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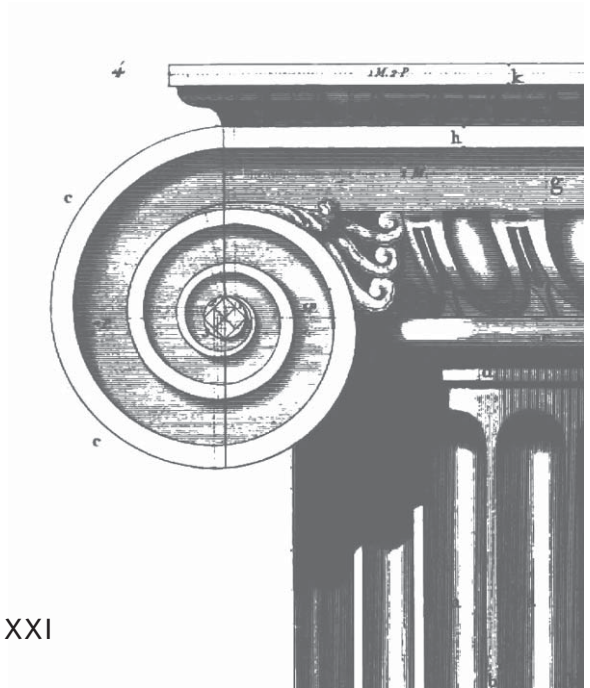
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On the front cover "The Departure" by Odilon Redon, charcoal over pastel (1906)

On the rear "Buddha in His Youth" by Odilon Redon, charcoal over pastel (1904)

The editors dedicate this issue to

Jennifer Formichelli

David Green

Daniel Hudon

Thornton Lockwood

and Maureen Sullivan

in acknowledgment & gratitude for their years
of passionate teaching and mentorship

*

*The Child is father to the Man;
and I could wish my days to be
bound each to each by natural piety.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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*I do not wish
to avoid the walk.*

**THE DISTANCE
IS NOTHING**

*when one has
a motive.*

Spoken by Elizabeth Bennett, in *Pride and Prejudice* (1813) by Jane Austen

Editor's Note

Our Core journey, which has taken us through the realms of art, science, imagination, and empirical fact, began when we stood with Gilgamesh to “study the brickwork.” We have schemed with Odysseus to outwit the Kyklops, rejected Mara with the Buddha, and wondered with Candide whether ours is “the best of all possible worlds.” We have studied Brownian motion and the Coriolis effect, phenotypic plasticity and parasitism, to understand better the workings of the world around us. And to know better our human nature and the nature of our societies, we have studied the Kula ring, social contract theory, historical conceptions of justice, and contemporary inequality. At each step of this journey of inquiry, we have realized a harmony between past and present, which has allowed us to learn from and through those who have traveled this Way before us.

Dante, Machiavelli, Plato, Thoreau, and all of the other authors that we’ve read in Core have acted as our guiding Beatrice on this journey, showing us glimmers of universal truth through different historical, cultural, political, religious, and social lenses. This issue of *The Journal of the Core Curriculum* showcases the sparks of wisdom that students have gleaned at different stages along their personal journeys.

This twenty-first volume of the Core Journal wouldn’t have been possible without the support of the talented contributors, the staff, and the faculty. I am grateful to our advisor, Professor Tabatabai for his guidance and for providing us with this opportunity. I also thank Zachary Bos for his dedication, patience, and design expertise to which we are greatly indebted. I would also like to thank the ladies of the editorial staff, whose commitment made this edition possible and whose enthusiasm I admire and respect. Their good-natured companionship has made the work behind the publication immensely rewarding.



MEGAN ILNITZKI



Sunset over the ocean at Castro de Baroña, Galicia, by David Green

VIDHYA BABU

Reflections on Core

Being a part of Core was one of the most gratifying and enlightening experiences of my life. Yes, we read great texts, but we were also shown unexpected threads connecting text, music and art. I recall sitting in Tsai listening to Prof. Esposito discuss the relationship between the *Odyssey* and the song “Ghost” by the Indigo Girls. In that moment, still clear in my head, I realized I was a part of something different and special. There were many moments like this that were both interesting and informative in their own right, but also telling as to what I was and was not capable of. The challenge of high expectations helped make my transition to law school much easier. But the greatest thing for me about the Core experience was being surrounded by my peers.

Sitting in my room at Shelton Hall overlooking Bay State Road on the day before our Core astronomy final, I heard my roommate of a month or two, a fellow Core classmate (and my future bridesmaid) shuffle in. “My disk is corrupted and I’ve lost all my work,” she calmly said. As she hugged a handwritten copy of her paper, she asked: “My paper on Zen Buddhism is due tomorrow morning at eight, can I use your word processor?” It was handwritten because she didn’t trust computers.

“Of course!” I told her, as I moved my things and took a seat at my desk. Minutes later, I looked up and noticed that she was slowly typing, two fingers on the typewriter, with long pauses between a strike or two. Despite not being much of a typist myself, I pushed her aside and proceeded to type her thirty-page paper. What ultimately took all night involved a study session with five or six Core members, all of whom I was studying with for the first time, reading notes aloud and quizzing me on retrograde motion while I typed. Morning found us locked in our bathroom so as not to wake

up our other suitemates, with one of us perched on the toilet, word processor in lap, while the other methodically fed paper into the machine. And in the last hour before our exam, the impromptu Core astronomy study group was lying with me on the BU Beach, telling me it was going to be okay. To me, Core was community, camaraderie between classmates and professors, and exposure to great characters both in books and around me. ■





Figures from the Cathedral of Saint Mary of Toledo, by Madison Kasheta

Guided by magnets colder than the space
 between the stars, zipping through the circular tunnel
 from Switzerland into France and back,
 under sheep pastures, the foothills of the Juras, the TGV,
 and the restaurants and cafés at Ferney-Voltaire and Saint-Genis,
 the beam of protons races twenty-seven kilometers around,
 eleven thousand times per second

while its twin races
 twenty-seven kilometers
 the other way,

eleven thousand times per second
 zipping through the circular tunnel
 under the cafés and restaurants at Saint-Genis and Ferney-Voltaire,
 the TGV, the foothills of the Juras, the sheep pastures
 from Switzerland into France and back
 until the two beams meet

head on

in a collision violent enough for us to wonder
 if this is what the universe was like
 an instant after the Big Bang –

DANIEL

The Large Ha

HUDON

dron Collider

long before the formation of planets or stars or galaxies,
long before matter itself mattered.

And then what?

Around the tunnel, built like sunken cathedrals,
what will the detectors glimpse in the holy fire?

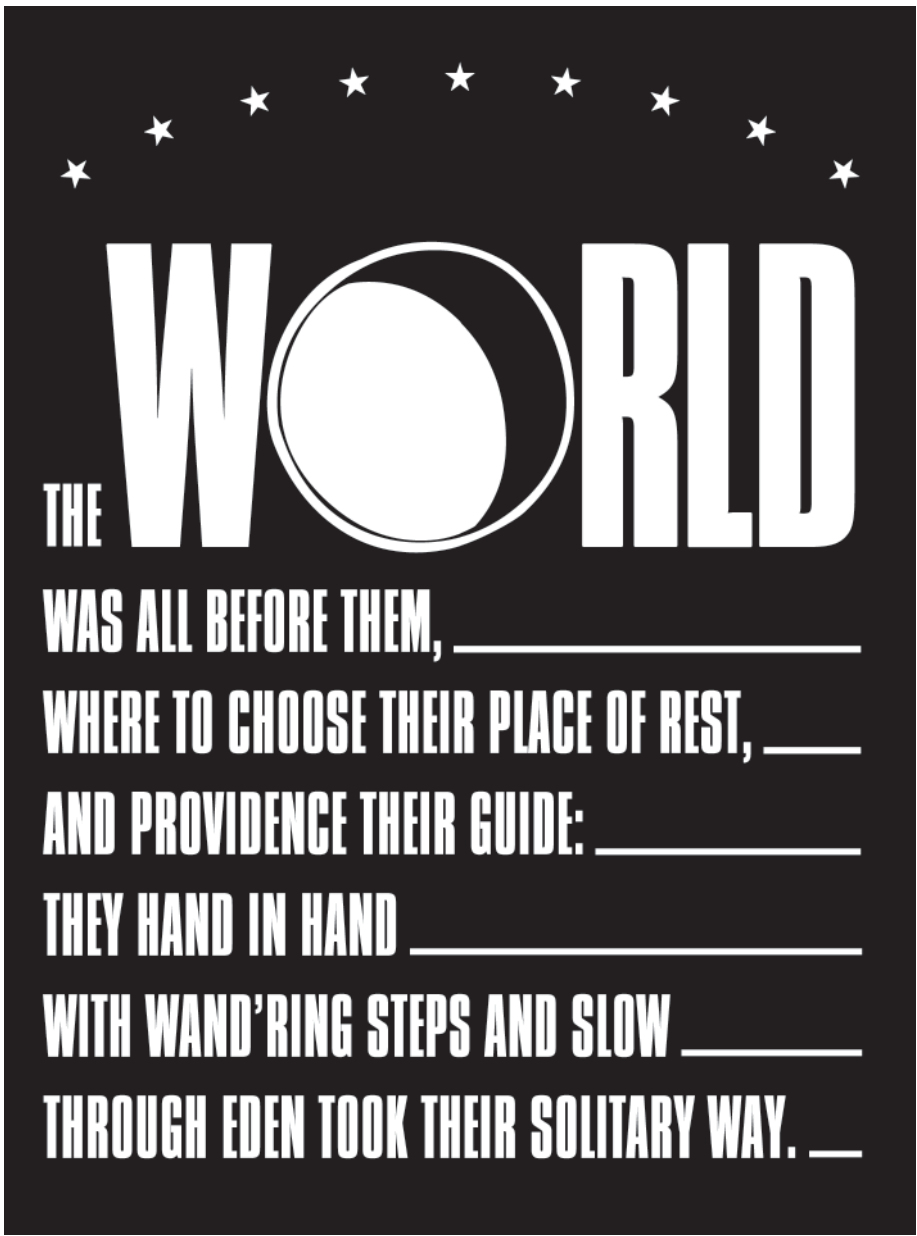
New particles that pop into existence and spiral away,
like the elusive Higgs boson that holds the secret
to matter acquiring mass –

Evidence that we live in a universe of broken symmetries,
the way a dinner table is symmetric until someone
chooses the first wine glass –

That ours is a shadow world of higher dimensions –
That the laws of physics can be unified
like siblings separated at birth?

What can you see in the fireworks if you look hard enough?

What can you see at night – any night – when you look deep
into the cold space between the stars?



THE WORLD
WAS ALL BEFORE THEM, _____
WHERE TO CHOOSE THEIR PLACE OF REST, _____
AND PROVIDENCE THEIR GUIDE: _____
THEY HAND IN HAND _____
WITH WAND'RING STEPS AND SLOW _____
THROUGH EDEN TOOK THEIR SOLITARY WAY. _____

From *Paradise Lost* (1667) by John Milton

REBECCA SHAW

Pericles' Tribute to Athens and Her Fallen

In his *History of the Peloponnesian War*, Thucydides documents the events, relationships, and internal political dynamics of the Hellenic city-states of antiquity. He presents his history through third-person accounts and first-person oratory. Of the latter, he admits that

I have found it difficult to remember the precise words used in the speeches which I listened to myself and my various informants have experienced the same difficulty. (47)

But he assures that his accounts remain “as [close] as possible to the general sense of the words that were actually used” and present “what, in my opinion, was called for by each situation” (ib.). This paper will examine specific points Thucydides believed were “called for” in Pericles’ “Funeral Oration” and in his subsequent account, “The Plague.”

Before examining Pericles’ speech, it is important to understand the context in which the speech was delivered. Thucydides describes how “the Athenians, following their annual custom, gave a public funeral for those who had been the first to die in the war” (143). During this event, offerings were presented to the dead and their bones were carried in a procession to “the public burial place, which is in the most beautiful quarter outside the city walls” (ib.). It was a public affair, not for mourning families and Athenians only, but for “everyone who wishes to, both citizens and foreigners, can join in the procession” (ib.). It is after the bones have been brought to the quarter that “a man chosen by the city for his intellectual gifts and for

his general reputation” stands to speak (ib.). Given this context, there were certain elements “called for” in the funeral speech. The first and perhaps most obvious was to honor the actions of the dead. With the family and friends of the fallen present, this was essential. The second was to remind all present that these men died for a worthy cause, namely the *polis*. This was important both in giving comfort to the families and in reminding foreign visitors of Athens’ remarkable state. And finally, the speaker must offer some idea of what comes next, a way forward beyond the grief. In Thucydides’ *History*, Pericles’ speech addresses each of the aforementioned items as follows.

Pericles begins by ironically claiming that no speech should be made: “these men have shown themselves valiant in action, and it would be enough, I think, for their glories to be proclaimed in action, as you have just seen it done at this funeral organized by the state” (144). Yet he concedes: “the fact is that this institution was set up and approved by our forefathers, and it is my duty to follow the tradition” (ib.). He then provides his thesis:

What I want to do is [...] discuss the spirit in which we faced our trials and also our constitution and the way of life which has made us great. After that I shall speak in praise of the dead, believing that this kind of speech is not inappropriate to the present occasion, and that this whole assembly, of citizens and foreigners, may listen to it with advantage. (145)

From the outset Pericles makes clear that Athens is a superior and exemplary state: “let me say that our system of government does not copy the institutions of our neighbors. It is more the case of our being a model to others” (ib.). He goes on to describe Athenian society as a democracy in which power rests with “the whole people” and further, a people that is “free and tolerant in our private lives; but in public affairs we keep to the law” (ib.). He describes the state as one “open to the world” without restrictions, however “ready to face the same dangers as [other states] are” (146). Pericles credits this ability to live an open, yet secure life to the “real

courage and loyalty” of the Athenian people, for Athenians meet danger “voluntarily, with an easy mind, instead of with a laborious training, with natural rather than with state-induced courage” (ib.). He distinguishes Athens from other city-states when he praises the moderate and controlled nature of Athenians, such as “our love of what is beautiful does not lead to extravagance” and “we regard wealth as something to be properly used, rather than as something to boast about” (147). Pericles is proud that an Athenian “is interested not only in his own affairs but in the affairs of the state as well,” and, that unlike others, Athenians “are capable at the same time of taking risks and of estimating them beforehand” (ib.). One final point of distinction he notes between Athens and her neighbors is that

when we do kindnesses to others, we do not do them out of any calculations of profit or loss: we do them without afterthought, relying on our free liberality. (ib.)

Based on these qualities, Pericles concludes that Athens is a superior state, one that “no invading enemy is ashamed at being defeated” by, and whose “adventurous spirit has forced an entry into every sea and in every land” leaving behind “everlasting memorials of good done to our friends or suffering inflicted on our enemies” (148).

Pericles’ tribute to Athens, which takes up the majority of his speech, was certainly considered by Thucydides to be “called for,” and when one again considers the context, it is clear why. The audience members, who grieve the loss of their loved ones, need to be reminded that their sacrifice was necessary. Pericles reinforces the notion that Athens is a remarkable state, and that, considering the “natural courage” of the Athenian warriors, it is natural that one would willingly give his life to defend this great *polis*. Additionally, Pericles is aware that there are members of the audience from other states. The oration provides a perfect opportunity to remind visitors of the strength of the Athenian people and the power of Athens; even when they mourn their dead, they are resilient and remain ready to fight.

