quiet bachelor and an avid bookworm, only wished peace for himself and for others. He tinkered with the *Dictionary* for several more years and, responding to much criticism, put forth a revised edition in December 1701. After the *Dictionary*, which, I might add, was the only publication that ever officially carried his name, he languished about, debating theology and

philosophy with friends in Rotterdam. His achievement complete, his death came "in peculiar accordance with the tranquility of his temper, and the privacy of his habits" when, one morning, he quietly asked if "his fire had been lighted, and died the next moment, without apparent pain or struggle of any kind, at the age fifty-nine years, one month, and ten days."[24]

Pierre Bayle spent the entirety of his life advocating only that people be allowed to believe what they wish. In the place of blind faith and political oppression, he sought to establish a community, his Republic of Letters, to discuss the serious issues of the day as they would be discussed in a reading room after a dinner. His writing was so clear and yet ambiguously open to interpretation that his good intentions have been lost behind wild accusations that miss his point. In seeking to report on the world as it was, as both a historian and early-day reporter, Bayle is at odds with himself as the mild-mannered man of God. Many of his ideas were fundamentally sound, but, unfortunately, the scope and breadth of his mission allowed his ideas to be taken up by men as different as Locke and Marx. Hence, Bayle's ideas were used to advocate a variety of positions the man would have never dreamed. And, unfortunately, while religious toleration eventually gained the recognition it deserved, it would take another three hundred years of blood and chaos before anyone figured out what Pierre Bayle actually meant.

ENDNOTES

1. "Peace of Westphalia," Wikipedia: The Free Encyclopedia, 11 Apr. 2004, 25 Apr.-3 May 2004
2. Isaac Kramnick, ed. *The Portable Enlightenment Reader* (New York: Penguin, 1995) 79.
3. Elisabeth Labrousse, *Bayle*, trans. Denys Potts (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1983) 2.
4. Labrousse 12.
5. James Schmidt, "Europe in the 1680s: The Protestant Crisis & The Glorious Revolution," lecture, European Enlightenment (Boston University: Boston, 16 Sep. 2003).
6. Thomas M. Lennon, "Pierre Bayle," *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*.
7. Labrousse 11.
8. *Ibid.* 50.
9. Alan Bailey, "Skepticism-Lecture 7c," *Alan Bailey's Philosophy Webpage*, 2003, 20 Apr.-3 May 2004
10. "Life of Bayle," foreword, *An Historical and Critical Dictionary*, by Pierre Bayle (London: Hunt and Clarke, 1826) 14.
11. Keith Botsford, "RE: Pierre Bayle," e-mail to Joseph Jerome, 24 Apr. 2004.
12. Thomas M. Lennon, "Pierre Bayle," *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, 7 Feb. 2003, 20 Apr.-3 May 2004.
13. *Dictionary*, 11.
14. *Ibid.* 21.
15. *Ibid.* 21.
16. Ruth Whelan, *The Anatomy of Superstition: A Study of the Historical*

Theory and Practice of Pierre Bayle (Oxford: The Voltaire Foundation, 1989) 10.
17. Garth Kemerling, "Pierre Bayle," *Philosophy Pages*, 7 Aug. 2002, 20 Apr.-3 May 2004.
18. Thomas M. Lennon, *Reading Bayle* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1999) 7.
19. Thomas M. Lennon, "Pierre Bayle," *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, 61.
21. *Ibid*. 64.
23. *Ibid*. 50.
24. *Dictionary*, 28.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Bailey, Alan. "Skepticism-Lecture 7c." *Alan Bailey's Philosophy Webpage*. 2003. 20 Apr.-3 May 2004. < http://www.webspawner.com/users/alanbailey/index.html>

Botsford, Keith. "RE: Pierre Bayle." E-mail to Joseph Jerome. 24 Apr. 2004.

Goodman, Dena. *The Republic of Letters: A Cultural History of the French Enlightenment*. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1994.

Kemerling, Garth. "Pierre Bayle." *Philosophy Pages* 7 Aug. 2002. 20 Apr.-3 May 2004. http://www.philosophypages.com/ph/bayl.htm

Kenshur, Oscar. "Pierre Bayle and the Structures of Doubt." *Eighteenth-Century Studies*, vol 22, Spring 1988: p. 297-315. 13 April-3 May 2004. <http://www.jstor.org>

Kramnick, Isaac, ed. *The Portable Enlightenment Reader*. New York: Penguin, 1995.

"Kristina Wasa, Queen of Sweden." 25 Apr.-3 May 2004. <http://oregonstate.edu/instruct/phl302/philosophers/wasa.html>

Labrousse, Elisabeth. *Bayle*. Trans. Denys Potts. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1983.

Lennon, Thomas M. "Pierre Bayle." *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*. 7 Feb. 2003. 20 Apr.-3 May 2004. <http://plato.stanford.edu/entries/bayle/>

Lennon, Thomas M. *Reading Bayle*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1999.

"Life of Bayle." Foreword. *An Historical and Critical Dictionary By Pierre Bayle*. London: Hunt and Clarke, 1826.

O'Cathasaigh, Sean. "Skepticism and Belief in Pierre Bayle's: Nouvelles Lettres Critiques." *Journal of the History of Ideas*, vol. 45, Jul.-Sep. 1984: p. 421-433. 13 April-3 May 2004. <http://www.jstor.org>

"Peace of Westphalia." *Wikipedia: The Free Encyclopedia* 11 Apr. 2004. 25 Apr.-3 May 2004. <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Peace_of_Westphalia>

Schmidt, James. "Europe in the 1680s: The Protestant Crisis & The Glorious Revolution." *Lecture. European Enlightenment*. Boston University, Boston. 16 Sep. 2003.

Whelan, Ruth. *The Anatomy of Superstition: A Study of the Historical Theory and Practice of Pierre Bayle*. Oxford: The Voltaire

Prof. Panurge & the Circumference of WR150

KENTARO YOSHIDA

Pantagruel is one part of *The Histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel* by Francois Rabelais, a mock-quest epic that parodies everything from classical authors and higher learning to the rulers of Rabelais' time. Rabelais, a Franciscan monk and a Bachelor of Medicine, was also at the center of the humanist movement and had engaged in an immense amount of learning.

Pantagruel follows the adventures of a good-natured giant named Pantagruel known for his genius and his advisor Panurge, a learned man who is also gratuitously vulgar. The find themselves in two ingenious and hilarious situations, which provide wry commentary on the scholarly and moral life of the age.

I thought it would be interesting to imagine myself in a class taught by Panurge. What methods would he use? What books would he choose? Let us drop in on the first day of classes at Boston University to find out . . .

There were ten more minutes until the start of class, and I was bored silly. I opened my undergraduate course bulletin and flipped to the description of the class I was taking. It read:

CAS CC 3211 The History of Symbolic Logic Within the Ancient Philosophy of the Modern Aristotelians of Human Nature Before the Introduction to Ethics of Literature and Values of the Mind, Brain, and Self to be used for Reasoning and Argumentation in the Knowledge of the Arts in between Reality

Prereq: Roughly the square root of one philosophy course or the circumference of WR 150.

A study of ancient classics including: the *Crucible of Contemplation*, *The Nonsense of*

Law, *The Mustard-pot of Tardy Penitence*, *The Thread-ball of Theology*, *The Elephantine Testicular of the Valiant*, *The Apparition of St. Geltrude* to a *Nun of Poissy in Labour*. And if we have time, we will have an in-depth comparative analysis of *A Goad of Wine* and *The Spur of Cheese*. The course will examine the effects of the *Tail-piece of Discipline* on the sophist community. Also, we will take a close look at the *Old Shoe of Humility* and its relation to the development of modern cognitive science.

Every semester there will be two panel discussions headed by Dean Semaj Nosnhoj, which will include but are not limited to experts in the fields of Arseinistic reasoning and thought, The Sense of Non-Mechanics, and the History and Expansion of the Gibberistolic Era in England and America.

I closed the book and whistled in amazement. This is what made college wonderful and worth the hefty tuition fees. Where else could I find deep, thought-provoking courses such as these? I put the bulletin back into my bag and looked around. The classroom was packed from wall to wall, and I had heard there were dozens more hopeful students on the waitlist. Panurge must be a very popular professor; then again, who could resist studying the *Elephantine Testicular of the Valiant*? Such scintillating topics!

Suddenly, the room fell silent as the classroom door creaked open. A man of middling stature, neither too big nor too small, walked in. His nose was somewhat aquiline, and the shape of a razor handle. He looked to be roughly thirty-five. I quickly noticed that his hand and shirt were covered in blood, and he looked dazed.

One of the students jumped out of his seat, and said, "Professor Panurge! Do you need help?" To this Panurge replied, "Al barildim gotfano dech min brin alabo dordin fallbroth ringuam albaras! Nin hur diavolth mnarbothim! Nin hur! Nin hur! Nin hur!" The student faltered, and said, "Sir, I cannot understand what you say. Are you speaking a human Christian language?" To this Panurge responded, "Prug frest fins sorgdmand! Strochdt drhds pag brlelang! Gravot! Gravot!" The student shook his head in frustration, and said, "By golly, Professor Panurge! He then turned helplessly toward the class and said, in confusion, "What is he saying? What does he need? I can't understand a word he's saying! Help!"

Upon hearing the poor student's urgent plea, the linguistics majors circled into a scrum and began arguing over what root language Professor Panurge was using. While this went on, Panurge continued to spew out more strange words that the linguistics majors speedily wrote down, in hopes of finding a pattern.

Finally, after an hour had passed and Professor Panurge's shirt was soaked in red, one of the linguistic students leaped out of his chair, and shouted, "Eureka! We have decoded his language! Professor Panurge is saying,

'Fools! Is it not obvious that I am bleeding to death in front of your very eyes? If only a kind soul would help save my petty life. If only one of you would have mercy on me. I am in great need of blood. I am dying. I will not last much longer; please have pity. Why, oh why, do you soulless, heartless, cruel men debate over my words when I am dying in front of you? Here, at least give me a bandage to cover the wound. I shall contract gangrene at my injured limbs, if I have not already! If only you had compassion!' "

After a long moment of stunned silence, Professor Panurge smiled, and then said, "And this, young ones, was your first lesson in my class! Lucky for you, it was only a blood bag." I eagerly raised my hand and said, "Wait, wait! What was the lesson, Professor Panurge?" To this, Panurge put the forefinger of his right hand into his mouth, sucking it very hard with his cheek-muscles. Next he drew it out and, as he did so, made a great noise, as when little boys fire turnip pellets out of guns made of elderwood; and he did this nine times.

With the enthusaism of sudden insight, a student stood up and declared, "Ha! I understand! . . . But what?"

Varieties of Destruction

Zachary Bos

The tip of the tongue of the year almost says spring
but stutters into cloudy puddles and troughs of mud,
on the plowed path and sodden upturned clots of earth.

The soggy Victory Gardens by the Muddy River
are leased and weeded by retirees and gay couples
who let implacable winter pull apart the plots.

The flocks return to shoals of flat washed leaves
deposited by the minor glaciers of Massachusetts
in rows like the backs of whales swimming in mud.

The weight of the winter coerces fences to collapse;
saturated laths sprawled into the path and each other,
opening gates for trespassing cats, rabbits and rats.

The woman in the housecoat was baggy-knees in mud
when I passed her mourning her black and broken gate,
kicked down by the trawlers looking for a place to lay:

"The people who do this, they have nothing inside of them,
they are hollow." She didn't accept my offer to help her
fix the destruction of the vandals and the injury of the snow.

Second Thoughts

Zachary Bos

Deliberating on follow through, following the Fall,
their holy God shook at the failure He'd been shown:
"This is not what I meant, not what I meant at all."

Finest honey they'd been offered, but they selected gall;
when given everything, they wanted what they hadn't known.
When confronted they denied it, following the Fall.

He expelled them from His table to the outside of the wall
and turned away to weep upon His adamantine throne
"This is not what I meant, not what I meant at all."

They discovered what it meant to be moral, withered, small;
As children will, they cried: " . . . maybe later, when we've grown?"
They never guessed at God's doubt, following the Fall.

He stitched His lips and kept it in, despite their constant calls
though at any time He might have reversed, as deities are prone,
after all it was not what He meant, not what He meant at all.

Their calling became quieter. Their absence filled His halls.
Paradise became a kingdom for a penitent lord on his own.
Deliberating on follow through, following the Fall,
He said aloud quite to Himself: that is not what I meant at all.
That is not it, at all.

Unintelligent Design

Martha Muñoz

Intelligent design is the idea that only through the directed action of a divine creator are the complex phenomena of nature explainable. Intelligent design as articulated by biochemist Michael Behe comprises two main concepts: the idea of irreducible complexity and the subsequent impossibility of such complexity evolving through natural selection. This paper will illustrate that these concepts are not scientifically supportable and that complex organisms are indeed the result of natural selection.

Behe (1998) defines a system to be irreducibly complex if it is "composed of several interacting parts that contribute to the basic function, and where the removal of any one of the parts causes the system to effectively cease functioning." This definition is questionable. For example, removing or disenabling cones in the human eye preserves the basic function of vision. Human beings can lose entire regions of the brain and still continue to live. The removal of one component of a structure Behe considers irreducibly complex does not necessarily halt the functioning of the whole. Behe's conjecture, however, does hold some truth, as an eye without a retina, for example, is a useless eye. If every component of a system is indispensable, how could a precursor system have functioned? Could an intermediate system have even existed?

Perhaps the best way to respond to Behe is to first ask: How *does* evolution work? Behe envisions evolution as the systematic layering of complexity, resembling the process of adding tiers to a cake. Behe appears to suggest that the immediate precursor to the modern eye would have to be missing one of its components, such as bipolar cells, in order to be considered a precursor. But complexity does not evolve in this manner. Complexities do not compile like layers on a cake. Rather, they are

reworkings of already present materials. "Novelties," says evolutionary biologist François Jacob (1977), "come from previously unseen association of old material. To create is to recombine." Natural selection, through selective pressures for traits that make the eye more functional, drive the evolution of its complexity though accumulations of recombinations. One must also not overlook the generative process of mutation, which further contributes to novelty.

Precursors are slightly different, operative reworkings of an already functional system. The factors that shape the formation of complex systems are evolutionary history and the specific inner constraints of the system. Natural selection and genetic drift are the mechanisms by which evolutionary history modifies structure. The particular conditions that give certain traits selective advantage lead to adaptation and change. Over time, these changes accumulate into complexities and new functions. For example, the formation

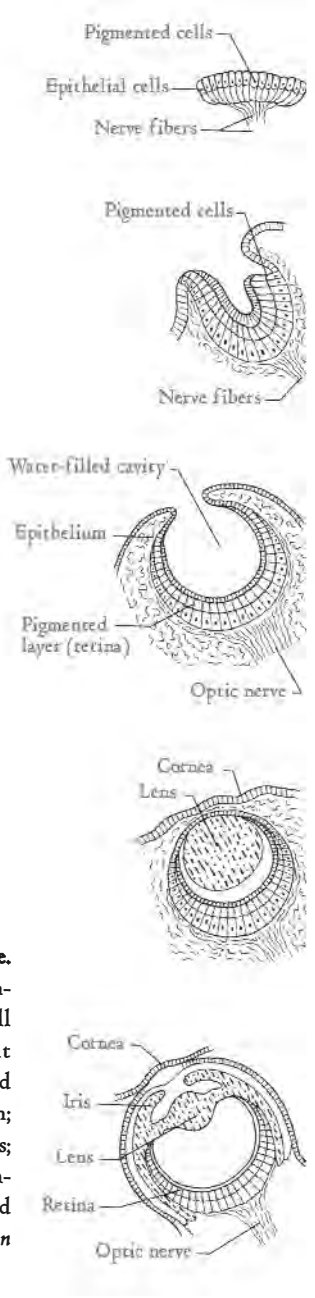


Figure 1: Intermediates in the Evolution of the Eye. From top to bottom, a series of eyes which demonstrates the utility of a light-sensing organ at all stages of complexity: a pigment spot, as is thought to have been possessed by early organisms and which is seen in current species like the planarian; a simple pigment cup as seen in polychaete worms; the optic cup scheme seen in the abalone; the complex lensed eyes of the marine snail *Littorina*; and the sophisticated eye of the octopus. *From Freeman and Herron 69.*

of the eye cup was a reworking of a flatter surface . Evolution of the vertebrate eye can be traced back to the photosensitive light spot. The evolution of all complex systems can be traced back to simpler precursors and intermediates. These hypotheses regarding specific evolutionary histories are testable; otherwise, scientists would be engaging in story-telling.

Behe claims that some natural systems are irreducibly complex and that these systems cannot have functional precursors. Behe next concludes that "[irreducible] complexity is incompatible with undirected evolution." The truth is that complexity is incompatible with directed evolution. Directed evolution implies two things: uniqueness of complex form and perfection of function. However, it is obvious that these two premises are not supported by scientific evidence. For example, the eye is a structure not limited to one class of organisms; it occurs in various types of organisms and is seen in many forms. Many visual systems, such as light spot, compound, pinhole, and lens-based eyes are seen in nature (*Fig. 1*). Humans and octopi share structurally homologous eyes, except that retinas of the former point away from light while those of the latter point toward light (Jacob 1977). How else, other than by convergent evolution as a result of similar selective pressures, could such staggeringly analogous structures have arisen? Furthermore, complex systems are not perfect; they are limited and flawed. Bat eyes can see clearly in the dark but are useless during the day. Insect eyes can discern flower shapes and some color, but can only form coarse, grainy images. Vertebrate eyes have a blind spot where the optic nerve leaves the eye. Only through natural selection are the imperfections of complex systems explicable.

Behe next takes a leap in his argument to say that if complexity could not have risen through undirected evolution, it must have been designed. This jump certainly does not follow from the arguments, even if they were true. The specific cause of a natural phenomenon cannot be confidently identified without exhaustive positive proof. Even if natural selection could not account for the evolution of the eye, which it certainly can, it would still be a speculative claim that *only* a divine creator could account for complexity. Behe argues that a lack of evidence against a creator is tantamount to evidence for a creator. However, the evidence against intelligent design is overwhelming. Simply believing that "the world looks very much as if were the result of an intelligent cause" (Hartwig 2001) does not make it so. As a result of natural selection, features may appear as though they were specially created, but this does not make it so. Natural selection is the agent of the environment making natural selection adaptive, but not deliberate. While natural selection directs change, there is no eye overseeing the process. The blindness—or rather, lack of foresight—of this process serves to explain imperfection and redundancy of form in nature, which are qualities the theory

of intelligent design cannot. The role of mutation must not be overlooked however, for it is the substrate for novelty upon which natural selection mediated by the environment works.

Random is not the same as chaotic, and complexity does not mean design. In the case of natural selection, those traits that are most suited for the environment will confer greater fitness to the individual. Greater fitness (in a rough sense) means greater reproductive success. Through this process, deleterious traits are removed, and beneficial traits are modified and propagated. The continual introduction of variation by mutation provides a constant source of novelty upon which natural selection can improvise. It is this interplay between pressure and response that has led to the forms and diversity of life on earth, and which will continue to do so. Unfortunately for the common understanding of science, this process resembles to a great degree the action of an intelligent designer with foresight and purpose, who created an environment perfectly suited to its special creations. It is the other way around: the environment modifies the organism. Homologous complexities, as in the vertebrate and octopus eyes, are strong indicators of natural selection at work. Furthermore, the imperfections of complex systems suggest that they were formed by natural selection, a process that "gives direction to changes, orients chance, and slowly, progressively produces more complex structures, new organs, and new species" (Jacob 1977). Unfortunately for Behe, his strongest argument for intelligent design is actually the strongest evidence against it.

