

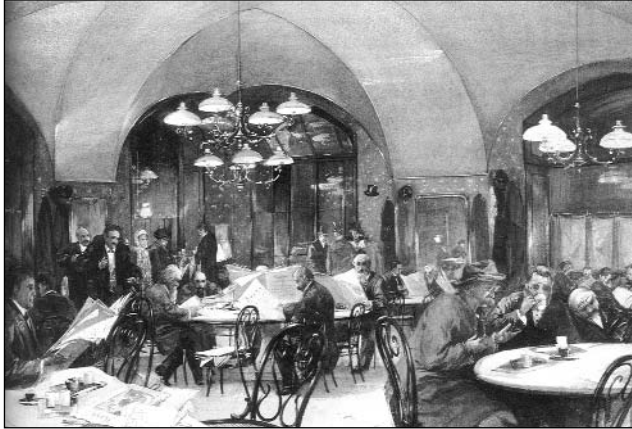
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THE JOURNAL OF THE CORE CURRICULUM



COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
AT BOSTON UNIVERSITY

The Journal of the Core Curriculum



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Editor's Note

When I think of the Core Curriculum, the first things that come to mind are family, intellectual discussion and bad jokes (but mostly family and intellectual discussion). The Core is unlike anything else offered at such a large university; it fosters a welcoming community of students and professors who are able to connect on both an academic and personal level. The professors act as mentors, as Plato is to Aristotle; guides, as Virgil is to Dante; and loyal companions, as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are to each other.

Throughout our journey together, we have fallen with Milton and climbed with Petrarch, theorized with Hawking and sailed with Malinowski. In the brief time since our matriculation, we have explored two millennia of the most profound and inspirational literature, art and music, which are reflected in this volume of the Journal.

Special thanks to my incredibly helpful and humorous staff, Zachary for his endless contributions to the Core (words cannot express my gratitude), Professor Tabatabai for his guidance, and Dean Johnson, who has served as the father of our family for these past two years.

Robyn Fialkow

Robyn Fialkow
Editor-in-Chief

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Table of Contents

Staff and Contributors	5
Delhi Raga BY DANIEL HUDON	8
Brooklyn Bridge PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW BISDALE	9
What Juno Doesn't Say BY MICAH SHAPIRO	11
Stuck in the Middle BY JEROME TURNBULL	16
Five Classical Poses ILLUSTRATION BY MEG SNEERINGER	18
La Manzana BY JULIE ANN MEJIA ARES	24
Conceptions of the Self BY AMIEL BOWERS	26
Un Molino PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE LOSAW	30
A Noble Insanity BY ANDREW PECKHAM	31
New York City PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHANIE FEINERMAN	38
Street Talk BY JERROD DOLENZ	39
Analects of the Core: First Year	40
Pebble Beach PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHANIE FEINERMAN	42
Judas BY KATHERINE HANNULA HILL	43
Byrne's Inferno ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC BYRNE	46

Dante's Forgotten Canto: XXXVI ^{1/2} BY SPENCER BATES	47
Dante in the Garden of Eden MUSIC BY SARAH WEAS	51
Lysistrata BY BRIAN JORGENSEN	52
Self-Portraiture and Honesty BY MATT COLANGELO	54
The Journey to the End of the World PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID GREEN	60
L'accent grave TRANSLATION BY AMIEL BOWERS	64
Piano Fingers ILLUSTRATION BY DEBORA PEREZ	68
Dido BY RACHEL ROSE-SANDOW	69
Analects of the Core: Second Year	70
S'Cores: Musical Analects	72
The Blood Brothers Await BY ETHAN RUBIN	74
Killing Death BY JEROME TURNBULL	77
Staircase ILLUSTRATION BY DEBORA PEREZ	84
Puree BY JULIE ANN MEJIA ARES	85
South Street Seaport PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW BISDALE	88
The Indifference of Ευρυδικη BY ZACHARY BOS	89
Penelope Waiting BY SASSAN TABATABAI	92

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MOLLIE BERGERON (CAS '10), a Rhode Island native, is a hopeful English major; and the sole freshmen representation on this year's Journal crew. She enjoys good music and great books.

ANDREW BISDALE (CAS '10) intends to major in Photojournalism in the College of Communications. He has had an interest in photography since his early high school years, and is thrilled to be getting his work published.

ZACHARY BOS is the Administrative Coordinator for the Core Curriculum. He is also the Deputy Editor of the magazine *News from the Republic of Letters*. He hopes for sea-change in the 2008 Presidential election, and for a return of IHOP to Kenmore Square.

AMIEL BOWERS (CAS '09) is majoring in Classical Studies. She was born in Tokyo, Japan by coincidence and

avid exploring European parents. She hopes eventually to sell her soul to law school and travel the world. She has thoroughly enjoyed her frazzled tenure as Designer.

ERIC BYRNE (CAS/COM '08) is pursuing a collaborative degree in International Relations and Communications. He shares the view of Henry Kaiser in that when your work speaks for itself, you should not interrupt.

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STEPHANIE FEINERMAN (CAS '09) is an Art History major and Film Studies minor from the warm state of California. Her art has previously been seen in *The Brownstone Journal*. She most recently co-directed Stage Troupe's Kids' Show *James and the Giant Peach*.

ROBYN FIALKOW (CAS '09) is majoring in Philosophy and minoring in Judaic Studies (as of now). She hopes to emulate Thoreau and one day live in a cabin on a lake—only she would bring her dog with her. She is a huge fan of music as well as finger mustaches.

WESLEY FURSTE (CAS '09) is from Columbus, Ohio and majoring in Economics and Mathematics.

DAVID GREEN is a Core professor. Dr. Green lived in the Galician region of Spain for six years and spent much of his time exploring the countryside there. This is his eighth year teaching in Core.

SARAH HARTSHORNE (CAS '09) is an English major from the Berkshire Mountains of western Massachusetts. She is excited to wrap up her second year on the Journal staff. Her left elbow is double-jointed, she's met Judy Blume, and she believes in ghosts.

KATHERINE HANNULA HILL (CAS '09) is studying French and Continental European Literatures as well as Hispanic Language and Literatures. She is from Tacoma, Washington.

DANIEL HUDON, when not teaching in the Natural Sciences, writes and dreams of future far-flung journeys.

JULIANA JACKSON (CAS '09), a Political Science major, has thoroughly enjoyed working on this year's Journal—especially since it gave her a place to indulge her obsession with red pens. She thanks the rest of the staff, Zak for providing food (and stories about lost loves and Chinatown muggings), Core for making her read books that she would have never read otherwise, and hopes that the

next masthead will be even more awesome.

BRIAN JORGENSEN is a Core professor and member of the Fish Worship Quintet (founding members: Professors Jay Samons and James Jackson, contributing members: Professor Michael Silk and Edmund Jorgensen), which opened for Professor Stephanie Nelson's 2007 production of *Lysistrata*.

MATTHEW KELSEY (CAS '07) is an English major from Glens Falls, New York. He is the Editor-in-Chief of *Pustebblume: Journal of Translation*, and will be living in Portland, Oregon upon graduation.

JULIE ANN MEJIA ARES (CAS '10) is majoring in both Political Science and International Relations. She aspires to become a catalyst of change for society and future president of the Dominican Republic.

ANDREW PECKHAM (CAS '09) is majoring in Psychology and striving to explore the role of the human mind as a window to understanding the social world, both historically and in the present. Andrew has worked at the Admissions Reception Center of Boston University and as a volunteer Research Assistant at the Center for Anxiety and Related Disorders.

DEBORA PEREZ (CAS '09) is a Psychology major. She has been drawing since age five and work-

ing with scratchboard for the past four years. She is from Cape Coral, Florida, but was born in Massachusetts. Her family is from Ponce and Toa Baja, Puerto Rico.

RACHEL ROSE-SANDOW (CAS '09) is currently an English major who plans on switching into COM next semester because she likes fountains. Core taught her how to laugh, dance, and clap at the end of lecture. She is from Pennsylvania.

ETHAN RUBIN (CAS '10) was raised by wolves in the jungles of Philadelphia. Having been mentored by such masters as Socrates, Bach, Hegel and Tupac, he now studies Philosophy and Music Composition. In his free time, Ethan defends the helpless, conquers mythical beasts, and plants seeds of revolution and of ballet.

MICAH SHAPIRO (CAS '09) is majoring in English and minoring in Music. In addition to writing poetry and playing the clarinet, he enjoys dry humor and Thai food. Micah hails from Evanston, Illinois.

MEG SNEERINGER (CAS '09) is studying Archaeology and Anthropology. She looks forward to excavating in Greece and Ireland this summer. Meg enjoys spending time at home in beautiful Seattle with her family and her dog.

SASSAN TABATABAI is a Core Humanities professor. He is a poet

and boxer (not necessarily in that order). This is his fourth year as Faculty Advisor for the *The Journal of the Core Curriculum*.

JEROME TURNBULL (CAS '09) is an International Relations and English major from Germany. He loves ideas that toy with him, no matter what medium they pass through, and wishes to make such earthquakes of his own someday. Someday in the future, Jerome will actually be able to go by his full name, but until that time, Jerry—his alter ego—will be the one writing his inadequate bios.

SARAH WEAS (CAS '09) is from Rochester, New York and majoring in Biological Anthropology with a double minor in Public Health and Biology. She plays in the pep band and enjoys swimming.

LAURA WIPF (CAS '09), a New Jersey native, is studying English Literature and plans to open a bookstore after graduation. She so loved Core that she decided to give a little back by joining the Journal staff. She is a member of BU Habitat for Humanity, the Siblings Program, and the National Society of Collegiate Scholars. She enjoys singing, yoga, and roaming the city.

Delhi Raga

BY DANIEL HUDON

The sixty-three-year-old sarod player sits cross-legged on the stage between the tabla and tambura players. He says he is humbled before his seniors in the audience but will play despite the fact that most lose their talent after fifty. Murmurs of appreciation come from the other musicians and the audience. He tells us the name of the raga and spends the first part of the recital just playing notes.

A raga is a series of notes upon which a melody is based. The word comes from the Sanskrit and is loosely translated as something that “colors the hearts of men.” Though there are strict rules of ascent and descent, marked resting places and characteristic phrases, they are meant to assist in exploring the raga—the musician is free to improvise within the rules. A raga is like a map of a mountain where each note reveals a different area until the map is no longer contours and coordinates but becomes something made out of stone and decorated with

trees, with ravines and crevices where water collects and runs, evoking awe, anxiety and views to a wide horizon.

I checked into a hotel in the Main Bazaar last night. The Main Bazaar was exactly as I had left it: a miasmic sea of motorcycles buzzing, rickshaws rubbing your ankles off, cars honking and beggars pleading. As I waded through, I laughed—I was ready for it.

“Delhi is nice to come back to,” Tupuna had told me on the terrace of Hotel Vivek a month ago. Three times I checked back there today for her but she was not there.

The tabla player looks half the age of the sarod player and is wearing a flashy yellow shirt like a kid showing off, in contrast to his elder’s pale brown. He nods every time another note is played, waiting for his chance to jump in. The elder has a worried look on his face, as if his talent could fail at any moment. He coaxes out another note, carves, shapes and embellishes it, but what about the next? He refuses to show any progress on his face and sighs at the difficulty. Will the raga



"Brooklyn Bridge" by Andrew Bisdale

reveal itself?

At nine in the morning it was so hot the sweat was dripping off my body. At the hotel, I met a German man sitting in the doorway of his room, soaking some clothes in a bucket. I was tempted to do the same—have a lazy day with laundry, novels and cold showers—but I had too much energy, there was too much I wanted to see. Back in the big city, no time to meditate. Gotta hurry, gotta go.

Ragas, said to originate from Siva's mouth, are grouped according to the time of day or night for which they are

most appropriate. There are sombre, devotional morning ragas, restless afternoon ragas, introspective evening ragas and late-night ragas that are profound and mysterious. There are also ragas for different seasons and each has the power to evoke various emotions: awe and fear, joy and laughter, love, peace and calm.

I arranged a train ticket to Rajasthan, spent an hour waiting to cash a traveller's cheque (they were out of cash) and went to the post office, then slipped into my old habits and wandered through the bookstores and

art galleries of Connaught Place.

The Kid finally comes in on the tabla, rambunctious and barely contained as if he's been waiting for a bus to get going and is now slapping the side of the bus saying, *chalo! chalo! chalo!* ("let's go! let's go! let's go!"). He quickly develops an elaborate pulsing pattern *dha takita dha dha takita takita dha takita tirakita takita tirakita dha* like his own map that frames the Elder's melody with minor landmarks of percussive energy.

The auto-rickshaw driver this afternoon had an entire map of Old Delhi and New Delhi in his head and wanted to take me to Feroz Shah Kotla—the ruins of Ferozabad, Raj Ghat where Mahatma Gandhi was cremated ("Mahatma is for 'great soul'—there are many Gandhi's but only one Mahatma"), India Gate and the tombs of ancient rulers and saints. He filled up the space in the road that was waiting for us by driving right through it, buzzing the horn as we went.

I phoned home and told my parents I was thinking of extending my trip beyond the original plan of six months. "Well, there's a real world out there," they said. Meaning, *Don't you think you should come back and get a job?*

The Kid follows the Elder for awhile, slower and faster, answering questions and posing new ones, imitating and exploring before taking off on his own again. Meanwhile, the tambu-

ra winds through the background like the broad, slow Yamuna River that drones through Old Delhi and New Delhi.

And so they go on, generating flurries of sound—Elder and Kid, knowledge and action, like verses from the Upanishads that have their own rhythm and metre but come together in meaning. They build a new myth over a wide, expansive silence; like a god waking from an ageless sleep, coming to a life of movement and change.

In a bookshop in Connaught Place I read that a raga is like a divine being whose true nature is unknown. He can only be summoned with a sincere and patient heart and even then he'll come only under the right circumstances. The performers often don't know the raga has come till after he's gone. ■

AUTHOR'S NOTE

"Delhi Raga" comes from a series of vignettes written during a six-month trip I took to Southeast Asia and India immediately following the completion of my Ph.D., two dozen of which have been published in literary magazines. This piece originally appeared in the magazine *Grain*, and was as well read, with music, at this year's Core Talent Review.