The second “called for” element of the speech is perhaps the most obvious: the praise of the dead. Pericles smoothly connects his tribute to the state with his praise of the fallen, saying:

I have sung the praises of our city; but it was the courage and gallantry of these men, and people like them, which made her splendid. (ib.)

Though they were human and perhaps had erred in their lives, they

blotted out evil with good, and [had] done more service to the commonwealth than they ever did harm in their private lives. (ib.)

He praises their courage: how they were “willing to strike down the enemy and relinquish everything else” and thus they proved themselves “worthy of their city” (149). He then transitions from this praise of the fallen into a final sub-point: the responsibility of those that remain in moving forward. He insists that those who remain must not shrink away from the risk of the same fate which claimed the deceased: “fix your eyes every day on the greatness of Athens” and then

reflect that what made her great was men with a spirit of adventure, men who knew their duty, men who were ashamed to fall below a certain standard (ib.).

He further emphasizes this point by reminding them that “happiness depends on being free, and freedom depends on being courageous. Let there be no relaxation in face of the perils of the war” (149-50). Having praised the fallen and their courage, Pericles instructs those remaining that they have a duty to show the same sort of bravery when Athens is threatened, for to do otherwise would be shameful and endanger the society’s survival. He concludes this sub-point on moving forward with a final attempt to console the bereaved. To those of the “right age” he encourages: “bear up and take

comfort in the thought of having more children,” which

will prevent you from brooding over those who are no more, and they will be a help to the city, too, both in filling the empty places, and in assuring her security. (150)

Those too old, he tells to “let your hearts be lifted up at the thought of the fair fame of the dead” (ib.). To sons and brothers of the dead, he sympathizes, for “everyone always speaks well of the dead,” and thus it is difficult to hope to ever measure up to them. And finally, to the women he states, “the greatest glory of a woman is to be least talked about by men,” reinforcing their role as inferior members of the society (151). Both the praise of the deceased and the instruction to the remaining on moving forward are points seen by Thucydides as necessary to include in this history. Pericles remembers the men for the courage they demonstrated by their sacrifice, and while praising them, simultaneously prepares others to replace them in defending Athens. Further, while he attempts to comfort the families of the fallen, he asks them not to wallow in sorrow, but to continue forward in ways such as having more children to sustain the *polis*.

A final point for consideration is how Pericles’ “Funeral Oration” fits contextually next to “The Plague.” Thucydides’ retelling of the plague, which occurred in the summer following Pericles’ speech, paints a portrait of Athens very different from the idealized city praised by Pericles. Thucydides records:

Athens owed to the plague the beginnings of a state of unprecedented lawlessness. Seeing how quick and abrupt were the changes in fortune [...] they resolved to spend their money quickly and [...] on pleasure. (155)

And as to honor, which Pericles had admired in the Athenian people:

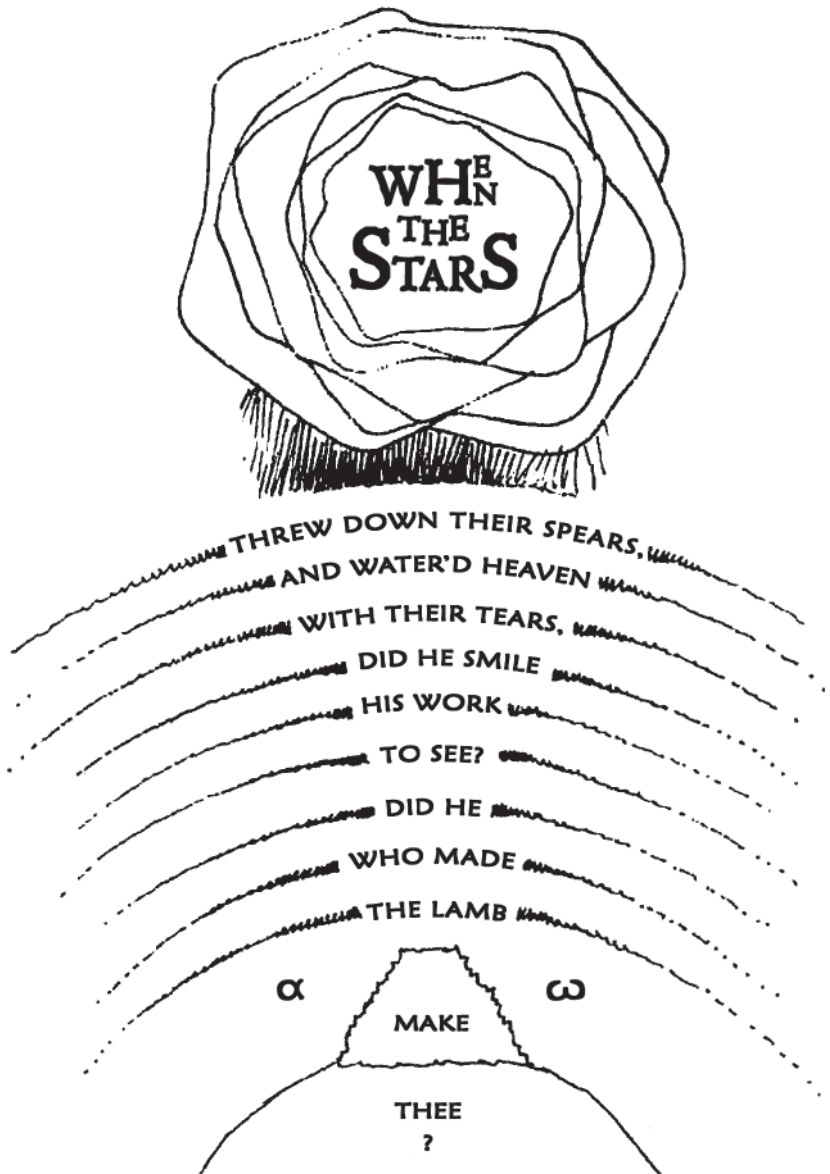
no one showed himself willing to abide by its laws, so doubtful was it

whether one would survive to enjoy the name for it (ib.).

This account of Athenian society contrasts drastically with Pericles' Athens. The brave Athenians, who practice moderation in their lives and contemplate before acting, are missing in this later account. Instead, Thucydides paints a picture of a society contorted by disease, whose citizens care more about their immediate gratification than the more disciplined qualities of bravery and moderation. Pericles' "Funeral Oration" is "called for" in the larger context of the *History* because, when contrasted with "The Plague," it demonstrates that societies, no matter how great and powerful, can experience disruption and decline within a short period of time given a cataclysmic event such as a plague.

The context of Pericles' "Funeral Oration" greatly influenced what was "called for" in his speech. Before the grieving families, foreign visitors, and the remains of the dead, Pericles reaffirms the strength and superiority of Athens, praises the bravery of the fallen, and encourages those who remain to follow in their footsteps of sacrifice for their *polis*. And in the larger context of Thucydides' *History*, the "Funeral Oration" is "called for," given that it provides a stark contrast with the later history of the plague and shows the transitory nature of even the most remarkable and seemingly secure states. ■

References to the text in the essay above are to Thucydides, History of the Peloponnesian War, trans. Warner (Penguin, 1972).



From "The Tyger" in *Songs of Experience* (1813) by William Blake

A “Stiff-necked” People

In Exodus 32:9, during the infamous golden calf incident, God labels the Israelites a “stiff-necked” people. While a different, perhaps more reproachful adjective might have been fitting, God chooses the Hebrew words *kasheh-oref*, literally, “stiff-of-neck”—the first instance in the Tanakh where this term is used. It must therefore hold a special meaning in relation to the Israelites. While the phrase is often translated as “stubborn,” it means much more than this. Pharaoh, for example, becomes “stubborn” during the Ten Plagues, and the original Hebrew words used to express this are *caved-lev* or “heavy-of-heart.” The specification of “stiff necks” must therefore be meaningful. Using context, we can deduce that the phrase “stiff-necked” describes not just one but three aspects specific to the Israelites: their national disobedience of God, their collective mentality, and their shared personality.

God first calls His people “stiff-necked” in reaction to their creation of the golden calf idol. This is an act of disobedience on the part of a people who recently have become followers of a new leader. God takes control and leads the Israelites, the way a shepherd leads his flock, straight out of Egypt. The Israelites allow God to be their Master, letting Him steer them in the physical and moral direction He chooses. In a sense, God has a leash around the necks of the Israelites. God believes the Israelites become stiff-necked when they make the golden calf, refusing God’s leadership as they throw off His figurative leash and begin to stray from His path. Later on, in Deuteronomy 10:16, God advises the nation: “...stiffen your necks no more. For the Lord your God is God Supreme.” God establishes his authority over the nation, advising them to submit themselves to Him, recalling the golden calf incident by using the original phrase.

The term “stiff-necked” may also refer to the Israelites inability to

metaphorically swivel their necks around during unfortunate circumstances and consider the big picture, as opposed to just the problems of a particular moment. The Israelites are not considering the miracle of deliverance that God has just bestowed upon them when in Exodus 16:3 they say:

If only we had died by the hand of the Lord in Egypt... when we ate our fill of bread! For you have brought us into this wilderness to starve this whole congregation to death.

The Israelites are too focused on present hardships to realize the weight of their words. They wish for the bitter slavery from which they came and do not trust in God to provide for their needs in the desert. They lose sight of things again at the foot of Sinai when they create a false god, just where they had seen an extravagant display of God's power. Their necks are too "stiff" to turn and view the situation from a broader perspective.

The personalities of the Israelites may also be best described through the term "stiff-necked." A person with a stiff neck conjures up the image of someone who is strong but holds a lot of tension, perhaps because of physical strain. This surely applies to the Israelites, who have undergone years of harsh slave labor. Living constantly under stress may help explain the irritable and impatient behavior of the Israelites. They are always "grumbling" against Moses, as in the previously mentioned verse, exhibiting a unique kind of uptightness that may best be understood through the word "stiff-necked."

Word choice in the Tanakh is never coincidental; each phrase has a special purpose and can be interpreted endlessly. "Stiff-necked" as a description is used exclusively for the Israelites, and assesses them in national, metaphorical, and personal senses. Their negative example inspires believers in the Tanakh to take particular care in following God's commandments, putting things in perspective, and letting go of stress in favor of faith in God. ■



Toledo, Spain, by Madison Kasheta

JASON PORTER

A Spat with Socrates

While shopping in the market, Greek leader Pericles encounters an ugly old man named Socrates. Aware of Socrates' infamous reputation, Pericles pretends not to have noticed him, but his efforts to slip by are in vain and Socrates confronts him.

S: Hi! Hello there! How are you doing today!?

P: Um... just picking up some wine for the week...

S: And what's this for?

P: I've really got to go; I have an assembly meeting to get to. We are going to talk about the Parthenon.

S: What's the good of wine?

P: It calms the spirits, soothes the soul, and relieves stress.

S: Tell me, is it good for a man to enjoy the pleasures of the body?

P: Yes, for what is wrong with a little bit of pleasure every once in a while?

S: Now let me ask you this: what do these pleasures have to do with? Would you say that the pleasure of wine, by soothing the body and relieving stress, is related to the body, one's spirits, or one's soul?

P: Like I said earlier, it has to do with the body.

S: Do you think it's possible that medicine can strive to interpret the law?

P: No, medicine strives for health of the body.

S: What about the law; does *it* ever strive for health of the body?

P: That would be absurd.

S: Would it be reasonable, then, to say that the art of litigation and the art of medicine are mutually exclusive; that is, that they are separate and share no overlap?

P: I suppose it is as you say.

S: If the physical pleasures strive for the stimulation of one's soul, then they do not strive for the stimulation of one's character?

- P: Yes. But, Socrates, it does not hurt a person's character.
- S: Now tell me, does a person who drinks wine strive to drink wine?
- P: How could it be otherwise?
- S: Now, one who strives for wine also strives for physical pleasure?
- P: Yes.
- S: Now, just as a doctor does not strive for the law and a lawyer does not strive for medicine, does one who strives for physical pleasures not strive for mental stimulation?
- P: No... how could that be? You tricked me, you devil... Oh, fine, I concede your point, if you insist.
- S: So, then you must see, that a person who drinks wine cannot be striving for building their character, because "the man we just named a drone is full of such pleasures and desires and is ruled by the unnecessary ones," (559d) while an aristocratic man is ruled by reason. This usurpation of rule is the cause of faction, for "is a human being of one mind? ... Or is there also faction in him when it comes to deeds and does he do battle with himself?" (603d). So, does engaging in pleasure hurt character, and is abstaining from wine superior to drinking wine?
- P: No, you fool, you cannot be right. I must get going. But my main point is that wine-drinking is normal. It is customary for Athenians to drink wine. Is it good to disparage the traditions of our forefathers? If the average person is intelligent, and most people do something, then that thing is probably good. So I have no time for rabble-rousers like you. I must get going.
- S: Can you tell me, before you go, whether a person is infallible or whether he or she can make mistakes?
- P: Of course they can mistakes.
- S: So, tell me, what constitutes a chair? Is it made of four legs, a seat, and a back rest?
- P: Yes.
- S: What constitutes a person? A head, torso, two arms, and two legs?
- P: It is as you say.

- S: Then, it follows from induction that a thing is the sum of its components.
- P: It can be no other way.
- S: Then, what constitutes a city? Is it a sum of its parts?
- P: I suppose so.
- S: And that would be its citizens, right?
- P: Yes.
- S: And a society, being composed of a multitude of individuals, may also make mistakes?
- P: So you say.
- S: If that is true, is it possible for a majority of citizens to come together and decide the wrong decision?
- P: It is as you say.
- S: Then does the coming together of the Athenians and resolution of their vote decide what the truth is?
- P: By Zeus, you have tricked me again! You will pay for this, Socrates!
- S: And so, in the case that the majority has made the wrong decision, is it better to follow the will of the people or to go against their will?
- P: No! You are a fool, Socrates. What you propose smacks of tyranny. Drinking wine may be the wrong choice, as you have so intimated, but the end determination of that must be made by each person. No government can tell the people what to do! This is why Athens is the beacon of freedom.
- S: What is freedom?
- P: Hmm... I would say, probably, the ability to do as one decides.
- S: So tell me, if I decide that I want to kill random people on the street, and I do so, is this freedom?
- P: No, that would be absurd. Freedom cannot involve the harming of others; it is about only oneself and the actions one takes.
- S: That is spoken well. Now tell me, should a person do the superior action or the inferior action?
- P: The superior one, I suppose.
- S: Is not abstaining from wine a superior action than drinking wine?

P: That is what has been said. But in whose authority is it to tell others what is right and wrong? Let each man decide for himself.

S: Is it better in a city where there is faction or where there is harmony?

P: Harmony, I suppose.

S: Now, what distinguishes harmony and faction? In harmony, are there one or many pieces working together, and, in faction, many working against one another?

P: A factious city, I suppose, has different parts working against each other.

S: And didn't we say earlier that the rational part of the soul is a part separate from the appetitive?

P: I suppose so.

S: Then it follows that when they work together, there is harmony, and when they work against each other, there is faction?

P: It is as you say.

S: Then, when individuals drink wine, their souls become factious?

P: It must be as you say.

S: When a part of something is broken, is the entire thing broken?