The Intelligent Design movement attempts to make dogma credible by cloaking it in the language of science. Its proponents do not objectively consider the data given by the fossil record and current research. The public must be wary of scientific-seeming affectlessness, as such a posture can be a poker face concealing dogma from the rigor of truly scientific review. Let skepticism be the lens through which we all distinguish the pearls of science from glass imitations.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Behe, Michael J. "Experimental support for the design inference." *Cosmic Pursuit*. March 1, 1998.

Freeman, Scott and John Herron. *Evolutionary Analysis*. Second Edition. Upper Saddle River, NJ: Prentice Hall, 2001.

Hartwig, Mark. "The meaning of intelligent design." *Boundless*. July 18, 2001.

Jacob, François. "Evolution and tinkering." *Science*. 196: 1161-6. June 10, 1977.

Marc Chagall. *La Mariée*. 1949. 11x cm x 94 cm. Oil on canvas. Private collection.

Chagall's "La Mariée"

Daniel Joseph

On your wedding day, you'll float
Over your town, changed.
The church, one house, will stay
Massy, solid; but the rest—the guests,
Feasting and piping and
Stomping a jig, will flatten
To outlines and borders. Things will be
Reordered. Even the chicken will fade.

A goathead cellist will trail behind you;
A long ghost in blue will whisper,
And arrange the loomed
Constellations of your veil.
Your hand will bleach where it touches
Your worn heavens. Your spring
Bouquet, cherry dress, flush face—
The lustiest colors—a real May
Vision, flaring through bruised mists.

Your dress will be matched by the red desk—
Remote from you as you are
From the town—that a fish approaches,
Climbing, a candle before him.

Rebirth of Beauty: Renaissance Art

Michael Zisser

For many scholars and historians, the death of Dante Alighieri in 1321 marked the official end of the Middle Ages, an era marked distinctively by devout Catholicism and the subservience of man to God. However, with Florence and Rome flourishing in trade and textiles and an underlying dissatisfaction with corrupt Roman Catholic Church throughout Europe, a new zeitgeist slowly began to emerge, particularly in Italy. The corruption of the church led many people to acquire a newfound appreciation of the human form and to look back towards Antiquity, a period that stressed the values of human progress and potential, rather than God's dominance and power. This Renaissance or "rebirth" of Greco-Roman culture inspired a new Humanistic view of the universe and a new "secular and scientific understanding of the physical world" (Benesch 7). Faith in human reason allowed for great scientific discovery and was accompanied by a restored interest in the liberal arts and "intellectual culture" based upon the "ideal of spiritual freedom and autonomy of the personality" (Benesch 54).

This new view of Renaissance individualism stressed the beauty of the human form and can be seen predominantly in the artwork produced from the early quattrocento to the mid-cinquecento in both Italy and Northern Europe alike. The art of the Renaissance is largely "based on the discovery of the world and of the self" (Harbison 8). Although great differences exist between the art of Northern Europe in the "Late Gothic" period (Murray 17) and that of Italy, overall development of new artistic techniques flourished, including the innovative use of perspective, depth, dramatic movement, fresco painting, and symmetry. These revolutionary techniques, due in large part to scientific and mathematical

developments, enabled Renaissance artists to not only take a newfound pride in their accomplishments, but allowed them to represent drastically different—and many times secular—themes throughout their works: naturalism, humanism, realism, and classical Biblicalism, which stresses mans relation to God, rather than his inferiority.

For Renaissance artists, a return to Christianity in its classical form paralleled the recreation of values from classical antiquity within their works of art. Renaissance humanist artists not only sought to "attack scholastic theology and return to the Biblical and patristic sources of Christianity" (Murray 11), but also to "give to an old religious content a new intensity and nearness to life" (Benesch 7). This thematic development intended to portray a relationship between man and God that was not hierarchical, but personal. Although this Biblical tradition began in Northern Europe with artists such as Albrecht Durer in Germany, it quickly became a major trend in Italy as well, with even the most famous of artists, including Donatello and later Leonardo, painting Biblical scenes that depicted the relationship between man and God. In Michelangelo's *Creation of Adam*, a portrait of man is represented in which the individual is endowed with extreme, even divine, potential and power. Adam is represented in the most beautiful, nude form and is given life and strength directly from the Creator. Captured in this painting is a moment in which "all the pride of pagan antiquity in the glory of the body, and all the yearning of Christianity for the spirit have reached a mysterious and perfect harmony" (Hartt 500). This masterpiece represents the collective consciousness of individuals throughout the Renaissance who criticized the "pomp and ceremonies that had grown up around the Church's hierarchy" and sought to "return to the primitive beginnings of Christianity, with its emphasis on simple, egalitarian, and evangelical community" (Harbison 142). This attack on the dogmatism and corruptive licentiousness of the Roman Catholic Church stemmed also from the desire to return to the classical notions of Christianity where "belief is an inner experience which does not need sacred garments, tools, and places as outer tokens" (Benesch 60).

Figure 1: Albrecht Durer. *Christ as the Man of Sorrows* (detail). 1493. Oil on panel. Staatliche Kunsthalle, Karlsruhe, Germany.

Dürer's *Man of Sorrows* (Fig. 1) perfectly represents this inner religious experience that had slowly taken over

the external institutionalization of the Church. The art of early 16th-century Germany, which acted as a mimesis of the Reformation that was rapidly transforming Europe, subliminally portrayed the emotional relationship between man and God (or Christ) that became elevated through God's grace and faith alone. This style symbolizes the "ardent desire of the leading spirits to find an immediate way to God, to justify themselves through the strength of their belief instead through ecclesiastic formulas" (Benesch 22). In this painting, Durer reveals his inner emotional distress caused by Christ's suffering. The divine Christ, who "bears Durer's own features" (Benesch 22), shows the expression of tragic sorrow that has so heavily impacted Durer's own human psyche. These trends of Classic Biblicalism combined with a spiritual and emotional connection between man and the divine define a large aspect of Renaissance art, in which human beings have entered an inward spiritual quest for religiosity outside of the church, while also being depicted as a paradigm of beauty, first exemplified in classical antiquity, where man himself takes on a godly appearance.

One of the main secular artistic movements born from the Renaissance was the development of what came to be known as naturalism, or "landscape imagery" (Hartt 280). This technique, which was used by both Northern European and Italian artists alike, represents a new purpose taken on by artists of the time: to focus on "issues and ideas that had their origin and purpose outside the confines of the Church—in the daily, worldly existence of contemporaries, in their intellectual life, and in their discovery of the world through exploration and commerce" (Harbison 124). This revolutionary turn towards secularity is due, in large part, to the Reformation and the ubiquitous dissatisfaction with the Catholic Church. Depicting the landscape enabled artists to imagine and create an "ideal space" and a "complete illusion of a new world" (Murray 40). By painting the perfect place (*locus amoenus*), artists were not only able to make use of new artistic trends such as depth perception and perspective, but were also able to place themselves and the viewer in a somewhat imaginary utopian world that existed outside of the corruption and religious fraudulence of the time period. Although landscape paintings are generally regarded as a form of secular art, many of the works contain some form of Christian or Protestant theme or narrative subtly interwoven within them. This feature stems predominantly from an "understand[ing] of the universe as an embodiment of God" (Benesch 42) where a Divine Creator is believed to be responsible for the creation of the natural world in all its beauty. This Renaissance pantheism is notable in the works of German artist Joachim Patinir, particularly *Landscape with St. Jerome* (Fig. 2). This painting depicts a solitary Jerome taming a lion in the wilderness, representing man's peaceful relationship with the natural world. Jerome has

Figure 2: Joahim Patinir. *Landscape with St. Jerome*. c. 1515-24. Oil on wood. Museo del Prado, Madrid, Spain.

Figure 3: Piero della Francesca. *Allegorical Triumph of Federico da Mantefeltro*. ca. 1465. Reverse of P*ortrait of Federico da Mantefeltro*, Duke of Urbino. Oil on panel, 47 x 33 cm. Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence, Italy.

retreated to "face his inner demons" (Harbison 138), depicted through the dark clouds in the upper left corner. The theme of saints or pilgrims "going into a harsh world in order to restore their sense of purpose and ideals" (Harbison 144) became a humanistic way of showing the power of nature to restore and give life to a deteriorating society like that of the Holy Roman Empire. The use of color progression from dark to light also allows for a sense of recession. By creating such a complex, diverse landscape, Patinir is able to depict a setting representative of a place anyone would be willing to journey through because of its beauty and sense of eventual serenity.

The Italian painter Piero Francesca portrayed similar themes in his works, but is more notable for his incorporation of scientific and mathematical developments within his art. This is essentially the technique that most distinguishes Northern Renaissance art from that of Italy. As for Piero's *Triumph of Federico da Montefeltro* (Fig. 3), the rate at which the conical hills fade into the distance and the rate at which "their intersection with the plain vanishes" represents this plane as "part of the surface of a sphere" (Hartt 282). Piero's rationale for this is undeniably his desire to incorporate the revolutionary scientific idea of the time that the world was round. This notion is further supported by the fact that Piero was acquaintances with Paolo Toscanelli, who drew the map Columbus used to make this theoretical speculation factual. In general, it can be said that landscape art throughout the Renaissance sought to represent a realistic world that made use of the scientific and mathematical discoveries of the age on one hand, and an idealistic, imaginary world where people could find inner solace outside of the corruption of the Church on the other.

Along with the creation of landscape paintings came a continuous development of a type of artwork that art historians now call Realism. Visual realism refers to the artists "ability to mimic . . . the myriad effects of color and light to be seen in the visible world . . . as if the eyes of the artists had suddenly been opened" (Harbison 26). Although much more complex in its application, realism strived to accomplish two tasks: to "render solids according to how objects are seen in light and space" and to "describe the observable factual data of nature" (Wohl 9). This desire to accurately portray the natural world was also accompanied by the fervent craving to "represent the human body in a more realistic way than any practiced since classical antiquity" (Murray 17). The various approaches taken by Northern European artists and Italian artists mark the most distinct differences in artistic developments during the Renaissance. These differences primarily deal with the styles, ornaments and techniques that began developing in the 15th century and culminated in the High Renaissance. The major difference that existed between Italian and Northern

Figure 4: Pietro Perugino. *The Delivery of the Keys*. 1482. Fresco. Capella Sistina, Rome, Italy.

Figure 5: Rogier van der Weyden. *St. John Altarpiece*. c.1455-1460. Oil on panel. Gemaldegalerie, Berlin, Germany.

Figure 6: Giorgione. *Sleeping Venus*. c.1508. Oil on canvas. Dresden Gallery, Dresden, Germany.

realism was the former's emphasis of perspective and mathematical precision. While Italian art was more generally focused on "regularity and clarity," Northern art leaned more heavily towards a representation of "miniature, texture, and illusion" that incorporated imaginative and personal experiences and an "enclosed world of privacy and preciousness" (Harbison 34).

One of the most famous artists to stand out among Italians who perfected the use of spatial representation and perspective was Pietro Perugino. In his *Giving of the Keys to St. Peter* (Fig. 4), a sense of openness is enacted through the use of spatial techniques and mathematical meticulousness. This painting provides a "refreshing sense of liberation from material restraints, as if the spectator could glide freely in any direction" (Hartt 359). This use of perspective involves "using a mathematical theory according to which all lines perpendicular to the picture plane converge toward a single vanishing point, and figures or objects are placed in regular and diminishing scale along those orthogonals" (Harbison 32). The symmetry of the classically designed buildings and the sense of mathematically produced depth and third dimension is what distinctively differentiates Italian Renaissance art from the flatness and artificialness of Northern Europe and even, to an extent, the previous religious works of the Middle Ages. The inclination towards spatial precision and perspective was in large part due to the "admiration for naturalistic rendering of detail" prevalent in Greco-Roman culture and brought along with it the adoption of "classically derived humanistic architectural vocabulary" (Wohl 161).

While Italian realism was individualized and "style-conscious," Northern European Renaissance art generally took the form of "distorted introversion—spaces, private and enclosed" where the artist strove "for their own kind of ideal representation" (Harbison 33) of a magical world. This imaginative form was oftentimes subjected to much criticism from Italian artists who saw the art as dull and irrational. Michelangelo once said Northern art was painted "without reason or art, without symmetry or proportion, without skill, selection or boldness and, finally, without substance or vigor" (Harbison 155). However, what remain as outstanding aspects of Northern art are the intricate depictions of details, textures, and contrasts between areas of light and dark. Rogier van der Weyden's *St John's Altarpiece* (Fig. 5) is an apt prototype of this Northern disposition. Depicted are three scenes from the life of John the Baptist which take place indoors, with windows that provide a glimpse into the outer world. This distinctively Northern European technique was in stark contrast to the Italian "brilliant, open, sunlight piazza effect" (Harbison 134) in which the beauty and realism of the outer natural world were depicted, as opposed to the Northern "love of fragmentation and detail." In Weyden's piece, this fragmented realism is clearly evident as the multiple stages

Figure 7: Raphael. *The School of Athens*. 1509. Fresco. Vaticano, Stanza della Segnatura, Rome.

of John's life "draw the viewer into an imagined world and make the viewer aware of its illusionist nature" (Harbison 39). This view of the world was also heavily influenced by the philosophy of nominalism, which states that anything a person can truly know is directly perceivable through the senses. Thus, through the use of the senses, an artist is able to focus upon the intricate details of specific objects, people, and places. Again, this devotion to detail and fragmented reality was what set Northern European art apart from the holistic realism and mathematical precision of Italy.

All of the artistic developments discussed previously culminated in a period known as the High Renaissance in Italy and as the Late Gothic period in the North. Starting in 1500, the Renaissance would reach a climax of artistic genius that featured an honor roll of innovative painters such as Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, and Botticelli. What was born was a renowned representation of the human being in its most beautiful form along with a combination of Italian perspective, symmetry, and harmony, Northern detail, and the representation of Gods, historical events, and unforgettable legends of classical antiquity. These themes were oftentimes painted in the "ornate classical style" (Wohl 115), traditionally known as fresco painting. Since artists generally painted large works, they developed a technique of using wet plaster that enabled them to transfer cartoons, or original drafts, of the paintings onto ceramic where it would then

dry. The style of these frescoes was developed by pupils of Raphael in the early 1500s who had as their general aim "verisimilitude in the representation of the classical roman past" (Wohl 118). It is this very technique that Michelangelo used to cover the Sistine Chapel with his magnificent portraits of biblical scenes.

Most people know about Leonardo's remarkable discoveries regarding the human body and how he and Michelangelo depicted the human form throughout their works, but two marginally less well-known paintings are left to be discussed. The first of these is Giorgione's *Sleeping Venus* (Fig. 6). Most noticeable here is the depiction of the nude human being, who "shining in the soft light [represents] the full perfection of human beauty" (Hartt 592). Where Renaissance art differs dramatically from the Middle Ages is in the portrayal of the "human being as a living organism" (Benesch 17) flourishing in its innocent nudeness. Just as important in this painting (finished by Titian) is the image of the Greek Goddess Venus, representing the Renaissance rebirth of classical culture. It was the "rise of secular education, coupled with the tendency to equate knowledge with Latin and Greek literature—that is, Humanism that led to a demand for such pictures" (Murray 278). Venus, curved perfectly in relation to the earth, rests in calm serenity in the midst of a natural landscape and, consequently, idealizes the ultimate *topoi* of Renaissance art.

The final painting left to discuss combines both the eloquence of mathematical precision and spatial techniques of the Renaissance and the architectural and thematic traditions of classical antiquity. This is, of course, Raphael's *School of Athens* (Fig. 7). This painting is essentially the culmination of all High Renaissance art. In the direct center of the painting stand Plato and Aristotle; Plato points upwards as he describes his theory of universal forms, while Aristotle points down, relating his earthly, practical moral philosophy as he carries a copy of the *Nichomachean Ethics*. To the left Socrates engages in philosophical argument, with other notable mathematicians such as Pythagoras and Euclid are distributed throughout the painting. On the bottom, with his left elbow resting on a slab of marble, is Michelangelo (Hartt 510). This amalgamation of worldly philosophers, scholars, and artists represents the renewed interest in humanism, the liberal arts, and classical education throughout the Renaissance. As artists began to drift away from the dogmatism of the Catholic Church, they turned toward the intellectualism so often stressed by classical philosophers to be the best and happiest possible life. This painting also represents a remarkable representation of space and classical architecture. The series of arches, receding into what seems like infinite distance, is flanked by nude sculptures. Even more astonishing is Raphael's ability to incorporate such a large amount of people within one area, something unprecedented in the history of art. Regardless of the number of people

within the room, Raphael's mastery of the perspective technique almost forces the viewers eyes towards the center, where two of the greatest thinkers of antiquity stand in pensive reflection, symbolizing the new scholarly and classical consciousness that had pervaded the Renaissance for over two-hundred years.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Benesch, Otto. *The Art of the Renaissance in Northern Europe*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1947.

Harbison, Craig. *The Mirror of the Artist: Northern Renaissance Art in Its Historical Context*. New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 1995.

Hartt, Frederick. *History of Italian Renaissance Art*. 3rd Edition. New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 1987.

Murray, Peter and Linda. *The Art of the Renaissance*. Singapore: Thames and Hudson, 1963.

"Online Art Museum." <http://www.abcgallery.com>. 6 December 2004.

Wohl, Hellmut. *The Aesthetics of Italian Renaissance Art*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999.

Aeneas as Role Model

Jenna Kiley

In approximately the year 30 BC, the author Virgil was commissioned by Emperor Augustus Caesar to write a work glorifying him and legitimizing his role as emperor. The result of that commission was the *Aeneid*. It is the story of a seemingly virtuous man and his journey to establish Rome in Italy. In Book VI, Aeneas descends into the Underworld and sees a line of his descendants—all influential people in the establishment and governing of the Roman Empire. Among Aeneas' descendants is Augustus Caesar. Due to Virgil's creation of this relationship between Augustus and Aeneas, one could assume that he would also give them similar personality traits. The question that is derived from this assumption is whether Virgil intended these inherited qualities to be positive or negative. Is the character of Aeneas really meant to legitimize and glorify Augustus Caesar?

Part of the answer to this question comes in the form of another question, the Virgilian question: can you be a nationalist and hold onto your personal integrity? It has been reported that prior to his death Virgil requested that the unfinished *Aeneid* be burned because he did not want to be remembered for it. To many, this was the most blatant evidence that Virgil had in fact betrayed his integrity and portrayed Rome and Augustus falsely. Others believe that Virgil wanted the work burned because he did not want to be remembered as an opponent of the Roman Empire. On that topic, there is much to suggest that Virgil used the character of Aeneas to illustrate the character flaws of Augustus Caesar.

One of Aeneas' central flaws is his inability to remain focused on the task that he has been assigned by the gods: to journey to Italy and form the Roman Empire. Along the way he meets the beautiful Dido, visits the Underworld, and ventures to Sicily. During each of

these detours he must be constantly reminded of his goal and pried away from what he is presently doing. When he is with Dido, he is visited by Mercury, who brings him the message that he must think of his father and his heir Iulus, "to whom the Italian realm, the land / Of Rome, are due" (IV, 105, 375). Upon his visit to the Underworld, it is not until his father "fired his love / Of glory in the years to come" (VI, 191, 1200) that he felt ready to depart again for Italy. Virgil also portrays Aeneas as indecisive in some of these same instances. Following his difficult and emotional breakup with Dido, Virgil shows Aeneas confused, wondering if he had made the right decision. Virgil displays this further through Aeneas' meetings with Dido in the Underworld: "Am I someone to flee from" (VI, 176, 625)?