What Juno Doesn't Say

BY MICAH SHAPIRO

These things having come to pass,
Venus approached Juno now, cloak of
Deceptions thrown back and hands held
Wide; that the two might speak in
Earnest before unholy Furor once more
Could rage at immortal dignities with
Bloody maws—

Think of
The first pause in an unruly storm,
When sea spray mingles with stars as
Wave upon mountainous wave reaches
To the arcs of Heaven. And though the
Whirlwinds of Jove will continue to
Make tides boil with sand, the welter
Ceases long enough for Sol to pierce
Through armored clouds and shine
Upon the faces of tossing mariners.
Seizing this moment of peace,
Venus in such a manner entreats
Jupiter's Unpitying queen:

“Open
Hands and attentive ears you see before
You now, Saturnia, and a goddess eager
To drink in truthful speech. Let anger
Move you no more—tell me now the
Reasons for your black hatred. I have

Quite finished with this madness. Still
Nursing hated Paris' wound in your
Heart, as if in choosing me you
Became his vile gorgon? Can mere
Mortals tear the Queen of Gods from
Her throne of dignity and seat her
Among venomous treacheries below?
One man speaks, do your tresses hiss
With serpentine tongues a-flicker?
No—not Paris, and not my Aeneas
Now. Pallas, snubbed also as she
Was—we two know best, you and I—
Does not pursue the innocent to all
Ends of the earth, nor throw wide the
Gates of War unleashing the horrors
Within upon weary travelers.
Something further prays upon your
Tormented mind and I will know the
Truth. What could it be that drives mad
One who lacks nothing at all? You,
Surely, Queen of high Heaven, who
Has the love of Jove himself in her
Keeping, as well as the bonds of Marriage,
Have least cause of anger.”
Thus did Cytherea make her case before
Juno, and, pausing, gazing at her with
Somber countenance, Jove's consort at
Last made her reply:

“Oh blind,
Heartless you are, Morning Star, for you
Look but do not see. You above all
Others understand the pulls of love, the
Barb that pierces many an unsuspecting
Flank, for you are the one—you—who
Lets fly with twanging bow. Your
Targets may hear but the swallow's note
Of vibrating gut before their marrow
Kindles. No warning can they have to

Keep away the flames. But love
 Falls also under Janus' rule, for it is two-
 Faced, and whosoever seeks entrance to
 Elysian fields through Love's gate must
 Be paired with another. Love of highest Order,
 Blind One, must be shot at two,
 For happy indeed are those whose love is
 Returned to them. Men know this, for the
 Returning of Love, a cruel mistress,
 Goads them on to pursue her. She is
 For them the pale into which they
 Plunge to chase heat from burning
 Limbs, set alight by your passions.
 Pierced by your shaft, she stems the flow
 Of dark blood from wounded Pride.
 Anything for the love of women.
 And this you knew when promising Leda's
 Daughter to that Trojan, Paris, fated as he
 Was to bring ruin upon his town
 And country. Though I offered power
 Unmatched by mortals, you gave him
 Love and Love's Return from her whose
 Face launched those thousand triremes.

Harpy of Olympus,
 Passion it was—your passion—that laid
 To waste the Halls of Priam as he sat
 Feasting with kin within his great hall
 And exiled your son with father and
 Penates upon his shoulder. Yourself
 And none other have you to blame, for
 Yours are the powers of disruption.

Drink
 Now your fill of Juno's truth and hear
 The reasons for her black fury.

Consort
 Of Jove though I am, I receive none of
 His love, the Almighty One, who
 Wanders between Heaven and Earth

Sharing his divine affections with
Mortals. Many women—pregnant
By him—bearing his children,
And many men besides, all to usurp the
Affections bound for me, his wife.
Ravished Ganymede, unholy son of the
Dardan race, occupying my place in
Jupiter's bed. Am I forbidden from
Anger? Is not the queen of Heaven
—Lacking nothing, surely—
Likewise entitled to Love's Return?
See now that Juno gives Love,
Receives nothing, I to whom the bond
Of marriage yields its hold. Receiving
Nothing, no Love can I infuse into
That bond—

Think

Of cages into which fugitives
Are thrown after being captured on the
Run. Though they seek their freedom
The Fates find them, throw them bound
Into the freezing darkness within—and
I the warden that locks the door and
Returns mournful gazes from within
That grow weak and feeble over time.
Only death can free them. This being
Marriage, see how Love is nowhere to
Be found. The Parcae weave the
Crimson cloth of marriage—but
Golden thread is not inlaid in its fibers.

Joyless,

My work brings order to Heaven and
Earth, for marriage is ordained by Fate,
And without Love I entwine the
Lives of those who are so inclined. I
Seek an end to chaos, but you who keep
Love as shafts inside quiver to be loosed
At whim—you renew it, and those

Wounded by you are not so ordained by Fate.
See now the germ of my rage, I
Who require the passions of Love to do
The Fates' bidding, while you have them
For your amusement."

At this,
Juno grew silent, having poured out the
Wrath of her heart, and Venus, nodding,
Turned away slowly with eyes downcast.

Stuck in the Middle

The “I” in “Soc-*I*-ety”

BY JEROME TURNBULL

The writings of early contract theorists Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau focus primarily on man alone and base their models of society on his desires and needs. These philosophers delved into the state of human nature, an abstract conception, to extract the key to society from man. In their minds, society is or should be an extension of man, a reflection of his nature. Thus, the individual determines society. But as the field of social theory developed, the emphasis shifted; the individual, once thought of as the center of society, became a product of society’s swirling currents.

The modern sociologist now moves past theory and thought-experiments and finds, what he believes to be, concrete evidence from sciences like history and economics that proves otherwise. These thinkers, like Marx and Durkheim, believe society actually determines the individual. The watershed in these two approaches appears in early on in Smith when society begins to play a more influential role

on the individual. Man with his “propensity to truck, barter, and exchange” finds himself more and more affected by and dependent on his human surroundings (25). The sympathy and social awareness he draws on in society are the roots of the social conscience Marx and Durkheim examine. Mixing philosophy and science, Marx and Durkheim conclude that society influences and effectively absorbs the individual, so that any action committed by the individual is merely an expression of society through him, leaving one to question whether individualism is purely an illusion of Western society.

In light of the social science tradition, both Marx and Durkheim divorce themselves from previous methods of study and define their own. They critique past thinkers in part to support their work and also to reinvent and further the field. It is important to understand their innovative approaches, because through them, the nature of their study, the pivot centering their argument, appears. For Marx, it is sim-

ple economics. For Durkheim, it is *social facts*, "realities external to the individual" (37-8). Both of their arguments always gravitate toward these fundamental concepts.

In his "Theses on Feuerbach," Marx claims that past philosophers have only "interpreted" the world when they really need to "change" it (145). With a more specific reference to the contract theorists, Marx writes: "Do not let us go back to a fictitious primordial condition as the political economist does, when he tries to explain. Such a primordial condition explains nothing. [...] We proceed from an *actual* economic fact" (71). He believes economics is the force that determines society, a tangible reality one can study and ground claims in, unlike the thought-experiments of contract theorists.

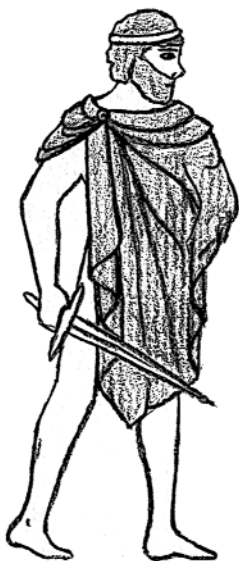
Eric Fromm clarifies the term *historical materialism*, which critics often use to describe Marx's method, as "a philosophic view which holds that matter in motion is the fundamental constituent of the universe" (8). The opposite, idealism, is static, and does not pertain to the ever-changing reality. Marx is heavily set in practicality, for he "studies man and history by beginning with the real man and the economic and social conditions under which he must live, and not primarily with his ideas" (Fromm 11). In the history of society, which Marx translates to "the history of class struggles," economics is always

the central determining factor (473). It determines the ruling class of each epoch, which, in effect, determines the nature of society. Economics is a timeless concept that "creates [the] world after its own image" and is, therefore, the key to understanding society (477).

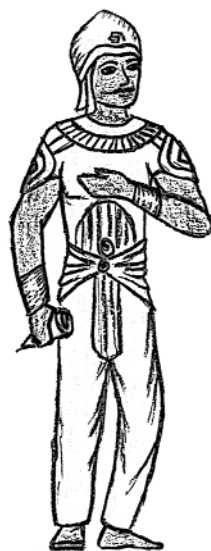
Through the hero of communism, the proletariat, Marx illustrates the negative effect of society on the individual. He states: "Owing to the extensive use of machinery and to division of labor, the work of the proletarians has lost all individual character, and consequently [...] becomes an appendage of the machine" (479). This passage illustrates not only how two economic mechanisms directly affect man, but also how the economy essentially dissolves the individual. The proletariat is caught in the ruthless and ceaseless cycle of the capitalist market, which constantly raises the value of the commodity at the expense of the worker, and begins to live by its laws. Eventually the proletariat, indoctrinated with assigning value to commodities, fashions himself to be one too, an object of labor, in order to gain a sense of worth. But the proletariat cannot logically externalize himself into a product when he is still the means of the production. The contradiction only underscores his loss of identity and the losing battle the proletariat fights in capitalism. As Marx states almost paradoxically, "the alienation of the worker



अर्जुन



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Dante



AENEAS

Five Classical Poses by Meg Sneeringer

in his product means not only that his labor becomes an object, an external existence [...] outside him [and] alien to him, [but that] the more values he creates, the more valueless, the more unworthy he becomes" (72-3). The proletariat becomes a gear in the machine, so that every action is no longer one of the individual, but simply a part in the means of production.

Robert C. Tucker finds this phenomenon, what Marx calls estranged labor, an "inversion of Hegelianism" that Marx learned from Feuerbach (56). He often uses Hegel's example of man externalizing his ideal qualities in God and its alienating effect to support his argument (72). The analogy Marx draws between religion and labor implies that capitalism is a pseudo-religion led by the cult of the bourgeoisie, which has the same drug-like effect on its followers.

Marx believes there is also something deeper at work in capitalism. He believes society subconsciously influences the individual, exemplified in one of his attacks on capitalists: "Your very ideas are but the outgrowth of the conditions of your bourgeois production and bourgeois property" (487). Marx believes capitalists are brainwashed by their economic surroundings; thus, he flips the contract theorists' belief on its head. Society, represented in economic conditions, determines man.

In his early writings, Marx plays with some lines from Shakespeare to show how money can form a man's identity. Man equates his capabilities with the capabilities of his money, so that "[m]oney's properties become [his] properties and essential powers" (103). Marx believes that in a capitalist society, consciousness is a social product generated by the economic reality in which one lives (86). Readers of Marx know this concept as *economic materialism*, the major disability in capitalist society that prevents the proletariat from seeing the truth.

Fromm examines this notion in relation to Marx's concept of human nature, and draws two central distinctions. He finds that although Marx did not believe in a state of nature, he did believe in a dynamic form of human nature. Marx characterized these natures by "two types of human drives and appetites: the constant or fixed ones, such as hunger and the sexual urge, [...] and the 'relative' appetites [...], which 'owe their origin to certain social structures and certain conditions of production and communication'" (25). These relative appetites are artificial desires that distort man's perception and create a false nature him. Marx argues that in capitalism, men no longer see wood, but a table; they lose sight of the actual form and only see the product of their industry. He calls this *Commodity Fetishism* (319-21).

Effectively, all the economic forces pushing and pulling at man alter him so much, that he becomes a product of the means of production.

Although the individual loses himself in a capitalist economy, becoming an object of industry, Marx finds some light at the end of the tunnel (this is the revolutionary aspect of his argument). As a result of the alienation caused by forced labor, the proletariat, dehumanized and out of touch with itself finally manages to see the truth and take its cause into its hands. Marx explains this process and also hints at his solution in his "Theses on Feuerbach":

The materialist doctrine that men are products of circumstances and upbringing, and that, therefore, changed men are products of other circumstances and changed upbringing, forgets that it is men who change circumstances. (144)

The key word is *change*. Marx is saying that men are not hopeless and that the way out of economic imprisonment is to take control and change the world. At the end of the *Communist Manifesto*, Marx calls this "the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions" (500). The interesting aspect of his argument is that Marx wants man to escape from economic materialism, but not from the influence of society.

Essentially, Marx does not believe in the individual alone. He categorizes and identifies man by his economic class, a transcendental characteristic, unlike race or nationality. Marx implies that individualism is in fact only an illusion propagated by capitalism and private property. In communism, the individual no longer exists and the influence of society becomes even greater on man.

On the other hand, Durkheim believes individualism exists and is a palpable thing. He finds it a major cause of suicide in modern society. In his study of religion, Durkheim posits that the high suicide rates in Protestantism are a result of "free inquiry," or religious individualism: "The Protestant is far more the author of his faith. The Bible is put in his hands and no interpretation is imposed upon him" (158). Unlike the Catholics and Jews who form a strong bond between one another due to their dependency on the church or minority status respectively, the Protestant is alone. As one of the first points Durkheim explores in his study of suicide, religion embodies the crux of his argument and reflects the greater trend in modern society. Durkheim believes that social integration gives life meaning and weaves people together into communities, as religion does, but that the breakdown of these two realms by individualism causes fragmentation

and, in turn, a higher chance of suicide.

Like Marx, Durkheim sets out to distinguish his study from earlier social scientists and thinkers. He argues that his field, sociology, “prefers brilliant generalities[, which] may indeed momentarily satisfy public curiosity by offering it so-called illumination on all sorts of subjects, but can achieve nothing objective” (35). Durkheim hopes to both advance his field and ground his study by using a very scientific and practical branch of mathematics: statistics. In respect to his approach and study, he explains: “If one wants to know the several tributaries of suicide as a collective phenomenon one must regard it in its collective form, that is, through statistical data” (148). Durkheim is a champion of positivism; he hopes to take the proven methods of the natural “hard” sciences and apply them to the social sciences.

Ernest Wallwork comments on how such an objective approach to suicide “stands out [...] for its neglect of psychological sentiments of a sympathetic and friendly sort and its unequivocal stress upon the individual’s attachment to social groups” (47). In some cases, Durkheim’s approach is frighteningly detached, like when he posits, “Each society is predisposed to contribute a definite quota of voluntary deaths” (51). This quotation even questions the concept of free will and illustrates how functionalist Durkheim is.