P: I don't understand. What is your point?

S: When a chair's seat is broken, or when a person's legs are broken, the entire thing is broken?

P: Yes, obviously so.

S: And when citizens become factious the entire city becomes factious?

P: By Zeus, Socrates, you have shown me wrong again!

S: And so, the drinking of wine causes faction in the city?

P: It must be so.

S: Should the drinking of wine be allowed in the cities?

P: Whatever you say. You have already made me look like a fool. I am leaving now.

They part ways. Pericles soon forgets that the encounter ever happened. ■

References in this dialogue are to Plato, The Republic, trans. Bloom (Basic Books, 1991).



Birch bark with lenticels and an eye, by David Green

NADINE BYERS

Something There

. A
 Child and Her
 Mother walk hand in hand
 down a street.
 “Look, Mother! Something has fallen off of that tree!”
 The Mother is carrying many bags and does not pay attention.
 “That is just a leaf, please we must hurry—we are already late!”
 “Oh, Leaf! That Leaf has been on the tree near our home for many
 months
 and now it falls!”
 She does not look.
 She pulls her child by arm to quicken their pace.



Fireweed, by Katelyn Eng

WILLIAM FROTHINGHAM

The Grecian Urn

Sandy nodded silently, waiting till Mr. Atkinson finished his spiel. It was nothing she hadn't heard before; Sandy had been babysitting for quite some time. From his position on the front porch, he pointed back through the open front door at a vase sitting on a pedestal in the hallway. He said it was some sacred urn that his father's father had brought back from Greece. Sandy's eyes followed his finger and she nodded affirmatively when he finally stopped talking.

Most of her attention was focused on her ex-boyfriend, Jordan, who was standing right behind his father. Of course, Sandy never looked directly at Jordan, but his being there made it very difficult for her to listen to Mr. Atkinson. Jordan was clearly over Sandy, she was sure of that, which made it a little uncomfortable when Mrs. Atkinson called, asking if she would mind watching Jordan's younger sister, Jamie, while the family visited colleges. Now, standing in the very hallway where Jordan broke her heart, Sandy blinked away her tears, desperately trying to hold herself together until they left. When they finally did, she closed the door and leaned back against the cool oak, wiping her eyes.

After a moment she looked over at the urn. Despite her frequent visits, Sandy had never noticed it before, and at first glance, she couldn't see what was so special about it. The designs and patterns were crudely etched and it was slightly misshapen. She supposed that it wasn't the physical beauty that made it so important to Mr. Atkinson, but the emotional and sentimental value. Light from the window above the door struck the bottom half of the urn and illuminated a pair of youthful lovers, lips just inches apart. *Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss.* They were kneeling beneath the large bough of a tree that stretched across the entire face of the urn. Sandy envied their contentment, and decided that the urn wasn't so ugly after all.

Still leaning against the door, Sandy exhaled and started down the hall to look for Jamie. She remembered that Jamie had loved to bait Jordan into chasing her, and always ran into the game room where she could hide inside her little play structure. That's where Sandy would look first. As she passed the living room, she turned to glance inside, and felt her hip brush against something behind her. She spun back around in time to see the sacred relic swiveling on its pedestal like a quarter trying to lay flat.

The sun glimmered off the sides of the urn and the lovers came in and out of view. Centripetal force tried to help it regain balance, but the circles grew wider and wider until an edge dropped off the side of the base. *What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?* The weight of the urn followed, losing contact with the pedestal and slipping toward the floor. Stunned and unable to control her movement, Sandy watched as the urn rocked off its tilt. How could she be so clumsy! Mr. Atkinson was probably still in the driveway, not yet in his car. He would hear the crash, run back inside to see what had happened, and find Sandy standing there with bits of the urn strewn about the whole floor. She would cry, fall to her knees, and beg for forgiveness while Jordan stood there enjoying the spectacle.

The urn cut through the silence, pulled by the powerful force of gravity. The shadow on the floor shrunk as the urn approached the hard marble. The scene under the tree was facing away from Sandy but she assumed that the lovers were savoring the final moments of their seemingly eternal bond. *Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness, Thou foster-child of silence and slow time.* Every moment was an eternity, and Sandy braced herself for the impact. She felt a pang in her heart for the ignorant lovers, unaware of the fragility of love.

Sandy's mind shifted to memories of Jordan. While they were together she would never have believed that they could ever be apart. She remembered the night when they took each other's virginity. In the aftermath, lying in the loft above his garage, Jordan leaned over and whispered, "I love you," in Sandy's ear, and kissed her on the forehead. This was just two weeks before he led her to his front door and told her that he didn't think they should see

each other anymore.

When the first edge struck the ground, a long, slivering crack shot up the side of the urn. Sandy shut her eyes and was struck by the same shooting pain that she felt when she heard those heart-wrenching words. Then the rest of the urn crashed down from above, triggering a splintering network of cracks across its face. Sandy remembered the sound of the door shutting behind her and the icy chill that ran up her spine. She didn't remember climbing down the front steps, or walking through the garden patio to the street, or turning onto her street three blocks away. But she remembered collapsing in her front lawn, falling to pieces in her mother's arms as she dragged her inside.

The room fell still and silent. Sandy blinked away a tear carrying a speck of dust that found its way under her eyelid. She knelt down in the rubble and intermittent tears saturated the ancient clay. She ran her fingers through the broken fragments. *Thou shalt remain, in midst of woe.* Sandy swept a small pile of the remains into her palms. She raised her cupped hands and opened them, watching the pile disperse and drift softly to the floor. She looked up at the window above the door and saw beams of golden sunlight streaking across the dusty air. She wiped her eyes, and stared into the blinding light. The afternoon rays dried the tears left on her cheeks, and Sandy felt warm. She heard her thumping heart slow and released a massive lungful of tension. After a few minutes Sandy rose, collected, ready to find a broom and sweep up the pieces. ■



Monte Louro from Castro de Baroña, Galicia, by David Green

‘Nothing in Excess’: Gluttony in the *Odyssey*

Unlike the characters in the Tanakh, who had many complex social and religious rules to follow, the Greeks lived by two simple rules given to them by the Oracle of Delphi: “know thyself” and “nothing in excess.” In the *Odyssey*, Homer reveals the negative consequences of overindulgence. The monsters that Odysseus encounters on his journey home, his crewmen and comrades who succumb to the temptations that lead to their demise, and Penelope’s suitors, all break the second law of the Oracle of Delphi and indulge in excess. These scenes of gluttony suggest the negative consequences which follow when one succumbs to temptation and abdicates reason or humanity.

Even from the very first book of the *Odyssey*, Homer presents overeating in a negative light. On the first page, Homer describes the doomed fate of Odysseus’ men:

But not by will nor valor could he save them,
for their own recklessness destroyed them all—
children and fools, they killed and feasted on
the cattle of Lord Helios, the Sun,
and he who moves all day through heaven
took from their eyes the dawn of their return. (I: 11-16)

His comrades surrender impulsively to their desires. The negative juvenile connotations of “recklessness,” “children,” and “fools” illustrate their ignorance, as their rash actions “took from their eyes the dawn of their



Bridal Veil Falls, by Katelyn Eng

Neither reply nor pity came from him,
 but in one stride he clutched at my companions
 and caught two in his hands like squirming puppies
 to beat their brains out, spattering the floor.
 Then he dismembered them, and made his meal,
 gaping and crunching like a mountain lion—
 everything: innards, flesh, and marrow bones.
 We cried aloud, lifting our hands to Zeus,
 powerless, looking on at this, appalled;
 but Kyklops went on filling his belly
 with manflesh and great gulps of whey. (IX: 312-22)

Homer overemphasizes each specific detail, and the negative, grotesque imagery is overwhelming. The simile describing Kyklops as a top predator, “a mountain lion,” and the monstrous connotations of “beat their brains out,” “spattering,” and “dismember[ing]” paint a graphic picture. Homer’s translator uses a purposeful dash to place extra emphasis on the gruesome nature of the Kyklops’ meal. The intentional fragment and usage of a colon in “everything: innards, flesh, and marrow bones” draws attention to each

excruciatingly detailed aspect of the *Kyklops*' meal. He keeps eating and goes on "filling his belly" with the flesh of men and drinking "great gulps of whey" in excess. Homer stresses every minute detail in order to convey *Kyklops*' animalistic nature. However, *Kyklops* is not the only cannibal that *Odysseus* and his crew stumble upon in their attempts to reach home. They accidentally land on the island of the *Laistrygones*, who:

seized one man and tore him on the spot,
making a meal of him; the other two
leaped out of doors and ran to join the ships.
Behind, he raised the whole tribe howling, countless
Laistrygones—and more than men they seemed,
gigantic when they gathered on the sky line. (X: 129-134)

Homer emphasizes the lack of humanity of these cannibals as they "seize," "t[ear]," and "make a meal" of the man, "howling" like animals, and appearing as "gigantic," fearsome creatures. The negative imagery surrounding the *Laistrygones*' meal of a man and Homer's portrayal of them as "more than men," illustrates their barbaric societal practices of consuming human flesh.

The suitors who overrun *Odysseus*' home in *Ithaca* most poignantly exemplify the deviation from the essential law of "nothing in excess." From the first book, Homer describes the suitors, greatly stressing their eating mannerisms:

Now came the suitors,
young bloods trooping in to their own seats
on thrones or easy chairs. Attendants poured
water over their fingers, while the maids
piled baskets full of brown loaves near at hand,
and houseboys brimmed the bowls with wine.
Now they laid hands upon the ready feast
and thought of nothing more. Not till desire

for food and drink had left them were they mindful
of dance and song, that are the grace of feasting. (I: 179-188)

Homer carefully uses colorful imagery surrounding the feasting of the suitors who “[think] of nothing more” than the “baskets full of brown loaves,” the “bowls [of] wine,” and the “ready feast.” Their gluttony consumes them to the point where they do not even notice the “dance and song” going on around them. They give into the temptation of rich foods and excessively devour everything in sight; they forgo social etiquette thus showing their lack of humanity. The suitors’ inability to break free of their gluttony results in their demise. It is no coincidence that the suitors die while feasting; they are punished for breaking the rule ordained by the gods. Odysseus finally defeats the suitors over a great feast:

Odysseus’ arrow hit him under the chin
and punched up to the feathers through his throat.
Backward and down he went, letting the winecup fall
from his shocked hand. Like pipes his nostrils jetted
crimson runnels, a river of mortal red,
and one last kick upset his table
knocking the bread and meat to soak in dusty blood. (XXII:15-21)

Homer graphically describes the death of the head suitor, Antinoös, with the vivid imagery of “the bread and meat soak[ing] in dusty blood.” By juxtaposing the death and the blood of Antinoös with the foods of the feast, Homer conveys the negative ramifications that occur when overindulgence leads to a lapse social decorum, thus illustrating an intrinsic fault in the suitors’ humanity.

The depraved suitors’ feasts, however, are dramatically juxtaposed with the very civilized and proper feasting that Telemakos encounters in the halls of Nestor and Menelaus where Menelaus “at this, / he lifted in his own hands the king’s portion. / A chine of beef, and set it down before

them" (IV: 70-73). In this instance, Menelaus gives his bigger portion to the nameless guest, who is in fact Telemakos, faithfully following the Delphi mantra of "nothing in excess." Menelaus, throughout the entirety of Book IV, serves as a foil to the voracious suitors as he epitomizes hospitality by upholding social propriety in his hall. Menelaus advocates the laws of civility in society, thus serving as the foil to the uncouth suitors.

Through negative consequences of greed, exemplified through the overly-lavish and excessive feasting in the *Odyssey*, Homer stresses the importance of following the second law of the Delphi oracle, "nothing in excess." Odysseus' men, the Laistrygones, Kyklops, and the suitors all break this second law by overindulging. The leitmotif of gluttony and vulgar dining contributes to the idea that gods have ultimate power in the *Odyssey*. The numerous scenes of eating and cannibalism show the transgression of a specific law ordained by the gods. Their divine will reigns supreme and they are capable of intervening when humans stray from their regulations, demonstrating their ultimate power over the mortal world. In the end, everyone who contravenes the order of the gods through gluttony pays for their wrongdoing at the vengeful hands of the supreme deities. ■

*References to the text in the essay above are to Homer, The Odyssey,
trans. Fitzgerald (Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1998).*

HANNAH FRANKE

The Paradox of Battle

Spears aviate above our gaze.
Souls begin to depart
Encompassing our moment,
But it is slipping, as is my reality,
As is your consciousness.

I had known the depths of ocean.
Understood every numinous word.
Prepared my death and planned my life.
Each question accompanied by a definite answer.

But in those speckles of green,
Cryptic water flowed into my ocean,
Spilling over the barriers,
Rushing into the fields of grain,
Carrying unknown parasites wanting to feed.

Sliced.
I knew this sound, this feeling,
The blood that would spill,
But your skin agitates my pulse.

A tenderness that I had destroyed,
That I can never experience.
I will never know those hands,
Or call them my own.
I have created my own demise.

Metal continuously clashed,
Yet I lay watching your somber departure
Envisioning a hopeless unison that could never arise,
An act the devil had surely commissioned.

Your raven hair fluttered,
And I closed those eyes.
Eyes that have become ingrained
A permanent scar, stemmed from intolerance.
A never-ending history repeats.



Deer skull, by Molly Kelly

KATELYN ENG

Reconciling

“ὦς ἐφάμην, ὁ δέ μ’ οὐδὲν ἀμείβετο, βῆ δὲ μετ’ ἄλλας
 ψυχὰς εἰς Ἑρεβος νεκύων κατατεθνηώτων: But he gave
 no reply, and turned away, following other ghosts toward
 Erebos.”¹ I called to Ajax once again, and still there was no reply. I watched
 him continue to walk away from me to where all the other souls were going.
 I called a third time, this time more assertively.

“Ajax, son of Telamon, I am very much aware of the reason for your
 resentment. But what is the purpose of your grudge against me if we are
 living in two different worlds? Do you not think it is time to set aside your
 feelings of contempt?”

Ajax stopped in his tracks and slowly turned around to face me. He
 began to walk toward me, ever so slowly and cautiously. Like the mighty
 Zeus, who exerts his power over mortals on earth, so Ajax stood before me,
 his arms crossed; his expression never changed, like that of a statue, as if he
 wanted to intimidate me, but I knew better. After all, I am Odysseus, one
 of the warriors who helped win the Trojan War.

“Come now, Ajax,” I said to him. “Tell me, what is it like here in the
 Underworld?”

Ajax looked at me in the eye, and spoke to me for the first time since I
 had arrived. “What person in his or her right mind would want to be down
 here?” he said forcefully. “Oh, how I regret taking my own life. It seems
 unfair that it had to happen to someone like me.”

At this, I paused. “You did not have to do that, Ajax. You had a choice,
 and you decided that it was not worth it to live anymore. That is no one
 else’s fault but your own.” I thought that Ajax might begin to see reason
 after I said this. Maybe he would come to terms with what had happened.

"Of course you think that way, Odysseus. You have everything a man could ever want: a kingdom, a family, the glory of winning a war, a memory that will be passed down for generations to come. You will be legendary, remembered for your wit and strategy that won the Greeks the Trojan War. And what will I be remembered for? I will only be remembered as the failed soldier. My contribution shall go unnoticed. Why should you be praised and not me? Why shouldn't I be remembered for generations? Why should you remain on earth while I am down here as just a mere soul among many others? What did I do to deserve this most dismal fate?"