Perhaps one of Aeneas' greatest faults is his unsympathetic attitude toward the women in his life. This is exemplified first by his nonchalant attitude towards his wife's protection when they are escaping Troy. She is forced to walk behind everyone, and, when she is lost, Aeneas feels there is no hope in getting her back: "Never did I look back / Or think to look for her (II, 59, 960). Aeneas has a similar attitude when leaving Dido. He even goes so far as to suggest that they were never truly married (IV, 107, 465). Then before he leaves for Italy, he says that he wishes that he had never met her (IV, 108, 475). This lack of sympathy leaves Dido so distraught that she builds a funeral pyre and stabs herself with a sword.

Even with evidence suggesting that the *Aeneid* was not meant to be a flattering portrayal of the Rome, it was adopted by Augustus and the Roman nobility as the central history of the Empire. In fact, after reading the work, much of Augustus' opposition relented on the basis that Augustus possessed the same seemingly redeeming qualities as Aeneas. The *Aeneid* became a standard text, and it is maintained as a dedication to the Roman imperial ideal. Yet, some are still left wondering if that ideal is actually what it appears to be and whether Aeneas was a true embodiment of the character of Augustus Caesar. ❁

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Virgil. *The Aeneid*. Trans. Robert Fitzgerald. New York: Vintage, 1990.

A Conversion of Views

Flora Smith

In *Don Quixote*, Cervantes tells the story of an ideal knight errant who tries to bring the world back to the Golden Age through his acts of chivalry. In the beginning of the novel, Cervantes portrays Don Quixote as a mad man who is playing a foolish game of make-believe. But as the story progresses, the reader connects with him and shares in his idealistic dream. As the reader becomes more idealistic, Don Quixote becomes more rational, and at the end of the novel Don Quixote renounces his love for chivalry and curses his adventures. Though this ending seems problematic, it actually completes the circle of Don Quixote's shift from idealism to rationality and the reader's change from rationality to idealism.

In the beginning of the novel Don Quixote is obsessed with with books of chivalry and goes on short adventures to act out what he has read. In an effort to cure Don Quixote's madness, his niece and housekeeper decide to burn the books, hoping that a lack of inspiration will stop him from going on 'quests'. To prevent him from looking for these books, they tell him that a devil stole his library. When they tell this story to Don Quixote, instead of believing it, or rejecting it as nonsense, he creates his own version of what happened. He renames the devil Frestón, "a great enemy" of his who has taken away his library because he will "engage in single combat [with] a knight who is a favorite of his, and defeat him, without his being able to do anything to prevent it" (Cervantes, 60). Don Quixote's reaction is important because he creates an epic for himself out something so small. In this isolated event, Don Quixote has conjured an entire history between him and this devil, and even corrects the housekeeper on his name. This event convinces the reader of Don Quixote's insanity, and his next adventure only furthers this opinion.

Don Quixote's first adventure further convinces the reader that he is mad. After persuading Sancho Panza, a farmer from his village, to abandon his farm and his family to be Don Quixote's squire, Don Quixote stumbles upon his first major adventure. While riding Don Quixote sees a mass of windmills, but imagines that they are giants. He excitedly tells Sancho that "fortune is directing our affairs even better than we could have wished: for you can see [. . .] thirty or more monstrous giants with whom I intend to fight a battle and whose lives I intend to take" (63). Despite Sancho's exasperated efforts to convince him otherwise, Don Quixote charges off to meet them in battle. Humorously, he crashes into them and injures himself greatly. One would think that such an experience would bring him back to reality, but instead Don Quixote constructs a fictitious story to explain it. He is "certain that the same sage Frestón who stole [his] library and [his] books has just turned these giants into windmills, to deprive [him] of the glory of [his] victory" (64). This passage shows that Don Quixote is limited to viewing the world in realtion to the book she reads. At this point the reader is sure that Don Quixote has no grasp on reality and is completely mad. But through the novel Don Quixote changes in sub-

tle ways, even though he still retains some of his delusions. He becomes more idealistic than mad, and the reader sympathizes with this new sentiment. This change can be seen in his speech to the goatherds.

In this speech, the reader learns what Don Quixote values most. He admires the Golden Age and how people lived in it. During this time "all things were held in common" and "all then was peace, all was friendship, all was harmony" (84). The references to beautiful shepherdesses, nature, and harmony among men give this passage an idealistic and nostalgic tone. For example, Quixote calls water sources "limpid fountains and running streams" (84), and refers to the land farmer's plow as a "fertile blossom" (85). Don Quixote is encouraging a return to a more simple way of life where people were more content, and where there was peace. Don Quixote is trying to bring back this simple way of life by becoming a knight. He praises the ideals that the knight errant tries to protect, when he says that "it was for the protection of such ladies, [. . .] that the order of knights errant was founded, to defend maidens, protect widows and succour orphans and the needy" (85). These maidens are those that wish to live their lives freely, without any harassment from men. These are very sane and honorable words, and it is a bit of a shock to hear them coming from Don Quixote, a man who believed that a field of windmills were actually giants ready to attack him. If up to this point the reader has written Don Quixote off as a comical but insane man, the reader is forced to reconsider his opinion. His words may be idealistic, but his hopes ring true to most readers. Who, after watching the news, and hearing about all the violence that is in the world, does not hope for times of peace and safety? Don Quixote is trying to defend the ideals of peace, freedom and safety, and he must be commended for this sentiment, even though he is going about it in a rather unorthodox fashion. It is for these reasons that I disagree with Ruth El Saffar's statement that the reader "laughs comfortably" at Don Quixote's "insanity" (270). It is true that some of Don Quixote's first exploits are comical, but his speech to the shepherds clearly sounds a ring of truth, and although one could call him idealist, one could not label his goals as insane. Because of this the reader is not able to dismiss his words as the ramblings of a mad man, and is forced to consider initial judgments.

By the end of the novel Don Quixote is quite different from the man he was at the beginning of his travels. This difference becomes apparent when he meets Don Álvaro Tarfe, who has read the story of Don Quixote. Don Quixote recognizes him, and engages him in conversation. After learning that Don Álvaro was a friend of the hero in *Don Quixote*, and encouraged him to go on his adventures, Don Quixote asks him if he is "at all like that Don Quixote to whom you refer" (967). Don Álvaro responds very definitely saying, "no, cer-

tainly not, [. . .] not in the slightest" (967). This whole exchange is confusing, since Don Quixote is referring to himself as the character that the reader is reading about, and Don Álvaro comparing his friend who was in a story to the "real" Don Quixote. Even though this exchange is mildly incomprehensible, there is still one point that is clear. The idealistic Don Quixote in the end of the novel does not resemble the reckless and delusional Don Quixote in the first part, and it is these two Don Quixotes that Don Ávaro is comparing.

Don Quixote is not the only one who has changed, however; the reader has as well. This change can be seen by the reactions of Don Quixote's family and friends when he returns, because their conversion mirrors the reader's. When Don Quixote arrives home after his adventures, he decides to become a shepherd, so that he can "give free rein to his thoughts of love as he practiced that virtuous pastoral way of life" (973) that he praised in his Golden Age speech. Instead of berating him for coming up with another delusional scheme, as they did before, his niece and housekeeper agree to join him in his new venture. Even his priest approves: he "lauded his virtuous and honourable decision, and again offered to accompany them" (974). This is an important passage because it shows how different the reader's and the characters' attitudes are in comparison to their opinions in the beginning of the novel. In the beginning, Don Quixote's family wanted to burn his books of chivalry, and the reader laughed at how easy it was for him to believe the story about the devil. Now they wants to join his idealistic lifestyle, and the reader identifies with, rather than mocks, the old gentleman. Everything seems to be in perfect harmony, but this feeling ends as soon as Don Quixote becomes deathly ill.

Soon after returning home, Don Quixote catches a fever that keeps him in bed for a week. When he feels well enough to speak, he exclaims: "Blessed be Almighty God who has done me such good! Indeed his mercy knows no bounds" (976). His niece is surprised at this new demeanor, and notes that it is "more rational than usual" (976). This is the beginning of Don Quixote's transition from idealistic to rational. When his family asks him what God has done for him, he replies by saying that his "mind has been restored to [him], and it is now clear and free, without those gloomy shadows of ignorance cast over [him] by [his] wretched, obsessive reading of those detestable books of chivalry" (976). He also states that "those profane histories of knight-errantry are odious to [him]" (977). These passages show a striking change form his original opinions. This is very disturbing for readers because just as they have been convinced that the ideals that knights errant stand for are laudable, Don Quixote, the one who convinced them, is telling them that these values are "detestable." His family and friends are upset as well, and try to persuade him to go back to his old ways by telling him to "come to [his] senses, and forget all that

idle nonsense" (977). These words are important because in the beginning it was the members of Quixote's household who referred to books of chivalry as "evil" and "unchristian" (50); but now they believe it is sensible to value books of chivalry. Yet, their persuading is to no avail, and Don Quixote dies a rational man who hates the ideals of chivalry.

Many readers find this ending problematic; they had been convinced that Don Quixote was right all along, but here at the conclusion of the tale he renounces his own actions. This ending is not as cruel as it seems, because it completes the cycle of Don Quixote's change from idealism to realism, and the reader's opposite shift from realism to idealism. Don Quixote has passed the torch of idealism to the readers, who can carry on his ideals. He has taught the reader to look at the world in a new light, and once this job is done he can rely on his readers to spread the message. By viewing the ending in this light, one can agree with Jorge Luis Borges when he writes that "the protagonists of the Quixote are, at the same time, readers of the *Quixote*" (194). This reasoning is true because it is now the reader's responsibility to carry on the ideals that Don Quixote formerly believed in. The reader must continue to believe in the ideals of the Golden Age despite disapproval from others, and a key element to a protagonist is that one must overcome obstacles. In this case the obstacle is keeping the faith even when the one who gave them their beliefs has rejected those same beliefs. Though ending of *Don Quixote* may seem unjust and cruel, it actually connects the reader's conversion to Don Quixote's ideals, and Don Quixote's conversion to rationality.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Borges, Jorge Luis. *Labyriths: Selected Stories and other Writings*. New York: New Directions, 1964.

Cervantes, Miguel. *Don Quixote*. trans. John Rutherford. New York: Penguin Books, 2000.

El Saffar, Ruth. "Apropos of Don Quixote: Hero or Fool?" *MLN*, Hispanic Issue (March 1970): 269-273.

Sincerity & Seduction in Don Giovanni

James Johnson

One point of entry to Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is to consider Beethoven's sentiment, expressed late in life, that the sacred art of music "ought never to permit itself to be degraded to the position of being a foil for so scandalous a subject."[1] Beethoven's indignation grew from his own religious view of the artist. "There can be no loftier mission than to come nearer than other men to the Divinity," he wrote to the Archduke Rudolf in 1823, "and to disseminate the divine rays among mankind."[2] Despite the opera's divinely punitive ending—with Don Giovanni sent to hell for his crimes and the other characters pledging to keep to the straight and narrow—there is much to offend in the opera. To appreciate Beethoven's point, you needn't go any further than Leporello's Catalogue Aria. Here the servant proudly enumerates his master's conquests: in Italy six hundred and forty, in Germany two hundred thirty-one, in France one hundred in France, and in Turkey ninety-one, "ma in Ispagna son già mille e tre!" He conquers country wenches, chambermaids, and city ladies, countesses, baronesses, marchionesses, and princesses: slender ones in summer, plumpish ones in winter, and older ones to round off the list. But "sua passion predominante è la giovin principiante," Leporello sings: "His overriding passion is for virgins." Here as elsewhere the librettist Lorenzo da Ponte skates on the far side of sexual innuendo to approach vulgarity. "Provided she wears a skirt, you know what he's going to do!"[3]

The way Giovanni speaks of those 2,065 women is at least as stunning as their number. "It's all part of love," he says. "If a man is faithful only to one, he is cruel to all the others. I, a man of boundless generosity, love every one of them."[4] Surely the view is either a cynical lie or a great delusion. Either way, it

keeps him from looking back. But there is another possibility, which in fact explains his successes much more credibly than either deceit or self-deception. Namely, that what he says is true: that seduction is a misnomer, that his love is selfless, and that constancy to one would deprive all others. Søren Kierkegaard takes this view in *Either/Or*: "I should rather not call him a deceiver. To be a seducer requires a certain amount of reflection and consciousness, and as soon as this is present, then it is proper to speak of cunning and intrigues and crafty plans. This consciousness is lacking in Don Giovanni. Therefore, he does not seduce. He desires, and this desire acts seductively."[5]

Whether the claim is preposterous or plausible—and penetrating Don Giovanni's real motivations is not as simple as it first seems—Lorenzo da Ponte has hit upon the secret of all great lovers: sincerity. This is Don Giovanni's tone—and, one might add, the tone of all successful imposters, con-men, holy martyrs, and flatterers. Da Ponte's fellow Venetian, Giacomo Casanova, maintains the tone of sincerity for the length of his twelve-volume memoirs to explain his own conquests, which occur on average about once every thirty pages. Ingenuous and immediate, Casanova seems to tell us everything, including his setbacks and humiliations, his illnesses and debilities, each time he is impotent, and the shame he feels in sleeping with prostitutes. Throughout the work Casanova repeats a single theme: that he is neither a seducer nor a deceiver. He writes: "I venture to say that I was often virtuous in the act of vice. Seduction was never characteristic of me; for I have never seduced except unconsciously, being seduced myself."[6] The "professional seducer," he adds near the end of his memoirs, "is an abominable creature," a "true criminal," and the "enemy of the object on which he has his designs."[7]

To early Protestants, sincerity meant transparency: their words matched their hearts.[8] But professional liars also mastered sincerity to wear as a mask. To succeed you must be believed, and to be believed you must be sincere. With the thunderous opening chords of the overture, Giovanni's damnation seems sure, and yet at numerous specific moments we cannot discern whether his sincerity is honest or a ruse. Nor can the other characters. The peasant-girl Zerlina is on the way to her own wedding when Don Giovanni takes her hand, tells her she is destined for higher things, and promises marriage. Only a timely intervention by Donna Elvira keeps Zerlina out of Leporello's catalogue. For her part, Donna Elvira is already on the list and eager to declare to everyone she encounters just what a monster Don Giovanni is; nevertheless, late in the opera, she is still ready to believe that Don Giovanni truly loves her. Judging Giovanni's sincerity is altogether more urgent for Donna Anna. In the opening scene, a cloaked intruder forces his way into her room, either rapes her or tries unsuccessfully to rape

her, and stabs her father as he rushes to her aid. It is of course Don Giovanni, though she does not know it at the time. When she encounters him only days later, he asks with affecting concern, "Who was the villain that dared to upset the calm of your life?"[9]

Asking whether Giovanni's sincerity is honest or a ruse is another way of asking if he genuinely believes what he says or if the sincere tone is used to hide a scheming interior that we never see. If he believes his words, then perhaps Kierkegaard is right and he is a sheer force of nature: unreflective, true to his desires, and at least in this one respect without censure. If he does not, then he is a master of deceit and da Ponte is in on the game. In either case, his sincerity is powerfully convincing. Part of the strange spell of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is how easy it is to disregard the fact that its principal character is a would-be rapist and killer. The libretto possesses a cavalier bluntness, and yet even its brutalities can seem strangely untroubling. "L'ha voluto," Don Giovanni says to Leporello just after the Commandante's death. "He asked for it," is the way Leporello takes it, but the Italian might as easily mean, "She asked for it," with reference to whatever has just happened in Donna Anna's bedchamber.[10] From start to finish, Don Giovanni's actions are on full view, and still he seems more a likeable rogue than a criminal. Instead of condemning him we're more likely amused or intrigued. Why is this? His sincerity may very well account for his successes within the drama, but it cannot fully explain our own fascination with his exploits. In my view, this effect lies with the music.

For every character in the opera, Mozart fashions a characteristic musical style. Social rank was the most obvious marker of identity in the eighteenth century, and owing to use and tradition particular musical styles came to be associated with particular ranks. Mozart made full use of such associations, writing *opera buffa* for the servant Leporello, *opera seria* for Donna Anna and Donna Elvira, a pastoral style for the peasant Zerlina, and a martial style for the Commandant. Don Giovanni is the one character without a characteristic style. This only makes sense. He is a chameleon who assumes the shades of his surroundings, slipping into *buffa* when he is with Leporello, a virtuosic *seria* style with Elvira, and a folk-like simplicity with Zerlina. When Giovanni swaps his clothes with his servant the better to woo a luscious maid, Mozart offers its musical equivalent by hiding the orchestra behind a whispered pizzicato and giving the accompaniment to a simple mandolin.

Just as da Ponte never reveals what Don Giovanni is really thinking, Mozart keeps resolutely to the surface in his musical depictions. The music does not comment upon Giovanni's actions, much less pass judgement or condemn. In fact, it backs him up at every turn. This is the musical version of sincerity: it gives us no reason to doubt the truth of Giovanni's words. Mozart certainly had the ability to offer such comment

had he wanted. A celebrated instance that he surely knew comes in Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride*, when Orestes, terrorized by the Furies for having killed his mother, at last announces that peace has returned to his heart. But accompanying him in the orchestra is a churning, tumultuous rumble. "He is lying!" Gluck called out during a rehearsal in which the orchestra played the passage too softly. "He has killed his mother!"[11] There are no such moments in *Don Giovanni*.

For this reason it is not enough to say that Mozart's music abets the attempted seductions on the stage. It reaches beyond the wavering virtue of the drama's characters to draw us into Giovanni's tainted moral universe. The real seducer in *Don Giovanni* is Mozart, and the seduction is not a fiction. This is what Beethoven must have meant in deploring the work.

Consider the moment in the Second Act when Donna Elvira, who until now has spared no occasion to curse her lover as a traitor, appears at a window and, believing herself alone, sings that her heart still trembles for him.[12] Her musical line—hesitant, broken, not properly a melody—conveys the nature of her thoughts. Don Giovanni is below, and he seizes his chance to beg forgiveness and declare that he also still loves her. This he does in the very melody she has sung. As the tonality shifts from A to E major, a related but brighter key, which quickens the attention without drawing attention. The musical line is the same, but in Giovanni's hands its silences prompt Donna Elvira to reply. This is Giovanni's gift: to read instantly the heart of his target and then speak as a kindred spirit. When he comes to the payoff line—"Discendi, o gioia bella," "Come down, my joy!"—the key again modulates, this time to C major. The melody that at last blossoms has grown from the musical material of Donna Elvira's thoughts but now, spoken aloud as it were by Don Giovanni, it is altogether more sumptuous. Where the shift from A to E is subtle, that from E to C is bold. The new key of C, relatively remote to E, is unexpected though not jarring, and while still bright, it is considerably warmer. The modulation that prepares Giovanni's line enacts his command. The strings descend stepwise. The effect is ravishing.

All of this happens while Don Giovanni and Leporello continue to talk out of Elvira's hearing, which Mozart sets in a rapid *buffa* style. Mozart's astonishing dramatic control is on full display here. Giovanni mirrors the others' musical styles with such sincerity that we begin to believe him.

The opera contains many such instances of Mozart's seductions. "Là ci darem la mano," the aria in which Giovanni promises to marry the peasant-girl Zerlina, narrates her surrender in a sequence that exercises strong musical persuasion.[13] "There we shall join hands, there you will say yes," he sings of his country house in a tune of childlike innocence. "Look, it is not far, come my sweet, let's go." The slow

duple meter is soothing and gentle, and, just as with Donna Elvira, Giovanni's simple stanza creates the musical expectation for a reply, which Zerlina readily gives: "I want to and yet I don't; my heart has misgivings; I should, indeed, be happy, but he might be bluffing me."

The music depicts Zerlina's indecision in a series of faltering, downward steps in the next exchange. "Come," Giovanni coos, "I will change your life." She stammers, "But I pity Masetto . . . Then quick, I am no longer strong."