By distancing himself from all emotion, Durkheim disregards the individual and concentrates heavily on society’s influence and its quantitative factors to support his argument. This approach is much different from the passionate and incendiary writing of Marx.

Durkheim explores the regulative effect society has on man to show how a mutual bond and community support attaches one to life: “When society is strongly integrated, it holds individuals under its control, considers them at its service and thus forbids them to dispose willfully of themselves” (209). He, like Marx, acknowledges how the individual becomes absorbed in society and “is dominated by a moral reality greater than himself: namely, a collective reality” (38). However, Durkheim broadens his case and investigates more than Marx’s history of class struggles; he defines a concept, which includes anything that characterizes society. This approach is very similar to the complexity of Montesquieu’s *moeurs*, with factors ranging from economics to religion to culture. These *social facts* break down the barrier between the individual and society and illustrate how the two are intrinsically related. On the local level of his study, this means that “the causes of death are outside rather than within us,” and that suicide, the most personal of all acts, is actually an expression of society through the individual (43). On a more

general level, this means that society shapes us and thinks through us. Although the individual exists, the notion of individual action does not.

The key distinction between Marx and Durkheim's views of society's influence is whether or not man maintains his identity. In Marx, man loses his character and becomes a product of the means of production. However, in Durkheim, the effect is not as extreme: "[Man] is governed not by a material environment brutally imposed on him, but by a conscience superior to his own" (252). Durkheim's analysis doffs Marx's dehumanizing aspect of capitalist society, but keeps the idea that society determines man. He writes: "The influence of society is what has aroused in us the sentiments of sympathy and solidarity drawing us toward others; it is a society which, fashioning us in its image, fills us with religious, political and moral beliefs that control our actions" (211-12). His interpretation is almost like a mixture of Smith's impartial spectator and invisible hand, which comes to be known as the *collective conscience*. In French, "conscience" refers both to "consciousness" and to "moral conscience." Society tells us both what to think and what is right. What affects society inevitably affects all of us. In an exaggerated sense, society is like man's life support and without it he essentially "dies."

Both Marx and Durkheim realize

the profound influence modern society has on man. Far from the contract theorists, they invert the original method of finding the nature of society through man, or what Hobbes declares as "read thyself." The modern social scientists' approach is far from introspective; instead, they read society and illustrate how society fashions man in its image. Man has become a product, expression, and incarnation of society on a local level. This change in the social science method is a natural reflection of the changes in modern society. As the world has become more interconnected through globalization, one's perception of the world has also expanded. Today we are more aware than ever of our surroundings; something occurring halfway across the world can eventually come to affect the individual.

Interestingly, both thinkers grasp the central paradox of modern society. Marx states: "The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the bourgeoisie over the whole surface of the globe. It must nestle everywhere, settle everywhere, establish connections everywhere" (476). For Durkheim, this results in the transition from traditional, highly integrated societies to modern individualistic and heterogeneous ones. While science and technology have allowed us to communicate with most anyone in the world almost instantly, it has had an alienating effect on humans and has effective-

ly secularized, fragmented, and disintegrated our societies. Science and technology create the false needs and desires Marx that describes as economic materialism; Durkheim believes that these developments “condemn oneself to a state of perpetual unhappiness” because of their unattainability (248). The irony is that modern-day Western society places great emphasis on being an individual and thinking for oneself from early childhood, but in becoming an individual, man is actually doing what society tells him. ■

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The Apple

TRANSLATED BY ZACHARY BOS
AND LIBERTY DAVIS

It was the forbidden fruit,
The original temptation:

In it you see the roundness of the world;
An equation of nectar plus sugar is flavor;
Its color coats the lips of a goddess;
As smooth as a new rose;
Sweet attraction to its scent;

So irresistible that Eve fell.
Newton felt it too but instead
Rose to fame when he gave in
To its seductive power.
Now it all makes sense!

La Manzana

BY JULIE ANN MEJIA ARES

Fue el fruto prohibido,
La tentación inicial:

La representante de la redondez del mundo;
Es una ecuación de néctar, azúcar y sabor;
Su color arropa los labios de una dios;
Y es suave como una rosa;
Dulce atracción a su olo;

Tan irresistible que Eva cayo.
Newton también la sintió
Y por ella se engrandeció
Hoy icono internacional.
Ahora todo tiene sentido!

Conceptions of the Self

A Discussion of Goffman's Certainty & Pinker's Ambivalence

BY AMIEL BOWERS

The question of what constitutes the self and whether such a thing exists is a tantalizing one that has sparked much debate and numerous ideas. Erving Goffman, a social constructionist, whose book, *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, made a strong contribution to the way social scientists view themselves and their actions, presents the idea that society imposes a specific costume and character onto people. In contrast, Steven Pinker is a cognitive scientist who questions the idea that society is responsible for instigating or causing all of our actions. He uses the observations made by modern medical studies and advances, as well as current anthropological, sociological, and biological studies, and then applies those observations to humans. Pinker agrees with Goffman that many actions are a result of social habits and customs, but there are some behaviors, tendencies, and attitudes that have a biological and very human or 'organic' origin. Pinker's book, *The Blank Slate*, shows that not everything is completely black and white, as Goffman argues.

There is much more to life than simply the show that occurs outside a single individual and his environment.

As a social constructionist, Erving Goffman maintains that the 'self' is a product of culture and society. There is no innate sense of self. All of our actions are results of roles we assume in society. Goffman summarizes his view of the 'self' in his conclusion. He says,

This self is a product of a scene that comes off, and is not a cause of it. The self, then, as a performed character is not an organic thing that has a specific location, whose fundamental fate is to be born, to mature, and to die. (252)

Goffman presents his argument using the metaphor of the world as a stage and each person an actor with a specific role to play. He considers every action of an individual to be a product of the interactions between an individual and society. As he explains in his conclusion, "a self is imputed to him, this self itself does not derive from the

possessor but from the whole scene of his action" (252). In large part, the success of the performance or the interaction among the participants determines the type of self given to the character. The majority of Goffman's argument relies on the dramaturgical simile he makes; an individual is an actor who performs his assigned part following a specific script associated with every scene.

Every person considers himself to be individual, unique and certainly independent of any outside forces or social pressures. However, Goffman stresses an important and rather obvious aspect of people:

The general notion that we make a presentation of ourselves to others is hardly novel; what ought to be stressed in conclusion is that the very structure of the self can be seen in terms of how we arrange for such performances in our Anglo-American society. (252)

Goffman is examining the self through society using a theatrical metaphor. He observes how an individual will act in society and how his behavior will change as the situation changes, and how often these changes in attitude become the standard. Goffman differentiates between appearance and manner: appearance is made of all the props that the audience

or society expects a certain character, an individual, to have, such as "clothing, sex, age, and racial characteristics" (24). Instead, manner is what role his appearance dictates the character to take: for example, the audience does not expect someone who is crying at a sad event to burst suddenly into ecstatic laughter. The audience or society has become accustomed to certain cultural or societal customs, which predict what type of 'props' or appearance an individual has.

Pinker agrees with Goffman on this point. As Pinker explains, paraphrasing the philosopher John Searle, "certain facts are objectively true just because people act as if they are true" (65). So, for example, it is objectively true that George W. Bush is the forty-third president of the United States; and yet, even if such statements are objectively true, they do not provide any essential information about the world, such as the details of how photosynthesis works. Pinker elaborates:

They consist in a shared understanding in the minds of most members in a community, usually agreements to grant (or deny) power or status to certain other people. (65)

One example is the existence of many stereotypes, which have led to social and cultural problems and issues. Such stereotypes like those surrounding

black men, or women whose only purpose in life is to be at home, have had negative consequences and are a result of generalizations of certain observed characteristics. Pinker continues to say that,

Life in complex societies is built on social realities, the most obvious examples being money and the rule of law. But a social fact depends entirely on the willingness of people to treat it as a fact. (65)

Goffman makes a similar point: unless the audience accepts the performance as an accurate or successful depiction, the performance is a failure.

Goffman maintains that a person is nothing more than the image he or she projects to society, and that one must continually uphold his or her identity through carefully orchestrated performances. If the performance is incoherent, inaccurate or unbelievable, then the audience will question its veracity. Therefore, a person must maintain the same image in society. This is very important for the politician whose public and private lives the public scrutinizes rather thoroughly to assess his character and marks out any anomalies in behavior or beliefs. Then, if the 'mask' is successful with the public, the politician's own sense of self is validated by popular approval. Here, Pinker seems to agree with Goffman:

a part of the mind must be designed to believe its own propaganda while another part registers just enough truth to keep the self-concept in touch with reality. (264)

However, Pinker also notes the fact that the individual himself must have some innate sense of self to be able to make the mask and produce the act.

Goffman notes that "the expressive coherence that is required in performances points out a crucial discrepancy between our all-too human selves and our socialized selves" (56). Then he continues to remark that "as human beings" we have needs and impulses that are fickle and changeable but once we are a "character put on for an audience," (56) we must control our natural impulses and the situation and setting around us. Goffman acknowledges that there is a very human self but that it is purely internal; an individual is always performing on the outside and this outside performance is not connected with the internal human self, because otherwise it is simply another act.

Pinker disagrees with Goffman: the 'self' is not so explicit. He argues that there are many internal human facts and actions that dictate how the individual acts and that these are innate and personal, not simply put on for show. The human body and the mind are intertwined. Using a baby's ability

to learn how to speak in order to illustrate his point, Pinker argues that the brain is programmed to receive and organize different types of patterns and signals (207-11). An individual begins as a complex and largely complete person; his mind and his 'self' set the stage for the rest of his performance. Without this human self, there can be no performance because there is no stage, no bolstering structure. The genome and the environment cooperate to create the phenotype. This phenotype and its behaviors in turn will dictate how society views the individual. He draws attention to the complexity of the structure of the brain itself; "this innate geometry and cabling can have real consequences for thinking, feeling, and behavior" (44). Pinker uses the notorious example of Phineas Gage, who suffered a severe personality change as a result of an extreme accident. An individual's natural physiological state determines how he will react to the setting and to the society in which he is placed.

Goffman's viewpoint is strongly aligned with the idea of the blank slate: society writes upon the minds of humans and makes them into who they are. There is no self because we are all just reacting toward situations and things with which society confronts us. Eventually, those reactions become expected and continue as standard ideas or stereotypes. Although Pinker

argues against the idea of the blank slate, his stance upon the idea of a self is ambivalent. He agrees that society is extremely important in the formation of the individual, much like the importance of language or images. Nonetheless, he would disagree with Goffman's absolute denial of the self and the supreme influence or dictatorship of society. His idea of the self is very biologically and scientifically grounded. Pinker's belief in the science of the brain and the human body causes him to see that there is something underneath the masks, that it is, at least, partially self-determined. Goffman's ideas are largely self-evident but Pinker questions the absolutism with which Goffman presents them. ■

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“Un molino de la Mancha” by Jane Losaw

A Noble Insanity

Glorified Images of Mental Illness in *Hamlet* and *Don Quixote*

BY ANDREW PECKHAM

The authors of the Renaissance provide no shortage of eccentric, strong, and highly entertaining characters who extol the values of humanism, free thought, and respect for the classical age. In this great collection of literary heroes, two characters are so significant that their names are the lone titles of the works in which they are written: Hamlet in William Shakespeare's 1601 play *Hamlet*, and Don Quixote in Miguel de Cervantes' 1605 novel *Don Quixote*. What is particularly notable is that both of these famous characters suffer from mental illness. By definition, the presence of mental illness in an individual "depends on the degree to which his behavior is disturbed and the attitudes of the members of his social group towards deviant behavior" (Rosen 90). Hamlet and Don Quixote are unquestionably mentally ill, as seen in their array of symptoms such as delusions, paranoia, hallucinations, inappropriate social behavior and speech, suicidal ideations, and act-

ing out violently. The members of their respective social groups do not perceive their behavior as normal, and in fact attempt to cure the afflicted individual. In a historical context, the late Renaissance was a time of acceptance and even reverence for mental illness, and these two literary works are both a product of this view and also important contributions to this popular belief. Overall, the author of each work heightens the Renaissance ideal of the novel individual through his glorification of mental illness, but the insanity is a profoundly idealized description that downplays the tragic implications of such an illness.

Before examining the characters and portrayals of Hamlet and Don Quixote, it is essential to understand the social climate of the late Renaissance that allowed for these characters and their disturbed visions to flourish in popular imagination. The fact that both of these works were so well received testifies to the curious popularity of depictions of mental illness in this age. This popular revival of

mental illness contrasts sharply with the views of the mentally ill that were held during the Middle Ages and also through much of the sixteenth century. In general, before the late Renaissance, the kindest attitude towards the mentally ill was derision and avoidance, and at worst, torture, persecution, and murder. As Michel Foucault describes in *Madness and Civilization*, those who were visibly mentally ill during the Middle Ages and early Renaissance were exiled from cities, sometimes violently, and forced to become "vagabond madmen" (8). Also, the term "ship of fools" arose out of this tradition of extradition, with European cities located on rivers occasionally commissioning sailors to transport the mentally ill (6). While this system of shunning the mentally ill seems profoundly inhumane by modern standards, the mass violence that accompanied the witch hunts of the late Middle Ages and early Renaissance are boundlessly more horrifying. It is important to note, however, that the thousands of people accused of witchcraft were not viewed by their contemporaries as mentally ill; rather, they were seen as rational people possessed by the devil (Rosen 15). Current research suggests that despite this difference of classification, many accused of witchcraft were indeed sufferers of a variety of mental disorders, including senile dementia, compulsive anxiety, depression, and

schizophrenia (16; Ackerknecht 18). A "pervasive fear" of so-called witches who embodied these symptoms led to the torture and murder of thousands of accused witches, beginning at the end of the fifteenth century (Zilboorg 154). So in this way, prior to the late Renaissance, those who were mentally ill could only hope to escape the zealous witch hunts to live in isolation.