I began to get a bit enraged by Ajax's attitude. Would he ever recognize that I had earned the armor of Achilles because I deserved it? And would he ever realize that none of that mattered at the moment? For a moment, I lost control over my temper.

"You think I am better off than you are here in Hades?" I retorted. He looked taken aback at the sound of fury in my voice. "Ajax, I have been wandering ever since the end of the war; I have not been back in Ithaca since I left for Troy. I feel as though I have been lost for an eternity. Would you rather be in my position as someone who has no direction and cannot get home? Would you rather live with uncertainty, not knowing where you will end up tomorrow, not knowing when, or even if you'll return to the place you call home?"

I waited for a reaction from Ajax, and still he stood there unwavering in his anger toward me. It seemed nearly impossible for me to make him see reason. It was then that I got an idea. Perhaps I could convince him that both of us were caught up in the middle of dire circumstances. Perhaps I needed to show him that we had something in common. Perhaps this was the way to reconcile with him.

"Ajax," I said. "I think the two of us are very much alike here."

"What do you mean?" he retorted. "I see no similarities between the two of us. All I see standing in front of me is a man who took from me what would have been my glory and my fame."

"No, listen to me for a moment. The two of us are both lost, whether we

are in the flesh or soul. Regardless, I urge you to see that we are two men who do not know what to do right now. Neither of us is home, and neither of us is happy where we are. Because we have this in common, don't you feel that it is best for us to comfort each other while we are in the same place? I think that it would be best for both of us to make amends with each other. Do you not agree? Otherwise, we would only fall deeper into this spiral of bitterness. I would rather settle our conflict now than live with guilt of this unfinished business for the rest of my life. I do not want that burden on my shoulders. Do you?"

He said nothing. Instead, he glared and abruptly turned back toward Erebos. It became obvious that there was nothing I could do to reconcile with Ajax, the dear son of Telamon. "But my heart / longed, after this, to see the dead elsewhere . . . Then Sisyphos in torment I beheld / being roustabout to a tremendous boulder."² I realized that those bitter feelings that Ajax harbored against me would forevermore linger over both of us, just as Sisyphos was bound to carry that boulder for eternity; just like that tremendous boulder, so would I always carry a deep sense of guilt on my conscience caused by Ajax's seemingly unreasonable animosity toward me. He would always be a restless soul, a man discontent with and ashamed of what was and of what he could have been. ■

Endnotes

- 1: Book XI lines 563-4 in Homer, *The Odyssey*, trans. Fitzgerald (Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1998).
- 2: Book XI lines 675-6, 709-10.



“Hand in Hand,” by Cherie Gu

MADISON KASHETA

The Masters Debate Marijuana Legalization

Radio Host: All right, today we have two very special guests joining us to discuss the enduring debate concerning the legalization of marijuana. Please welcome the great sages, Lao-Tzu and Confucius. Let's get right to the question. Should the popular hallucinogen, marijuana, become a legal drug? Let us begin.

Confucius: Well, first off, I seek to know more about this substance. Please explain more about what it is.

H: Marijuana is said to be mildly hallucinogenic, and consumption of it renders a user "high," in a state of enhanced euphoria, and commonly renders the user relaxed, carefree, prone to laughter and silliness, and causes sudden, increased appetite and craving for food. Marijuana is not characterized as addictive, yet prolonged use is believed to destroy brain cells.

C: Very well. Now that I know more about this subject, I am qualified to discuss it. Overall, I don't believe this substance would coincide well with the Way of my teachings, but with that said, I do not support abolition of its use. It should not have been illegal from the start.

H: Lao-Tzu, what is your take on this issue?

Lao-Tzu: I agree with Confucius. Use of this drug should not be restricted.

失仁而后义 失义而后礼

When
morality
is lost,
there is
ritual.

老子

Taodejing
§38
trans. Legge

It is difficult to say whether it coincides or not with the Dao, yet in the grand scheme of things, this debate concerning the legalization of marijuana is frivolous.

C: Yes, right you are. This ethical debate has been going on for far too long. People are obsessing and thinking too much about it. Twice should've been enough, I say!

L: If not for this show, I wouldn't have thought about it once.

H: Very well, but with these apathetic feelings aside, please share with us why you believe marijuana should be legalized.

C: Well, it's not so much that I believe it should be legalized, but that it shouldn't have been banned in the first place. A government should be set in place to lead and encourage its people and through positive efforts, guide the people to lead a good life for themselves. The enforcement of a law banning the use of some silly drug is an unnecessary effort that just adds to an unnecessary string of trivial restrictions on the people. It would be

as if the government is punishing the people before they've necessarily done anything wrong yet. The government needs the confidence of the people, and too many trivial restrictions like this may incite distrust.

L: This truly is a trivial restriction that would compromise the righteous living of the people. The more prohibitions and rules, the poorer people become. The more elaborate the laws, the more they commit crimes. Prohibition of trivial activity backfires, and doesn't stop what it is meant to stop. Leave it alone, I say. The people will transform themselves on their own. Do not contend with this natural process.

H: All right, so from a political perspective, both of you champion the legalization of marijuana, but what are your thoughts on the actual use of the drug?

C: Well if you consume this drug and are in a "high" state, the resulting silliness and carefree attitude would interfere with the essential practice of ritual. Ritual is a serious matter, and I would imagine a user under the influence of the drug to not take much seriously.

Great men
think of
virtue;
lesser men
of comfort.

孔子

Analects
4:11
trans. Legge

君子懷德

小人懷土

H: Regarding this practice of ritual, some would argue that marijuana use has become somewhat of a social ritual among users, especially among the youth, who consume the drug at social gatherings.

C: This type of drug use, a ritual? That is absolutely ridiculous. That seems like just a shallow attempt at justifying its legality. In no way is marijuana use any sort of traditionally-known ritual. You don't just go around labeling activities "rituals;" there is tradition and purpose in every one. Social virtues, including filial piety, comprise the groundwork upon which ritual is built. As mentioned before, filial piety, and presumably along with many other virtues, is compromised by the use of marijuana. Therefore, the groundwork of a social ritual involving the consumption of marijuana would be based on immoral, profligate enjoyment of the drug rather than on any virtuous purpose. It's hard to imagine a social practice involving the use of marijuana to be based on anything virtuous to truly be called a legitimate ritual. In all honesty, the use of the drug is for the sake of personal enjoyment; I would hesitate to believe anything different.

H: Lao-Tzu, your thoughts please?

L: Dao envelops all of nature, all beings, all existence. Marijuana is, in fact, a part of this. Humans must be in perfect harmony with nature. I would not characterize use of this drug as wrongful unless overused and abused. You must know what is enough, and abuse nothing. For instance, you claim that if users consume excessive marijuana, they would be overcome with hunger, and gluttony is not the Dao.

H: Confucius, any additional thoughts?

C: Yes, regarding the killing of brain cells that supposedly accompanies prolonged use of marijuana. My teachings greatly emphasize the

importance of knowledge through reading and studying texts. The loss of brain cells would only degrade this essential ability. And again in reference to the silliness and carefree mood that follows marijuana consumption, I would imagine someone in this state of mind to be frivolous in their actions, an attitude that could greatly compromise filial piety. Superiors deserve the utmost respect and proper regard. A carefree attitude would lose all sense of this. Proper behavior towards superiors is the trunk of goodness, the foundation for other virtues. If this foundation is compromised, the rest of you will fall apart.

H: Lao-Tzu, any final thoughts?

L: All in all, marijuana use should be allowed. Laws that prohibit do no good. The people can learn the way of the Dao without these efforts to shape them. I am not championing abuse of the drug, yet I have no outright belief against its use, as long as people remain in perfect harmony with nature. That is all I will say. I am done speaking.

H: Confucius, any final words for us?

C: Although marijuana use is wrongful, it should not have been prohibited. For that reason, I believe it should be legalized. Trivial restrictions like this do not teach people the Way to live a life of goodness. Setting a good example and showing them the Way is more effective than dictating their actions through laws. The great power of this influence will bend the ways of the people. ■



Translation: "Master Loves Dog." Composition by Zachary Bos; photo by Jennifer Formichelli.

CHARLES FORMICHELLI P.P. JENNIFER FORMICHELLI

The Analects of the Master

1.1. The Master said: “To learn something and then to put it into practice at the right time: is this not a joy? Is this not a joy? Is this not a joy? To have friends coming from afar: is this not a delight? A delight? A delight? Not to be upset when one’s words are ignored? Is this not the mark of a master? Is this not the mark of a master? The Master said again, “Is this not the mark of a master?”

2.1. The Master said: “He who rules by vittles is like the polestar, which remains unmoving in its mansion while at least some of the other stars revolve respectfully around it.”

2.14. The Master said: “A good dog considers the meal rather than the bone. A sad dog considers the bone rather than the meal.”

6.23. The Master said: “The good are quiet.”

6.20. The Master said: “To know something smelly is not as good as loving it; to love something smelly is not as good as rejoicing in it. Only dogs understand this.”

7.24. The Master made use of four things in her teaching: liver; life’s realities; loyalty; and whistles.

9.9. The Master said: “Henry does not come, and Charles brings forth no ball. It is all over for me!”

10.12. The Master would not sit. ■

More Analects of CC102

A tree is like a gentleman:
its beauty rests
in its leaves and branches,
but its strength lies in its roots.

- *Jackie Kos*

*

You are superior until you put others below yourself.

- *Anna Takahashi*

*

For those who think the Way comes naturally
The Way will never come.

For those who believe they have found the Way,
The Way will never come.

One who cannot fit into the puzzle will never gain the Way.
Do not find the Way, find yourself.

- *Alan Premasiri*

PAMELA RIVIÈRE

Nature & Man

Contention defines the relationship between man and nature. Throughout the ages, man has struggled to derive his sustenance from the earth, and has fought to survive against all the challenges that nature presents. In spite of this constant conflict, human beings cannot help but be captivated by the very source of their hardship. Recent centuries have witnessed the ravaging of nature by industrialization. Our culture has become one of quaint parks and gardens surrounded and suffocated by square miles of concrete jungle: our attempt to hold on to the beauty of nature while simultaneously stripping it bare of the power and wildness that daunts man. Ancient Chinese traditions differed in their approaches toward nature, and yet both traditions revered it, drew inspiration from it, and considered it to be inherently tied to the identity of man, as evidenced by their art.

A journey into the Scholar's Study at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, demonstrates the eagerness of the Chinese scholar to bring nature into the room without attempting to diminish the power and majesty that it evokes. Hanging on one of the study walls is the *Chen Ruwen* (accession #1979.203), a vertical landscape painted with ink and color on silk, dating from the sixteenth century. Its elements are predominantly Daoist; it emphasizes the empty spaces as key aspects of the scenery. The harmonious, powerful yet calm character of nature is embodied through the juxtaposition of the firmness of the mountains against their almost fluid quality. Upon first sight, there's the impression that the cliffs are melting into the surrounding mist and are floating unanchored in a sea of emptiness. Then, the little cottages nestled among the mountains, and the few travelers interacting at the very bottom, becomes visible.

Through this painting, the artist depicts the ideal relationship between man and nature as one in which man is insignificant relative to his surroundings. Laozi says in the *Daodejing*, “and so the greatest carving cuts nothing off,” referring to the idea that the natural state of things is the most desirable (28). When human beings reject contention against nature and allow themselves to be still, then they will know who they are in relation to nature and will imitate the latter, to live in harmony with the cosmic balance of *yin* and *yang*.

The liquid grace with which the Daoist painting rendered the landscape contrasts sharply with the Confucian elements in the glazed earthenware horse. As a widespread symbol of power, freedom, mobility, and wealth, the horse caught hold of man’s attention even before he learned to tame this wild, spirited beast. This intensely rendered tomb figure captures the startled expression of a heavily ornamented horse. Covered in intricate medallions from withers to rump and burdened by an expensive-looking saddle, far from enjoying his natural state of existence, this horse became a status symbol for man during the Tang Dynasty. In the eighth century, a horse was substantially “more valuable than a stable hand,” demonstrating how man has the tendency to appropriate nature to the degree of placing its worth sometimes above that of a human being (10.17). Confucius rejects this idea in extract 10.17, where a stable burns down and, instead of asking about the horses, he inquires as to the health of the grooms.

However much Confucius might have been appalled at the idea of the overestimation of the horse during his time, Confucian ideals such as ritual have marked the character of this earthenware figure. Medallions that might seem frivolous to a foreigner could possibly have represented the rank of the horse’s owner in society, singling the man out as someone worthy of deference. In this way, the horse becomes an example of man seizing an object of nature, leaving his imprint on it so that it actually becomes a reflection of himself, revealing another facet of the man-nature relationship, namely, that man can tame nature to suit his desires without completely destroying it.

Even though both traditions have varying perspectives on man's relationship with nature, their views on the character of nature itself differ. Daoism sees nature as spontaneous, non-active, and powerful through its stillness, by virtue of which it is intrinsically attuned with the Way. On the other hand, Confucianism regards nature as an entity to be cultivated and learned from, as seen in its incorporation into civilization and study in a balanced way.

Although these traditions' attitudes toward the relationship of man and nature completely oppose each other in certain details, neither culture ever establishes a decisive barrier between civilization and nature. In fact, both count it as vital to the education and development of the superior person without which culture and civilization themselves could not stand. If there is truth to the idea that nature is woven into the very fabric of who a human being should be, then modern man should take a step back and re-evaluate the subordinate role assigned to nature. By his very efforts to subdue nature and exploit its resources, man has sought his identity down a path of destruction from which the earth might never recover. ■

Talking with Ecologist Nathan Phillips

Professor Nathan Phillips teaches Biodiversity in the Core Curriculum. Besides developing his expertise in plant physiological ecology and global change biology, Phillips spends much of his time biking and working with green roof systems. He spent his undergraduate years at California State University, Sacramento, and received his PhD at Duke University. Since 2009, Phillips has served as Director of the Center for Energy and Environmental Studies at Boston University.

How has your experience leading Core Natural Sciences been thus far?

I've always enjoyed teaching in the Core, and it's been as fulfilling as it has been in the past. We've fine-tuned the curriculum over the years so there's not a drastic change in how the course is running. I do have more responsibility in terms of coordinating aspects of the Core, but it's a real team effort.

What do you enjoy about teaching in Core?

My expertise is in plants—plant biology and ecology. I tend to focus my research on the organism-to-ecosystem level, but I've really enjoyed the course because we start at the molecular level and work up to the global level. So I enjoy really learning from my colleagues as well, about some of the new developments in the molecular world. I find that when you teach a class like this, it helps you much more as a teacher to have a comprehensive understanding of biology from molecules all the way up to ecosystems and beyond. It's really amazing how if you didn't have to teach these subjects, it would be much easier to get in the box of your expertise and just kind of

stay there. So although my expertise is in the organism-to-ecosystem level, I'm just as thrilled to be in attendance and continue to learn about what's going on at the molecular level. I've really been able to incorporate what I've learned across the scales of biology into my own research.

What is your area of expertise?