Now Mozart begins to work on us. In the second stanza we return to the opening innocent tune, but Giovanni has to sing only two lines instead of four to get Zerlina to answer. This doubles the pace of the conversation and stirs a sense of anticipation. Mozart adds a nice dramatic touch by gracing Giovanni's lines with a flute and grounding Zerlina's with a bassoon. We feel them coming together even if we do not consciously register why.[14] And as the meter shifts to a pastoral 6/8, they do come together, singing in duet to the end.

It is not fully evident just how well Giovanni has fashioned his voice to match Zerlina's until her later penitent aria to Masetto, in which she claims to have been tricked. "Batti, batti" is cast in the same reassuring duple meter with a similarly innocent tune, and at the end Zerlina moves to the same pastoral 6/8 for her conclusion, singing, "Let's make up, my dear! We want to pass our days and nights in joy and gaiety!"[16] There's no reason to doubt her sentiments, judging by the words or the music, but from now on Masetto is suspicious—and so am I. "He didn't even touch my fingertips!" Zerlina tells Masetto.[17] Really? The entire duet was about joining hands. The problem with sincerity is that the more it convinces, the less you are willing to be convinced. This is why Giovanni's pleasingly reassuring tone is so corrosive. To avoid being a dupe you have to become a cynic.

Mozart remains faithful to Giovanni's unfailing sincerity throughout the opera, but in one extraordinary moment the composer allows the contradictions of this tone to show. It comes in the tour de force setting of three orchestras playing three dances in three different meters.[18] When Donna Anna and Donna Elvira come disguised to Don Giovanni's ball and briefly pair off to dance, an onstage orchestra plays a minuet, the most aristocratic dance of the eighteenth century. When Don Giovanni seizes Zerlina and dances her straight out of the room, a second onstage orchestra plays a contredanse, a form with roots in English country dance. Leporello grabs the peasant Masetto in clownish parody, and a third orchestra strikes up a sprightly 'German' dance.

Wonderment over Mozart's technical feat and the sheer fun of trying to hear each orchestra may distract from the larger point. Until now, Don Giovanni has kept the different versions of himself distinct in the minds of his hearers. This is the instant when he is caught: Zerlina screams from offstage;

Giovanni blames Leporello for the attempted assault; and Elvira, Anna, and Ottavio pull off their masks to sing, "Deceiver! Deceiver! . . . Soon the whole world will know of your hideous crimes and heartless cruelty." Here the music remains true to his separate stories, and the clash reveals them to be fundamentally incompatible. And yet it is difficult to call the scene an unmasking. Yes, Zerlina has seen with horror what Giovanni's promised "marriage" really means; and yes, Donna Anna positively identifies him as her father's killer. But the deepest questions about Don Giovanni—whether he is an ingenuous lover or a practiced seducer—remain unanswered, and Mozart gives us no clues.

Despite his criticism of *Don Giovanni*, Beethoven was intrigued enough by the opera to copy excerpts into his sketch books to learn its secrets. Nevertheless, he disapproved.[19] The music seems crafted deliberately to entice and ensnare listeners, and on a fundamental level it is silent about Giovanni's character. In the sacred cantatas of Bach, the music portrays all manner of wickedness vividly and compellingly, but it never tempts the listener to become a sinner. Mozart's *Don Giovanni* takes a different approach. In a letter to his father, Mozart boasted: "I can imitate and assimilate all kinds and styles of composition."[20] Therein lay Mozart's genius and, as Beethoven well knew, his unwholesome powers.

ENDNOTES

1. Quoted in Martin Cooper, *Beethoven: The Last Decades, 1817-1827* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1985), p. 127.
2. Quoted in *ibid*., p. 118.
3. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and Lorenzo da Ponte, ed. Georg Schünemann and Kurt Soldan, *Don Giovanni* (New York: Dover Publications, 1974), I:v, pp. 62-75. The English translations are my own although I have also frequently referred to that of Avril Bardoni, which appears in the booklet accompanying the recording of *Don Giovanni* by the Drottningholm Court Theatre Orchestra and Chorus, Arnold Östman, L'Oiseau-Lyre, 425 943-2.
4. *Ibid*., II:i, pp. 233-5.
5. Søren Kierkegaard, *Either/Or*, trans. David F. Swenson and Lillian Marvin Swenson, 2 vols. (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1959), 1:97.
6. Giacomo Casanova, Chevalier de Seingalt, *History of My Life*, trans. Willard R. Trask, 12 vols. (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1966-1971), 10:111.
7. *Ibid*., 11:111.
8. Reverend John Tillotson, seventeenth-century Archbishop of Cambridge, defined sincerity as "constant plainness and honest openness of behaviour, free from all insidious devices, and little tricks, and fetches of craft and cunning: from all false appearances and deceitful disguises of ourselves in word or action." Sincerity, Tillotson continued, described concord between word and thought, a state in

which "our actions exactly agree to our inward purposes and intentions." (Quoted in Leon Guilhamet, *The Sincere Ideal: Studies on Sincerity in Eighteenth-Century English Literature* [Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1974], 15-16.)

9. Mozart and da Ponte, *Don Giovanni*, I:xi-xii, pp. 101-2.
10. *Ibid*., I:ii, p. 34.
11. Related in La comtesse de Genlis, *Dictionnarie critique et raisonné des étiquettes de la cour*, in a footnote to the article "Opera," 2:12-13.
12. Mozart and da Ponte, *Don Giovanni*, II:ii, pp. 235-45.
13. *Ibid*., I:ix, pp. 93-8.
14. The foregoing discussion of this aria owes much to the presentation by Professor Thomas Kelly in the Boston University Core Faculty Seminar, February 2, 2005.
15. Booklet accompanying Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, *Don Giovanni*, Drottningholm Court Theatre Orchestra and Chorus, Arnold Östman, L'Oiseau-Lyre, 425 943-2, p. 90.
16. Mozart and da Ponte, *Don Giovanni*, I:xvi, pp. 148-56.
17. *Ibid*., p. 147.
18. *Ibid*., I:xx, pp. 180-227.
19. See Lewis Lockwood, B*eethoven: The Music and the Life* (New York and London: W. W. Norton, 2003), p. 253.
20. Quoted in Daniel Heartz, *Mozart's Operas* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1990), p. 37.

Dome Around the Sky
after Aristophanes

Brian Jorgensen

Prelude to a performance of Aristophanes The Birds.
(*To a walking bass.*)

Woke up this morning, peace was on my mind
Woke up this morning, peace was on my mind
Birds all singing, "Peace is yours to find"

Looking for a piece of peace, looking hard all day
I'm a hard-line man, for a piece of peace all day
Peace, come lick my ear, and roll me in the hay

Lawn-hopping robin, and the seagull soaring high
Goldfinch black of wing, and the jay like sky
Singing "Poor John Doe, trouble-trouble, and then you die"

That land of peace, O birds, won't you take me there
Where every singing being has an equal share
Gonna bring my computer, bring my kitchenware

All the birds began to chirp and quack
Saying "Take your peace and democracy and shove it up Iraq"
"Inside your freezer there's a dead duck lying on its back"

"You bulldoze our trees, stick up a glass high-rise"
"Fill the swamps and kill the worms and flies"
I said "Birds, listen to me, we can get back to paradise"

We build a dome, around the sky
Birds, can't we build a dome, dome around the sky
If they invade our Peace Dome, we shoot 'em down from on high

Guided missiles keep out, pollution go away
It's a perfect day for flying every day
Stars that spell U S A (that is, Unchallengable Satrapy of the Avians)

Pretty little songbirds flying from guys to chicks
Pigeon truth squads crapping on Joe Guff and Mr. Slick
Sparrows with invisible threads to raise limp virilities

The domeless say we've got no spirit
Chicken**** envy, don't wanna hear it
We do not ignore or attack the gods
But provide them all with appropriate jobs
Zeus, hang lasers in my skyway
And help me execute justice my way
Aphrodite, cast your golden light
Over catalogues and internet sites
Train cheerleaders and sweet flight crews
And perky beauties to read bad news
Golden goddess, let's take a whack
At making all things Aphrodisiac
Apollo, help me strike from afar
And make a boombox of my car
Smile, Dionysius, on our scene
As we drink blood from a movie screen
Doc Ganymede, bring that immortal ambrosia
Hermes, give me the tongue that snows ya
Artemis, you're in charge of my zoo
Poseidon, I named my powerboat you
Athena, program my PC
Muses come dance around me, me, me
Ares, keep out those terrorist *****
Broad-breasted earth, gonna suck your ****

We'll have a dome, dome around the sky
Every Saturday, have us a chicken fry
Gonna get wired, and my mind's gonna fly

No more toil, no more strain
Peace wired right to a spot in my brain
No more "Look out!" no more "Ouch"
Fly like an eagle, sitting on my couch
No more pondering, no more sweat
I can see birds never seen yet

Got a dome, dome around the sky
Got a dome, dome around the sky
Elysian vibrations, right to the wires of my eyes

Woke up this morning, peace was on my mind
Woke up this morning, peace was on my mind
Birds, won't you fly me away from this heart of mine

Aristophanes, give 'em hell, son
And pass the cup to Professor Nelson
Henderson translation is to be preferred
He's studied every single dirty word
Classicists, let the story be heard,
Of Peisetaerus and *The Birds*

Knowing Krishna: *Commentary on the* Bhagavad-Gita

Alex Raike

Robbed of knowledge by stray desires, men take refuge in other deities; observing varied rites, they are limited by their own nature.
I grant unwavering faith to any devoted man who wants to worship any form with faith.
Disciplined by that faith, he seeks the deity's favor; this secured, he gains desires that I myself grant.
But finite is the reward that comes to men of little wit; men who sacrifice to gods reach the gods; those devoted to me reach me.
Men without understanding think that I am unmanifest nature become manifest; they are ignorant of my higher existence, my pure, unchanging absolute being."

Bhagavad-Gita, 7. 20-4

Krishna grants "unwavering faith" to those who worship other deities. While He allows the devotee to "reach the gods" and for desires to be attained, "finite is the reward that comes to men of little wit." Such men are unable to reach Krishna, and are doomed to continue their perpetual *samsara* (cycle of birth and rebirth). Why does Krishna allow these individuals to "reach" their respective deities—in a sense realize their own higher power—while they are pursuing a false divinity? Why would Krishna acknowledge the existence of other deities when he alone is the one? How is this idea reconciled with the rest of Krishna's teachings? Answers to such questions are absent within the context of the passage itself, but guidance as to its ultimate meaning is presented throughout the text as a whole. An accurate understanding of these lines relies on the teachings that precede it.

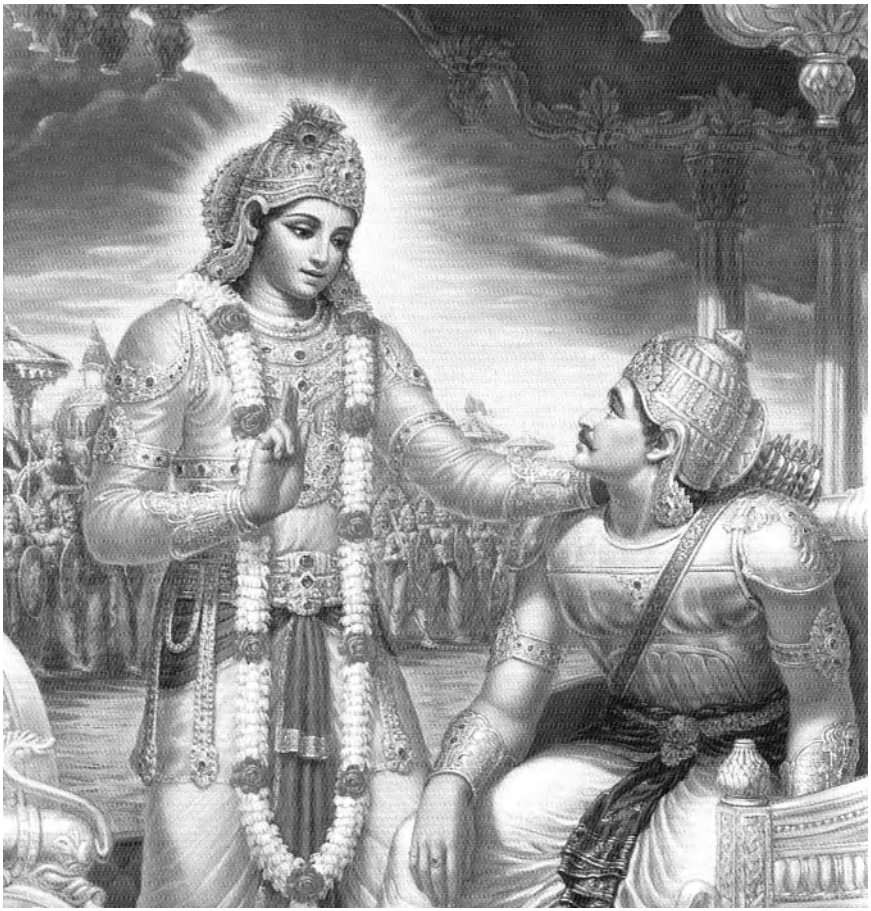
The "stray desires" that Krishna speaks of are a result of the *prakrti* ('nature') that blight Arjuna's understanding of Krishna and of his own *purusha* ('spirit' or 'soul') as well. "Knowing the self beyond understanding, sustain the self with the self. Great Warrior, kill the enemy menacing you in the form of desire!" (3.43). The desires harbored through a belief in false deities must be conquered within the self. In many ways, Arjuna's disposition between the two armies on the battlefield is symbolic of the conflict that exists in his own heart. This is evident in 2.6 and 2.7: "We don't know which weight is worse to bear-our conquering them or their conquering us . . . con-

flicting sacred duties confound my reason." Arjuna's indecision proves that he has not yet mastered his own self. Krishna warns him further: "The self is the friend of a man who masters himself through the self, but for a man without self-mastery, the self is like an enemy at war" (6.6). Arjuna's only means to self-realization lie in Krishna's advice. He must utilize these teachings in order to seek the truth and to cease from being a man "of little wit." In context, the concept that precedes the paramount idea of "knowing the self" lays out a hierarchy of the recognized faculties of existence: "the mind [is] superior to the senses, understanding superior to the mind; higher than understanding is the self" (2.42). To better grasp "the self beyond understanding," Krishna instructs Arjuna: "He who thinks himself a killer and he who thinks it is killed, both fail to understand; it does not kill, nor is it killed" (2.19). Here Krishna's words contradict reason; they explicate the enigmatic workings of the universe that Arjuna must grasp. He clarifies by explaining that "the self embodied in the body of every being is indestructible" (2.30). This again refers to the purusha that exists in every living thing. The concept of the "self beyond understanding" is difficult to grasp. Krishna explains: "Rarely someone sees it, rarely another speaks it, rarely anyone hears it —even hearing it, no one really knows it" (2.29). In order to find his true self and realize the nature of his own *purusha*, Arjuna must detach from action and trust blindly in Krishna's advice. "Understanding is defined in terms of philosophy; now hear it in spiritual discipline. Armed with this understanding, Arjuna, you will escape the bondage of action" (2.39). In addition, Arjuna must escape his personal bondage of pity and doubt, manifested in his reluctance to commence the battle. Such detachment from action is necessary to the process of "knowing the self beyond understanding." Arjuna must be able to 'sustain the self with the self': "When his thought ceases, checked by the exercise of discipline, he is content within the self, seeing the self through himself" (6.20). The idea of seeing the self through the self is the necessary step away from the ordinary in order to reach an extraordinary state of being. For it is only through this state that Arjuna can reach Krishna. More importantly, "When he gives up desires in his mind, is content with the self within himself, then he is said to be a man whose insight is sure" (2.55). The insight described is exactly what devotees of alternative deities lack. Such men are lost in the realm of external nature, thus able to worship "any form with faith." Krishna commands him to transcend *prakrti*: "the realm of sacred lore is nature-beyond its triad of qualities, dualities, and mundane rewards, be forever lucid, alive to yourself" (2.45).

Arjuna asks: "what makes a person commit evil?" (3.36) to which Krishna replies: "It is desire and anger, arising from nature's quality of passion; know it here as the enemy" (3.37). This struggle

against "the enemy" is a metaphor for resisting the temptations that constantly blight Arjuna's soul. Krishna can only be reached once these passions cease to exist and duty is fulfilled. Only then can they approach Krishna's "higher existence, [his] pure, unchanging, absolute being." "Knowledge is obscured by the wise man's eternal enemy, which takes the from as desire, an insatiable fire" (3.39). Knowledge separates those who are "limited by their own nature" from those who can find refuge in Krishna. Arjuna must grasp the character of knowledge and recognize the dangers that threaten reaching Krishna. "The senses, mind, and understanding are said to harbor desire; with these desire obscures knowledge and confounds the embodied self" (3.40). Krishna speaks to the "Great Warrior" as the duality of Arjuna's battles continue. Arjuna must now use his new-found sense of self coupled with knowledge of a "higher existence" to transcend the misconceptions that currently cloud his ability to obey Krishna's teachings.

"So sever the ignorant doubt within your heart with the sword of self knowledge, Arjuna! Observe your discipline! Arise!" (4.42). Krishna tells Arjuna that "this is the deepest mystery" (4.3). Krishna explains the supreme power of knowledge and its importance in ending the cycle of rebirth. Once this is attained, the *samsara* ends, for "those devoted to me [Krishna] reach me." "Free from attraction, fear, and anger . . . purified by the fire of knowledge, many come into my presence"(4.10). Here the concept of fear points to the presence of Arjuna's "ignorant doubt." Arjuna must detach from everything he has formerly known and undoubtedly pursue the knowledge that exists through Krishna's insight. Krishna explains the proper course of action to destroy such doubt: "offer all actions of the senses and all actions of breath in the fire of discipline kindled by knowledge—the mastery of one's self" (4.27). Proving the inextricable link between the self and knowledge, Arjuna now sees the path that Krishna prescribes. Actions can only be "wholly dissolved" when "reason [is] deep in knowledge, acting only in sacrifice"(4.23). Krishna furthers this point in 4.41: "actions do not bind a man in possession of himself, who renounces action through discipline and severs doubt with knowledge." After Arjuna has attained his "sword of self-knowledge," Krishna commands him: "Arise!" The idea of ascent and descent in the *Gita* is symbolic of knowledge and ignorance as well as the call and fulfillment of *dharma* ('duty'). The most notably important examples bookend the text. The beginning passage ("Arjuna slumped into the chariot and laid down his bow and arrows, his mind tormented by grief"[1.47]) displays his confusion and need of counsel due to an inner doubt of his own *dharma*. After Krishna's teaching has concluded, Arjuna proclaims his new found wisdom: "my delusion is destroyed, and by your grace I have regained memory, I stand here, my doubt dispelled, ready to



Krishna counsels Arjuna on the battlefield.

act on your words" (18.73). The physical act of standing implies that Arjuna's doubts have been transformed through self-knowledge. As Arjuna begins to understand, Krishna reassures him: "I am impartial to all creatures, and no one is hateful or dear to me; but men devoted to me are in me, and I am within them" (9.29). It is now that Arjuna realizes his relationship to Krishna. Krishna is within him; it is up to Arjuna to seek the "unchanging being" and rise above the external world to understand the totality of Krishna's power.

The Seventh Teaching functions as the bridge between the instructional phase of Krishna's counsel and the display of qualities and supreme wisdom

that Krishna alone exhibits. Krishna conveys his paramount esteem for knowledge during this crucial part of the text which directly preceeds the original theological passage in question.

> The disciplined man of knowledge is set apart by his singular devotion; I am dear to the man of knowledge, and he is dear to me. They are all noble, but I regard the man of knowledge to be my very self; self-disciplined, he holds me to be the highest way. At the end of many births, the man of knowledge finds refuge in me; he is the rare great spirit who sees "Krishna is all that is" (7.17-20).