It is therefore astonishing that the popular conception of mental illness could turn so drastically from denial and violence to the fascination of the afflicted as a romantic hero such as Don Quixote or Hamlet. The Renaissance explosion of art, literature and thought exuded a reverence for the classical Greco-Roman era, and with this reverence for ancient culture came the belief that the ancient Greek and Roman civilizations saw mental illness as a sign of deep thought (Solomon 295). However, Renaissance thinkers selectively chose to revere the classical philosophy of mental illness and largely ignore the classical science and popular reality of illness (295). This preferential view was supported by philosophers in the classical age. Plato is quoted as describing mental illness by saying that "no one achieves inspiration and prophetic truth in his right mind" (Rosen 83); Aristotle, that "all great thinkers, poets, artists, and statesman are of melancholic temperament" (Zilboorg 56); and Socrates, "the great-

est blessings come from madness" (Rosen 84). It is interesting to note that Socrates, a frequent source used by Renaissance authors for describing the virtues of mental illness, appeared to manifest many symptoms that would indicate he suffered (or perhaps in his view, was blessed) with schizophrenia (Zilboorg 45). Many Renaissance writers, then, used the ancient Greek and Roman societies as a basis for their reverence for mental illness. While there was likely a tolerance and even respect or awe for some mentally ill individuals in these societies, there is also a great amount of evidence suggesting that many Greeks and Romans believed that the mentally ill were naturally violent, and that mental illness was embarrassing (Rosen 101). Nevertheless, many Renaissance writers drew upon an idealized image of classical philosophy to craft charismatic protagonists such as Hamlet and Don Quixote.

Undoubtedly the influence of the Classical era had a great influence on the popularity of mental illness in the Renaissance. What solidified this fascination with the mentally ill as heroic, however, was the self-focused nature of Renaissance thought. Foucault explains, "Madness is not linked to the world and its subterranean forms, but rather to man, to his weaknesses, dreams, and illusions...Madness deals with Man and whatever truth about

himself he is able to perceive" (23). At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Renaissance reached a creative height of introspection that gave the idea of mental illness and those who suffered from it a new respect that had been absent for hundreds of years. There were a large number of people in England in particular, who feigned mental illness because they believe it afforded them respect and knowledge, and the mentally ill themselves "had sympathy and respect heaped on them" (Solomon 301). Unfortunately, this renewal of respect and compassion for the mentally ill would not last: by the mid-seventeenth century, the "age of confinement" had begun (Foucault 27), mental illness was once again shunned, and the mentally ill and impoverished alike were brutally confined in prison-like hospitals across Europe (Rosen 158). However, the brief few decades in which mental illness was popularized could not have reached this absolute glorification of pathology without Shakespeare's 1601 play *Hamlet*, the first of two texts which brought mental illness into the spotlight of heroic individuality.

There is no shortage of praise for Shakespeare's *Hamlet* as a captivating portrait of the darkly fascinating title character. *Hamlet* is an eternally powerful character due to the rational, introspective speech that permeates the work and seeks to explain his descent

into madness: the experience of seeing the world from the point of view of a terribly isolated “madman” is both awe-inspiring and terrifying. There is also a vicarious enjoyment of the reader or audience member understanding the nature of his insanity (grief, abandonment, and anger), and then seeing this ravaged character take control over his destiny by ignoring social norms of speech and behavior, exposing his former friends of Rosencratz, Guildenstern, and Ophelia as treacherous, and ultimately violently confronting those who stand in his way. Foucault writes that “the ultimate privilege of madness is to reign over whatever is bad in man” (23) and Hamlet gloriously embraces whatever means he can to achieve his goals. As his path to insanity becomes solidified in Act three, scene two, Hamlet jeers Ophelia by saying “in thy orisons, be all my sins remembered” (Shakespeare 64). The allure of complete freedom of actions, even sinful, through insanity is powerful indeed.

The popularity of *Hamlet*, however, is also a function of the sensitive and honest treatment that Shakespeare gives Hamlet’s mental illness. While Hamlet is on the one hand violent and outspoken, he is also piteous and grief-stricken. In the first few pages of Act I, the reader learns that Hamlet has lost his father, and he describes himself as overcome by “the trappings and suits

of woe” (Shakespeare 13). Several lines later, Hamlet is lamenting that the Church decries suicide (14), as if this option would allay his profound sadness. The reader is drawn into Hamlet’s insanity by first sympathizing with his grief, so the natural course of events is to feel sympathetic for even an irrational, “mad” character such as Hamlet. This new respect for mental illness is also seen in the characters that surround Hamlet: even after he has committed murder, Hamlet is not ridiculed, mocked, or even punished directly; rather, he is sent away to England (67). Thus *Hamlet* becomes a popular work that lends respect and understanding to the solemn reality of mental illness through Shakespeare’s sensitive portrayal of this character. As Solomon states, “Previous to Shakespeare, the melancholy of man had been a discrete entity; after Shakespeare, it was no more easily separable from the rest of self than are the indigo rays from the rest of the white-light spectrum” (300). This understanding of mental illness as an aspect of humanity instead of an object of ridicule was a profound result of Shakespeare’s work, and the elevation of depressive tendencies to quasi-Holy status was a fascinating by-product of this type of literature.

Well it is no doubt that Shakespeare glorified insanity with *Hamlet*, the fact remains that the play is a tragedy, and

Hamlet's experience of mental illness, however profound, is still a lonely, internalized, and ultimately fatal experience. Several years after the play was first performed, "a new enterprise was being undertaken that would abolish the tragic experience of madness in a critical consciousness" (Foucault 25). This "new enterprise" was the theme of "madness by romantic identification" (26), and it came in the form of Cervantes' novel *Don Quixote*. While Hamlet gradually attracts the reader through empathy, respect, and dark individual solidarity, Don Quixote is a character who is described as "insane" as early as the third page of the narrative, and is nothing at all like Hamlet. Don Quixote is an energetic if delusional middle-aged gentleman from a rural region of Spain who is joyfully oblivious of his illness, and truly enjoys the process and result of this illness in providing excitement and passion in his life. While Don Quixote may be completely unaware that his behavior is abnormal, the narrator and the reader are not. However, this feature only heightens Cervantes' glorification of Don Quixote's illness: the reader realizes and accepts that Don Quixote's behavior is abnormal, but this behavior is what drives the narrative and provides entertainment. It is important to note, however, that the attitude that Cervantes takes toward his title character is not one of mocking the mentally

ill. Don Quixote's actions, thoughts, and belief systems are given the full attention of the author, which brings the reader into Don Quixote's irrational yet enjoyable imaginative world.

The enjoyment of Don Quixote's character is also bolstered by the parts of his personality that are not abnormal. While Don Quixote is a victim of the delusional belief that he is a knight errant and that his services are needed and appreciated, as well as suffering from a variety of visual hallucinations, most of his social functioning is perfectly intact, and amicable at that. Don Quixote enjoys a close and long-lasting friendship with his squire Sancho Panza, and he is also able to interact with a variety of other individuals, such as goatherds (Cervantes 83). Don Quixote is also free from any type of mood disorder: he is neither overly anxious nor melancholic, and his mood is unaffected by environmental hardships such as lack of comfortable sleeping arrangements, lack of food, or other material possessions. All of these attributes are noteworthy, but what ultimately attracts the reader to Don Quixote is the vast freedom that mental illness, which is in this case the farthest excess of imagination, affords the title character. This type of escapism through mental illness undoubtedly helped to romanticize this character, but also brings to light the question of whether madness is preferable to

organized religion in bringing joy to mundane lives. This subtle unorthodox view was another factor that would cause the late Renaissance-reader to vicariously enjoy the exploits of Don Quixote. Foucault states that "The freedom, however frightening, of [man's] dreams, the hallucinations of his madness, have more power of attraction for man...than the desirable reality of the flesh" (18). One notices in reading *Don Quixote* that the character of the priest is quick to have Don Quixote's library "condemned to the flames," (Cervantes 50) which suggests the conflict between imagination or mental illness and the power of organized religion. Overall, the frivolous escapism that marked Don Quixote's mental illness was no doubt a powerful romantic idealization of mental illness in the readers of Cervantes' novel.

The cultures of England and Spain that initially received *Hamlet* and *Don Quixote* into the popular imagination were not without some predisposition to understand and revere this type of mental illness. When contrasting British culture and *Hamlet* with Spanish culture and *Don Quixote*, it is easier to see why these particular forms of mental illness, melancholy and eccentricism, were particularly well received. One peculiar cultural assumption that predisposed this acceptance was the belief that the British people were naturally morose,

melancholic, and otherwise prone to depression. Foucault describes this belief as stemming from the idea that "the melancholy of the English" was a result of "the maritime climate, cold, humidity, and instability of the weather" (10). Another researcher emphasized that many people in the Renaissance were "of the opinion that the English were particularly nervous" (Ackerknecht 30), and the modern terminology of "depression" was first coined in England in the 17th century (Solomon 285). Most significantly, Shakespeare himself makes mention of this cultural belief in Act five of *Hamlet*: a gravedigger tells Hamlet that his madness will go unnoticed in England, because "there the men are as mad as he" (Shakespeare 124). While England appears in this way to be culturally predisposed to accepting Hamlet's morose mental state, Spanish culture of the Renaissance was particularly humane to the idea of mental illness in general. Arab Muslim culture in Spain during the Renaissance was extremely sympathetic towards the mentally ill and viewed the mentally ill as "inspired by God" (Galdston 45). This unusually humane view of mental illness explains the existence of hospitals for the mentally ill in Spain as early as the fourteenth century (51). Thanks to the widespread belief of innate English depression and the existing humanity of Muslim Spanish culture, *Hamlet* and

Don Quixote were more easily sublimated into the imagination of their respective cultures.

When comparing the characters of Hamlet and Don Quixote, their experiences of mental illness are so shrouded in motifs of destiny, stoic determination, and wild imagination that one nearly forgets true mental illness is not nearly as glamorous as Shakespeare or Cervantes would have one believe. "The world of the seventeenth century is strangely hospitable, in all senses, to madness," writes Foucault, "Madness is here at the heart of things and men...barely retaining the memory of the great tragic threats" (33). These "tragic threats," however, are very real indeed, and Shakespeare and Cervantes alike do not deny this. In a gently covert way, both of these authors introduce secondary characters who are also mentally ill, but do not share the romantic identification of their protagonists. In *Hamlet*, the character of Ophelia is marginalized by her male counterparts and, like Hamlet, is abandoned by those around her. Also like Hamlet, she is driven past the point of sanity after the murder of her father, and Ophelia dissolves into a schizophrenic frenzy of illogical behavior. Ophelia's brother Laertes watches her suffer in Act IV and remarks that her behavior is "thought and affliction, passion, hell itself" (Shakespeare 109). This "hell" dissipates into Ophelia's

ultimate act of suicide, an act far from the glamorous stoicism of Hamlet. A similar theme is found in *Don Quixote*, when Don Quixote and Sancho encounter an insane man in the Sierra Morena. This man is like Quixote in that he has renounced his former way of life, but unlike Quixote, he is lonely, elusive, and not glamorized in the least. In both *Hamlet* and *Don Quixote*, there are characters who share many features of mental illness with their glamorized counterparts, but these secondary "shadows" of their superior characters represent the tragic possibilities of mental illness. By showing that these characters exist as well, Shakespeare and Hamlet acknowledge on some secondary level that their idealized title characters are romanticized beyond reality.

In the words of Michel Foucault, the Renaissance age "liberated the voices" of the mentally ill (35). For a brief few decades, reverence of the divine insanity that Shakespeare and Cervantes had so eloquently described reined as an idealistic and far more humane view of the mentally ill than Europe had ever witnessed. It is true that this glamorization of the mentally ill is an unfair representation of the dangerous and lonely reality of mental illness, but it is a preferable view to the violence and degradation that the mentally ill faced before and after the Renaissance. The morose Prince

Hamlet and the eccentric Don Quixote may be culturally and temperamentally different, but both of these characters represent the same reverence for the power of the individual. In reaching into the introspective depths of true individuality, Shakespeare and Cervantes produced characters that captivated the minds of the Renaissance, and achieved the well-deserved notion of humanity for the mentally ill. ■

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“New York City” by Stephanie Feinerman

Street Talk

BY JERROD DOLENZ

Phrases decorate like clutter
What we mean by a nude remark.
Newspaper words line the gutter.

Spoken sentiment, a stutter,
Loses meaning in sound. Even stark
Phrases decorate like clutter.

People-with-coffee streams utter
"Where are you?" and don't take it dark.
Newspaper words line the gutter.

We sidewalk part 'til another
Day. I linger on your remark.
Phrases decorate like clutter.

I'll hear you and, on things save her,
Say, "*Au ciel, prenons une barque.*"
Newspaper words line the gutter.

Without words, you'd know the flutter
You cause my heart. But these Petrarch
Phrases decorate like clutter.
Newspaper words line the gutter.

Analects of the Core

First Year

No one would choose to live without friends, even if he had all other goods.

— Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*

If your dog had your brain and could speak, and if you asked it what it thought of your sex life, you might be surprised by its response.

— Jared Diamond, *Why is Sex Fun? The Evolution of Human Sexuality*

Knowing others is intelligent.

Knowing yourself is enlightened.

— Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*

“Could you really persuade,” he said, “if we don’t listen?”

— Polemarchus, *Plato’s Republic*

This is no journey for the indolent

Our quest is Truth itself, not just its scent!

— Attar, *Conference of the Birds*

The Master said, Those whose measures are dictated by mere expediency will arouse continual discontent.

— Confucius, *The Essential Analects*

When I had journeyed half of our life’s way,

I found myself within a shadowed forest,

for I had lost the path that does not stray.

— Dante, *Inferno*

Two brothers, we washed our hands in the calm waters.
Enkidu, the companion, whom I loved,
who went together with me on the journey no one has ever undergone before,
now Enkidu has undergone the fate
the high gods have established for mankind.

— Gilgames *Gilgamesh*

Then come, dear father. Arms around my neck:
I'll take you on my shoulders, no great weight.
Whatever happens, both will face one danger,
Find one safety.

— Aeneas, Virgil's *Aeneid*

We are capable at the same time of taking risks and of estimating them beforehand. Others are brave out of ignorance; and, when they stop to think, they begin to fear. But the man who can most truly be accounted as brave is he who knows best the meaning of what is sweet in life and of what is terrible, and then goes out undeterred to meet what is to come.

— Pericles, Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War*

Never have I not existed,
nor you, nor these kings;
and never in the future
shall we cease to exist.

— Lord Krishna, *The Bhagavad-Gita*

Here force failed my high fantasy; but my
desire and will were moved already—like
a wheel revolving uniformly—
by the Love that moves the sun and the other stars.