I study plants and the physiological ecology of plants and ecosystems. That means how the physical structure of plants and forests affect their ability to function, particularly with regard to the carbon cycle and the water cycle—as well as energy exchange with the atmosphere. I try to understand the mechanisms of plants, their response to the environment and how future climate change could affect the functioning of plants. For example, we have elevating carbon dioxide in the environment. How is that affecting the function and structure of plants? How about global warming, elevated temperature? Most recently, my research career has broadened to look at systems in which humans and nature are coupled. A city like Boston is an example of a place where you have rivers, trees, ponds, grass, and soil—and then you have people and cars—and it's an urban ecosystem that has a very interesting interactive system where our impacts on the natural systems are large and we don't quite know how our natural systems are responding to us.

How did you originally become interested in the sciences?

By the time I got to high school, my favorite subject was English. I was kind of intimidated by science, and—I say this thinking it won't get back to my high school, this many years later—I don't think I had very good science teachers. If I go back to being a very young child, I think I was inquisitive, and at that level, kids are curious about all kinds of things. My mom always laughs because she said when I was a kid I made some comment about how my dad had adapted to his environment—so somehow I was picking up on Darwin without even knowing it. I don't know if that indicates an attraction toward science. It is true that in high school, English was by far my favorite

subject. I didn't have the guts to major in English in college. Instead I took a pragmatic approach and majored in civil engineering. But my first semester of civil engineering convinced me it wasn't for me because we had to do all these surveying transects with trigonometry. I could understand it in a book, but I was never all that great at doing this outside, and it just kind of bored me.

When you go into engineering, you have to take some physics classes, so taking physics was a real eye-opener to me, and I just gravitated toward physics and ended up majoring in it. I turned the intimidation factor into a challenge for myself because I thought it was the hardest major you could have—and it might have been—but I did okay, and that's when I realized that anyone with interest can do science and can contribute creatively and productively to science. I'm a good example of someone who would never have thought of myself as having any particular gift for science or natural inclination toward science other than just curiosity—intellectual curiosity.

So, I heard you ride a bike to campus every day.

Yes! It takes about 45 minutes. It's the simplest way of commuting for me—I live nine miles away, too far to walk—but I don't conflate that with easiest. It's the simplest, but it's hard. Pedaling is not easy, but it's simple. In our society, we often incorrectly conflate simplicity with convenience or ease. It would be easier to drive a car to BU in the short term, but it's actually much more complicated. Look at what's involved: license, registration, parking pass, tolls on the Mass Pike, maintenance on the vehicle, owning the vehicle, insurance, parking on campus—it's easy stuff, but there is a lot of it, so it's very complicated and I don't like complicated stuff. We used to be a two-vehicle household, but in the past couple years we've become a one-vehicle household. If the bike doesn't work out—if it's freezing with ice on the ground—I can just hop on the train.

Can you talk about Ecofest?

This is something Dr. Hudon pioneered. It has been very successful

over the last few years. He's managed to really get a lot of student and faculty excited and involved. For my first year of Ecofest (it was called "Ecolympics" originally), I took the water challenge. My challenge was to try to live off of a five-gallon bucket of water in a 24-hour period of time.

How did that work out for you?

It was easy—piece of cake! As a matter of fact, I think I only went through three gallons. That doesn't include the external water associated with processes like doing the laundry, or the water that goes into the production of food on the farm. That's really important; you could really start including a *lot* of things. It's hard to draw a bubble around yourself in terms of resource use, because there are always these externalities. The direct use of water is about 100 gallons a day per American. It is so easy to live off of five percent of that. It's a nice challenge. Maybe I'll try to top that this time around.

Do Americans take clean water for granted?

I think I take clean water for granted—I think almost all of us do. It's easy to do so; it's all around us. It's like breathing air. Until you don't have it anymore, it's easy to take for granted. When you don't have it then you realize how precious it is.

Who is your favorite scientist?

Einstein is way up there. It's partly because of what he chose to care about and what he chose not to care about. His ability not to care about some of the conventional metrics of professional success actually allowed him to be the genius he was. If he were to spend his energy worrying about conventional professional success, he never would have come up with his genius ideas. It was his peculiar ability to challenge the fundamental assumptions we all make, which we take for granted. He challenged the notion that light, time, and space are fixed—even though our eyes tell us they are, since we don't live in a world where we directly perceive speeds that

get near the speed of light. It tells us that, like Newton thought, this universe has this fixed framework, but Einstein challenged this fixed assumption. He also challenged the social assumptions we make. He contributed to the atomic bomb, but he also contributed to peace in ways some people think are naïve. He had few boundaries in terms of challenging conventional thinking and wisdom, and that's why he's inspiring to me.

Was having fatal knowledge a conflict for Albert Einstein?

He was probably very conflicted about balancing the need to counterbalance developments that were happening in Germany with social ideals of peace. He was in many ways just as frail and imperfect a human as anyone else. He had a messy family life, so he was a flawed individual, but a very human individual because we're all flawed in our various ways. As a scientist he was very inspiring.

Where does ethics fit in with such scientific knowledge?

Biotech and bioethics are huge issues. Science has completely outstripped the ethical frameworks for deciding whether or not we can proceed. What we can do versus what we decide socially we ought to do—there's a huge gulf. We have the ability to create interspecies. If we wanted to, I'm sure we'd have human clones right now, because we've done it with other animals. Do we want to do it? Is there a reason to do it? Sometimes we say we shouldn't do things because we haven't done them before, and we recoil at certain things. Why are we recoiling? Is it because it hasn't been done before, or is there a rational, ethical framework that makes us feel like that's not the right direction for us to go in. There are some very tricky problems in that regard, and one can play the devil's advocate on either side of some issues and questions of individual rights versus society's roles, and some people of a libertarian view might think if people want to clone themselves and there's technology to do so, what authority can have the right to regulate that? On the other hand, we are social creatures—we live in societies. These are really complicated questions.

I tell Core students that we love it when they get hooked on the biological sciences, but we recognize that many folks are humanities people. So I just say we need *bio*-ethicists so badly. We need people who understand the biology we're learning in the Core, who think about the human factors, the human values and philosophy. We need thinkers who actually understand the whole gamut of knowledge, philosophy, ethics, and sciences. Scientists should, as responsible citizens, play that role as well, but there's an element of pure scientific inquiry I share myself, which is unrestrained and driven by a desire to understand nature—and sometimes to control nature—that doesn't put the brakes on. It just continues to go, and go, and go.

That's the beauty of science. It reminds me of my dog with a Frisbee; he just goes at it with that Frisbee until he drops! Scientists have that same kind of drive, in their desire to uncover new knowledge; and that means they're often oblivious to the consequences.

The discovery of atomic science—I don't think many of those scientists were initially thinking of the application. Rutherford, Max Planck, and Einstein didn't get into understanding atoms and nuclei because they were thinking of making a bomb. They simply wanted to know how nature works. Knowledge is a double-edged sword. Think about humans and fire. It spurred our evolution with the control of fire, but fire is a very destructive tool. Our ability to understand and therefore manipulate and control the atom conferred massive power. Power is always a double-edged sword. With biology, our increasing ability to understand and manipulate the genome is something that is also conferring massive power on us for something that is potentially good or bad.

How do scientists work in areas where the law hasn't been established yet?

They can't operate outside the law, obviously. It gets into a very tricky ground; scientists have to exercise judgment, and that's not always easy because often the outcomes aren't really known. So it can really get problematic, because the intentions might be good in some cases, but the outcome might not be what one was expecting.

Does the accessibility of potentially harmful knowledge frighten you?

It is scary, but what's even more amazing to me is how much it doesn't happen. Everyone all over the world could wreak so much havoc all the time on everyone else. The fact that it's rare is amazing. That actually makes me feel pretty good. If you ever think you're driving down a two-lane highway, it's amazing to me how we routinely trust that others are not going to veer into our lane. By and large, we work based on assumptions that people aren't out there to mess us up. There are so many opportunities in which if someone wants to, they could.

What scientific breakthroughs do you think you'll see in your lifetime?

I'm going to make a confident prediction that within ten years, our transportation systems are going to be transformed by self-driving automobiles. Google has established that cars can be driven by themselves. The efficiency gains and the safety gains from self-driving automobiles are going to be transformative. At the same time, we're going to have more electric vehicles, and my hope is that we're going to transform into a post-fossil-fuel-society in the coming decades. I'm really hoping for the day when we have these silent, electric vehicles that are running off of clean energy. We're still riding bikes, and we have a much more sustainable city in all ways, and it's being powered off of photons rather than gasoline molecules. ■

There's

a divinity
that



SHAPES
our ENDS,
rough hew them
how you will. ■

Spoken by Horatio, in *Hamlet* (c.1560), by William Shakespeare



Cathedral of Saint Mary of Toledo, by Madison Kasheta

LENNY FUTTERMAN

On the Three Natural Laws

In *Leviathan*, Hobbes details the “Natural Laws.” The laws of nature are defined as a “general rule, found out by reason, by which a man is forbidden to do that which is destructive of his life, or taketh away the means of preserving the same, and to omit that by which he thinketh it may be best preserved” (Hobbes XIV 79). This is different from the concept of the civil law in that they “are not properly laws, but qualities that dispose men to peace and to obedience. When a Commonwealth is once settled, then are they actually laws, and not before; as being then the commands of the Commonwealth; and therefore also civil laws: for it is the sovereign power that obliges men to obey them” (XXVI 173). He lays out nineteen natural laws, which he suggests men follow for the sake of their health and well being. The laws can be boiled down to three key rules, where the goal is to “Do not to another, which thou wouldst not have done to thyself” (XV 38).

The first of the three most important laws is Hobbes’ first law in which he states, “every man ought to endeavour peace, as far as he has hope of obtaining it; and when he cannot obtain it, that he may seek and use all helps and advantages of war” (XIV 80). This natural law’s goal is that men go against what seems to be a basic factor of human nature, the want to claim land as their own. Hobbes sees the intrinsic value that most men seek power wherever they can get it, and will do whatever is necessary to do so by stating “the condition of man (as hath been declared in the precedent chapter) is a condition of war of every one against every one, in which case every one is governed by his own reason, and there is nothing he can make use of that may not be a help unto him in preserving his life against his enemies” (ib.). The law “to seek peace, and follow it” (ib.) is one that could

alter the course of human history, if followed correctly. This is not to say that if one is attacked by another, to simply do as Jesus Christ states, to “turn the other cheek” (Matthew 5:38-42), but rather if need be, to “by all means we can [...] defend ourselves” (Hobbes XIV 80). This law’s importance stems from how much it connects to the goal of the natural laws, because this law “is destructive of his life” (XIV 79). The number of lives destroyed by war could very easily be saved if only people followed this law.

The second of the three main laws is the fourth law of nature—gratitude. Hobbes writes “that a man which receiveth benefit from another of mere grace endeavour that he which giveth it have no reasonable cause to repent him of his good will” (XV 95). In layman’s terms, if someone does a good deed to you, simply be grateful, rather than feel that you must pay them back. This removes the feelings of debt to another, along with the baggage that comes along with that feeling. If the law were followed, people would not support a politician for the sole reason of getting a position of power or leeway if the candidate is elected. Rather than this, men must do good to others for the sake of benefiting the other in some way. Hobbes wants us to gain “benevolence or trust” when we aid another, in order to connect with the first natural law, to seek peace (XV 95). This law neatly complements the first, in that with one comes the other.

The last of the three laws is Hobbes’ eighth law, against contumely. He implores the reader to put aside one’s differences and opinions about another, writing “[let] no man by deed, word, countenance, or gesture, declare hatred or contempt of another” (XV 96). This law is one in which every man has the opportunity to work on, no matter what their position in life. By respecting the basic rule of “if you don’t have something nice to say about someone, don’t say it at all,” men are far less likely to fight. As noted by Hobbes, “all signs of hatred or contempt provoke to fight, insomuch as most men choose rather to hazard their life than not be revenged” (ib.). This law again ties in with the previous two’s message of seeking peace, by simply not engaging in acts that are likely to cause the opposite from occurring. This concept is so basic and rarely followed that it sticks out very easily as

the most important of the nineteen laws.

However, one law that should be noted is Hobbes' fifteenth law, of Mediators. By stating that "all men that mediate peace be allowed safe conduct," he adds a little more benefit to those who actually make the effort to follow his laws (XV 98). He wants there to be an environment that, if one does good, good will follow. This is evident in the next sentence, "for the law that commandeth peace, as the end, commandeth intercession as the means; and to intercession the means is safe conduct" (XV 99). This ties in with his summary of the laws: "do not to another, which thou wouldst not have done to thyself" (XV 38).

In conclusion, these laws serve as a great basis for how to live one's life. If followed, they allow for a better world on the whole, with less death and destruction and more mutual respect. Hobbes believes these laws are "easy to be observed, for in that they require nothing but endeavor [...] and he that fulfilleth the law is just" (XV 100). This being said, we as a culture must follow these laws if we hope to survive for the next thousand years. ■

References to the text in this essay are to Hobbes, Leviathan (Hackett, 1994).

HANNAH FRANKE

Decay

How long did you lie there?
Crumpled like discarded waste
Slowly decaying into ash, so
Putrid not even the vultures dare feast.

Did you wait with your body?
Slowly seeping from soft flesh,
Not yet ready to relinquish your grip,
Little fleshy slugs coiling up,
Their heads peeking sideways.

Hands clasp, molding tissue.
Clay so susceptible to indentations,
Yet you had never recognized
How faulty these compressions are.

How did you realize?
Symmetrical bone understands
What she never will:
One palm embraces another,
Knows what hers cannot.

Are we made to intertwine?
When she found you, we waited.
Placing those worms amongst the dirt,
But you found no comfort.

Maggots deliver messages
But the larva is poor with snail mail.
So let go.
Time to understand has long passed.

Laertes and Hamlet's Struggle for Justice

Shakespeare devotes extensive time to Hamlet's character development in order to gain the audience's support when Hamlet plots his revenge against Claudius. In an effort to place Hamlet in a more positive light, Shakespeare also introduces Laertes as Hamlet's hasty and impulsive foil. Although it is obvious that Hamlet and Laertes share several personality traits, Shakespeare emphasizes Laertes' negative qualities, even though Laertes commits fewer immoral acts than Hamlet. By comparing the two characters, Shakespeare successfully masks Hamlet's immoral deeds and makes him a more favorable character. While both characters are correct in seeking to avenge their fathers' death, Laertes' hastiness leads him to become the more justified character in the play under Machiavellian standards.

Although Hamlet is the hero of Shakespeare's play, he makes many conscious and immoral decisions that lead to the deaths of Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern. After Hamlet witnesses Claudius' nervous reaction to the play, Hamlet no longer doubts what his father's ghost has told him. He then decides to kill Claudius after the play, but he changes his mind because he fears that he'll end up "sending [him] to heaven" if Claudius has been redeemed of his sins (Shakespeare 3.3.77-8). Hamlet then argues with his mother and kills Polonius, who is spying on their conversation from behind the tapestry. Hamlet's impulsive behavior in this scene demonstrates that his morals are not completely intact. While he claims to have been under the impression that he was killing Claudius, his statement is unlikely because he had refused to kill Claudius just a short while ago. In regards to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Hamlet does

not demonstrate any remorse for sending his two friends to their deaths in England because he feels that “a divinity that shapes our ends” was responsible for this (5.2.10). Even though Hamlet was sentenced to death in the letter from Claudius, there is no justification behind his alteration that leads to his friends’ deaths. Overall, the deaths of Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern are examples of the irrationality behind Hamlet’s actions. Though it can be said that Hamlet was correct in killing them because they were Claudius’ blind followers, there is no justification for him “explicitly rejecting any feelings of guilt for stabbing Polonius and for sending Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to be executed in England” (Kinney 218).