The "disciplined man of knowledge is set apart" because "[knowledge and judgment] known, nothing else in the world need be known." (7.2). Knowledge is the most fundamental characteristic of a life of devotion and the most important of all criteria to reach Krishna. He is "dear to the man of knowledge" because only through knowledge can one reach Krishna. This is evident as men are "robbed of knowledge by stray desires." The reciprocity apparent within Krishna's relationship to the man of knowledge runs parallel to the discussion of *atman* ('spirit', 'essence'): "Arming himself with discipline . . . he sees the self in all creatures and all creatures in the self" (6.29). Krishna proclaims, "I exist in all creatures, so the disciplined man devoted to me grasps the oneness of life; wherever he is, he is in me" (6.31). It is in this sense that the man of knowledge is his very self. Krishna is attempting to convey the magnificence of the relationship between himself and knowledge. He explains the vitality and necessity of acknowledging his existence as "the highest way," for this knowledge alone can set one free from the endless cycle of rebirth. The discussion of *samsara* and the path to *moksha* (freedom from the cycle of reincarnation) are best represented through the symbolism accompanying the text in its illumination of the life cycle. "All creatures are bewildered at birth by the delusion of opposing dualities that arise from desire and hatred" (7.27). The inevitability of the danger in *prakrti* that plagues the soul becomes evident. It is the "bewilderment" that causes most to be "limited by their own nature." The previously described delusion must be overcome in order to see that "Krishna is all that is;" if not, "finite is the reward that comes to men of little wit." It is only once these opposing forces are properly relegated through knowledge and discipline of the self within the self, that men can "know [Krishna] as [their] inner being, inner divinity, and inner sacrifice . . . [men] know [Krishna] at a time of death" (7.30).

Throughout the *Bhagavad-Gita*, the mystery that is Krishna unfolds piece by piece, until eventually the reader can realistically map out the ways and workings of Krishna's role in the universe. The process illuminates the rationale behind Krishna's acknowledgement of other deities. The fundamental difference between the Gita and

nearly all other religious texts lies in its embracement of other religions from a humanistic approach. Where Western religions tend to apply an emphasis on devotion and exclusivity to their own higher power, Krishna seems to encompass them all: "When devoted men sacrifice to other deities with faith, they sacrifice to me, Arjuna, however aberrant the rites" (9.23). Here the devotees possess the necessary knowledge but are blinded by "stray desires" and, in turn, fail to fulfill the extent of such knowledge and are unable to grasp Krishna's "pure, unchanging, absolute being." It is in this sense that Krishna is, on many levels, synonymous with supreme knowledge. It is this knowledge that allows the followers of Krishna to take a unique and active ownership in their faith. The quest for a higher understanding of the transcendental universe ultimately explains why Krishna regards the man of knowledge to be his very self. This particular interpretation allows for an approach of individuality to the claim that "Krishna [i.e. knowledge] is all that is" and widens the extent to which knowledge may be viewed as a profound theological approach by giving meaning to the journey of life.

The Analects Of Core

Year 2

"There is no tendency to resignation in the feverish impatience of men's lives . . . Since imagination is hungry for novelty, and ungoverned, it gropes at random."

-Emile Durkheim, *Suicide*

"I sometimes think that all you tell me of knighthood, kingdoms, empires and islands is all windy blather and lies."

-Sancho, *Don Quixote*

"The bees pillage the flowers here and there but they make honey of them which is all their own; it is no longer thyme or marjolaine: so the pieces borrowed from others he will transform and mix up into a work all his own."

-Montaigne, *Essays*

" . . . no arts, no letters, no society, and which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

-Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan*

"To stay in one's room away from the place where the party is given, or away from the place where the practitioner attends his clinet, is to stay away from where the reality is being performed. The world, in truth, is a wedding."

-Erving Goffman, *The Presentation of Self*

"Here is the plain man's real heaven—
Great and small in a riot of fun;
Here I'm a man—and dare be one."

-Dr. Johann Faust, *Faust*

" . . . if every man could read the hearts of others there would be more men anxious to descend than to rise in life."

-Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*

"I maintain it is much safer to be feared than loved, if you have to do without one of the two."

-Machiavelli, *The Prince*

"When my colleague Ned Block told his father that he would major in the subject [Philosophy], his father's reply was 'Luft!'—Yiddish for 'air.'"

-Steven Pinker, *The Blank Slate*

"The Puritan *wanted* to be a person of a vocational calling; today we *are forced* to be."

-Max Weber, *The Protestant Ethic & the Spirit of Capitalism*

"I am two fools, I know
For loving, and for saying so."

-John Donne, "The Triple Fool"

"I too am a bit tamed . . . I too am untranslatable, I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

Breakfast in the Freezer

Melissa DeJesus

—Sugarsweet wet, I would wake up unsprawling
in pale blue that zipped from my crotch to my throat.
The white tread foot bottoms, now balled hard and knobby,
my feet on the inside slid smooth in my sweat.

Long twisted tree fingers patterned over my bedspread
a filigree light glanced off the ice-hardened snow.
I would rip the blue down from my light yellow body
and run down the stairs on fist-sized naked feet.

In lambsleather slippers, she stood by the glass
looking out at white suburbs she chose not to see.
We would eat ice-flaked blueberries straight from the freezer,
Mama! robins in fir trees, she'd let me name each one.

She'd cradle me naked, thumb-sucking, and yolk-round.
I'd cover myself in her safe motherwhite
(the bland chemo of her pressed to yellow of me
was not part of my race but on her part diseased).

Her arms sagged beside me, and the soft faded fabric
of her soiled mauve robe was draped limp on the arms
of the new wicker rocker that curled underneath us
and shook as she leaned all our weight to the ground.

And her stare out the windows had stretched to the field
from the veined sledding hill to the russet-stained school.
And the dark of her eyelids, the whole winter silence
had been her fault, not mine. I asked her to sing.

Then that motionless moment she held me was more
than the rest of the morning, and weekends, combined.
Not seeing me, patting a triple slow rhythm,
she called on to chariots, Lo! swing now, O swing!

Cuban Episodes

Daniel Hudon

Havana: I've always liked the sound of the name. To me, it conjures a dance hall after the crowd has left and the once-enthusiastic band members are beginning to pack up their instruments. Maybe there's still a pair of lovers draped over each other in the middle of the dance floor, a few men smoking in the corner tables refusing to believe it's over. Havana. Whenever I heard that tourists were now going to Cuba in droves, I thought about Havana. It was on television a few days before I left: gangsters, old cars and an offer you can't refuse in *The Godfather II*. Havana. Sunny and 77 degrees. Seems that was the forecast for the entire two weeks I was in Cuba. As the plane descended into Havana, the temperature rose and I shed layers of clothing. On the ground, the air was thick and enveloping. That warm tropical air that tells you right away you're somewhere different, somewhere exotic.

Welcome to Havana

After dumping my bag in my room in the *casa*, I opened the window to find out where the salsa music was coming from. Below me, in the compound next door, two dozen sexy young women were rehearsing a salsa dance routine, presumably for New Year's Eve. With one line weaving into another, rhythmic hip sashays and hair flicks, it was a visual treat.

Casa Particular

My private accommodations were adequate, though my room was in the apartment adjacent to the one I had booked (so, probably an illegal arrangement); I found out I had to knock on the door of the apartment in order to use the terrace—one of the reasons I'd taken the place. I noticed there was an elevator to the third floor, but no stairs. And, my room had two bedside lamps, one white and one red, possibly indicating that the owners, a friendly, middle-aged, middle-class couple, turned a

blind eye to the rampant and illegal prostitution.

A license to run a *casa particular* costs the owners $150 per month (a surefire way to limit profits), so if they are only charging $30 per night, they are always looking for additional ways to make ends meet. Hence, they serve meals: dinner for $8 and breakfast for $3-$5. The rumors about bland Cuban food are unfortunately true. Though I had heaping portions of pork, salad and rice and beans, no spices were to be found in the food or out (only salt appeared on the table, no pepper). The owner, Ramon, popped in and out while I ate and asked in Spanish if everything was fine. Yes, fine, I said, and thought, fine and plain.

The Happy Drunks

After dinner at my *casa*, I walked several blocks to the Casa Del Coctel Habana Club, a local bar far enough from the posh Hotel Nacional to not be touristy. Luxurious, high-backed wicker chairs on the wide terrace were full of couples and groups so I pulled up a stool at the makeshift kitchen-counter style bar. The bartender patiently ground up some limes and mixed me the best *cuba libre* I was to have over the entire trip. Next to me were a pair of slurring, happy drunks who soon turned their attention to me. Roberto was grizzled, white and in his fifties, and Antonio ("Tony") was scrawny, 30-ish, clean-cut, black and always smiling. Tony could air play an entire band—he played a series of guitar chords on my forearm. They knew only the odd English words, so I had to summon all my Spanish—and patience—to talk to them.

We had a wide-ranging, rambling,

amusing conversation. Roberto said that the tourist resort city of Veradero wasn't the true Cuba, that it had no heart. He didn't say where the heart of Cuba was, but Cienfuegos and Trinidad, my next destinations, both seemed to be in the running as they were each mentioned several times. He said there were many Cubas, that Cuba is black (like Tony), white (like him), that it's the whole island, not just Veradero.

They loved Canada, and they especially loved Celine Dion. According to them, she was much better than any American singer, and Roberto even sang a few bars of her song from Titanic. They were surprised I wasn't as impressed.

Talking more about music, Roberto voted the Beatles as the number one band ("grupo") in the world and wasn't pleased that I nominated, for argument's sake, the Stones as number two. He came back with Blood, Sweat and Tears for number three, a mostly forgotten 70's band whose songs I was soon to hear in Cienfuegos. Tony didn't agree with any of this and thought the best bands were Queen, Kiss and Led Zeppelin!

Roberto said he didn't want to talk politics, but considering the year end, he said, "Next year, we hope things are a little bit better than this year. Just a little bit. And we've been saying that each year for 45 years." Ouch. It was the most telling comment I was to hear about life in Cuba.

Castro and Che and Jose

Apparently, Fidel Castro doesn't like images of himself so there's no personality cult like there is in other communist countries. However, Che Guevara is still revered as a hero.

A five-story outline of his face, with the trademark beret, overlooks the Plaza de la Revolucion, and postcard racks around the city feature dozens of candid black and white Che photos.

More common than images of Che are statues and memorials of Jose Marti, who opposed colonial rule at the turn of the 20th century and is the spiritual leader of the country.

A Birthmark Shaped Like Cuba

In the morning, on my way to the

Biblioteca Nacional Jose Marti to meet Katie, the cousin of an Australian friend, I stopped in a park. Soon a teenaged girl came up to talk to me. I feared she was an underaged prostitute, but it turned out she just wanted to talk to a foreigner. She gave me recommendations on where to go in Cuba by pointing to the birthmark shaped like Cuba on her stomach. She also recommended that I visit Havana's Chinatown —she couldn't believe there were old Chinese people, middle-aged Chinese people and young Chinese people in Chinatown, along with Chinese food. Every few minutes she would ask me if I understood her and I would laugh, hold up my thumb and forefinger and say, "Un poco." She would laugh too and then launch into another patient explanation. When we parted I thanked her for the conversation and she said it was "*Muy divertido*" (Very fun).

Old Cars

It's true. They are *everywhere*, often in top condition. How they get the parts I have no idea. but I now have a new respect for the '57 Chevy. Amusingly, several times I heard horns with the theme from *The Godfather*.

Happy New Year

On the Malecon, the oceanside walkway that runs the length of Havana, girls wished all passersby "Feliz Nueva Ano." They loved it when I shouted back, "Y tu tambien (And to you too)!"

New Year's Eve

I met Katie again in the evening and we went to meet some of the Australian friends, Madeline and David, she'd met on the airplane. We all jumped in a taxi, zipped down to Old Havana, and wound up in Café Paris, where the band was hopping and the drinks went down quickly. Katie really wanted to dance. "Go dancing in Havana" was on her life to-do list, so I was happy to oblige. We were right up in front of the band doing our best. She's a pretty woman: always smiling and dressed to the nines, so I was the envy of the band and many of the men in the audience.

Not So Happy New Year

Another Australian guy was supposed to join us that night but he was suffering from food

poisoning. Madeline went back to collect him around 10:30 pm, but he was still unable to come out. Around 1:00 am he felt a bit better and thought he'd try to find us. But a few blocks from his *casa*, he was jumped by five guys and robbed of everything he had, including his ring and shoes. Ouch.

Welcome to Cienfuegos

I was already convinced that Cienfuegos was a special place when a tout from the bus station led me to ten different private houses to help find accommodation in the booked-up town and didn't ask anything in return. I wound up staying at a place run by an exceptionally welcoming and genuinely friendly brother and sister, Victor and Celia. They always addressed me by name.

Later, with my hat and sunglasses on, I walked down the boulevard. A black man approached from the other direction. When he was right next to me, without looking at me, he raised his hand. I slapped it in a "high five" and both of us continued our respective ways. Neither of us looked back. I felt like I'd just been admitted to the brotherhood of Cienfuegos.

Sitting on the Tip of the Bay

Cienfuegos tapers down to Punta Gorda, a sliver of land that juts into a bay and is capped by a picturesque open air bar. Naturally, the bartenders there promise to make the best *mojitos* (rum, lemon juice, soda, sugar, a mint leaf and ice) in town. Naturally, I had to try one. It was definitely potent. On my way back to town, I passed a group of people, including two women. I looked at them but didn't say anything. As I passed, I smiled. A moment later, they were laughing loudly. I turned to look. The two women were pointing to each other and saying, "He smiled at you! No, he smiled at YOU!"

Dinner at the *Casa*

Dinner was served in a pleasant back terrace. Victor was pleased I'd chosen the fish, which was his favourite. He brought out a little boombox for Cuban music and made a point of seating me himself. I felt guilty I hadn't dressed up a bit to be more worthy of his efforts.

Tranquilo

At night, Cienfuegos becomes a ghost town; the streets are completely empty, devoid even of parked cars. Lying in bed, you hear only the occasional sound of a horse and carriage clopping down the road.

Trinidadian Troubadour

I met Katie again in Trinidad, a well-preserved colonial town with cobblestone streets and an abundance both of live music and tourists. We met some Americans (who over the week became very nervous about the fines they faced if they got caught traveling in Cuba) and went to a small hotel bar where a troubadour was trying to sing over some loud, proud Hungarians who were in the process of getting loudly, proudly drunk. The troubadour's name was Israel, and over my week in Trinidad I went to hear him several times. One night, on my way back from a disco around 1:00 am, I found that he'd assembled a crowd on the steps of the

church after his bar had closed. Someone produced a bottle of rum, and he played his quiet, passionate songs for another hour under the stars.

Music

On the whole, Cuban people do seem rather hard done by. But despite the air of malaise, there's also music everywhere—in the bars, blasting out of apartment windows, blaring from the radios of bicycle taxis—so they've got some kick in them yet.

And a thousand thanks to Ry Cooder and the Buena Vista Social Club for ensuring that we tourists hear more than just endless renditions of "Guantanamera".

Next to the church in the plaza in Trinidad a grand series of steps led up to a restaurant and midway up, each night, a different band performed at nine o'clock. With perhaps a couple hundred people sitting at tables and on the steps, it was a great place to have an evening drink.

Mabel's *Casa*

I was envious that Katie had a roof terrace at her *casa*. When I arrived, the town was completely booked up so I had to settle for Mabel's place, a colonial home with a courtyard that was perpetually filled with drying laundry. Alas. However, a bonus feature was the grandmother who often cranked the music and danced, in order to encourage her 3-year-old granddaughter, Fatima. Eventually, Fatima obliged and both Mabel and grandmother soon joined her, treating it as a milestone event.

Mabel was a large Caribbean woman and believed that whatever needed to be talked about, needed to be talked about LOUDLY. She was always hollering over the back wall to a neighbour, or for her husband, or at Fatima. Electricity and hot water were also both unpredictable so I believe I had an authentic Cuban home experience. (Maybe at times *too* authentic.)

Making Ends Meeting

An oldtimer who lived right next to the main plaza in Trinidad invited me into his place to show off his old 1940's console radio. It worked like a damn. He then offered me hats, jewelry and coffee. I turned down all but the coffee. He showed me his wedding photos and I showed him my photo album. It was difficult to make a graceful exit as he put a hat on my head and kept telling me how good it looked on me.

Bicycles

The trick is getting a good one. Twice I rented bicycles with ultra-hard too-low seats that couldn't be raised any further. Still, it was a pleasant way to get to the beach, 16 km away. You head down the hill to La Boca, a quiet fishing village, and then along a deserted coastal road to Playa Ancon. It's the way back, uphill, that's the killer. However, each of the two days I came back at sunset, so the empty road, with the pounding surf beside it, was especially evocative.

Illegal Lunch

The beach is just what you want. A vast expanse of sand, some trees for shade and water that's a refreshing temperature. Then, as a bonus, fishermen

come around and offer you a lobster lunch for seven dollars. It's illegal, because the lobster, I believe, is supposed to be for the state-run restaurants. But as with many things in Cuba, where there's a will there's a way. It was missing the melted butter, but it was still a good-sized tail, and hey, fresh lobster on the beach, what more could you want?

Swedish Interlude

I met not one, not two, but three beautiful Swedish women: Angelika, Elinor, and Jenny. They all spoke excellent English and were staying at a hotel on the beach. We wound up spending much of the weekend together. Friday, we went horseback riding to a waterfall nested deep in a gorge, where we went for a swim. I'd been talking about the numerous and beautiful waterfalls in Thailand, and they were sure I'd be disappointed when I saw our destination. Not true. It was definitely worth swimming in. We went mid-day and lucked out because it was mostly cloudy—otherwise, we would have surely baked. The main site along the way in was a teak forest. The way back was easy-going and it was pleasant to clop along quiet farm roads surrounded by mountains. We hummed old Western tunes.

Saturday, we hung out at their beach. Angelika was training to be a masseuse, so I sacrificed myself to be practiced upon. It was pretty tough having a massage at the beach, but hey, you gotta do what you gotta do.

Sunday, they were all excited about road-tripping an hour and a half back to Cienfuegos to go swimming with the dolphins. I thought it was a little expensive—50 bucks!—but couldn't say no. Upon arrival, I was disappointed to find out that you don't get to actually swim freely with the dolphins. Instead, it's all orchestrated: the trainer has you do different things, like slap the water, so that the dolphins come up to you for a kiss or to have their bellies stroked. Occasionally you get to look in their eyes and see them as magnanimous, docile creatures. The best was saved for last and I was the lucky one who got to go first. No one knew what to expect. The trainer told me to float on my stomach and keep my legs straight. He added that I should raise my arms when I began to move. I was still thinking

about the instructions when, suddenly, on the soles of my feet, I felt two dolphin noses propelling me rapidly forward. I raised my arms and rose out of the water, balanced expertly on the dolphin noses, like a seasoned aquatic circus performer. After swimming about 30 feet, the dolphins stopped abruptly and, launched from their noses, I plunged back into the pool. What a hoot! They repeated the trick with everyone else, and each time the dolphins pulled it off perfectly. Impressive!

In the evenings we went to the discos. One disco was open air, at the Casa de la Musica, so we danced under the stars. The other was deep in a cave, complete with flashing lights, disco ball and fog. That, too, was a hoot! Both nights I felt pretty lucky to be showing up with my lovely entourage.

Taxi Drivers

They were generally very chatty and I had some good conversations with them. In Trinidad, Nelson, who clarified that he was "not Nelson Mandela," preferred the quieter life there to the bustle and noise of Havana.

People on the Move

Crowds of people lined the highways trying to hitch rides. I have no idea how long they had to wait. Maybe days.