— Dante, *Paradiso*



"Pebble Beach" by Stephanie Feinerman

Judas

BY KATHERINE HANNULA HILL

"That soul up there who has to suffer most, Judas Iscariot—" said a voice rising from the ground. I raise my head at the sound of my name. A name always spoken with hatred and disgust, and followed by: the Betrayer of the Son of God. Pain shoots through my neck and I remember why it's been bent for so long. The giant, blood-stained teeth skin my heaven-raised face. In life, the pain would dull; I would bleed to death. Not here, not in the mouth of a giant, fallen angel, as hideous and destructive as he was once beautiful. The pain, far from fading, intensifies with each new tear of flesh, as I am clawed, chewed and skinned. I remember my last thought on earth being one of gratitude. At the time, I was thankful that I could only barely feel the burning of the rope thickly wound around my neck; grateful that as I blacked out, the guilt that had been weighing down on me was finally fading away into the darkness.

The moment I was forced into the smelly jaws of the fallen beast I realized

how foolish I had been to think that the weight of guilt would be my only punishment. I suppose that another part of God's great Justice is that, in the inferno, life's memories are inescapable. In Hell, nothing fades. One can remember everything, from the color of the midwife's eyes to his last moments on earth. Everything that had faded in those darkening moments of my death intensified. Each sinner is forced to remember and regret his sins for all eternity; those are his sins. I relive the horror of guilt each day, but it is not mine. After all, a mere mortal should never take credit for the plans of the Almighty. The incessant claws have cleaned my back of all its skin and I can feel the sandpaper tongue greedily lap up the flowing blood. At first, it seemed impossible to think through the pain; then, little by little, all the memories of guilt come trickling back.

Unless it is experienced, the feeling of being in Christ's presence cannot be described. Under His honey gaze it was as if warm light were spreading through my entire body. It was the need to remain under this gaze that

turned so many of us into fishers of men. Even as giant teeth pierce my flesh, I know that the real pain of being in Hell is to have lost the presence of Christ. Remembering the day He first laid eyes on me reminds me that I abandoned all to follow Christ. He was my infatuation; I did all He asked.

Although the order of events has become confused over history, for me, trapped in the mouth of Satan, they remain painfully clear. He was constantly reminding His twelve that He would be betrayed and killed, but a part of me never believed Him. I could not understand how it was possible to not love and follow this man. I realized that all would come to pass just as He had said the day His brown eyes searched each of ours individually. I felt the warm touch of His hand on my arm as He said, "Assuredly, I say to you, one of you will betray Me. He who dipped his hand with Me in the dish will betray Me." Striking only me with His burning gaze, He continued, "The Son of Man indeed goes just as it is written of Him, but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! It would have been good for that man if he had not been born." Each denied it in his turn. Jesus left His hand on my arm. When it came to me, I too denied it, but I knew it was a lie.

I had always hoped to be a special part of God's plan. I became an imperative one. There would be salvation for

none had I not done what He had asked of me. As He removed His hand, the warmth left my body along with His touch. I was frozen inside, moving like one who is dead, one who chooses nothing. Days later, the thirty silver coins felt warm in my hands.

I was condemned along with Him; He to be crucified and rise, I to betray and suffer. No one would look at me, talk to me. I wanted Him to tell them that He had asked me to, that it was all a part of God's divine plan for salvation. He said nothing. My Teacher, the one I would have died for, kept His gaze at my feet. None of the eleven men I had learned and traveled with would acknowledge me. I even disgusted the Pharisees.

In my desperation, the thirty silver pieces became my betrayal; by returning them I could take it all back. I could forget the meaningful look and touch at our last supper. I could misinterpret His request. I could return to His gaze, return to my eleven brothers. I began to see blood drip from each silver coin. I threw them down before the Pharisees, but they laughed in my face, refusing to take back the unholy money.

My last hope was that my Master would tell them, that He would not let history define me as a traitor, but as someone who had faith in God's plan. Make them see that I would have preferred to give up my own life than be the cause of my most trusted and

beloved Teacher's crucifixion. The moment He was condemned I realized that He was not going to tell them, that I would forever remain the traitor of the Son of God. I tried one last time to explain myself to my fellow disciples, but instead of sympathy, I received curses....until Peter. Peter saw my pleading face, my heaven-turned palms begging for forgiveness and understanding, and in them he placed a thick, twisted rope.

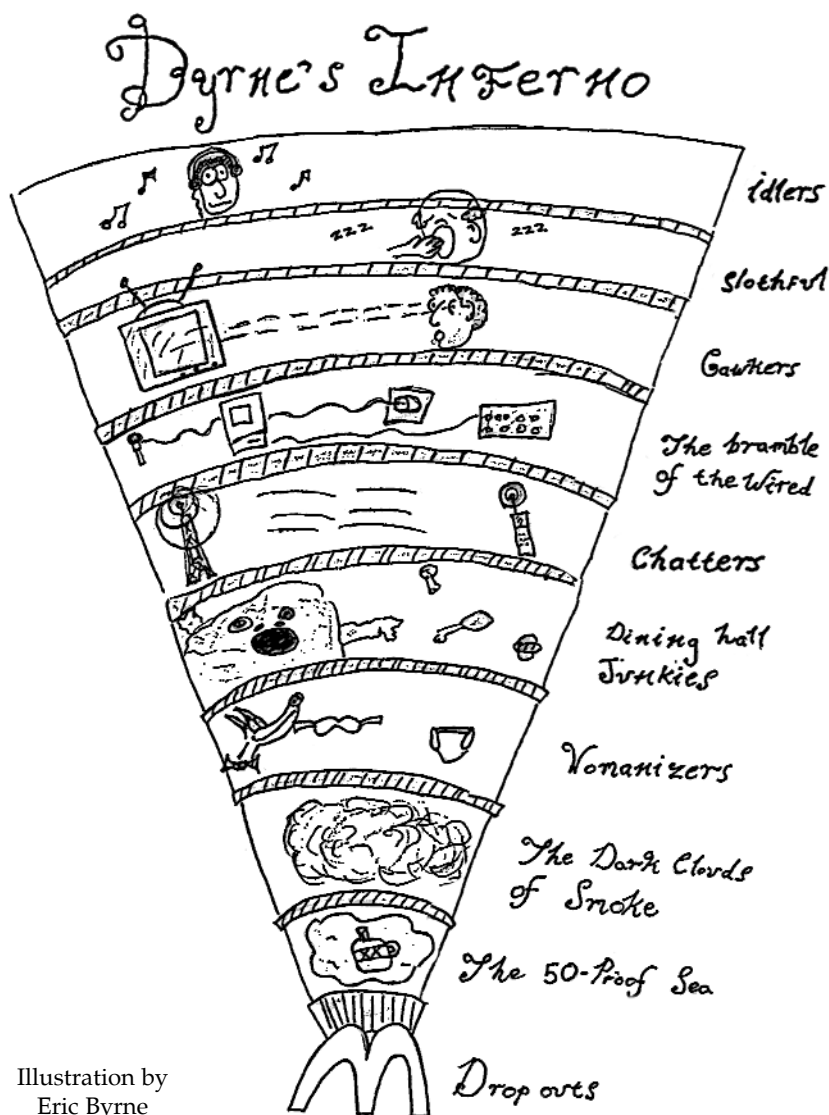
The sun had not yet set, yet darkness covered the land. Out of the shadows I saw the outline of a tree. As I approached the trunk, I could feel beneath my sandals fallen fruit, rotten and squashed. With my last breath, I whispered, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

Now, all is pain. I can feel my legs, arms and stomach chewed to nothing more than mush in the back of the great beast's mouth. My limbs each burn with sharp, searing cold. The last real warmth I remember feeling was the touch of His hand. At times, the salt of the giant's gushing tears enters his mouth and stings my many wounds. I am deserted, frozen, mashed, and clawed.

Most sinners fear the arrival of the Son of God, for it is understood that He will only worsen our pain. But even if He comes only to condemn me, I'll be in His presence once more. As He gazes into the mouth of the three-head-

ed giant, weeping from six eyes, the tears flowing down three chins, I will feel warmth once more. I await the second coming of the Man for whom I sacrificed all.

"But night is come again, and it is time for us to leave; we have seen everything." The two cloaked figures far below begin to depart. Were my mouth not bloody and mashed to bits, I would have begged them to remember my story to the world, the story of God's forgotten martyr. ■



Dante's Forgotten Canto:

XXXIII^{1/2}

BY SPENCER BATES

Still the Ninth Circle, First-and-a-Half Ring. Traitors against their Parents, submerged in ice up to their eyes, forced to watch devils dishonor their frozen bodies. Dante sees Jacob, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar.

Venturing further into Cocytus' chill,
my mind too was caught by the frozen wind,
cold and unable to sing rhymes that distill;

the melancholy truths of the sight rescind, 4
until, halted by fear, and in silence fled.
Though the cold soon made my blood slow and thin,

together with Virgil our feet still did tread, 7
until we passed into a frightening ring,
where souls were frozen half way up the head.

O mysterious world, now shall I sing 10
of sights no eyes were meant to see, except those
of filial Traitors consigned to this ring.

Guided by Virgil, a body he chose, 13
cracked by eternal cold, unable to speak,
eyes wide open, alone from the ice arose

forever punished, unable to shriek. 16
"For your knowledge and posterity, know this,
here before you is the traitor of Isaac,"

Virgil intoned with gentle love, "heart amiss, and convinced by the mother, he concealed his identity, giving himself to Dis.	19
By bearing the fur and stooping to kneel, he dishonored his brother and blind father; but his spoken lies were what helped to seal	22
a fate where he wishes for anything better." I looked into the frozen eyes of the man, and saw a numbed soul, an eternal debtor.	25
Unable to blink, Jacob's eyes could not ban the sight of devils dishonoring his soul, by picking away at the flesh of his tan.	28
Virgil continued, unable to extol, instead speaking gently of the shades about, "Because of their lies, no being can console	31
these men of dishonor and eternal bout. In their father's and the Father's eyes, ill repute, for their Traitorous deeds and their moral drought.	34
Tread carefully lest you trample in salute, your exhausted, wretched brothers who honor themselves, over those who bore their living fruit."	37
Thus spoke my guide as we continued to saunter over frozen floors encasing these hopeless beings who spent all, now bankrupt of honor.	40
Over the tundra of glass, I must confess, the sights did instill hate and fear of this fate, as shade after shade was ravaged in distress.	43

With the help of my guide, my hate did abate, 46
yet fear of these punishments still occupied
my mind, as souls were tortured in this cold state.

Ahead in the distance, three figures I spied, 49
facing each other in a frozen recess,
the shades were gazing, a simple blink denied.

Their sins in plain view, they were forced to witness 52
their treason to the holy Father above,
their mouths in the ice, unable to confess.

“Here before you are those unfortunates of 55
old, who gave false words to their troubled brother.
Eliphaz, the Temanite, who spoke false love;

he claimed that Job must have angered the Other, 58
in order to warrant the wrath from Aloft,
attempting to say that Job was a bad lover:

‘Can mortals be righteous before God?’ he scoffed. 61
The second is Bildad the Shuhite of old,
who told poor Job to become extremely soft,

‘Seek God and make supplication,’ he thus told, 64
yet sad Job ignored the repentant advice,
and, as Eliphaz, Bildad’s soul is now cold.

Lastly is Zophar, the friend believed precise, 67
‘This is the portion of the wicked from God,’
that Job was punished for evilness and vice.

Understand that these thoughts were each a façade, 70
where honor and faithfulness to the Father
was obscured by false words, no man could applaud.

These three do appear honest and just; rather, 73
they are models of something quite different,
where each is in sin, equal to the other.

Just as Jacob, interred in frozen torment, 76
dishonored his father, these three broke the Fifth,
the law that no good human can circumvent:

‘Honor your father and mother,’ goes the myth, 80
thus one’s father on earth and Father atop
must be honored; as you can observe herewith,

these shades, whose dishonor they tried not to stop, 83
have condemned themselves to this appalling fate.”
His diatribe concluded, Virgil looked up,

dwelling on his father with great mental weight, 86
as I shut my eyes, blocking out this sad sight,
seeing my own parents, trying to relate.

Now my dreams will be filled with concern tonight. 89
I will dwell on my body’s earthly makers,
and pray I find providence for my contrite

heart, that is given to love for the Taker 92
of souls above and my begetters below,
recalling the commandments of our Maker,
an honest life we all must lead, I now know. 95

Note from the author: This piece emulates the style and *terza rima* in which Dante wrote his *Inferno*. It focuses on the Fifth Commandment from the Old Testament, which states that one should honor one’s father and mother.

Dante in the Garden of Eden

BY SARAH WEAS

An excerpt from a composition for seven parts musically depicting Dante's passage through the Garden of Eden, where souls are purified before entering Heaven. Visit <http://bu.edu/core/journal> for the full score and to hear a recording of the piece.

The image displays a musical score excerpt for the piece "Dante in the Garden of Eden" by Sarah Weas. The score is written for seven parts, with the visible staves including:

- Horn in F:** The top staff, which is currently silent (all rests).
- Violoncello:** The second staff, featuring a melodic line starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic. It includes slurs and a *pizz* (pizzicato) marking.
- Hn. (Horn):** The third staff, which begins with a *pizz* (pizzicato) marking and contains a melodic line.
- Vc. (Violoncello):** The fourth staff, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.
- Hn. (Horn):** The fifth staff, continuing the melodic and harmonic material.
- Vc. (Violoncello):** The sixth staff, which includes an *arco* (arco) marking, indicating a return to bowing.
- Hn. (Horn):** The seventh staff, continuing the melodic line.
- Vc. (Violoncello):** The eighth staff, concluding the excerpt with a melodic line.

The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The score uses various musical notations including slurs, dynamics (*f*, *pizz*, *arco*), and rests.

Looking for Lysístrata

BY BRIAN JORGENSEN

(Aristophanes updated; tune like "Downtown Blues")

Up at dawn, Aphrodite worrying me
Up at dawn, Aphrodite worrying me
Oh, Lysístrata, where can you be?

Note on my pillow, telling me what to do
Note on my pillow, telling me what to do
Called up my buddy: You know, he got one too

All the women were missing, man, and they weren't gone a-Maying
"Stop the war,
 or there'll be no more
 sweet playing"

O, Lysístrata, what have you been saying?