Despite being responsible for the deaths of three individuals, Hamlet’s constant self-reflection and his inability to overcome his father’s death portray him in a positive light. When Hamlet first appears in the play, he is “deeply distressed because of his father’s death and his mother’s hasty remarriage” (219). The grief he experiences reveals that he possesses a deep admiration and love for his father, feelings which prevent him from moving on even “four months after his loss” (222). When Hamlet learns that his father’s ghost has been sighted, he immediately ventures out to discover what is troubling his father’s spirit. Once Hamlet finds out that his father was murdered by Claudius, he decides to seek revenge and make amends for his father’s suffering in purgatory. The fact that Hamlet’s father is his sole motivation in seeking revenge makes him appear nobler because he is not embarking on this mission for personal gain. Although Hamlet decides to seek vengeance against Claudius, he is not always certain his pursuit is morally correct. Hamlet often questions himself and his actions throughout the play in order to make sure that his motives are morally justified. Not only does Hamlet question whether his father’s spirit could be wrong, but he also questions whether his vendetta against Claudius will lead to his own damnation (223). This mode of self-reflection creates an image of Hamlet that makes it difficult to dislike him (221). Since he is so critical of himself and is unsure of what path is more correct, it is difficult for the audience to dislike his character because he analyzes multiple situations in order to



Granary Burying Ground Tombstone, by Laura Kakalecz

arrive at what he feels is divinely ordained.

Like Hamlet's, Laertes' plot for revenge is also justified by his father's death; however, many of his reasons have selfish aims and lack proper investigation. When Laertes arrives in Denmark after Polonius' death, he immediately claims that he will seek revenge on Hamlet for killing his father. Claudius greets Laertes and provides him with his biased opinion of why Hamlet killed Polonius. Laertes' hastiness is evident in this portion of the play because he does not seek alternate explanations to understand Hamlet's motives for killing his father. Based on what Laertes hears from Claudius, he is convinced that Hamlet must pay, and together they concoct a plan to kill Hamlet. Even though Claudius is the one who proposes a fencing match, Laertes suggests that coating his sword in poison will guarantee Hamlet's death. Although this sort of "treachery for revenge never occurs to Hamlet" (Kinney 223), Laertes' actions are justified because "cruelty will be well used if it is performed all at once, for reasons of self-preservation" (Ascoli 213). In other words, Laertes' dishonest acts can be justified because he is performing the act to guarantee that he survives while Hamlet dies. However, Laertes' obsession with revenge against Hamlet makes one realize that he does not grieve over his father's death. He "does not mourn at all," which leads one to believe that he "just wants revenge" so that he is not accused of idleness (Kinney 222). Laertes' obsession with revenge is seen when he doesn't seek a second opinion regarding his father's death and in the selfishness behind his motives.

While Laertes may not show the same amount of character development in the play as Hamlet, he does possess admirable qualities that justify his revenge. Laertes is often seen as the irrational and impulsive character because he blindly follows Claudius' version of his father's death. However, there is no other person that Laertes can turn to for an account of his father's death. The only other person present was Gertrude, and it is illogical to turn to her for an account of Polonius' death since she is Hamlet's mother. It is obvious that her opinion will be biased in her son's favor, thus making it understandable that Laertes did not turn to anyone else for a second

opinion regarding Hamlet's motives. Furthermore, Laertes' claim that he will "cut [Hamlet's] throat i' th' church" appears extreme because church should be a place where people can seek asylum (Shakespeare 4.7.127). However, his attitude towards the situation is supported by the idea that an "allegorical hero can act free of the usual moral restraints, since he is moral only in the interests of his power over other men" (Ascoli 215). Although "trickery and violence are to be condemned," it is the only way in which Laertes' can achieve his revenge as quickly as possible (215).

Despite taking different paths to obtain their revenge, both Hamlet and Laertes are justified in their aims. While Shakespeare manages to place Hamlet in the best light because he is a "prince [that] conducts himself with patience and caution," the play depicts Laertes as an impulsive and unreasonable man (203). However, patience and caution are not enough to justify Hamlet's "murder of his fellow citizens, [or the] betrayal [of] his friends" (203). Hamlet has to carry the death of five people on his conscience while Laertes only carries one. Laertes may be disliked for listening to Claudius, but his impulsive attitude allows him to finish the deed swiftly without killing more people than the one involved. In the end, Laertes is the more justified character because his swiftness allows him to accomplish his revenge without involving others, while Hamlet's patience leads to the slaughter of unnecessary victims. ■

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View from Mt. Luxmore on the Kepler Great Walk, New Zealand, by Caitlin Outterson

ANNALISA DIAS-MANDOLY

Valley of Dry Bones, NM

for Ms. O'Keeffe

We sit,
ancient, antiquated, still
barren, burning, broken, bound.
We stare though ages
gathering
venerable rust and
bleaching
in the stifling sun.
We crack
in the divided
deserts
of the American imagination.

SYDNEY SHEA

A Quick Conversation with Christopher Ricks

Professor Christopher Ricks is the William M. and Sara B. Warren Professor of the Humanities, and serves as co-director of the Editorial Institute.

***On criticism:* What makes a good literary critic?**

What makes people good at absolutely anything at all. It's a good idea to be intelligent, to be compassionate, to be dispassionate, to be fair-minded and strong-minded; there are almost always things that are difficult to fit together. It's easy to be strong-minded and easy to be fair-minded, but difficult to be both, so I don't think a literary critic needs any other qualities than those that one finds desirable in anybody. It's a good idea to be responsible, to know the difference between evidence and some fantasy of your own. The critic is somebody for whom it's not so much a matter of knowledge, as a matter of noticing. If very good at it, critics notice the relationships between the things they notice. The scholar, on the other hand, is somebody who knows some things that you probably don't know—so there's a question of tact here too, because maybe you *do* know them.

***On poetry:* How do you think poetry speaks to us in ways prose does not?**

I don't. I think that Eliot is right in saying that whatever else they may or may not be, poetry and prose are different systems of punctuation. There is no superiority of poetry over prose any more than there is in the rhythm of dancing as against the rhythm of walking. There are never any respects in which poetry differs from prose other than the conventions of a particular

writer or a particular period. Agreed, there are important differences between poetry and prose just as there are important differences between black-and-white photography and color photography. But if someone says one is clearly superior to the other, it isn't.

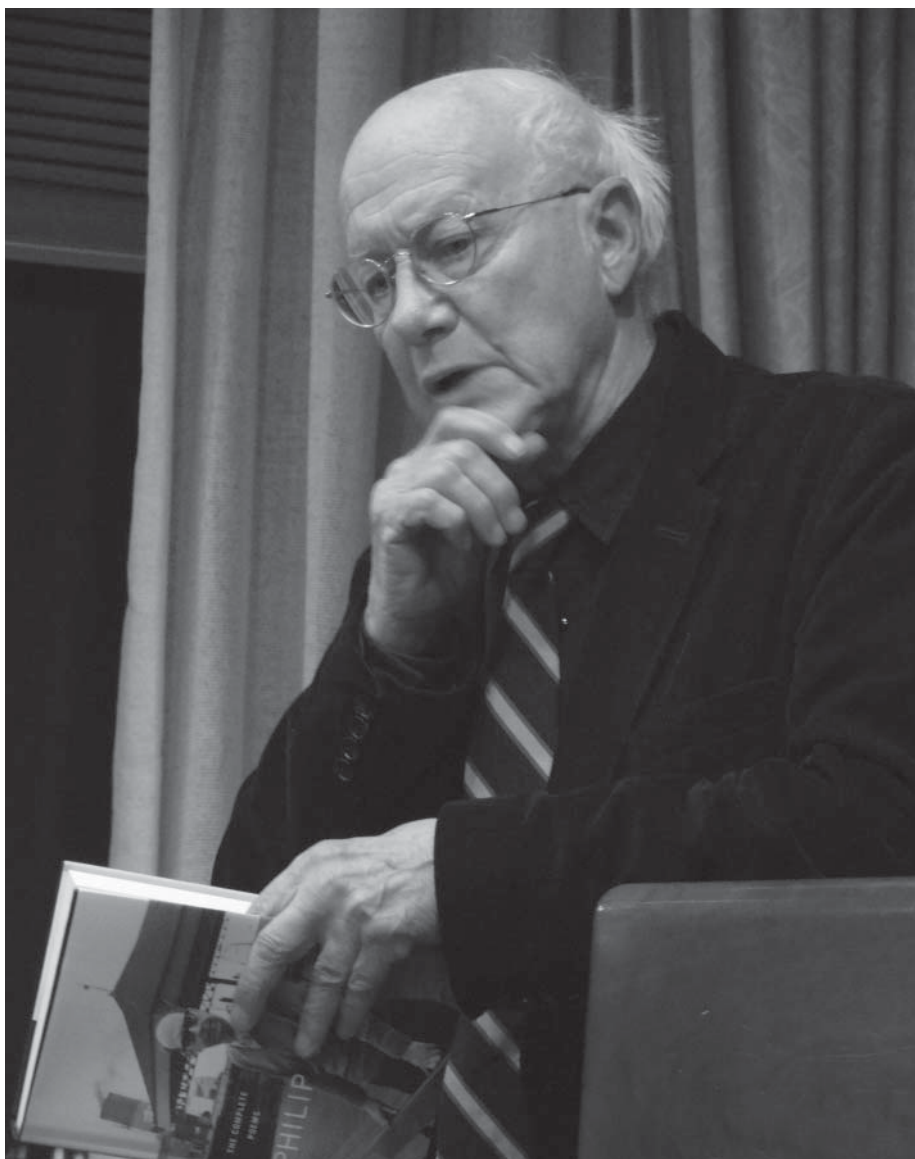
In poetry, is less more?

But I think that of prose, too. And there is wordy poetry. Wordsworth is, for me, the greatest English poet, if you think of Shakespeare as the greatest dramatist. And Wordsworth can be very wordy. What would be odd to say about Wordsworth's poetry in general is that what I love is its being succinct, so compact. Generalizations about the resources of prose and poetry don't work. When D. H. Lawrence says, "Thank God, I'm not free, any more than a rooted tree is free," his prose needs rhyme just as much as a poem may. Such prose doesn't use the regularity of certain poems, but nor does Walt Whitman's poetry. Then again, storytelling in poetry isn't characterized by compactness, and you're not sure you would want it to be compact. In a story, whether prose or poetry, you like the leisurely pace, you like the feeling that anything might turn up now. You're not insistent that every word be packed with meaning.

There are things you can do if you're very brief, and there are things you can do if you're not. It wouldn't have been a good idea for Tolstoy to try to get *War and Peace* down to the scale of a haiku.

On Austen: Why is there no sexual intercourse in *Pride and Prejudice*?

Jane Austen believes something that has a great deal of truth—that even imaginary people are entitled to privacies. There is a case for people not having sexual intercourse in public, as society has agreed that it is in the interest neither of the observed nor the observer. It violates privacies. Voyeurism, though inescapable, is not necessarily to be encouraged. Admittedly, all erotic art is accusable of being pornographic. When it's really good erotic art, it isn't pornographic, though it's a delicate thing to try and show why that is so.



Ricks about to recite Larkin at the 2012 Core poetry reading. Photograph by Zachary Bos.

I'd grant that it's imperative that these things, which are part of our everyday lives, should not have a sterilization order on them. But on the other hand, you may need something of a *cordon sanitaire*. It doesn't seem to be simply a gain that novels must not only show you people falling in love, they must show you people copulating, too. As to sex in Jane Austen: she knows that what people *say* is sexually powerful and terrifically suggestive—though sometimes it's only flirtation. The novel depends on decorum. Isn't the total abolition now of decorum as a concept very bad? You can't any longer make a point unobtrusively. And in any case, you can't ever show *everything* in a novel. If you put something in, you have to leave something else out.

***On technology:* Do you think the 'death of the word' is upon us?**

There are certain things that human beings can only do if they use words. Of course, screens are not word-free—screens are talking heads. But one of the reasons for needing music is that it can be wonderfully wordless. (I love listening to classical music when it's word-free. I enjoy it and think about it in some wordless way.) Words in literature are up to different things from words in instructions as to how to mend a punctured bicycle tire. ■

ALAN BLANCO

Manifesto of the Classical Modernist

You expect us to deliver a spectacle?
We can, with a proper set and tech.

You expect us to perform?
We can, with training.

You expect us to demonstrate a range of emotion?
We can, given the right direction.

You expect us to bring to life an illusion that haunts you for days
 and makes you forget how petty real life has become?

THEN STOP BUTCHERING THE TENDERLOIN OF THE AUTHORS!

(The Loin being his attempt to find something universally human.)

Why is theater seen as the playground for the intelligentsia? Is it so radical for a man to embrace his humanity, to express himself, and to partake in the brotherhood of man? Until recently, since the influx of technology of the past century, man partook in the arts to mark out the defining character of his world in an attempt to find his place amongst all of mankind. The computer, a tool, has usurped this position; it is in itself the defining marker of this age.

Theater has always been the one art form that deals directly with the human condition, our ability to feel and to contemplate. In English,

Shakespeare set the bar by which all others are measured, the one who covered all conceivable emotions in his plays, unlike any other. Yet the moment a high school boy hears his name, he groans and dreads the very thought of having to read him for class. More and more, I see this as a modern phenomenon. We can't spare a moment or two to chew a moment over and think about what a person is saying! Are we that demanding for instant gratification that we refuse to work to comprehend what others say if it's not s-p-e-l-l-e-d out for us?

How do we say things? It's not with words alone, that's for sure. It's never been that easy. We used to have body language and vocal tone that carried about 80 percent of what we actually said. Somehow that percentage drops in a text message. Modern age, you are ruining our ability to communicate. How is an author supposed to talk about the human condition when we are slowly losing the means to express those discoveries and drastic shifts? I will not command writers as to how they should or should not go about things. That would slight them of their creativity. However, I hereby pronounce this as the rallying call. Our artistic heritage is at stake, and unless we do something about it immediately, it may be lost for evermore. Let us recapture the lessons of the past once more! Let us spark a renaissance for the modern world, where the poet will be as celebrated as the technical innovator, the software programmer, and the computer engineer.

LET THESE TEN points serve as the tentpole for our reclamation:

1. Theater must not forget its origins. It brought people together to revel in the many feelings that man was subject to. God and Satyr both were celebrated. Everything in the spectrum of life was explored so that we could remember what makes us human.
2. We cannot afford to destroy language anymore, in whatever form.
3. Technology must work in harmony with the people on stage. Let the technology highlight, not distract, the emotion on stage.
4. Make the stories universal enough so that any man can relate to the

characters, but not so artistic as to lose the audience.

5. Have your audience at heart. Do not forget that the ones who pay are here to be entertained. Write for the pleasure of all, not your own intellectual aspirations.
6. Remind them that there is a world beyond the computer screen. Actors ARE their characters; they are not playing their characters.
7. Theater, as all art does, shows something about the time they were written; let us give them spectacle. Multimedia productions with an emphasis on the actors. *Deus ex machina* must take on a new form, technically speaking.
8. Remind the audience of that which makes us human. Let emotions take us. Share in the experience; do not let yourself be isolated behind a screen. Create a world that will sear the eyes and stab the heart, or feather-tickle the feet and brighten the soul.
9. Be the conduit that ties people together. Shake off this reputation for flimsiness and intellectualism which theater has gained. Make it the art of the Everyman!
10. Rework the classic archetypal stories and show their relevancy to the modern audience. There is a reason *Hamlet* is HAMLET and *Oedipus* is OEDIPUS. There is a reason we know their names, though it seems we have forgotten. May that never, EVER, happen again.