Sara's Terrace

I changed to a different *casa* in Centro Havana when I returned (instead of my first place in Vedado), to try a different area of town. Really, I just wanted a terrace or balcony with a view, and at Sara's I wasn't disappointed. It was among rows of two- and three-story apartment buildings, with a view up and down the street. Not much of a view, but at least it was a pleasant place to sit and enjoy a novel in the late afternoon light. And there was much more pulse in Centro than there was in Vedado.

When I left, I gave Sara the extra bottles of aspirin that I'd brought. Her excited reaction made me think I was giving her something very rare.

Hemingway's Bar

I gave a pass on Hemingway's touristy "Floridita Bar" and went next door where an entire table of eight was drumming along with the band. Great atmosphere. There and at one other place, however, I tried unsuccessfully to order a daiquiri, Hemingway's famed drink. Maybe I should have gone to the Floridita after all.

Whispering

Every day all day people come up

to you and whispered, "Cigar?" "Cigar, sir?" "You want to buy cigar?" Mercifully, they do take no for an answer. I finally gave in on my last day and bought some for cigar aficionados among Core faculty. (Because they're considered contraband, you can forget I just told you that.)

In Trinidad, touts whisper to you to come for a private (illegal) dinner. Presumably, eight bucks for dinner goes a long way if monthly salaries are only ten to twenty bucks.

Missed Photos

I usually keep a mental tally of photos that I miss for one reason or another. On this trip, virtually all of the missed photos were of old men sitting on their stoops puffing on their cigars.

Motorcyle Diary

On my second last day, I wanted to hang out in Old Havana, and have an easy day of moseying from cafés to plazas to the Malecon. But in the morning I phoned Roberto, the contact of a friend from Toronto. He invited me to come over and see his work. It was way over in Miramar, the absolute other side of town. So, instead of soaking up the life of old town Havana (and my balcony), I was using up my last *pesos* zipping across town. However, Roberto was an energetic guy who gave me a tour of the Foundation of Antonio Nunez Jiminez, a local writer, explorer and associate of Castro. The Foundation had an enormous library, plus two large rooms of artifacts that Jimenez had collected on his travels, from fossils to pottery and statuettes; it was a fascinating collection. We motorcycled back along the Malecon and then met again in the evening, along with another Canadian, Ismal. Ismal was doing development work in trying to promote roof gardens for restaurants. We went for a nightcap at the Café Paris and he bought me a drink "courtesy of the Government of Canada." That was a bonus because I was almost out of pesos.

"This is the Last Day of Our Acquaintance"

The refrain from this song, by Sinead O'Connor, is my "thanks, I'm leaving" song, and on my travels I start singing it when I get up on the day of my departure, sometimes the day before. My flight wasn't until 4:00 pm so I had the whole morning to do last minute things. But nothing worked out! I couldn't find the cute little handmade journals I'd wanted to buy the day before; the friendly, funny waiter at the café I liked wasn't there; I got ripped off on exchanging my last twenty bucks; and Sara was mopping and laundering on the balcony of the *casa* so I couldn't spend my final hour relaxing out there. Ah, Cuba!

Adios

My final taxi driver spoke a lot of English so we had an animated conversation on the way to the airport. Seems he'd been a slacker and now resolved to devote more time to his wife and two young sons. He wanted to know if my heart was clear, if I was happy. I said it was and I was.

Gulliver in the Rousseauvian Isles

Erika Connolly

My courteous readers, as you may well be aware (for word spreads quickly nowadays), my professed retirement from sea travel was appreciably premature. In fact, only five years after the publication of my *Traveler's Narrative*, I found myself longing ever more fervently for adventure. And, mind you, this longing was like an unquenchable thirst—better yet, like a burning flame whose sheer intensity rivaled that of our very own sun.

Alas, I must confess that my family and friends did little to stifle this fire ablaze within me. On the contrary, they merely heaped more kindling upon the altar (metaphorically speaking, of course). In truth, during my brief (yet seemingly eternal) stay at my House in Redcliff—where I had determined to live out my days—even the most trivial of things served to remind me of that wondrous nomadic existence of my youth.

For instance, my wife's high heeled shoes were strikingly similar to those worn by the High-Heels of Lilliput (of course, hers were just slightly larger in size). And my daughter's polka-dotted dress brought to mind that hapless race of Struldbruggs, whose immortality was indicated by a red spot that appeared on each of their foreheads at birth. Even my son's prodigious use of salt at mealtimes was partly responsible for my decision to leave—for, smelling the salt, my senses were flooded with sweet memories of the ocean. Ahh, yes . . . I could feel the cool wind blowing away my troubles; I could see the sea's foamy waves pushing me ever closer to shores as yet unexplored; I could even hear the seagulls overhead, flapping their wings and singing their heavenly song.

Now, I must admit, rather than fighting against my ardent passions, I opted to let them win. Yes indeed, I succumbed to them, and I have allowed my emotions to guide me ever since.

Yet, weak-minded, spineless, and cowardly I am not. Rather, having been tamed (so to speak) by those virtuous Houyhnhnms on whose island I was most fortunate enough to have landed several years back, I was no longer like my fellow man. I was different; I was unique. I was . . . another breed, you might say.

Alright, alright, so I wasn't exactly another breed. I'll admit (although it pains me to do so), I was still a Yahoo, and will forever remain a Yahoo. Yet, Yahoo as I am, I was able to remove that infernal Habit of Lying, Shuffling, Deceiving, and Equivocating, so deeply rooted in the very souls of all my species, especially the Europeans (Swift 8) Hence, as any honest man will surely verify (if such a man exists), I'm simply and truly an exception to the rule.

As a result of my newfound insight into human nature, I couldn't help but regard my fellow neighbors—not to mention my wife and children—with contempt. For, in my humbled view, they were nothing but mere Lumps of Deformity. Suffice it to say, although I undertook to stomach their company, my efforts proved in vain. The truth be told, these gluttonous beasts have not a single strength to speak of. Hence, rather than delaying the inevitable, I decided to depart at once from my House at Redcliff.

On the 21st of May, 1720, I set sail, heading North-North East. I had intended to leave in the early morning, before sunrise, but my family prevented this plan of mine from coming to fruition. As I should have expected, our tiresome (and nauseatingly conventional) exchange of goodbyes took up a good several hours of my time. And, if you ask me, not a single of their gestures was sincere. If I didn't know them better—if I wasn't aware of their great love for me—I'd be inclined to draw some most unsettling of conclusions from our discourse.

Although the day got off to an admittedly shaky start, Fortune was on my side. Thankfully, for my sake, the winds proved favorable, the ocean was calm, and the sun melted away every cloud in its reach. I was free at last—free from the chains of society; free from the burden of my family; free to map out my own future, without an ounce of concern for others. Ahh, yes, my design was, if possible, to discover some small island uninhabited, yet sufficient by My Labour to furnish me with the Necessaries of Life (Swift 260). Once there, I could live in peace and quiet. Truly, my imagination alone was enough to satisfy my mind's curiosity, and Nature's dazzling beauty was enough to soothe my soul.

Eventually, after allowing my boat to steer itself for several weeks, I spotted a stretch of land in the distance. With oar in hand, I paddled my way towards the island, hoping for the best. As I got closer, however, I noticed that something was not quite right. No, no, no . . . strike that. Let me be more accurate, for the sake of clarity. In actuality, something was terribly wrong. For, in the shallow water near the island's sandy

shore, birds of all kinds were swimming —pelicans, flamingos, cardinals, and the like. And, to my surprise, fish that should have been restricted to the sea were flying through the air. Clearly, these two creatures—one of land, the other of sea—were defying the physical laws that governed our world.

Upon closer inspection of this mysterious island before me, I became aware of countless other inconsistencies that would have shocked even the most ignorant of men. For instance, whereas half of the island was bathed in bright sunshine, the other half was shrouded in darkness. Can day and night coexist, one alongside the other, I thought to myself? Apparently, they can . . . well, at least here. Likewise, the weather conditions seemed to be in conflict—icy flakes of snow were falling from the heavens, and yet my shirt was doused in sweat.

Understandably, I didn't quite know what to make of these peculiar proceedings. However, having come across similarly unusual sights on isles both near and far, I was not in the least bit flustered. In fact, curiosity propelled me forward—I was simply bubbling with excitement. Thus, without further ado, I docked my now battered boat along the island's edge, and I began to investigate the premises.

I didn't get very far before running into a disheveled looking man. The strange thing was, this man was perched upon a cloud, which was hovering several meters above the beach. Stranger still, he was carrying out a full-blown conversation with a congregation of flying pigs (whose English, I must say, was superb). I approached him and, interrupting one of those incredible talking swine, I asked him his name.

"Rousseau," he replied nonchalatnly. "J. J. Rousseau."

Now, although I was as yet ill-equipped to judge my new acquaintance, he struck me as the docile type—he was soft-spoken, his voice gentle, his manner reserved. All told, he seemed far too sensitive to be a fellow Yahoo . . . perhaps, he was a tamed one (a convert, so to speak), like me. Fueled by this prospect, I prodded him with a myriad of questions, so as to determine whether or not he was, in fact, another "exception to the rule."

"Well, well," said Rousseau, "you're right on the mark there, Gulliver . . . was that the name, young lad? Anyway, as I was saying, I am made unlike any one I have ever met; I will venture to say that I am like no one in the whole world (Rousseau *Confessions* 17). Alas, because of my uniqueness—my too tender and affectionate nature, which find no living creatures akin to them (*Confessions* 48)—I had no alternative but to flee from my homeland. For how could I possibly dwell among such brutes, without falling to my knees in shame? Henceforth, I opted to try my hand at sea-faring, with the hopes of one day reaching a deserted island to call my own. Naturally, it seemed to me that on that island I should be further removed from men, safer from their insults" (*Confessions* 589)

"Oh, how most remarkable!" I burst forth with glee, cutting his monologue prematurely short. "Your story seems to be an exact parallel of mine! But please continue, I'm anxious to learn more." And so Rousseau offered up a lengthy account of his voyage by sea, devoting special attention to the numerous trials and tribulations that he had encountered along the way—lightning storms, food shortages, leaks in his vessel, and so forth. By the end of his account, I was so taken up with pity for the poor man that I began to cry.

However, Rousseau told me to dry my tears. "Now Gulliver, I don't want to upset you, nor anyone else, for that matter. And, truly, my tales shouldn't upset you, not even remotely. For, after all these years of struggle, I've found true happiness at last—and all thanks to my island. Yes indeed, here on my island, nobody can bother me. I'm free to pursue my own interests, to live according to my own principles, and to obey my own set of guidelines."

"Of course," he said with a smirk, "as I'm sure you've realized, societal conventions aren't applicable here. In fact, none of the physical laws that so callously bind us down in Europe hold any weight, at all. Take gravity, for example. Back on the mainland, we had no choice but to obey the law of gravity. Yet, on my island, I can rise and fall as I please—I can sprawl myself out on the nearest cloud; I can lay myself down on the sandy coastline. In essence, I can explore all of Nature's wondrous niches—whether aerial, terrestrial, or aquatic (for I can breath underwater, as well)—without paying any heed to physical laws. And, naturally, the animals on my island are granted the same privileges—

for why should they be slighted?"

I must have rolled my eyes inadvertently, for Rousseau was quick to justify these last remarks of his. "Oh, yes, yes, I admit," grumbled Rousseau, "I have a soft spot for animals. But, what can I say? I'm just such a compassionate person, you know . . . And besides, these flying pigs are marvelous conversationalists. They rival the very best orators of Europe . . . "

"But, I've digressed," he mumbled with a shrug of the shoulders. "Now, as I was saying, those god-awful fetters that once hindered me, that prevented me from enjoying myself to the fullest, are no longer an issue here. Just as gravity has been removed, so too has the 24 hour cycle of night and day established by our earth's heavenly rotation. As a result, I've managed to escape from the tedious routine of sleeping and waking, sleeping and waking, that is so cruelly imposed upon my fellow Europeans."

"And honestly, Gulliver," said Rousseau, "you must agree that such a regimented routine can make a man weary, if not completely disillusioned. 'Why even go to bed,' I would often wonder, 'when I'll just have to rouse myself yet again when morning comes? Why subject myself to these chains, these silly routines that seem to be etched in stone? No, I'll have none of it!' I would proclaim with a fist in the air. Clearly, I was utterly sickened by the continual (and horridly pedantic) switch betwixt night and day. But, thankfully, my island provides darkness and light at the same time, enabling me to enter either setting at my leisure."

"Of course," Rousseau continued "I could go on and on about the many wonders of my island . . . with its choice of weather conditions, its infinite supply of eatables, and what not. But, I must stop myself, for fear of overwhelming you. Just remember, Gulliver, that these chains that bind us are nonsense! Nothing but poppycock! And so I say, 'let them be damned!'"

Eventually, Rousseau's diatribe petered out. Now, I'm no scholar —and I certainly wasn't blessed with the keen insight that comes naturally to those virtuous Houyhnhnms—but I could detect a slight edge to Rousseau's supposedly "gentle" demeanor. No less surprising to me was his propensity to assume a defensive posture when "threatened." For instance, when I had rolled my eyes, I meant little by it. Yet, Rousseau seemed wounded by my innocent use of body language, and I felt a distance growing between us.

Yet despite these character flaws, I was strangely drawn to the man. He was quite interesting, and I was eager to learn more. So, I asked him—with much enthusiasm—if he could perhaps elaborate upon his views of societal conventions. For as was clear from our (well, more accurately, his) short yet enlightening talk, Rousseau was a lover of freedom. Yes, just like me, he wanted nothing but liberty—nothing but independence from others. And, reinvigorated by the opportunity to share his opinions with me (rather, to take center stage), Rousseau didn't require

much prodding . . .

"Gulliver, my weary traveler, let me begin by disclosing an important truth to you about our society: *L'homme est né libre, mais partout il est dans les fers chains*. Sad though it may be, we must face reality. For without doubt, we are oppressed by constraints of all sorts—chains, so to speak, that shackle us. For instance, because of our deep concern over what others think of us, our hearts have hardened. In fact, *amour-propre* has taken over our psyche. Alas, we have nothing to show for ourselves but a frivolous and deceitful exterior" (Rousseau *Discourses* 116).

"I, myself," said Rousseau with a sigh, "was stifled by these dreadful constraints throughout my youth. Most notably, my education . . . merely increased my nervousness by making me conscious of my shortcomings (Rousseau *Confessions* 55). And, along the same vein, I find conversation unbearable owing to the very fact that I am obliged to speak (*Confessions* 44). Yet, as you are aware Gulliver, my island is a place of repose—an Eden, of sorts—where no impediments can cross my path."

Rousseau paused, perhaps overcome by a moment of deep self-reflection. "Ha!" he chuckled all of a sudden. "Actually, the funny thing is, I often wish that my fellow men would banish me on this here island. 'How gladly,' I used to say to myself, 'would I exchange my liberty to leave this place for the assurance that I could always remain here' (*Confessions* 596). Ah, the mere . . ."

"Now just hold on a second!" I interrupted. "I don't understand . . . I thought you wanted complete freedom . . . I thought you wanted no such chains round your neck! But now . . . but now, you contradict yourself. You ask—no, you don't even ask—you plead to be banished, to be chained down. I just can't grapple with the inconsistency of your argument . . . "

Clearly, I was beginning to lose faith in Rousseau—or, at least, to question his logic. Nonetheless, I didn't want to give up on him yet. And so, I calmed myself—as best I could—and asked him to explain. "Look Gulliver," he said, "you have me all wrong. You're just like the others. You see, while denying me all those feelings, good or indifferent, which they do not themselves possess, they are always ready to attribute others to me so wicked that they could not even enter into a man's heart (*Confessions* 595). And, quite on the contrary, I've been endowed with the most sincere nature, the most affectionate disposition, of any of my peers. As a result, I'm an easy target—vulnerable prey for all of those vulture-like men to feast upon. So, I've no other choice but to be always on the look-out. You must understand Gulliver, that I'm obliged out of sheer necessity to resort to such extremes—for instance, hoping to be banished on my island—because I cannot trust my fellow men. Thus, they may at any time, and without warning force me to return to Europe, merely in spite of me."

"Alright, alright, you've made your point," I conceded. "I understand your rationale; honestly, I do. Maybe, I'm just too gullible—who knows? But, even so, I get the impression that you, yourself, require some norms to function, to . . . how does one say . . . to compensate for life's unpredictability. Yet, I won't press the issue. Anyway, you mentioned education just a moment ago. And, if my memory serves me correctly, you weren't overly pleased by the whole system. I'm most interested to know why."

Having thus broken the tension, I opened my ears to Rousseau's discourse. At first, he was hesitant to continue from where we had left off. However, as before, Rousseau was quite pleased to be back in control, and so he began. "Well, Gulliver," said he, "thanks to good old self-reflection, I've stumbled upon one great maxim of morality, the only one perhaps which is of practical use: to avoid situations which place our duties in opposition to our interests, and show us where another man's loss spells profit to us (*Confessions* 61-62). Naturally, this maxim governs my conduct, and never have I strayed from it. In fact, I have strenuously avoided all situations which might set my interests in opposition to some other man's" (*Confessions* 62).

"Now," Rousseau exclaimed, "I must stress the fact that my own self-reflection was responsible for my growth—not the teachings of grammar school instructors, not the senseless blabbering away of a tutor. The truth be told—as is always the case with me—I was never a fan of the European educational system. You see, vices of all sorts come into being through education—through what the elite take pride in calling the 'advancement of the human mind.' Luckily, in my case, I was given complete freedom to map out my own destiny—in essence, to 'follow my heart.' My caretakers left me to my own devices, and for this, I am most grateful. Truly, they never had to repress or to indulge in me any of those wayward humours that are usually attributed to Nature, but which are the product of education alone" (*Confessions* 21).

"Ahh, yes, you're quite right," I thought aloud. "Yes indeed, the educational system is rather backward, to say the least. You know, what strikes me is that, having gone to Emanuel College back in the day, I can't recall a single instance when I was given the opportunity to simply go about my business, as fancy bid me. I was so weighed down by my schedule, so preoccupied with my daily routine, that I never took much notice of the world around me. Alas, I never realized what I was missing. Ah, but even so, those were the days—no cares, nor worries, nor aches and pains . . . oh, what I wouldn't give to be young again! But, here I go as usual, off on a tangent, reminiscing about my youth. Anyway, enough about me . . . I would prefer to hear more about you. Now tell me, Rousseau, do you have children? And, if so, did you raise them according to your principles?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," stuttered

Rousseau, in a rather hurried manner, "Yes, yes, I had . . . I mean, I used to have . . . I mean, I have children. Five of them, in fact. But, alas, I lacked the necessary means to care for them myself—I just simply couldn't be chained down. So, my third child, therefore was taken to the Foundling Hospital like the others, and the next two were disposed of in the same way (*Confessions* 333). However, after philosophizing on man's duties, I realized that my obligations as a father had been met. You see, Gulliver, never for a moment in his life could Jean-Jacques have been a man without feelings or compassion, an unnatural father (*Confessions* 333). No, my decision to give away my children was proper, especially for a man of my circumstances. In fact, I was rather pleased by my handling of the situation, and I was tempted to boast of it. For, in handing my children over for the State to educate . . . I thought I was acting as a citizen and a father, and looked upon myself as a member of Plato's Republic (*Confessions* 333). Indeed, I was smitten with delight, and I wondered what . . . "

"Smitten with delight? . . . You were pleased? . . . You were tempted to boast of it?" I interjected. My thoughts sputtered out of me, but you must understand—I was utterly flabbergasted. In all honesty, emotions of all shapes and sizes ventured out of their hiding places, seeping into my veins, causing my blood to boil. Everything from anger, to disgust, to confusion entered my heart at that very moment. I felt as if Rousseau had betrayed me—as if he had painted a false picture of himself, merely to gain my admiration.