Saw you and some veiled women on TV
Sound bites for peace, and looking like heaven to me
Some terrorist must have put Viagra in my tea
(Not gonna drink that stuff anymore)

Lysy baby, I'm missing your sweet face
The house is a pit, and the kids don't even seem to be part of the human race
If you don't come back, I'm heading for cyberspace

Get a virtual woman to give my joystick ease
She won't preach to me, and she won't tease
Don't pull my plug, Lysístrata, o please

Woke up this morning, it was all a dream
Out on TV, I heard some woman scream
The aching of your absence is getting extreme

Beautiful Lysístrata, I look into your eyes
You stand your ground, Athena, making Aphrodite wise
Athens falls, Sparta falls, everything goes down
Lysístrata, I hear you're coming to town

Speaking English, now, Dean Henderson's got that knack
Prof. Nelson and the actors bringing you back
All other news is making me so blue
Lysístrata, looking around for you
Lysístrata, looking around for you



"Self-portrait in Oriental Attire"(1631)
Musée du Petit Palais, Paris

Self-Portraiture and Honesty

Two Depictions of Rembrandt and Picasso

BY MATT COLANGELO

There is no such thing as a portrait of a bankrupt Rembrandt or a widower Rembrandt. A painter without a patron, Rembrandt stands alone, and his solitude is tragic, perhaps desperate.

The notion of either Rembrandt or Picasso painting a comprehensive, autobiographical self-portrait is far-fetched and unsubstantiated, but it should not be confused with the possibility that they depicted themselves honestly. While Rembrandt does not incorporate every characteristic of a typical bankrupt or widower in his later self-portraits, he still depicts himself as melancholic and notably poorer. The above quotation from Mr. Bonafoux's commentary is misleading when taken out of context: did a suffering Rembrandt refuse to show himself in his real condition? Was his solitude always so tragic and desperate? It suggests that there is no correlation between his life and his work, an overreaching response to art historians who

consider the two things indistinguishable. One example of this opposing view is taken up in the National Gallery of London's brief biography of Rembrandt, which claims that "the self-portraits he made throughout his life provide us with a remarkable pictorial autobiography." Mr. Bonafoux is warning the reader against taking this sort of assumption for granted. While there is often a relationship between a painter's biography and the sequence of his self-portraits, the two are rarely inseparable. Rembrandt and Picasso are no exceptions.

Embedded in the process of self-portraiture is a question of honesty. Did Rembrandt or Picasso really dress in the clothes they showed themselves wearing? Were they as confident or shy as their portraits suggest? In his essay entitled "Picasso's Self-portraits," art historian Kirk Varnedoe offers an elegant solution to these uncertainties: "... his art allowed him not simply to express, but to construct and to discover, the complexities in himself" (Varnedoe 112). A Rembrandt or Picasso is liable to stray from wholly accurate

depictions, but only to show the subject from a different angle. Honesty may be compromised so that the artist can focus on an otherwise disregarded feature of himself. Though they lived three centuries apart from each other, the two painters exhibit similar tendencies in their self-portraits: in difficult or traumatic times, their depictions become more historically accurate and simple.

In 1631, at the age of twenty-five, Rembrandt finally settled down in Amsterdam after ten years of moving back and forth to the city from his hometown of Leiden (Bonafaux 7). This was an exciting time in the young man's life, and he quickly came in contact with wealthy patrons and art dealers who would soon commission him to do various types of paintings. His career was beginning to take off. One of his self-portraits from that year, entitled "Self-Portrait in Oriental Attire," reflects the enthusiasm with which he was working. As the title suggests, Rembrandt portrays himself as some sort of Eastern potentate in "oriental" clothing. His head is wrapped in a woven brown fabric, the same color as his hair; a heavy, darker brown cape is buttoned at his right shoulder; and he is wearing a finely decorated robe of gold-colored silk. The light source enters from the left side of the painting (the right side of the subject) and reflects off Rembrandt's particularly rotund belly. At his feet sits a hunting

poodle, obedient but weary-eyed. The scenery shows Rembrandt as a powerful figure, and his facial expression reflects that. His gaze seems confident and regal, though it would be less intimidating without the costume and hunting poodle.

Though he never wore the clothing depicted in the painting, a playful quality of Rembrandt surfaces here. To him and his colleagues in Amsterdam, the portrait would have been outlandish and even silly. Like his "Self-Portrait as the Prodigal Son in the Tavern," this scene comments ironically on his social and economic aspirations (Chapman). As a young man pursuing a career in painting, this character would have been the farthest from his mind. He was not yet wealthy and his reputation had not reached its peak (Bonafaux 7). Yet, Rembrandt's costume and regal posture have a purpose: to enhance his otherwise plain facial features. If he were shown in a painter's smock or sitting at his easel, his gaze would seem blank or impassive, not powerful. Though not a realistic depiction of his socioeconomic status, this self-portrait shows his sense of humor, bravado, and confidence as a young painter.

In the 1660s, an older Rembrandt lived under the watchful eye of his common-law wife Hendrickje Stoffels and son Titus. Having already filed for bankruptcy (after years of collecting expensive pieces of art), he was now financially dependent and his career



"Self-portrait" (1669)
Mauritshuis, The Hague

was waning. Art historian Pascal Bonafoux posits that "[a]t first ambitious, portentous and vain, Rembrandt soon was alone: disenchanted, humble, indifferent" (50). His last self-portrait, of 1669, shows a considerably different side of Rembrandt. He is wearing period Dutch clothes and a light brown beret—garments much less regal than his oriental arrangement. His hair has turned gray and his countenance lackluster. He looks weary-eyed and weak, and his double chin has gotten more pronounced. Compared to his "Self-Portrait in Oriental Attire," this depiction is more intimate. By not detailing his body below the shoulders, Rembrandt requires that you focus on the contours of his aging face.

*



"Yo Picasso" (1901)
© 2007 Estate of Pablo Picasso
Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

Like Rembrandt, a young Picasso moved to the city in order to pursue his artistic endeavors. Between 1900 and 1901, at the age of nineteen, he and his friend Carles Casagemas left for Paris and opened up an art studio in Montmatre. Away from his familial disagreements and academic formalities, Picasso reveled in the environment and began to make contacts with a number of art dealers (Walther 20). "Yo Picasso," one of his most famous self-portraits from this period, exhibits an enthusiasm similar to Rembrandt's when he moved to Amsterdam. Instead of portraying himself in oriental

clothes, however, Picasso wears a white smock and orange bib. The assortment of colors in front of him suggests that he is sitting at his easel, but only an earlier sketch of the painting can confirm this. What is striking about this self-portrait is the young Picasso's demeanor. His countenance is confident and self-assured, and his hair is parted into two symmetrical sections that frame his high forehead and fall down to his wide-open eyes. There is a balance to the composition that transcends the chaotic nature of Picasso's long brushstrokes, a fixation on his eyes that draws the audience away from all the colors. Furthermore, he is underlit in dramatic fashion, with the light entering from the bottom left portion of the painting, casting green and blue shadows on his cheek and back. Though he isn't dressed in outlandish clothes, Picasso exhibits a confidence and bravado that are enhanced by his surroundings. Like Rembrandt, he has control over his workplace.

While traveling between Malaga and Madrid later in 1901, Picasso received news that his friend Casagemas had committed suicide (Walther 35). As he later said, "I began to paint in blue, when I realized that Casagemas had died." Although the influences he encountered in Paris surely primed him for the Blue Period, Picasso only began painting exclusively in blue after his friend's suicide (Walther 25). In his "Self-portrait with



"Self-portrait with Cloak" (1901)
© 2007 Estate of Pablo Picasso
Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

Cloak," Picasso portrays himself in a much different light than before. His figure is long and slender, and his face emaciated. His hair is still parted into two symmetrical sections, but they now bring more attention to his stretched cheekbones. His eyes are again wide open, but they are staring off trancelike in the general area of the onlooker. Unlike "Yo Picasso," his arms are not distinguished from the rest of his body. The blue cloak hides every part of him except his pale face, which inevitably becomes the focal point of the piece. Also, there is no indication of a light source; Picasso is

visible, but the only shadows in the portrait are a deceiving light blue gloss across his eyes and a black outline around his already dark blue cloak.

Whereas in "Yo Picasso" he portrays himself as bold and assertive, in "Self-portrait with Cloak" he appears weak and anemic. His stare seems less attentive, but the primary cause of this is Picasso's use of color. His face is depicted with many of the same features as before: high forehead, parted hair, long cheekbones. What changes the effect of his stare is the absence of warm colors. Picasso's blue is cold and vacant, and it is drawn out of the background and used to shadow his face. It is as if his capacity to see is encumbered by the weight of some cold ache. Furthermore, Picasso uses shorter, more precise brushstrokes in this self-portrait. The piece lacks the chaos of "Yo Picasso," and for this reason he exhibits less control over an already subdued environment. With his biography in mind, "Self-portrait with Cloak" is a more intimate sketch of the artist. Like Rembrandt's last self-portrait, Picasso depicts himself as vulnerable and sheltered inside his cloak. When confronted with a life-changing misfortune, he too paints a more candid picture. ■

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Journey to the End of the World

BY DAVID GREEN

One of the most prominent geographical features of the Spanish region of Galicia is Finisterre, an Atlantic headland (**pictured above**) that was once thought to be the westernmost point of continental Europe. Ancient Europeans who believed paradise lay in the realm of the setting sun made a pilgrimage to the region during their lives in order to facilitate their journey to the next world after death. Though the Catholic Church assimilated this pilgrimage route in the ninth century when the tomb of St. James was purportedly discovered in a Roman necropolis along the way, the area remains endowed with a rich legacy of pre-Christian culture in its archaeological remains and folklore.

Facing page, top: This boulder bears markings on its surface indicating it was once used for animal sacrifices. Beneath these markings, the stone has been cleft and hollowed out, suggesting the blood may have been collected in a religious ceremony, perhaps even a baptism. Because the boulder looks like a recumbent bull, and the Roman god Mithras (the bull-slayer) was born from a split rock, some people believe the site was associated with the Roman cult to Mithras.

Facing page, bottom: Local villagers moisten white rags with water flowing from the spring in this photograph and wipe any areas of disease or infirmity on their bodies. The “malo” or evil is transferred to the rags and the rags are then hung in nearby trees. Over time, the elements disperse the evil harmlessly into the air.





A large stone on the site of an ancient chapel on Finisterre is believed to be the tomb of San Guillermo. Following a custom that pre-dates the arrival of Christianity, infertile couples in the area lie on the stone in order to conceive.



Finisterre seen from a beach below El Pindo, locally known as the "Celtic Olympus."

The stone
extending
from the wall
of this church
in the village
of San Angelo
is crudely
inscribed with
the word
"IOVI." It was
once an altar
to Jove.



This pool in a mountain
stream about twenty miles
from Finisterre is believed
to be inhabited by a god-
dess. Local people continue
to leave offerings of candles
and flowers on the bank of
the stream, and one young
man told me not to
approach beyond the point
where the trees cross or the
goddess would pull me
into the pool.



L'accent grave

BY JACQUES PREVERT

Le professeur
Élève Hamlet!

L'élève Hamlet (*sursautant*)
... Hein... Quoi... Pardon... Qu'est-ce qui ce passé...
Qu'est-ce qu'il y a... Qu'est-ce que c'est...

Le professeur (*mecontent*)
Vous ne pouvez pas répondre "present" comme tout le monde?
Pas possible, vous êtes encore dans les nuages.

L'élève Hamlet
Être ou ne pas être dans les nuages!

Le professeur
Suffit. Pas tant des manières. Et conjugez-moi le verbe être,
comme tout le monde, c'est tout ce que je vous demande.

L'élève Hamlet
To be...

The accent *grave*

TRANSLATION BY AMIEL BOWERS

The Professor
Student Hamlet!

Hamlet the Student (*startled*)
... Huh... What... Sorry... What is going on...
What is the matter... What is it?

The Professor (*displeased*)
You cannot answer "Present" like everybody else?
Of course not, you still have your head in the clouds.

Hamlet the Student
To be or not to be in the clouds!

The Professor
Don't be silly. Do not put on airs. And conjugate for me
the verb "to be" like everyone else; that's all I ask you.

Hamlet the Student
Être...

Le professeur

En Français, s'il vous plaît, comme tout le monde.

L'élève Hamlet

Bien, monsieur. (*Il conjugue:*)

Je suis ou je ne suis pas

Tu es ou tu n'es pas

Il est ou il n'est pas

Nous sommes ou nous ne sommes pas...

Le professeur

(*excessivement mecontent*)

Mais c'est vous qui n'y êtes pas, mon pauvre ami!

L'élève Hamlet

C'est exact, monsieur le professeur,

Je suis « où » je ne suis pas

Et, dans le fond, hein, à la réflexion,

Être « où » ne pas être

C'est peut-être aussi la question.

About this poem: "L'accent grave" is taken from *Paroles*, 1946. In addition to his wonderful Surrealist poetry, Prevert is also known for the writing he did for the screen. He worked primarily for film director Marcel Carné, whose *Les enfants du paradis*, 1945, is considered by some to be one of the greatest films of all time. Prevert wrote the screenplay.

The Professor

In English, please, like everyone else.

Hamlet the Student

Fine, sir. (*He conjugates:*)

I am or I am not

You are or you are not

He is or he is not

We are or we are not...

The Professor

(*extremely displeased*)

But it is you who are not there, my poor friend!

Hamlet the Student

That's just it, professor,

I am 'where' I am not

And, in the end, well, after reflection,

To be 'where' not to be

Is perhaps also the question.

About this translation: I have my grandmother to thank for my interest in Prevert, for she was a professor of French literature and I her happy student. In this poem, my challenge was to find an equivalent pun for "ou"/"où"—"or" and "where," respectively, in English. The grave accent makes all the difference. Oh, clever, clever Hamlet...■



"Piano Fingers" by Debora Perez

Dido

BY RACHEL ROSE-SANDOW

Sea rushes past my motionless figure as I stand in defiance of the salt-encrusting currents that swirl past my heart. I can feel the ocean inside my bloodstream where it spirals down into my stomach. I scream. There is no answer in the pushing wind. My hair flares up behind me until I want to rip it from my skull.

I'm tearing pieces of myself away.

Two days ago they started washing down the first ship. Preparing it for voyage, his men scoured the deck and replaced torn sails in the cover of the night. I was standing by my window, holding my candle and shivering as I watched my world start to disappear.