There is but one enemy, and that enemy can be seen clearly in many people's writings. For a long time, I could not put my finger on it. Then I realized I already had. These keys on this board, they lend themselves so well to shortcuts, shortcuts that minimize what we say and constrict how much we can say. I refuse to call these shortcut words, though they receive this undeserved honor! They are abominations to the language. There is no reason why I can say, "I LOL'd so hard" when I can just as easily say, "I laughed so hard." Three characters saved, and no sense retained. Shorthand is a useful skill, but once it seeps into the common use and replaces proper communication...that is just not acceptable. It should

not even exist as an option. It is a lazy attitude that does not belong in our culture. It narrows emotions such as hate and happiness to one word when they are much more complicated than that. “Detest,” “despise,” “loathe” or “blissfulness,” “glee,” and “delight” are words that show different shades and connotations though they more or less give off the same impression as “hate” or “happiness.” We risk to lose this subtlety that we intrinsically understand, though are not aware of immediately.

INSTEAD WE REPLACE it with this sad list. He recited sadly:

LOL = Lulled me to sleep.

IMO = You’re wrong.

IM = No—I’m

*\$ = Starbucks (I’m serious about this one)

LMAO = All I really got was a chuckle.

BFF = For now.

BRB = Never returns...

OMG = KNEEL BEFORE YOUR GOD, BABYLON!

ROFL = Nope. Just another chuckle.

SOS= Same Old Sh*t (Serious about this one too)

PG = Pretty Gross.

BYOB = Bring your own Bomb/Beer... Either/ Or

IDK = I Don’t Kare

POETS = To my guests: “Piss off early! Tomorrow’s Saturday”

ROFLMAO = Something very German about this language

BTW = I do not agree with your way.

JK = That’s your punch line?

OD = O dear...

O Computer Age! You make playwriting so much easier. All I need is to type away and quickly erase any and all blemishes without worrying too much about buying whiteout. You allow me to store

all my work, finished or not, in one spot for easy retrieval to work at my leisure. You are boon to the writer and bane of the creator. You allowed the ruin of the fabric of communication. Audiences expect a writer to delve into the human soul and mine it of every little bit of raw emotion. I won't be able to soon. I fear that I am losing my audience. They tune out the moment I cry out to them, "O world! Were I to bathe you in the waters of Nepenthe so to erase your memory of these atrocious miniatures, then, then I could enjoy peace." Melodrama can be fun under the right light, but people tune out because they have no idea what Nepenthe is. Big word! АНН! Run! No!! The average man rarely peers unto a stage for his entertainment; he has his shows to keep him satiated for mediocre, colloquial drama to live through vicariously, especially now that he can watch them online. How can I show the complexity of life when I cannot use multi-syllabic words? Rhetoric no longer has its place of honor amongst our studies anymore. Cicero and Demosthenes would only need half their skill to enrapture whole continents. Turning a beautiful phrase is simply uttering a full sentence now.

Why have we replaced the wisdom of times past with laziness? I DO NOT WANT OUR GENERATION TO BE REMEMBERED FOR ITS LAZINESS! Yes, one could argue that reworking the ancient stories is a form of laziness. Hard work comes from originality, right? Genius is shown from breaking new ground, right? To say that is to deny Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Joyce, and anyone else who might have been influenced by these men, for these men were influenced by their predecessors. Yet each created a *magnus opus* of originality. They did it with words that explored our emotions. They did it by inspiring men to act. They did not limit themselves to a few characters. Repetition served a purpose; it wasn't done because it was easy. *Le mot juste* was used, not just a word with a transitory and superficial meaning.

We live in an age that is constantly described as the most interconnected that has ever existed. But I am not the only one who fears we are losing our ability to communicate. When did we lose our ability to talk directly to other people? When did texting and tweeting overtake our ability to meet up with a friend? Do I really have to know that you're in line for

a burrito? Was it so necessary to tell me you just saw the COOLEST hat ever!? Seriously, I don't have to know you're on the toilet. Theater thrives on the direct interaction between audience and performer. It is symbiotic. We need to be there in person at the right times to feel something worthwhile. This shared emotion is truly worth knowing, and it can only happen when people are physically near one another.

My fight is not with technology though. My enemy is the man who refuses to use this technology to its full advantage. A world of knowledge is at the tip of your fingers; Google can be your omniscient and ever-present teacher—or your passkey to more pornography. And at the risk of sounding like one of those pesky intellectuals, I say: Let us be like our predecessors and use this cornucopia of knowledge to improve ourselves. Why can we not emulate those writers of Florence who strove to blend their world with the world of the past? Let us study the stories of the past and put them on stage in a new way! Just imagine what the audience would feel if they could see a close-up of Lear when he hears of Cordelia's death!! How wonderful is it when a good story is told? How much more wonderful is it when you see it happen before your eyes? Then you can say:

“I WAS THERE! I SAW IT! I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!”

WE MUST REMEMBER our foundation. We must bring it to life. Do not allow the reputation theater has gathered for itself to threaten you. Authors, consider yourselves Hercules, and this but another one of your tasks. Fuse the world of technology and unleash the promised wealth of knowledge it holds by going into the past and using the mountains of wisdom left behind. In this way, we may discover what makes us truly human and find that universal thread between all men. ■



Sketch of Caesar, by Matthew Miller

The Polarization of Religion and Knowledge

No one expected this line to be so long. Apparently being good is not the only requirement for getting into heaven. From prominent figures to common people, everyone waits impatiently at the gates. There is no such thing as wasting time once one is dead, so the wait is not much of an issue. Marx, Plato, and Milton lounge under a tree. Marx looks at Plato with a concerned expression; “It scares me to see you still here Plato, where you have been for a few thousand years...I don’t feel like waiting that long.”

Plato sighs, “As a comrade educated in philosophy, I am surprised with you, Marx. I have no intention of going into this ‘heaven’ that you speak of. It is fascinating to talk with those waiting, and discuss politics and hear about the world nowadays.”

“But can’t you just talk to everyone in heaven?”

“How do you really know you are waiting to go into ‘heaven,’ my friend? Who told you what we are waiting for? Is this really us at all? Do we exist? What is real?” replies Plato. Marx retracts, strokes his beard a bit, and gazes at him quizzically.

Milton groans, “Oh, shut up Plato, enough of your reality rubbish. I’m tired of thinking about that right now; it is terribly confusing and unnecessary. I really have no idea if we are truly here, or if this is all imaginary. But to be quite honest, I do not care.” Plato smiles and joins Marx in watching the others around him. Milton draws their attention by speaking next.

“Rather than continuing to ponder reality versus imagination, why don’t I recite to you both my poem, *Paradise Lost*? It seems relevant, but

more entertaining since I wrote it.”

Plato’s eyes light up, “Oh, I do love a good story, especially about the fall of mankind when we are sitting here under a tree waiting for this supposed ‘heaven.’”

Marx stops stroking his beard and looks to Plato and Milton; “Well, you both know how I feel about religion; maybe this will lead to an interesting debate of some sort. I could use some mental stimulation right about now.” Milton’s face beams, and he positions himself against the trunk, sitting upright, preparing to recite one of his most favorite works. Plato and Marx listen intently, soothed by the warm breeze and Milton’s poetry. After several hours his poem comes to a close:

The World was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
 They hand in hand with wand’ring steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way. [PL p.5]

“Oh, what a poem!” exclaims Plato, “I really like how you portrayed everything, I really resonate with the part about Satan and his rebellious angels being chained in Hell, then releasing themselves and creating Pandemonium. It reminds me so much of my allegory of the cave. But what does that mean about Satan? Is he the philosopher?”

Milton shifts slightly, interested in what Plato is saying, but is quite worn out from reciting all of *Paradise Lost*. “Friends, I would love to continue with my other poem *Paradise Regained*, but I am quite tired at the moment. I am going to nap a bit here, if you two don’t mind.” Milton leans back against the tree and closes his eyes. Plato and Marx rise from the ground and walk over to another tree to give Milton some peace and quiet.

Marx looks at Plato, “Your allegory of the cave has always fascinated me. What would it mean if Satan were the philosopher?”

“What an idea! It makes me really wonder,” ponders Plato. “Another part of Milton’s poem that interested me was the fact that God did not

want Adam and Eve to eat from the Tree of Knowledge. And Satan, our potential philosopher, was the one who urged Eve, in the form of a serpent, to eat the fruit. Could it be that Eve left the cave when she ate the fruit?" Plato blankly gazes off into the distance and Marx intently stares at him waiting for an answer. All the while, God has been perched on a branch above them in the tree. He had been relaxing there before they came, but their conversation had stirred his senses with its talk of Satan in a positive light. God lowers himself down and stands above Marx and Plato. The pair, oblivious to this entrance, continue with their thoughts.

God clears his throat, and pauses, "What is this cave you speak of?"

Plato shakes his head startled, shifting from his trance and looks up at God. He struggles, processing the question, "Pardon?"

God repeats, "This 'allegory of the cave,' what is it?"

Offended, Plato sits upright. "Have you not heard of it? Have you no time to read?"

God thinks for a moment, "Are you aware of whom I am?"

Plato laughs slightly, "I have heard a lot about you, but I am from before Christ, a time with multiple gods. Alas, I will explain my allegory to you. It is about seeking the truth. There are prisoners chained in a cave, and the only things they see are reflections in the form of shadows. There is an artificial sense to what they see. One prisoner is released; he emerges from the cave. This is the philosopher. He observes the sun, moon, other men, knowledge, and the truth. He begins to reflect on himself and pities those remaining in the dark. He is put back into the cave, struggles to describe what he had seen, and is rejected and killed by his fellow prisoners."

God sits down next to Plato and Marx. "So what does this have to do with Satan and the tree of knowledge?"

Marx, who has been silently observing all the while, decides to finally chime in. "From what Plato has said, relating Satan to the philosopher, I believe this enforces my idea that religion is the opium of the people. The fall of mankind in Milton's *Paradise Lost* is the attainment of knowledge and truth. Adam and Eve were blinded by religion in Paradise, and the

philosopher who had seen the truth told them to eat from the Tree of Knowledge and see the truth for themselves. Religion is merely a mask; it is the cave. It is a state of fantasy.”

God sits there for a moment. He is enraged, but calms himself before speaking. After a moment he is able to collect his thoughts. “I did not want Adam and Eve to eat from the Tree of Knowledge because I wanted to preserve their innocence and shelter them from the complexities of the world and the future of mankind.”

“What good is there in lying to your children?” retorts Marx. “Why hide the truth from them?”

Plato twiddles his thumbs, thinking hard. “Maybe it is because the truth hurts. When the philosopher first emerges from the cave, the light from the sun is blinding and the philosopher’s eyes hurt from the shock of the true light.”

God smiles, “Yes, religion is a form of refuge from the truth; an oasis from the evils of the world.”

Plato continues his thoughts, “So Milton shows us how Adam and Eve fell from your favor in order to explain religion?”

Marx replies, “Exactly. Since Adam and Eve sinned, they repent to God. Their way of dealing with what they did wrong is seeking God. Despite attaining the knowledge, they continue to be blinded by religion.”

God thinks for a moment. “Marx, my friend, what you say is your opinion. But I see Milton’s story as a means of justifying my ways, and my foresight.”

Plato is torn between both Marx and God’s ideas. “What about Satan? Why does Milton portray Satan as he does? I feel as though his depiction puts the church into question. Is it just to mask the truth? Why not let people create their own realities?”

“It’s called ‘predestination,’” comments Marx. “And it is the ruin of mankind because they are blinded by religion.”

“A bit dramatic now, aren’t we?” scorns God.

All along Milton was listening to the three discussing his piece. As he

begins to speak God, Marx, and Plato all jump with surprise, “I may be blind, but my ears work quite well. Your conversation has disturbed my nap, but I was rather entertained. I like that you all have your own opinions of the meaning of my work. My writing is meant to show the story of Adam and Eve, and how one interprets my work is the magic of poetry. The interpretations are limitless.” ■

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Nuestra Señora del Consuelo in Altea, Spain, by Madison Kasheta



Ames Building, Boston, by David Green

JULIA SINITSKY

The Other Side of Wealth

In *The Wealth of Nations*, Adam Smith enumerates the many ways in which human society benefits from specialization and trade. However, he himself admits that industrialization and specialization cause masses of people to be extremely efficient at very specific tasks, which renders them incapable of doing anything else. Despite the wealth generated by this division of labor, a great portion of population is left ignorant, uneducated, and oppressed by their lack of opportunities and practical knowledge in other areas of life. Adam Smith saw this, and urges the governments of industrialized countries to educate their citizens. He recognizes that a prosperous nation could not thrive without a well-informed, morally conscious and intellectually aware public. Smith believes that there is no point in an increased wealth and living standard if society as a whole degenerates morally and intellectually.

After a long explanation about the benefits of specialization, Smith carefully shows its darker side, and the ways in which it leads to the intellectual degeneration of workers. Smith writes that “in the progress of the division of labour, the employment of the far greater part...of the people, comes to be confined to ‘a few very’ simple operations; frequently one or two” (781). Smith argues that it is not good for people to have so little mental and physical exertion, and that this lack leads to a mental stagnation that is not beneficial to society. Smith shows that such a society will slowly deteriorate unless the public or the government takes action; he states that “[man’s] dexterity at his own particular trade [is] acquired at the expense of his intellectual, social and martial virtues. But in every improved and civilized society this is the state in to which the laboring poor...must necessarily fall, unless government takes pains to prevent it” (782). In a way, this ignorant state of men is worse than their state before the division of

labor.

Men who lack skill and education burden society. Smith states that a man who performs mundane and simple tasks: “has no occasion to exert his understanding, or to exercise his invention in finding out expedients for removing difficulties which never occur;” this causes such a man to “generally become as stupid and ignorant as it is possible for a human being to become” (782). Specialization then, in a way leads to a sort of “artificially manufactured” mental handicap. The division of labor is responsible for a whole sector of the population who effectively cannot think for themselves.

According to Smith, the uncultivated and uncreative minds of workers, immune to higher ideals, has a direct negative impact on society. Men whose minds have been made inferior by the nature of their work are not informed citizens who can make rational choices. These men cannot contribute to progress by inventing or creating; they have effectively become like the machines at which they work. Smith states: “The torpor of [a man’s] mind renders him, not only incapable of relishing or bearing a part in any rational conversation, but conceiving any generous, noble or tender sentiment, and consequently of forming any just judgment concerning many...of the ordinary duties of private life” (782). It is almost as if the division of labor suppresses some essentially human quality within people. Smith goes on to say that “the uniformity of [a man’s] stationary life naturally corrupts the courage of his mind...it corrupts even the activity of [a man’s] body, and renders him incapable of exerting his strength with vigour and perseverance” (782). Such is the future that Smith foretells for the average worker. It is a future far removed from the one promised by the profits and wealth gained from the division of labor, and one in which human beings are culturally devolving.