"What about your so-called 'maxim of morality?' What happened to, as you put it, 'avoid[ing] situations which place our duties in opposition to our interests?'" I inquired. "You're nothing but a fraud—a downright fraud. Just listen to yourself. First, you proudly claim to be a virtuous man, who would never even think of compromising his duties in favor of mere personal interests. And then, you give away your children, thus compromising your duty as a father, solely in order to preserve your life of isolation—a mere personal interest, if ever I heard one."

"And, by the same token," I continued, "you speak of how children should receive—and would undoubtedly prosper from—a similar education to your own: one that enables them to seek out their passions; one that encourages them to chase after their dreams. And yet, you place your children's education into the State's hands, hence destining each one to a lowly future as either a peasant or a worker. No, no, this is just disgraceful! I'm . . . I'm speechless . . . "

I didn't know how to feel, nor what further to say. On the other hand, Rousseau had no problem filling in the void of silence, for he had yet to stop talking! You see, he must have been completely unaware of my interruption —so absorbed was he with the topic of education. In fact, he was still talking about education when I finished my speech. So, all told, all of that effort on

my part—all of my sincere criticism—was fruitless. Rousseau hadn't heard a single word.

" . . . So now, Gulliver," Rousseau carried on, "you must be either in awe of me, or close to it. Clearly, I'm an exceptional person, and I want my fellow men to learn by my example. In a word, I want to educate them about life—its ups, its downs, its in-betweens. And, that's precisely why I decided to write an autobiography, which describes even the most trivial details of my personal experiences. Without my book—I regret to admit—mankind is all but doomed. For, books written by your fellow-creatures, who are liars (Rousseau *Discourses* 51), cannot be trusted. Of course, I'm not a liar, and so my book clearly passes inspection . . . "

And so he continued . . . on and on and on he went. I just let him talk, for I was in no mood to argue with him. Of course, I could have easily pointed out the many contradictions in his reasoning—for instance, his accusation that all authors are liars, except for himself. Hmmm . . . rather suspicious, I would say. Or similarly, I could ask him how such an "exceptional" man—a man whose experiences are unlike those of any other—could teach his fellow men by writing a book of his personal experiences. Again, very suspicious. But, truly, what was the use? Rousseau was past the point of change. He was set in his ways, and there was no stopping him now.

After listening to Rousseau's contradictory tales for some time, I began to reflect upon my own duties as both a father and a husband. "Oh, how dreadful!" I realized. "I've been just as bad as Rousseau. I've not only neglected my duties, but I've also neglected the most important people in my life. Oh, I was wrong all along! Those lousy Houyhnhnms aren't so great after all—I mean, with all due respect, they don't even form attachments to one another, and what is life without attachments? What is life without people with whom you can share both sorrows and joys? In essence, what is life without friendship and love? Nothing! Life is nothing without these interpersonal bonds. And, clearly, such bonds are not restrictions, by any means. Rather, they are liberating, enabling every one of us to attain true happiness—a happiness that would otherwise be out of our reach."

Now that I had cleared things up in my mind, I knew what had to be done. I looked up at Rousseau, who was still perched on his cloud. He was in the process of complimenting himself, as usual. On this particular occasion, however, his "exceptional imagination" was the focal point. "You may laugh at my modestly setting myself up as a prodigy" (Rousseau *Confessions* 67), he said with a grin on his face. "But, I've got to be forthright with you, it is impossible for men, and difficult for Nature herself, to surpass the riches of my imagination . . ." (*Confessions* 155). I cleared my throat, thus cutting off Rousseau in the middle of his sentence.

"Look Rousseau!" I exclaimed

(making sure that, this time, he was all ears). "I don't want to offend you, but I've got no other choice. I simply must speak from my heart—for, as you would say, 'I felt before I thought' (*Confessions* 19). So, let me be blunt with you: You're a troubled man. Now, I've no doubt that you possess remarkable talents that far exceed those of our fellow Europeans. Yet, you have countless problems as well—problems that seem to be laying dormant, outside of even your own awareness."

"For instance," I declared, "you appear to be plagued by inner contradictions. Perhaps, you aren't willing—or aren't yet ready—to face reality. Perhaps, you don't want to acknowledge your very own humanity, for fear of losing that uniqueness that so distinguishes you from others. But, whatever the cause may be, you can't just run away, in hopes of freeing yourself from any and all 'chains.' For, although you managed to escape from societal conventions, as well as from the physical laws that govern our earth, you haven't succeeded in escaping from the invisible chains that I would call character."

"Now, as you know," I continued, "every one of us must learn to live with himself. And, if we aren't capable of owning up to our mistakes, than we are, in essence, our own worst enemies. Likewise, if we aren't able to appreciate the uniqueness of others, than we are doomed to a lonely existence. For, all of our fellow men are unique in some way or another, and we should value their uniqueness. In other words, we owe it to ourselves to form bonds with those close to us, and to search for the beauty in each of them. What I'm trying to say is, we must step off of our pedestals and rejoin our family and friends."

"Have you lost your marbles, young lad?" replied Rousseau. "Truly, your senseless chatter sickens me. And, with all due respect, I've no need for such petty evaluations anyhow. Nor did I ask for one. Besides, I know my own heart (*Confessions* 17) and understand quite well my fellow man. On the contrary, as my experiences do not apply to others, you cannot possibly understand me, let alone yourself."

"Now," Rousseau continued, "although you crossed the line just a moment ago, I'm willing to forgive and forget. Yes, indeed, I'll simply overlook your blunder—as is only proper for such a gentleman as myself. In fact, I'll even offer you some personal insight, straight from the heart. Let's see, where should I begin? Hmm? Well, now that I think about it, there isn't much to say. In all honesty, Gulliver, you're nothing but a rascally man—a lost soul, if you will. Now, then, if you don't mind, I'd like to be alone. I've plenty here to occupy me—my imagination, my flying pigs, and . . . well, that's quite enough. So, Please, leave me be."

And so I left. Yes, courteous readers, I headed out to sea, without once looking back. Yes, indeed, I was looking forward to my long voyage home. Granted, I knew what was in store for me—lonely days and lonely nights. Yet, despite these pitfalls, I was ready to bat-

tle even the roughest of summer waves, so long as I could see my loving family again. And, oh, how I missed them!

On June 25, 1725, around noontime, my tattered but faithful ship steered triumphantly into the good-old port of England. Now, as I write to you, five years have past since my return. I've been spending my days in retirement—watching my children mature, taking long walks with my wife, playing with the family dog, and so forth. I must confess, I don't miss the seafarer's life one bit. In fact, I've taking a liking to solid ground, so much so that the mere sight of ocean water makes me quite ill.

And, so, my courteous readers, I present to you my final traveler's narrative. I can only hope that you've learned from my mistakes (and from those of our good friend Rousseau). I tell you, I've certainly learned a good thing or two. You see, after departing from the Rousseauvian Isles, I left behind not only Rousseau, but also my former self. I shed my skin, so to speak, to reveal a new and improved Gulliver—a Gulliver who cares about others, a Gulliver who likes companionship, a Gulliver who will never again break the bonds of love.

Signing off,

Captain Gulliver

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Swift, Jonathan. *Gulliver's Travels*. London: Penguin Group, 2001.

Rousseau, Jean-Jacques. *The Confessions*. London: Penguin Group, 1953.

Rousseau, Jean-Jacques. *The Social Contract and Discourses*. London: Everyman, 1993.

Modern Art

Matthew Kelsey

I.

Snails love woodwork. They wake
early on sunny mornings, moving
without disturbances. Ascending
then descending (over dark trees
to contrast their natural glue),
two or three smear linear strings.
Sunglow follows the direction
of the snails, making strands
of gleaming slime behind them.

II.

Some people compare planes to birds
or plastic action figures. But what bird
leaves such a calculated residue behind?
What hero can communicate to homes
below through extended Morse code, wispy
hyphens longer than cities? Planes quickly
pass over, but leave delayed sonic captions
as tumbled tunnel-script over blotchy summer blue.

III.

Fresh ice cream. A child runs
with creamsicle-stained fingers, the syrup
wrapping around his thumb knuckle,
the way his fingers wrap the leather-bound
baseball. Just one more pitch. Then he can
lick it off. Meanwhile, the sweet popsicle
he had been eating melts over the cement,
a collage of heat, orange extract, and dirt.
The stream of juicy sugar slips into a sidewalk crack.

Camus: Carnets

GEORGE KALOGERIS

62

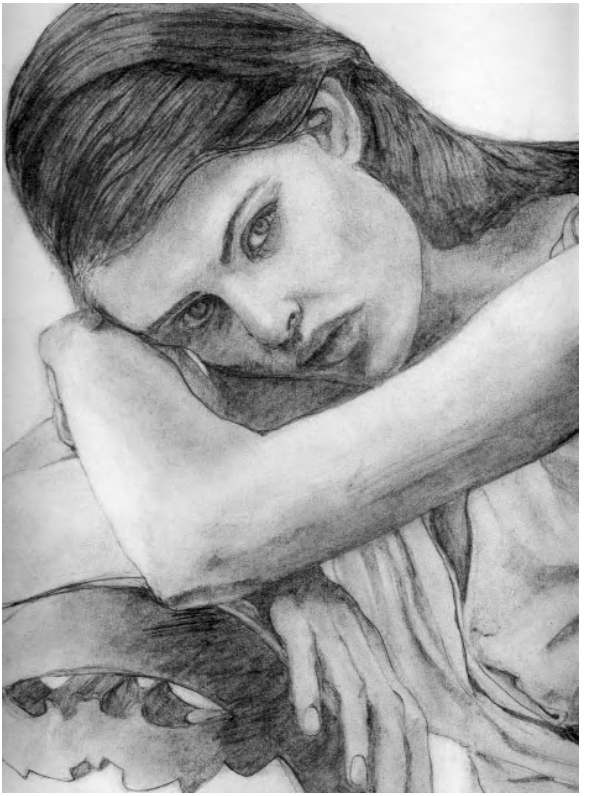
Serpentine grip of the Cross. Centrifugal Bach
like tree rings, a grooved refrain come back to haunt us:
timoignage as a torque turned up a notch too high
for the scores of falling rain. After the last symphony
of scattered souls, coiled programs litter the sidewalk.
Megaphones for the wind. Or a triumphal chorus.

Be a flame of joy at the crossroads. Camus at twenty.
Then wisteria and magnolia. The trees foreign and far away.
"Will you be back soon . . . I know you have work to do."
Arthritic fingers knitting the dusk. Flick of a whisk broom
as the gas lamps come on. At first blush the glow of ideas
is still Parisian: young girls in Belle Epoque dresses.

66

The Facel-Vega picking up speed. Hairpin turns
twenty kilometers or so outside of Sens,
where the trees grow dense. Dappled pools by the curbing.
Horsepower in tune with the constellation of the lyre.
Then a ribbed nave of conifers. Or a shirt of fire.
Champigny-sur-Yonne like the blur of being young.

Suddenly in slow motion the shaggy chestnut reared
its crown of unshakeable affirmation. Gide
rustling toward you in slippers, stroking his tabby cat
Sarah. Those darkest years you shared his flat.
Then sudden impact. Focus on the sunlight like fur
growing fuzzy. Your shattered torso turning centaur.



To learn to draw is a language

Dygo Tosa

Because when I picked up a pencil long ago
I could speak what I saw
The grammar of lines is to follow a point

She spoke to me in photographs
Captured memories take flight in development
But her eyes caught me in her flash: cliché

I sketched back her smiles as contours
She cast lighting, filling our space with colors
And we lost each other in a breathing portfolio

Goodbye, American Experiment in Democracy

Stephen Kalberg

"I don't see the IMPORTANCE of the matter," I said. "Yes, for some, best called thinkers and philosophers and social critics, I suppose it is. But for THE REST of us?"

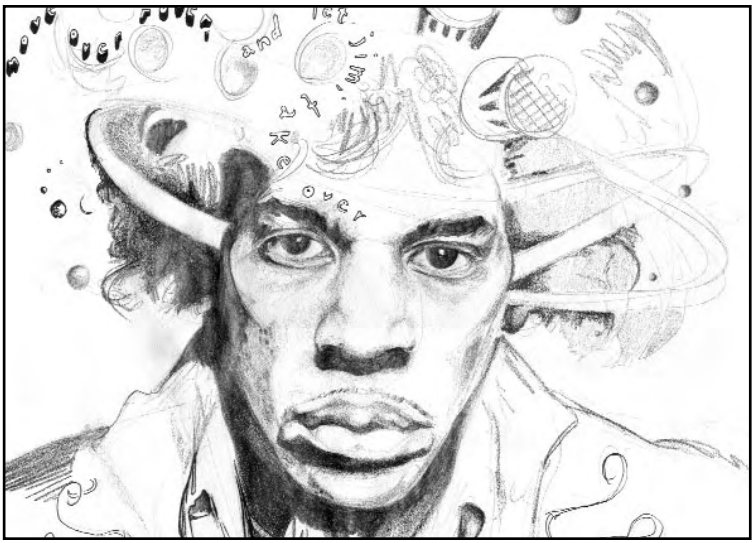
My friend Alex was livid. "Don't you see this is THE theme that is tearing the country APART, you Dummkopf."

Fortunately, I knew Alex well enough to know both his weakness for hyperbole and proclivity—without malice intended—for insult. "But most people are just trying to get through the day," I responded. "This is tough enough—dealing with bosses, kids, spouses, chores, the daily commute, and the Red Sox. No one has any ENERGY left to fret about YOUR 'culture wars'. It's not that people don't care; they do, at some abstract level. But immediate matters monopolize their lives. Try to tell someone who's pushed around every day by his boss that the real issue is whether minorities should cultivate their DISTINCT historical pasts."

Alex could only groan and sigh. No doubt he was thinking of how practical and unimaginative his old friend had become. He tried another launching site. "The entire PUBLIC SPHERE has become

a vacuum. Nothing's THERE anymore—no civic values, no trust, no ideals, and surely no rules of politeness. Without this, we're all goners within a few years. Goodbye, American experiment in democracy. And YOU think there's SOMETHING more important than this? You head-in-the-sand gooey ducks, obsessed with 'getting through the day', are the REAL problem. And you proudly profess innocence. How disgusting."

I stood accused, and Alex had stopped moaning and sighing. He stood up, ready to deliver his final blow before departing. Its mocking tone would not surprise me. How long would *cher ami* stay angry this time? Was he still endearing to me? My wife walked in at that very moment.



Sestina

Elizabeth Keenan

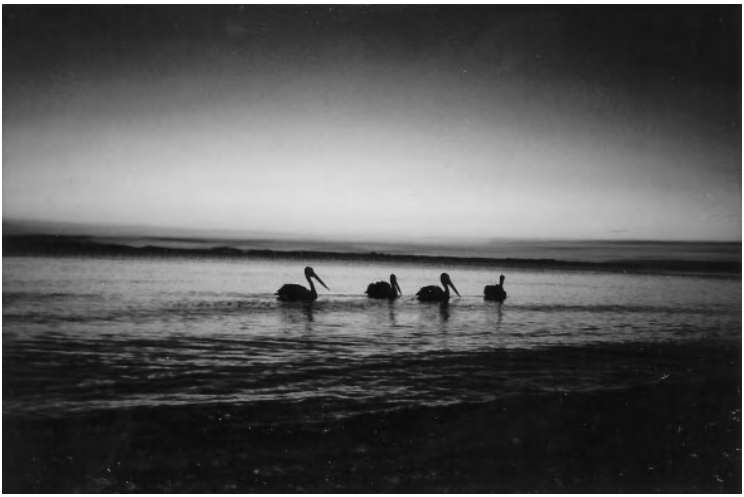
The burning sun has dulled its rays
and turned an orange red. The once blue sky
is fading to a purple black. Most birds
have snuggled in their nests to sleep through night.
All glows in the sun's last stance before the moon
and stars cool and calm all life.

We struggle a few moments more, holding to life
of day. We search for the last warming rays
of the sun to cheer us. Soon, the moon
will reign over all earth; she will rule the sky
and smile on all below. For now, for the night,
she is queen. All life flies like a startled bird.

Through the crystal black air, the note of a songbird
breaks the silence. The nightingale is proof that life
is still here, even in the dark, unknown night.
And what of the sun and his torturing rays?
He is gone now; he does not own this blackened sky,
now home to multitudes of stars and our moon.

The watery light of the moon
shines on our path. No guide bird
is here to lead our way. Instead, soaring in the sky,
our mother moon gives light to life
while we wait for the sun's dawning new rays.
Sunshine will soon end this black night.

Blue-purple seeps into the starry night
sky. Soon our sovereign moon
will fade into sun's amber rays.
The nightingale is silenced; now songs of morning birds
break the silence. With the dawn, new life
appears as rosy streaks race across the sky.



The vast darkness is once again a radiant sky:
No mark was left by invading night.
All is beginning to awake; soon all earth's life
will stir. We are not now ruled by the silver moon,
but by the golden sun. Flying—darting—courting birds
dance and twinkle in the clouds, silhouetting the sun's rays.

Through the night hours, life stands still in the sky
until the sun's rays break the night
and the moon stops lighting the wings of night birds.

Rainy Saturday

Avery Ana LuBell

I am watching all this through a window.
The rain smatters the glass and pools on the cement
And the cold is seeping through the walls,
But for this moment
All I want is to be that puddle.
I want to feel my filth being washed beneath me
And turn my face to the sky
And know that I am clean.
I want to be the broken bottles and imploded litter
Stewing in the sidewalk trash cans
Groping to avoid the claustrophobia
And who, even in their discarded state
Are shown God's tears and forgiveness
And washed clean.
I want to be the trees
Slurping and drinking and dripping rain water.
Without a rustle they soak the simple pleasures from their world
And are rejuvenated.
I can see among these things
A room of students,
And I watch them through their windows.
Animals in glass cages
Piled one atop the other atop another,
Filling the room with their babble and their unfiltered thoughts,
Crushing the cold clean oxygen from the room
Until their culmination
Steams and fogs the glass
And I can see no more.
I want to know how they can prefer their confinement
And why I alone would be so content
To throw myself into the rain between us.
But then again
I am watching this through a window.

To Okeechobee Canal

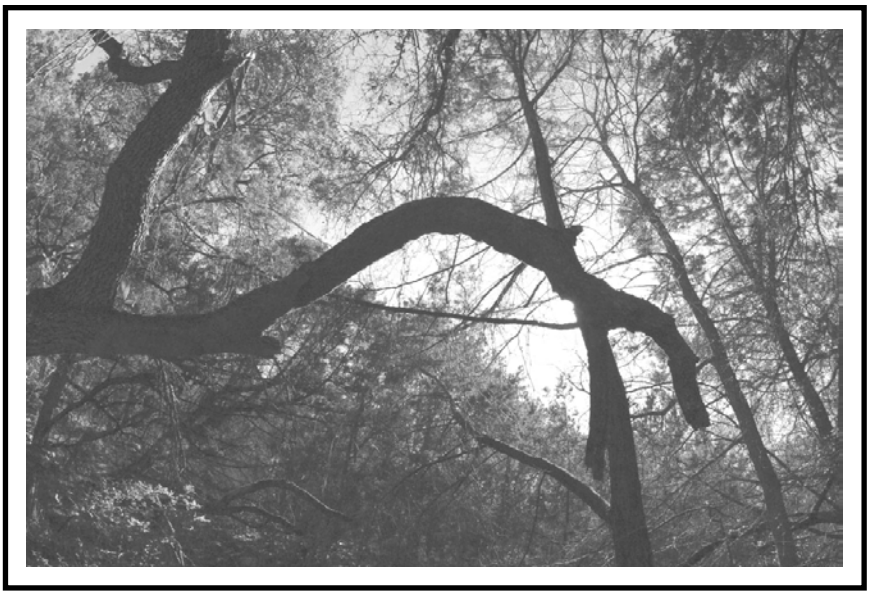
Grecia Alvarez

They cut into you again,
To make way for rush-hour traffic.
I should be saddened to see you
Grow thinner each year,
But you are still charming.
I will always enjoy driving by
That slab of concrete that dips
Into you—a dimple on your dark face—
Where the fat iguanas take their sun.
And even when some careless motorist
Spills gas on you and it swirls
And clings in a rainbow
Around the long legs of the ibis,
Who only cares to pick at the mud,
I can't stop loving your nonchalance.
You don't worry because you know
Where you are goin, where you begin,
And where you end. Only the wild
Orange tree, with its white blossoms,
Weeps for you.