He shows no sign of it, but then he is the master of disguise. He thinks I'm fooled by his extravagantly clever pretenses. Pulling my hair into its gently twisted bun, I laugh over my shoulder at his sarcastic responses and say my cheeks are damp because I'm allergic to the daffodils sprouting all over my kingdom.

The same flowers cling to my hair in every portrait of my childhood that hangs in the Great Hall where we eat dinner every night. I used a thin lie, but I used it because I knew I could. He's easily fooled when he wants to be deceived.

Who am I to condemn? I, too, became an idiot. The moment he stepped onto my island, I lost all sense of self-control. I tripped over my own two feet trying to seduce him, and hoping he would stay, I gave myself up to him in the cave like a common harlot.

I always knew he didn't love me.

I also knew he wouldn't stay. But if I pretended to believe in him, and acted my part in the gods' plan of detaining him from Italy's shores, I could have had him for awhile.

For this I gave up the city I spent a lifetime building. For this I stopped being queen to my people and became an empty shell of a woman, waiting only to be blessed with his love. For this I let go of myself—and let someone else in.

He is my favorite poison. ■

Analects of the Core

Second Year

Till this moment, I never knew myself.

— Elizabeth Bennet, Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*

Man errs, till he has ceased to strive.

— The Lord, Goethe's *Faust*

A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature.

— Hume, "Of Miracles"

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you

— Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*

The soul that has no fixed goal loses itself; for as they say, to be everywhere is to be nowhere.

— Montaigne, *Selections from the Essays*

You, sir, are a fishmonger.

— Prince Hamlet, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*

From this arises an argument: whether it is better to be loved than feared. I reply that one should like to be both one and the other; but since it is difficult to join them together, it is much safer to be feared than to be loved when one of the two must be lacking.

— Machiavelli, *The Prince*

To be called a good companion and a fellow boozier is to me pure honor and glory.

— Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*

The little earth-god still persists in his old ways,
Ridiculous as ever, as in his first days. [...]
A little like the long-legged grasshopper,
Which hops and flies, and sings its silly songs
And flies, and drops straight back to the grass where it belongs.

— Mephistopheles, Goethe's *Faust*

She is tolerable; but not handsome enough to tempt me.

— Mr. Darcy, Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.

— Satan, Milton's *Paradise Lost*

The richness and intensity of the feelings in our minds are proof of the preciousness and fragility of those bonds in life.

— Pinker, *The Blank Slate*

that from my vanities comes fruit of shame
and my repentance and the clearest knowledge
that worldly joy is a quick passing dream.

— Petrarch, *Selections from the Canzoniere*

S' Cores

Musical Analects

From the depths of despair, Beethoven declared in a letter to his brothers that there was only one thing that kept him from complete and utter desolation, and that was his Art, his music. Certainly we treasure the texts we've read in the Core, but the music that meets our ears as we walk into the lecture hall is particularly moving. Here, then, are segments of a few familiar S' Cores—excerpts from the works that have leavened our hearts, heavy as they are with the weight of texts.



The image shows a musical score for Papageno's song from Mozart's *The Magic Flute*. The title "Papageno" is written above the first staff. The score consists of two staves: a vocal line for Papageno and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 3/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the vocal line: "1. Der... Vo - gel - fän - ger bin ich ja, - stets lu - stig hei - sa - hop - sa - sa!". The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) at the beginning.

The above musical excerpt is from the beginning of Papageno's song in Mozart's *The Magic Flute*. He proudly declares himself as the world-famous birdkeeper. Papageno's lighthearted song is wonderfully expressive of his carefree personality, a comic foil to Tamino.

This musical score snippet is from Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*, specifically the section "The Augurs of Spring." It features a woodwind ensemble and strings. The woodwinds include Cor Anglais (C. ang.), Flute (Flg.), Cor Anglais in F (Cor. in Fa.), and Clarinet in B-flat (Cl.). The strings include Violins I and II (Vl. I, Vl. II), Viola (Vla.), Violoncello (Vc.), and Contrabass (Cb.). The score is marked with a tempo of "Allegro con brio." and a dynamic of "ff" (fortissimo). The woodwinds play a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, while the strings play a more complex, syncopated rhythm. The woodwinds are marked with "Solo" and "f come sopra" (forte come sopra). The strings are marked with "pizz." (pizzicato), "arco" (arco), and "f come sopra".

A snippet from Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*—specifically, "The Augurs of Spring." He may have sent shudders through the critical world when he released this masterwork of pagan joy, but its vivacity makes it a great choice for the end of our spring semester, when it becomes more and more difficult to sit in a lecture hall while the buds outside begin to break open on their branches.

This musical score snippet is from the very opening of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, titled "Allegro con brio." It features a piano and strings. The piano part is marked with a dynamic of "ff" (fortissimo). The strings are marked with "ff" and "pizz." (pizzicato). The score is marked with a tempo of "Allegro con brio." and a dynamic of "ff" (fortissimo). The piano plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, while the strings play a more complex, syncopated rhythm. The piano is marked with "ff" and "pizz." (pizzicato). The strings are marked with "ff" and "pizz." (pizzicato). The score is marked with a tempo of "Allegro con brio." and a dynamic of "ff" (fortissimo).

This final musical analect is taken from the very opening of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*; four exhilarating notes that unlocked unexplored kingdoms of musical expression and overturned the contemporary understanding of music. He elevated music from simple *τεκνη*, skill, to an Art, while refusing to bow either to convention or to the limitations of his deafness.

The Blood Brothers Await

BY ETHAN RUBIN

Sing in me, Muse, and tell of that man, Ethan,
Skilled in all ways of transportation,
Who made the arduous journey to the Avalon Rock Club
In search of the elusive Blood Brothers.
Bravely that purple-haired punk rock fan fought towards his aim,
Though it took him through the wilds of Boston:
Such a fight he would not have endured for any lesser band.

Leaving the safe haven of Myles Standish Hall,
He found himself in the treacherous labyrinth of Kenmore Station,
From which few men leave unscarred.
A weaker man would have despaired among the myriad passageways,
But that brave traveler, unfazed in his trek, cleverly
Followed hidden signs to the heart of the maze,
Only to find himself faced with grim Charon,
The ferryman who demands payment for man's passage.
No mortal dares force entry without proper currency,
Lest he offend the immortals gods.
Searching his pockets, Ethan found one lone token to satisfy Charon.
"Some god has a hand in this!" he cried. "My journey
Must be blessed by Hermes, that swift-footed god of travelers.
Upon reaching Avalon, I will burn for him long thighbones of cattle—
All the proper hecatombs to give thanks to the god."
That steely-willed man, traveler of dreary Boston,
Sojourned deeper still into the labyrinth
In search of that iron-sided monster, the T.

Fearsome as it was, he laid wily plans to ride within it
To his destination, as two-faced Janus cast a brutal limit on his transit time.
Deep in the subterranean maze he found the lair of that metal beast,
Skillfully forged by bandy-legged Hephaestos.
But—O subway conductor!—its master forced it on its way.
A newborn babe, still sucking at his mother's teat,
Will scream in terror and rage if taken from his mother's embrace—
The two utter twin cries of consternation and reach out to each other in grief.
Just so did the T screech in agony as it and its would-be passenger
were parted, as wily purple-haired Ethan reached out to the departing beast.
Dejected he sat, waiting for the great monster to return as merciless Lachesis,
The middle sister of the three cruel Fates, measured out another length of his yarn.

Not soon enough did the great iron-sided beast return, unleashing another screech
As it vomited up helpless passengers swallowed at Blandford Street.
The brave traveler mounted that monster without fear
And was carried to a station, only one short block from Avalon.
Just as Telemachos, son of the wily Odysseus, was overcome with joy
When his father returned to Ithaca after his long absence at sea,
So did purple-haired Ethan swell with joy and relief, catching sight
Of that gaudy neon sign.

Like an arrow loosed from the bow of a skilled archer in competition for great trophies,
Gold tripods and engraved cups of finest silver, so did the purple-haired traveler
Dash to the doors of that long-sought venue, only to have his way
Barred by a nymph. Raising her shimmering red-tipped wand, she spoke:
"These tickets are sold out. You are too late, poor mortal man;
I cannot allow your entry." Two burly warriors appeared
By her side, bearing great weighted knuckles of shining bronze.
But swift-footed Hermes, taking pity on that traveler he loved so well,
Took the form of a wizened drug addict, all knobbly hands and burned lips.
Scratching his arms wildly, Hermes approached the purple-haired journeyer
In that form, saying to him, "I have a ticket, but have no use for it.
Should you have the treasures I demand, it may be yours."
The traveler, being so wise and learned in the ways of the street,
Would not let his joy show, but craftily bargained with the god—
Hermes let him buy the ticket for a pittance.

Ethan returned to the great gates of Avalon—that same nymph
Took his ticket with a patronizing smirk. He thought to strike
Her down for her impudence—that foul rudeness!—but kept his
Temper, thinking “if I strike her, I may never gain entry here.
All my travels would be for naught.” He stepped into the gilded hall
And saw before him that which he sought for so long.
He commenced to weep and threw himself down, taking
The knees of the great Johnny Whitney, that master craftsman
Of the scream. That god of punk, true to the etiquette of those people,
Responded with a mighty kick of his combat boot to Ethan’s nose.
The frothy red blood began to flow, but the traveler wept still with joy.
With ecstatic abandon he dove headfirst into the mosh pit,
Where the cloying scent of sweat, blood and cigarette smoke
Enveloped those jostling bodies. And purple-haired Ethan,
That wily traveler, skilled in all ways of crowd-surfing,
Was lifted aloft by that happy throng as the unearthly howls
Of the great Johnny Whitney shook the hall.

Killing Death

BY JEROME TURNBULL

As a Metaphysical poet, John Donne tries to reinterpret the essence of life's most poetic elements. He takes a physical embodiment, like Petrarch's "dull sublunary love," and makes it intellectual, something no longer perceived through the senses alone. Only through the mind could one fathom the transcendental love between two souls. Donne connects concepts once separated exclusively into the body or soul by making the mind the intermediary between the two entities; thus, he lightens the heavy medieval tradition of the body being a shell-like enclosure of the soul. In Holy Sonnet X, Donne attacks a more serious component of life: death. Through personification, Donne makes death mortal, far from the impenetrable abstraction one normally conceives, and then continues to usurp and demean it. In the same stroke, Donne establishes his conceit, an extended metaphor powered by wit, which stretches across the poem and becomes the central force of his literary argument. He strengthens his attack with

poetic devices that further undercut death's position and culminate in the ironic conclusion of death dying. With the aid of poetic genius, Donne overcomes death through the mind.

The personification of death, demonstrated in the phrase, "Death be not proud," carries and encompasses Donne's entire poetic argument (line 1). From these first words to the last, where Donne's target meets its end, the personified form of death unfolds in every line of Holy Sonnet X. Each point Donne draws against death always returns to the premise of his argument. Thus, personified death becomes the pivot in Donne's poem. Donne supports his rhetorical attacks with devices that enrich, strengthen and move with his poetry.

At fourteen lines, the length of the sonnet makes it possible for Donne to stretch his image of death across the poem without losing its immediacy; yet, it also provides enough room for development. T.S. Eliot describes the trope Donne uses, distinct to the poets of his time, as "the elaboration of speech to the furthest stage to which

ingenuity can carry it" (158). Unlike some of Donne's other poems, like "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning" in which the twin compasses appear in the seventh stanza after Donne has already premised his argument, the conceit in Holy Sonnet X appears without any antecedent. The figure itself acts as the premise. Donne introduces, illustrates and supports this image throughout the entire poem, so that at fourteen lines personified death maintains its forcefulness and focus.

The ability to develop this trope stems, in part, from the mixed form of sonnet Donne employs. He structures his argument in Holy Sonnet X off a variation of the Petrarchan and Shakespearean sonnets; this gives the poem an even more distinct nature. Donne's sonnet consists of an octave and an additional six lines, which have an overall rhyme scheme of ABBA ABBA CDDC EE. But rather than forming a sestet in the Petrarchan tradition, the last lines become a quatrain and "loose" Shakespearean couplet. The quatrain maintains a similar pattern to the octave, but it slightly progresses the logical argument with the new rhyming endings. Therefore, the poem's form naturally breaks Donne's arguments into three parts: the octave, quatrain and couplet.

The three-part logic of Donne's sonnet reflects a popular Christian tradition of the time: the meditation. Many

critics have explored the meditative influence in Donne's Holy Sonnets and acknowledged its role in structuring Donne's poetic approach (Archer 302). Helen Gardner defines the contemporary form of the meditation for Donne "as an attempt to stimulate devotion by the use of the imagination," constructed according to the Ignatian method: 1) the "*compositio loci*," a visualization of either the scene or situation involved, 2) the "petition," a mixture of spiritual and intellectual discernment, and 3) "the will," an application of the insight attained (287-88). Donne visualizes personified death with his metaphysical conceit, analyzes its weaknesses, and after making his attacks destroys it. In this sense, his poem follows the meditative method. Through meditation, Donne combines intellect and the spirit, so that his poem comes to express the Metaphysical tradition and its ability to grasp abstract thinking.

In comparison to the two traditional styles of sonnets (Petrarchan and Shakespearean), the logical movement of Holy Sonnet X's mixed form creates a unique reading and distinct effect. The Petrarchan form conveys the feeling of inhalation during the octave and exhalation during the sestet, while the Shakespearean gives more of a continuous inflation that ends with a strong couplet, 'bursting' the argument. The octave in this mixed "Italo-English" form provides a balanced structure

conducive to the development of Donne's argument. The alternating rhyme in the Shakespearean form (ABAB CDCD) moves too quickly and logically finishes a point every two lines. Donne focuses on only one subject in his sonnet, and a forced logical movement in each quatrain, like in the Shakespearean form, would carry his argument too far from the original focus and cause the reader to lose touch with the conceit. The Petrarchan rhyme scheme allows room to expand each point with two whole lines in the middle for development before the rhyme naturally closes it off.

Donne's ending is also a careful mixture between the two sonnet forms well-suited to the poem's purpose. As Gardner explains:

Donne avoids the main danger of the couplet ending: that it may seem an afterthought, or an addition, or a mere summary. His final couplets, whether separate or running on from the preceding line, are true rhetorical climaxes, with the weight of the poem behind them. (285)

Donne uses a couplet-like ending but abstains from rhyming to keep the incisive element in the conclusion of his argument. Such a conclusion, like in the Shakespearean sonnet, sometimes contradicts the lines leading up to it.