٨.

Nizar Qabbani

لن يكون ذهابك ماسويا
كما تتصورين
فاانا كشجا الصفصاف
اقوت داعمًا
و انا واقت على قدمي



80.

(from One Hundred Letters on Love)

TRANSLATED FROM ARABIC
BY JAMES RIGGAN

Your leaving is no tragedy

As in our fantasy

I am the willow tree

Always dying

Always on my withered feet.

self

Bethany Pickard

i To the reader:

ii I'm naturally lazy and disinclined to go hunting
for authors to say for me what I know how to say without them.

iii Cogito, Ergo Sum
I am two fools, I know

iv With poison, ear, and sickness dwell
I am made of that self mettle
To enter in these bonds, is to be free.

v Da nun Jesus war zu Bethanien;
I was tired and irritated,
so light of wisdom, so laden of error.
I cut and thrust and hacked and meddled more
and quickly made that, which was nothing, all.

vi Noli me tangere,
I cannot heave my heart into my mouth
since what I well intend I'll do't before I speak.
I love, but love what I long not to love, what I would like to hate:
Flesh (itself's death) and joys which flesh can taste.
Wozu dienet dieser Unrat?
hours, days, months, which are the rags of time. And I
a something else thereby.

vii "All that has to be done is to make the best use of imitation."
I made this mistake three or more times within a few hours
with feigned visage, now sad, now merry
and false.
If good, whence comes its deadly, harsh effect?
slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men
I had only lengthened the journey and increased the difficulty of the ascent.
Let me still take away the harms I fear
and make me end, where I begun.
'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
But that God should be made like man, much more.
Will he not let us alone
Those are my best days, when I shake with fear.

Index of Citations for "self"

i Montaigne 23

ii Cervantes 13

iii Descartes
Donne 81 ("The Triple Fool")

iv Donne 313 (Divine Mediation 10.10)
Shakespeare I.i.72
Donne 125 ("To His Mistress Going to Bed")

v Bach 1.4c ("Now when Jesus was in Bethany")
Petrarch 13
Petrarch 49
Cervantes 20
Donne 89 ("A Valediction: of Weeping")

vi Petrarch 190.13 ("Do not touch me")
Shakespeare I.i.93-94
Shakespeare I.i.227-228
Petrarch 16
Donne 162 (Satire 3.40)
Bach 1.4d ("To what purpose is this waste?")
Donne 80 ("The Sun Rising")
Donne 76 ("The Relic")

vii Cervantes 16
Petrarch 13
Petrarch 102.11
Shakespeare III.vii.50
Donne 313 (Divine Meditation 10.9)
Petrarch 132.3
Petrarch 13
Shakespeare I.iv.335
Donne 85 ("A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning")
Donne 315 (Divine Meditation 15.13)
Donne 315 (Divine Meditation 15.14)
Donne 76 ("The Relic")
Donne 317 (Divine Poem 19.14)

Don Quixote's Quest for a Squire

Sarah Chandonnet

As it happened, after the chivalrous knighting of our hero, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the famous knight errant turned his noble steed in the direction of his home village to attain the services of a squire. Overjoyed with his newly granted knighthood, he felt obligated to fulfill the requests of the king who had knighted him at the great castle only the night before.

"How does a knight errant choose the perfect squire?" he wondered. "According to my gracious and noble king, he must keep the necessities to revive me in the event of any heroic injuries attained when saving the weak from their perilous encounters with evil. But I have not read in any of my books of how the squire is introduced to his fearless leader. He mustn't be chosen at random. He must be tested, and he must prove his faithfulness, his loyalty and his desire to be of aid to his benefactor. A test, that is what I need, a competition for the man chosen by Fortune to have written in his destiny the accompaniment of such a great knight errant on all of his gracious adventures."

And so, Don Quixote spread the word (in no way other than posted bulletins, written in a way that only the most worthy of men could understand) of his desire to locate and appoint the perfect squire.

The day of the trials, three men appeared at the designated field area where Don Quixote waited for them atop Rocinante. When watching the three approach, Don Quixote saw among them a merciless giant who had undoubtedly come to prevent him from attaining a squire. When seeing this, he yelled for the other two to beware and to move aside, and lowering his lance, charged the giant. Just as he was about to make contact, the giant picked up both him and his horse and placed them next to himself.

"Bonjourno, Dottore. Perche voule

mi uccidere?" began the giant.

"What spell are you casting on me, evil giant? Your spells are useless here!" replied Don Quixote.

"Come vai? Je m'appelle Panurge."

"I think he's here for the island . . . I mean for the test to be your squire, sir" said the second man, who later revealed himself as Sir Niccolo.

"We're all here for that, sir Don Quixote, and we are ready to do whatever it takes to attain the eternal fame that comes with being the squire of such a royal knight errant" said the second man, Sir Francesco.

"A giant as a squire?" thought Don Quixote. "Now I am certain that that is not possible. I have never read of a thing like that. But, perhaps, like Bernardo del Carpio he could easily smother other evil giants. I suppose I shall test him nonetheless, even though this is something I have never heard of, let alone read about in my books of proper chivalry."

"Dearest sirs, let us begin with no further ado. The first test is one that any squire must pass. Among you I will choose the most fit in this field. As you know, every knight errant has a beauteous princess to whom he dedicates his fearless acts of bravery. Her love and her splendor keep the knight alive and allow him to carry on his deliverances of righteousness with the utmost valor and strength. When he has suffered any bodily pains, it is the thought of her that revives him and returns to him the potency he may have lost, like any magic elixir made by the most powerful of wizards. In order to be the squire of Don Quixote de la Mancha, you must be able to praise the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso when my strength has failed or my words cannot come forth. You may have to summon her to save your knight and also to demand of the overthrown enemies pure submission to, and utter respect for our lady," began Don Quixote. "Let each of you have a turn to praise her as the most lovely of the princesses ever to have lived on this earth."

"The love of a woman," retorted Sir Niccolo, "should do nothing for the strength of a man. She is submissive to him, for she has not even an equal amount of the power he does, let alone is she the one who governs it. The idea is ludicrous. Let a man be a man—control her as he does his Fortune; if he cannot have her by agreement, have her by force. Beat and strangle her until she gives him what he wants. There is no obstacle man cannot win over, and a woman is not even worthy of being called an obstacle. She is no constraint nor something that should be given time and thought. If you spent half as much time thinking about yourself, as you do this woman, I do not doubt the fact that you would be king."

"*A mon cherie* . . . woman is a great tool. For sexual pleasure," replied Sir Panurge, "this Dulcinea del Toboso is, in fact one of the raunchiest and dirtiest women around. Her sexual favors are more than enough to please our Don Quixote. And if that's what it takes to keep him going, as it does all men, she

really fits the bill. Actually, I remember this one time, behind the church . . . "

"Gentlemen, the words you are saying cannot relate to the beautiful Duncinea, for they mean nothing to me. She is a goddess; she is Athena presenting herself as a woman on Earth, and I have not heard words of her beauty or her grace from either of you so far. You simply must not know this woman whose elegance and refinement are known throughout the world; she must be praised, yet so far there has been nothing but blasphemy when regarding my muse, my lovely princess. I must hear you sing her praises!"

"To sing her praises is to give to her more than is her due," began Sir Niccolo again.

"Oh, how I sigh for this Dulcinea," interrupted Sir Francesco, who had remained pensively residing on the grass while the other three debated her.

"Oh blessed be that time above
The heavens and the world began
To slow for me, my divine love
One who will never understand
The part of my soul that she has taken
Simply by casting her melting gaze
Unknowingly or as an act from heaven
Upon my humble soul in praise
Now yearns for her, how I sigh
For every act done in her notion
Takes her only further from I
Closer to Heaven, for acts of devotion
Set the beloved above earth's fire
Making more distant my desire."

"Oh, Sir Francesco, these words of yours are divine and must be sent to you from the higher powers, to praise my Dulcinea with words that so befit her. They speak the truth, and it appears that she has the same effect on you as she does on this noble heart of mine," replied an astonished Don Quixote.

And upon the noble scoreboard, Don Quixote marked with a flourish the point attained by Sir Francesco, now dubbed Sir Francisco the Poet Extraordinaire. After doing so, Don Quixote again addressed them.

"The second test is of no lesser value than the first, and one of you noble squires-in-waiting must indeed impress your knight errant in order to cast aside the master of poetry as my new squire. One of the most important jobs of the squire, aside from keeping company to the knight and carrying his provisions, is to defend him if he is incapacitated by a magic spell that does not allow him to defend himself. Of course, this would never happen to Don Quixote de la Mancha; but if it did, I imagine that the squire would act the way that Don Galor did when his brother, the most famous Amadis of Gaul, was pinned to the ground by a magic spell that was camouflaged in the deadliest of fog. As a precaution, and thus the second part of your test, each of you must combat these ghastly creatures, who although evil, have been tamed by a magic spell of my own."

With a sweep of his noble arm, encased in rusty armor, Don Quixote showed the men their challenge. And, as it were, these tame giants were none

other than tamed cattle, slothfully grazing in the field. Without time for rebuttal, Don Quixote sounded the royal gong, and sent the men to attack. While Sir Francesco sheepishly tried to mow down a single cow by timidly head butting its side, Sir Panurge took a bit of a different approach.

"No, no Sir Panurge, I do not wish for you to eat the evil creatures, just to destroy them in my protection! Oh dear, who has ever heard of a squire eating the enemy?"

With a mouthful of cow, Sir Panurge smiled back at the astonished knight errant. During all of this commotion, Sir Niccolo made his way back to the hill where Don Quixote sat in amazement.

"Who eats evil creatures?" said the knight, shaking his head.

"Men who cannot properly defend themselves, that's who," began Sir Niccolo. "Let me tell you a little bit about battle, Don Quixote. If you wish to overthrow these 'evil' creatures, or anyone else, there are certain rules you have to follow."

"Like royal rules of combat?" asked the knight.

"Something like that," said Sir Niccolo, "only these work. If you'll just listen to me, I can tell you everything you need to know about overpowering the enemy. First of all, you cannot simply attack at will. If you must attack, it must be calculated and planned. Herd them together and make a single attack; if you must physically attack them, do it at once, not at many different times. Once they have realized your power, you have won. Now, once you have defeated the enemy, there are certain things you have to do in order to stay in power."

"But, I have never heard of any knight taking captives," interrupted Don Quixote.

"How do you think they become so powerful, of course they do, or else no one would fear them."

"I thought knights errant were loved by the people for defeating the evil and doing good deeds. They are supposed to be praised and honored all throughout the world."

"You are mistaken, knights can be loved, but firstly they must be feared, and in this way, they can keep the 'evil' enemies at bay. This is how they protect themselves . . . I mean their people.

What I was saying, is that in order to stay safe and in control, you must destroy either the entire flock of the enemy, or some of them and then go live with them to secure your power."

"Live with the enemy? I am quite sure the Knight of the Burning Sword never lived with the rest of the giants."

"And is he alive today? No. You must listen to me, for I tell you, I am speaking the truth, and you will have eternal glory as the greatest knight errant to have ever lived."

"I suppose so, Sir Niccolo. And in this case, I appoint you the winner of this test. Simply, I cannot be protected merely by a set of very large jaws or a man who knocked himself to the ground trying to tip over the evil creatures."

And thus, the second point was given to Sir Niccolo, who now became Sir Niccolo the Leader of the Giants. Seeing the sorry state of the men, Don Quixote reluctantly continued the testing.

"Now, since the last test has proven a bit strenuous for most of you, this final test should be a bit easier. The last duty of the noble squire is to spread the legacy of his knight errant among the people, and, most importantly, to report to the beautiful Dulcinea of the heroic deeds he has done in her name. In this way, the squire will represent his fearless leader and speak to the commoners to spread the stories of his brave adventures. For, clearly, the knight is too dignified to tell his own stories; that would be like the Knight of Phoebus praising himself in the town square, and obviously this is unheard of. So I need to hear the manner in which each of you would tell of Don Quixote and his grand adventures to the people and ,most importantly, to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso."

"I cannot sing the praises of a man who is not myself," began Sir Niccolo, but remembering the idea of being given the territory of islands to rule over, decided to make something up for the time being. "However, I can certainly force people to honor him. I would tell the people this: 'Don Quixote is a knight errant who has destroyed armies of enemies thus far and contains an amount of power that would frighten the average man. If you do not wish to be the next of his victories, give up your power to him now. Abdicate now and save yourself and the lives of your families from the wrath that is Don Quixote.'"

Don Quixote, terrified, began "Sir Niccolo, you are telling the people that I will kill them and their families when that is not at all what a knight errant does. He destroys evil and protects the people. Never have I read of a knight who kills the good people in the town. Now, humble Sir Francesco, the turn is yours."

Unable to respond due to an extensive head wound dealt by the evil cattle while he was attempting to push them over, Sir Francesco simply sat up from the grass and fainted from the effort. The force of hitting the ground shook the tree above him and leaves and petals

fell from the sky like rain from Heaven.

And being the only one remaining, Sir Panurge moved carefully to the center of the field.

"Sir Panurge, there is no possible way I will be able to hear you from here," began Don Quixote, but he stopped short when Sir Panurge's giant sized breeches fell to his giant sized ankles. With the knight watching in amazement, Sir Panurge began his speech.

Beginning with his thumb and forefinger of his right hand, he put the remaining fingers down and held the two to his forehead, while sticking out his tongue. Next, in a quick manner, he used both arms and crossed them over the place where his codpiece had rested, and repeated the motion several times. He then returned both hands to his head and with outspread fingers, he touched his thumbs to his temples and proceeded to wiggle the rest. To conclude, he made fists with both hands and brought his bent arms down to his sides repeatedly while thrusting his codpiece forward.

Sir Niccolo, realizing that he was the only one who had actually responded to the test, watched Don Quixote as he contemplated what exactly had just happened. After a few minutes, Don Quixote replied.

"That was pure . . . genius. There was not a single thing wrong with anything you just said, Sir Panurge. It's quite a gift you've got, being able to speak the truth so plainly and clearly. I would say, there is no other who could represent me in the way you just have. Well done, Sir Panurge the Honest. Now, however, I need a few minutes to gather my thoughts and to declare who among you will have the honor of being my squire."

Looking at them, Don Quixote saw one man passed out on the ground, another with his pants still around his ankles, the last grimacing and talking to himself quietly. Suddenly very worried, he chose to address them as follows.

"Dear sirs, I thank you for coming out here today to help me in my search for a noble squire. However, I have ultimately chosen that I cannot have any of you, and for a simple reason. I am Don Quixote, I should be the one who is praised and honored. Never in any books of chivalry have I read of a squire so talented or articulate. I do not wish to be overshadowed by a squire, and I feel that no matter who I choose, I will be going against the tradition of knights errant. For, you Sir Francesco, though asleep, you could very easily try to attain the love of Dulcinea for yourself with your eloquent tongue and handsome appearance. And you, Sir Niccolo, could become too powerful and destroy me and my legacy. And, my dearest Sir Panurge, you would simply make me appear dumb to the people. Clearly, no knight errant has ever had a squire like any of you, and I must insist on keeping it this way. Thank you for your time gentlemen and be sure to tell stories of your great encounter with the noble Don Quixote de la Mancha."

Adam to Eve in Old Age

Sassan Tabatabai

Dear Eve,

Many moons have passed
since that first day
we left the garden
with our heads hung low
and our shadows cast.

Remember how hot it was?
how thirsty we were,
how far we walked to find water and shade.

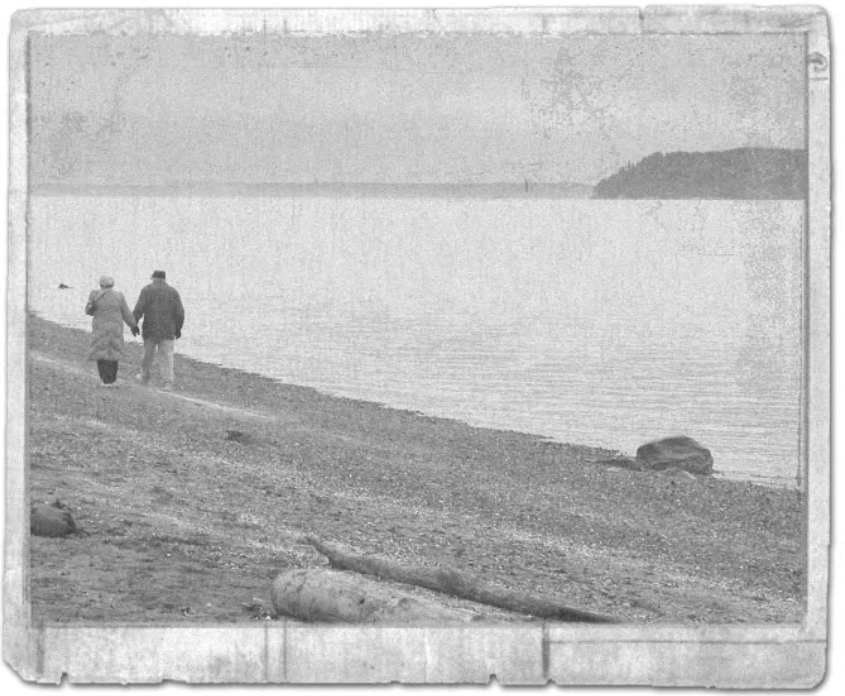
Remember that first night?
how dark it was,
how scared we were,
how naked we felt in our leaves.

And that first winter?
with its reluctant sun
and thickening night,
how we hugged to keep each other warm.

Many winters have passed and with each
I'm getting slower, and smaller.

We've been through much,
and I know it wasn't easy for you.
I still regret the way I treated you
when he yelled at us
        for eating his fruit.

I knew you needed
my sympathy and support
but I called you stupid
        and you cried.



I wish I had held you instead
and kissed your head and told you
it would all be fine.
I wish I could have stood up to him.
I wish we had taken a whole basket of that fruit.

I remember the first time
your belly swelled.
I was nervous because
you screamed and screamed
and I thought I would lose you
and be alone,
but a child was born.
And he drank from your breast
and he clung to your skirt
and we learned life.

I know it was hard
when we lost Abel,
and we lost Cain,
and we learned death.

For the longest time
you wouldn't eat, or talk, or touch.

But we've had good times too.

Remember that first spring?
the way it smelled,
the way we felt,
as if we'd never left
that long-forgotten place.

Remember the time we drank
from the vine we grew
on the trellis in back?
You laughed because my eyes turned red
and my teeth turned blue.

That was the night I discovered you,
the night I smelled you and tasted you.
I realized how you squint when I kiss you,
and blush when I watch you.

That night I found your nape
and the curves of your waist,
and those two dimples
low on your back.

And you showed me the things a woman can do.

It has ceased to be that way
with me and you
for a long time now—I know.
But when I look at you,
with your gray hair and wrinkled smile,
I still see that wide-eyed girl
trying to cover herself with leaves.

As we reach the autumn of our lives
there is nothing I want more
than to sit by your side
and hold your hand
and listen to your voice.

My beautiful Eve,
my love, my life,
I thank you for giving meaning
to my mortality.

9 771555 223305