The couplet at the end of Sonnet 129 almost renders the rest of poem worthless. Donne has been known to undercut his own argument in other poems like "Love's Alchemy" and "The Curse" with distracting misogynistic remarks. However, his Holy Sonnets are of a different nature, where such a form of sarcasm is inappropriate. On a similar note, the Petrarchan exhalation would color the ending with too much sentimental emotion. Helen Garner comments on what she calls "the illusion of a present experience [in Donne's religious poetry,] an extreme emphasis to the personal pronouns" (284). Yet, this is absent in Holy Sonnet X because Donne does not wish to make the poetic experience personal. Donne clearly has no sympathy toward death; it is something outside of him, which he annihilates through faith.

The entire momentum of Donne's attack falls on the last word, "die." To rhyme it with another word would weaken its effect. The last two lines of Donne's poem are more of a logical, rather than rhyming, couplet; they finish the deed. The Petrarchan sonnet structure, specifically the inhalation of the octave, slowly builds up emphasis on the final lines. Stretched out, the twelve lines leading up to the fatal ending have a similar feeling to the inhaling effect, something analogous to the raising of an axe. The last quatrain, a list degrading death continuously

building up with anaphora, breaks with a defiant semicolon and a question to mark the turn in the sonnet and the release of the axe.

To make this stark conclusion seem both a logical and coherent outcome of his argument, Donne focuses heavily on asserting himself over death. He states clearly, "nor yet canst thou kill me" (line 4). However, Donne accuses death of being proud, an appropriate and deadly sin worthy of itself, so he must also be cautious not to overstep the boundaries. Donne protects himself from presumptuous behavior through the nature and structure of a Divine Meditation, a poem aimed at finding enlightenment through religious introspection. By structuring his poem according to the meditation outlined by Gardner, Donne's attacks are intrinsically humble. Although Donne defies death, he does so under the obedience of God, from whom he undoubtedly derives his strength.

Only through God can Donne destroy death, which he reminds himself in the last line before the fatal act: "One short sleepe past, we wake eternally" (line 13). It is almost too easy to overlook that in this poem Donne's mind is always set on heaven, not death. Although death is the subject of the poem, and also the most stressed word, Donne places it in the larger context of the afterlife. Death fails to compare with the afterlife; it is, again to

reiterate the penultimate line, only a slight hurdle separating use from eternal grace. To illustrate the contrast between short death and everlasting heaven, Donne uses the overflowing consistency of alliteration. Apart from the "One," "we," and "wake" in line 13, which surround the "short sleepe" of death, the repetition of consonant sounds appears earlier in the poetic argument. Donne initiates his analogy of death to sleep in the line: "Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow," which he carries throughout most of the poem (line 6). These lines are connected both logically and poetically, because they use alliteration to make the same point: the abundance of the afterlife. Yet, although these lines overflow with similar sounds, they are always in good measure.

Donne pays strict attention to punctuation in his poetry, specifically commas, semicolons, and periods, which control the movement and pace of his argument. These marks have an even greater meaning in the Holy Sonnets, because in this context they become almost an extension of God's good measure. Donne uses his faith to assert himself over and command death. His intense focus on the different pauses from each type of punctuation only reflects the heightened awareness Donne exhibits when destroying the "dreadful" and abstract conception of death. In her play, *Wit*, about an

English professor versed in Donne, Margaret Edson elaborates on the importance of a comma in the last line, where most editions have a semicolon:

And death shall be no more,
comma, Death thou shalt die.

[...]

Nothing but a breath—a comma—separates life from life everlasting. It is very simple really. With the original punctuation restored, death is no longer something to act out on a stage, with exclamation points. It's a comma, a pause. [...]

Life, death. Soul, God. Past, present. Not insuperable barriers, not semicolons, just a comma (14-5).

Her character argues that the correct version of Holy Sonnet X appears only in Helen Gardner's edition of the Holy Sonnets, *The Devine Poems of John Donne*. The minor change in punctuation and poetic effect is not to illustrate the difficulty in transcribing Donne, but the intensity and focus he had for every line. Whether one reading is more correct than the other is not the issue; rather, it is the different feeling the punctuation evokes.

There are two other discrepancies in punctuation between the different versions. Line 4 of Gardner's edition, "Die not, poore death, nor yet canst

thou kill me," ends with a semicolon instead of a period. In Holy Sonnet X, commas, semicolons and periods mark an increasing degree of poetic firmness. Commas tend to mark slighter changes in thought or description, while semicolons naturally close a point, but not as forcefully as a period. In Gardner's edition, only line 8 and the final line have periods, because they signify obedience to the afterlife and, thus, a truer death. The period changes to a semicolon in line 4, because Donne eludes the proud death, who "think'st thou dost overthrow" (lines 3-4).

The other discrepancy occurs in line 2, "Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not so," where the first comma before "for" is sometimes omitted. In this line, the comma helps further separate the misconception and truth about death on both sides of the "for." In both versions, "for" acts as an argument word, an interjection that naturally swings the train of thought in a different direction. "For" appears in the middle of line 2 to redirect the argument to a negation of the previous conception of death and at the beginning of line 3 to continue this different approach. The majority of the lines in the first quatrain begin with trochees, breaks in the iambic pentameter that signify a larger break in the normal conception of death, making Donne's argument more defiant. Donne allows the misconception of death in the first

line to spill over into the next to suggest the foolishness of death's pride, which he quickly corrals with punctuation in the second. The first line is the only example of enjambment in this end-stopped poem, because Donne exercises his command over death through punctuation.

Thus, the first quatrain aims to unmake the misconception of death. The stresses on "thou" and the copular (to be) verbs illustrate how Donne wishes to alter death's identity. Within these first four lines, and nowhere else in the poem, "not" appears three times. "Not" embodies Donne's defiance toward death, as he aims to right the false understandings of death up to this point. He expands his analogy of death to sleep, making it pleasurable, which echoes his argument in "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning," where "virtuous men pass mildly away" (line 1). In line 9, and the start of the final quatrain, Donne switches his argument to degrading death. He temporarily leaves his analogy to lower death to the level of a slave. The progression of "fate, chance, kings, and desperate men," represents a movement down a hierarchy to slavery. Donne has successfully dethroned and lowered death to a pitiful level, and he begins to associate it with the lowest aspects of humankind. By making his image of death subject even to "desperate men," Donne is reiterating and also clarifying his conceit. To him, death is

almost below the most decrepit man, something as insignificant as "poppy, or charmes" (line 11). Death, a force that once grasped man by the throat, has lost its physical power and is now comparable to cheap magic.

In the final line, as death becomes "no more," Donne moves beyond the physical to the metaphysical (line 14). Death has moved from "Mighty and dreadful," to a "short sleepe," to nothing at all. Ironically, death meets its own end. It has committed the deadly sin of pride. In the last part of the line, Donne finally commits the act and puts death to rest with an assertive statement, which the period aptly closes. "Death, thou shalt die" comes with the full force of the poem behind it and consummates the meditation. The concluding line's sheer weight also parallels the opening "Death be not proud," which suggests that the first word, "Death," will "die" by the end of the poem. These words bind Holy Sonnet X together into a logical and cogent argument. Similarly, the conceit appears in both the first and last lines to mark the limits of the poem. The capitalization of the second "Death" in the line refers to the personified state in which Donne visualizes death. The change in verbs from "be" to "shalt" illustrates not only the forcefulness Donne has at the end of the poem, but also its heavily religious style. Thus, Donne kills death with both the aid of God and his own intellect. ■

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"Staircase" by Debora Perez

Puree

BY JULIE ANN MEJIA ARES

My mind is open and my hand willing.
Consider me, Muse, as a vehicle to convey your cause.
Command my hand to push the pen across
The blank canvas. Empower me to weave
As, Bs, and Cs into the story of Pepe,
The great potato who met an unjust end.

Pepe saw Lord Helios, the sun, rise and say goodnight.
Everyday he prayed to receive warm yellow rays of light.
He who moved all day through heaven was pleased
And sent them to Pepe, a gift that filled him with might.
Pepe begged the god of rain for drops of the crystalline nectar.
Reluctant, the god provided yet the future remained uncertain.

Divine Demetra, the earth's soil, said to Pepe, "Son of Panachos, versatile Pepe,
I must warn you that after months of being your host you will soon leave me.
When night covered me with his blanket of darkness I dreamt of your demise.
The heavens will open up allowing a strong force to come upon us.
You will be torn from my breast and vanish with a piercing cry."

To this Pepe, the daring potato, answered:
"My providing host, here is no cause for fear, you've had a foul dream.
The force that might act against me must be in the shade before your power,
For your nutrients provide life and your strength can prevent breath,
While he can only strike.
If any god has marked me out for pain,
I tell you I do not fear him; I am ready for game."

Thus spoken, the prophecy became true.
Pepe was suddenly snatched savagely from the soil
And dumped effortlessly in a large wooden cell.
Around him he found many like him, victims of the angry God's spell,
Blameless creatures headed to dreaded Hades to burn in steamy oil.
Like a volcano's lava this liquid seems to boil.

Too many dark days went by,
Far more perilous than those Odysseus had to survive.
Once the darkness came to an end, Pepe found himself
In the land of no return. Here he had to acknowledge
That he had lost the gift of self-possession.
At this point not even wise Athena could have conjured an intervention.

Reluctant to succumb to fate
Pepe sailed across a sea of potatoes
Pushing aside deadly carrots and venomous tomatoes.
The strong hero found his way across the crowd
And his attention was immediately caught by a powerful utensil.

Pepe's bewildered eyes could not contain his excitement,
The only hint of emotion noticeable in the tactician's face.
He cleverly reckoned it best to appeal to the shiny object
By means of his intoxicating speech. Opening his mouth and
Letting hypnotic words lure her into his starchy web:

"Mistress, bless the almighty hands that molded your flawless figure.
These hands must be possessed by no less than a god, the only creature
Fit to create such perfection. Your blade is sharper than Apollo's arrow.
The luminous silver that accentuates your curves is surely made from
Zeus' bolts, the only source of light as bright as that you behold.
I am humbled by your presence; bless he who can call you his bride.
Mistress, I beg of you, be kind to me. Do not show me the splendor which
I cannot have. Allow me to entrust you with a secret: with you by
My side my heart would rejoice like a thirsty man does at the sight of water."

Elegant like a swan, Pepe's Juliet
Sliced our ill-fated hero in half like cutting through warm butter.
She then said:

"Empty comments make the air dense,
Does this hero believe I possess no sense?
He indeed suffered from great trials,
I must acknowledge he overcame unbearable miseries as well
But he cannot escape what is fated
And on this we must not dwell."



"South Street Seaport" by Andrew Bisdale

The Indifference of Εὐρυδίκη

BY ZACHARY BOS

(The following sonnets are taken from a sequence of seven that together chronicle Eurydice's emotional state each day of the first week following Orpheus's failure to rescue her from Hades.)

Monday: unforgiving and angry with having been left

The first damn morning in the afterlife
I tear every blade of grass from the earth
And try to fill the white river with stones
Until I forget why I'm throwing them.
My husband's own body blocked the last light
I'll ever see. His look turned off the world
Like a wallswitch in our imagined home.
What did you wreak with your fascination?
Not love—LIFE! You mugging colt, you child
Who couldn't wait to gaze at what you'd won:
The right to brag how well you beguiled
And so nearly did when couldn't be done.
The grass has stained my hands. They hurt. They're raw.
Isn't this the dead woman that you saw?

Tuesday: listless exploration of the afterlife

The day after the day after I walk
Through the asphodel and groves of poplars
Barefoot, my toes sinking in the soil
And flattening ovals of silver grass.
If he was here I don't think we would talk;
Only sit under this undimming star
Reviewing all the almost turmoil
He nearly wrought when he nearly looked back.
He looked back. He isn't here, isn't hiding
Among the shadows or the tall white reeds.
He didn't hear me yesterday, chiding;
My anger; my bell-like grief; my pleading;
My memory of joy that is sorrow;
He won't hear today's grief, or tomorrow's.

Friday: in frightful awe of the length of forever

The question—will it always be like this—
is its own answer every time I ask,
as trenchant as the stink of lily leaves:
of course it will. This is the afterlife.
Always like this, missing the lives we miss,
Seeking a chink of pity in the mask
of lifelike guise the living wear to grieve
beneath which they're as wan as we, their rites
and wan, pious caterwauling ceasing
as they resurrect and we recent dead
close our ears and eyes and fearfully sing
a new song every day until the dread
rises like a log from the bottom of the pond:
we are dead for good and shall sicken of the calm.

Penelope Waiting

BY SASSAN TABATABAI

It's been twenty years
since the ship's white sail
sank into the horizon.

Twenty years of uncertainty.
Twenty years of solitude.
A twenty-year-old son.

A decade of women's tears,
communal prayers
and burnt sacrifices.
But theirs came home
or were apportioned a mound of earth
with its rites of passage.

Mine remains an open wound.

The olive tree we planted
twenty years ago—
the one that almost got Argos killed
because he pissed on it
when it was just a shoot,
and he was just a pup—
has a thick, twisted trunk
and canopy of leaves.

Its shade covers the corner of the yard.
A child's swing still hangs from it.
Its ropes are tattered and worn.
Telemachus carved
Athena's name in it
when he was eight,
and Eleni's name—
inside a clumsy heart—
when he was twelve.

Ithacans talk.

They say: "Look,
there she is,
Penelope, waiting.
After twenty years,
what can she hope for?
Her hair is streaked with strands of grey;
her thighs are stout beneath her skirt."

I'll wait. Laertes' shroud
I'll weave. With the calloused
fingers of the seamstress
I paint entire landscapes by day,
and erase them by night.
I started with simple patterns:
squares and circles, cloverleaves.
Now I weave entire scenes,
narratives of war and despair:
the city under siege, walls breached,
and heroes grieved.
It's all in a day's work,
which has become a life's labor.

They say: "After twenty years,
why does she still wait
for him? He must have
succumbed to Poseidon's wrath.
His bleached bones,
on an unknown beach,
have become the pelican's fare."

I'll wait. I'll sit on this stone chair
and stare past the unbroken horizon.
Maybe—just maybe,
one day he will come home
and find me, his pale wife,
Penelope, waiting.



“Men become
wise not because
they have stifled
their passions,
or because they
have no passions,
but because they
have cultivated
their understandings.”
-William Blake