The negative consequences of the division of labor suggest that it might not be an improvement for humanity if it plunges the majority in to abject ignorance and poverty. It seems that the division of labor, while making society wealthy as a whole, separates the ignorant and impoverished masses from the wealthy elites. On its own, the division of labor only begets

material wealth, without making any contribution to the societal good. For this reason, Adam Smith argues that education is necessary: “though the common people cannot, in any civilized society, be so well instructed as people of some rank and fortune, the most essential parts of education, however, to read, write, and account, can be acquired at an early period of life” (785). Smith goes on to say that for the good of civilization, it is necessary for the general public to fund public education. He states that “for a very small expense the public can facilitate, can encourage, and can even impose upon almost all the whole body of the people, the necessity of acquiring the most essential parts of education” (785). According to Smith, without basic education, the masses would become so ignorant, that they would be unable to rationally participate in civil society.

Smith points out the lack of public schools in England during his time, as well as the flaws in the ones that existed. He writes, “there are no public institutions for the education of women...they are taught what their parents or guardians judge it necessary or useful for them to learn; and they are taught nothing else” (781). Here it clearly states that in the entire country, there were nonexistent opportunities for publicly educating half of the population. Smith later comments on the educational disadvantages of the poor: “[the common people] have little time to spare for education. Their parents can scarce afford to maintain them even in infancy. As soon as they are able to work, they must apply to some trade by which thy can earn their subsistence” (784-5). These kinds of conditions call for the intervention of the authorities or the public, for the general benefit of civilization.

Smith believed strongly that a society which gained wealth for wealth's sake only and overlooked the improvement of human condition was sadly lacking. A society where human creativity played no part became less civilized, despite the wealth it acquired. A society which did not strive to improve itself on a humanitarian level was morally lacking, and for these reasons Smith advocates public education. Smith sees that with the division of labor, the deskilling of the working class is inevitable, and sees the need for an intervention from the public sector to prevent this mass social

degeneration. Smith writes, “the public can encourage the acquisition of those most essential parts of education by giving small premiums...to the children of the common people who excel in them” (786). Smith also implies that it is in the public’s interest to educate the poor, so they make informed decisions which benefit society as a whole: “The education of the common people requires, perhaps, in a civilized and commercial society, the attention of the public more than that of people of some rank and fortune” (784). By having a well informed and educated society, all can benefit somewhat from the increased living standards which the division of labor makes possible.

While Adam Smith advocates new and efficient industrial principles such as the division of labor, he is very well aware of the negative social consequences that could arise from it. Without governmental or public intervention, the division of labor could lead to a richer, but less culturally advanced society. Because on the one hand, the division of labor affords greater wealth for society as a whole, but on the other, it causes the working class to socially degenerate, a counterweight is necessary. For Smith, this counterweight is public education of the poorest classes. With public education, society could become wealthier, without cultural devolution, and keep on reaping the benefits of a more advanced economic system. Without the counterweight of education, Smith warns of a bleak future, which is inferior culturally, intellectually and morally to the state of things before the advent of the division of labor. ■

*References to the text in the essay above are to Adam Smith,
An Inquiry Into the Nature & Causes of the Wealth of Nations, Vol. 2
(Liberty Fund, 1981).*



Inside the Chapel of San Pelayo, Santiago de Compostela, Galicia, by David Green

TIM ROSBOROUGH

Expectations

If only I had recorded the final day of my youth,
For how I long return.
Could witness the events, the mortal change
That robbed me of ambition.
Could avoid the actions, mental lapses
Leading up to my digression.
At least alter my current ways
—they are a bit lacking
In that beautiful audacity to do what comes to mind.
Imagination brewing and creating all the time.
I would disregard the criticism,
Forget prominent inhibition,
Worry would be a foreign idea because right now is present.
Now life is spun before my mind and disappoints my eyes.
All these webs of interconnections lurking there behind
Most of my decisions, formulated step by step.
Use of reason is respected.
Use in excess spawns regret.

Look and see.
What does the cusp of maturity
Believe it has provided me?
Knowledge, beauty, intuition?
Familiar mindset—all is common,
Yet, forces me into unease.
Privy to such wondrous delicacies,

Producing natural tendencies,
The likes of which I so despise
For they lead toward my own demise.
What lies
I spew,
Then hold my breath
I bind
Myself to solitude
To rid myself of such infections,
Imperfections unaccepted,
Interactions muddled and affected
By swarming thought processes.

Shouldn't I just let things go?
Act according to situation.
Sure, but I keep saying no,
In search of some kind of perfection.
But in this world it does not exist
So glaze over what's presented.
My former eyes did glitter,
Often on simplicities.
Now nostalgia calms my search,
Or muse despair, or fantasy.
I should allow my will to lead
With suggestions from my character,
As I have been years in this environment,

A lengthy social education.
Instead
I stand amongst frustrations,
Rest within the bore,
While my surroundings toil, weep, fight, and pray for death around me.

Old Lao says, "Act without expectation."
If only it were as easy as his quotation.
Perhaps if I could witness myself,
Then I could imitate myself as before.
Wise, but unknowing.
A king child, actions unwilling.
And thoughts keep from over spilling,
For far less evoked.
I would banish them with all my hope.
Ultimately battle future perception
To yoke desire with self-projection.



Swan Pond, Boston Public Garden, by David Green

Imagination *vs.* Reality

The dynamic tension between what humans view as imagination and reality is presented throughout many philosophical and even fictional texts. While imagination is complexly defined as “the power or capacity to form internal images... not actually present to the senses, including... projecting images of previously experienced qualities,” reality is simply stated as “what is real rather than imagined.” By these two definitions, it is clear that imagination and reality are two opposite worlds. In *The Meditations*, Descartes creates a dualistic mindset by separating his imagination from his reality, while in *Don Quixote* by Cervantes, the protagonist, Don Quixote blurs the boundary line between the two worlds, so his imagination fuses into his reality. Both Descartes and Don Quixote recognize their senses as tools in their realities, however in opposition. Descartes distances himself from his senses, forcing himself to think beyond his imagination and into his pure intellect to prove his reality. Don Quixote, on the other hand, replaces his senses with his imagination, and so his imagination becomes his reality.

Each character pursues a certain way of living and thinking that involves both imagination and reality. This quest-like search shows how each man integrates or segregates their respective imagination and reality. Don Quixote’s quest is a tangible one, for one day “he conceived the strangest notion... to become a knight errant, and to travel about the world with his armour and his arms and his horse in search of adventures” (Cervantes 27). This former hidalgo, influenced by the multitude of chivalrous books which he read in his free time, allows himself to get lost in his imagination. By suddenly realizing that he is a knight errant, Don Quixote’s imagination leads him to do knight errantly duties, such as obtain a suit of armor, a squire for companionship, and a lady to be enamored by. It is clear that

Don Quixote's imagination quickly takes over his reality, for throughout his quest to bestow honor upon himself and justice to the rest of the world, he loses his grasp on the previous reality he had lived.

Unlike Don Quixote's technique of blending his imagination and reality, Descartes segregates his two worlds. He seeks to prove what he thinks is actually true, and in order to do that, he must have a clear sense of the distinction between imagination and reality. Descartes' goal becomes evident when he says, "I have realized that if I wished to have any firm and constant knowledge in the sciences, I would have to... set aside all the opinions which I have previously accepted among my beliefs and start again from the very beginning" (Descartes 17). Descartes clearly separates his imagination from his reality, because he thinks in order to turn his beliefs into knowledge, he must justify them with only true information. Since his imagination cannot be defined as entirely true knowledge, he must segregate his imagination into an entirely different world.

There is a certain level of skepticism that arises when talking about imagination. In general, humans share a common concept of the imagination; however, individuals each have their own unique imaginations. There is also a magnificent aspect of belief incorporated into imagination. For Don Quixote, he does not think twice about becoming a knight errant. He says that, "there is no reason why someone with a plebeian name should not be a knight, for every man is the child of his own deeds" (Cervantes 43). This belief that someone can become whoever they desire to be is the driving force behind Don Quixote's transformation into a knight errant. Since he imagines he is a knight errant, he is one. This concept is difficult to understand for people whom Don Quixote encounters, because they do not have insight into his imagination. On the other hand, Don Quixote disables those skeptics from proving to him that he is not a knight errant, because he incorporates reality into his imagination. For example, when he encounters a quiet, country inn, he takes it for a castle. When he comes across a set of windmills, he believes them to be monsters. Since Don Quixote can incorporate real things into his imagination through belief, the

boundary line between imagination and reality becomes even more blurred in his world.

The level of skepticism in *The Meditations* is immensely greater than that in Don Quixote. Descartes begins his pursuit by doubting everything he has acquired from his senses because he believes he cannot trust them. He explains that, “everything which I have thus far accepted as entirely true has been acquired from the senses... But I have learned by experience that these senses sometimes mislead me, and it is prudent never to trust wholly those things which have once deceived us” (Descartes 18). He thinks his senses are sometimes unreliable and give false information, such as an evil smile or a happy cry, so he chooses not to trust them at all. Descartes strives to turn his beliefs into knowledge, but in order to do that; he must only use what he knows is absolutely certain which does not include information gained from his senses. The only idea Descartes knows for certain is that he has a mind. This *cogito* is the foundation for the rest of *The Meditations*, and Descartes proves it to be true when he states, “*I am, I exist*, is necessarily true every time that I pronounce it or conceive it in my mind” (24). He knows he has a mind because thinking is a self-evident existence. Although Descartes distinctly separates his imagination from his reality during this skeptical realization, he does recognize both as innate ideas, those which come from within him. His imagination clearly comes from within himself, since he is the only one that can see into his own imagination. He now, however, is including his reality as an innate idea because he is developing his reality from bottom up, only from thought experiments in his mind.

In order to fully separate his imagination from reality, Descartes digs deeper into his mind to differentiate his imagination from his pure intellect. Throughout his thought process, he begins to understand that pure intellect involves a higher understanding and reason while imagination is simply a means to achieve pure intellect. While only using the pure aspect of thought to prove his reality, Descartes explains in the third meditation that “even bodies are not properly known by the senses nor by the faculty of imagination, but by the understanding alone” (33). In the beginning,

Descartes even doubts his own body. He believes humans only know that they have bodies due to sensory perceptions, which he has already doubted. This realization supports Descartes' mission to use only his mind and what he knows is certain to prove our existence in the world, thus further distancing his imagination from his reality.

Don Quixote, on the other hand, does not possess that level of pure intellect that Descartes does. For Don Quixote, his entire imagination takes over his reality, so there is not room left for pure intellect of any kind. If Don Quixote did acquire some level of pure intellect, the higher understanding would demolish the world he has created for himself as being a knight errant. His existence as a knight errant relies on his imagination working through every situation brought upon him, so any intellectual thought would change his view that imagination and reality are one.

In general, *Don Quixote* displays imagination, while *The Meditations* tests imagination. Throughout *Don Quixote*, the knight errant encounters real obstacles and overcomes them in a way in which his imagination has told him. For example, once embarked on his journey, Don Quixote realizes that he has not yet been knighted. Very disturbed by this idea, he pleads the inn-keeper to knight him the following morning. Don Quixote's imagination leads him to believe that he could not continue on his quest without first being knighted. Anyone, except Don Quixote, would view this act as nothing more than a display of imagination with no thought process behind it. The only difference with Don Quixote is that he views the act as his reality, not imagination. His thought process stops at the belief that he needs to be knighted because his imagination has told him that being knighted is a requirement of a knight errant. Again, imagination and reality collide in the world of Don Quixote.

Descartes tests his imagination through thought experiments. He uses his imagination to create a certain situation in which he can intellectually process to come to a conclusion. For example, Descartes creates his perfect dream analogy. During this thought process, he tries to distinguish a dreaming state from a waking state since he realizes, "there

are no conclusive indications by which waking life can be distinguished from sleep” (19). Descartes believes that dreams include sensory perceptions which he had previously obtained, but since he has already doubted all sensory perceptions, he cannot distinguish dreaming from waking. Because ordinary dreams typically have some clue to indicate a dream state, such as defying gravity or un-sequential events, he creates a “perfect dream,” which is not distinguishable from reality. Through this thought experiment, his general argument is: if one is dreaming, then one’s beliefs are unreliable. He creates the perfect dream so that one cannot tell if they are awake or dreaming, so they cannot trust their beliefs, because if they are in fact dreaming, then their beliefs are unreliable. These thought experiments allow Descartes to isolate his imagination from pure intellect, which he uses to further prove his reality.

Both Descartes and Don Quixote have distinct views on their reality in comparison to their imaginations. Although according to definition, imagination and reality are polar opposites, Don Quixote appears to completely intermingle his imagination into his reality, while Descartes skillfully distances his imagination from his reality until he can prove what he believes is actually true. As much as Don Quixote or Descartes tries to completely integrate or segregate imagination from reality, it seems that there is a balance between the two ideas which cannot be pushed to the extremes of either Don Quixote or Descartes. ■

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Glennallen, Alaska, by Katelyn Eng

Lesson

A child coos and claps when the puppet
hawking alphabets on TV asks, *Now*
what my tots is This neat thing?, if the tot
knows what kind of thing *It* is.

You know why;

we are pleased by things we recognize; are
teased by things which are similar but not
quite the same; and are afraid of unlikeness.

These facts suggest a set of **Codling Rules**
for **Better Reading**:

I. DON'T mistake the truth
for something written on a page; or screens
for mirror-glass; or the bones of a sage
for learning.

II. SEARCH in words for the center
of a circle of *i-n-f-i-n-i-t-e* radius.

III. BE RUTHLESS in not understanding.



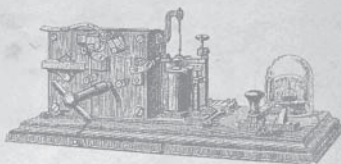
MONT VENTOUX

GIGANTE DELLA PROVENZA **TÉLÉGRAPHIE POUR CENT ET UN ANS** LE GÉANT DE PROVENCE

I FIND NO PEACE, AND
I AM NOT AT WAR,
I FEAR AND HOPE, AND
BURN AND I AM ICE;
I FLY ABOVE THE HEAVENS,
AND LIE ON EARTH, AND
I GRASP NOTHING
AND EMBRACE
THE WORLD.

PETRARCH TRANSLATED
BY MARK MUSA
IL·CANZONIERE
RE·134

6 AVRIL 1327



From *Il Canzoniere* (a.1374) by Francesco Petrarca, tr. Mark Musa

Talking with Roye Wates, scholar and teacher

Roye Wates is Professor of Music in the College of Arts and Sciences, Senior Faculty Advisor, and Director of the Independent Majors Program. She has lectured on music topics many times over the years since the inception of Core, most recently in Spring 2012 when she spoke to the students of CC202 about Don Giovanni. Her book, Mozart: an Introduction to the Music, the Man, and the Myths, provides the means for readers of any musical background to explore the life and work of this extraordinary composer.

What first sparked or fostered your passionate interest in music that has comprised such a remarkable career in both study and teaching?

I was going to be a physician, you see. I wasn't involved in music at all. I was going to be a doctor: either a doctor or a vet, because I loved animals. So, from early childhood it was definite that I was going towards the sciences. Then, in my freshman year in college, I fell in love with music. My college in the south was affiliated with a conservatory of music, which was right next door. Weather being what it was, the windows were open a lot and I heard people practicing and it was like a siren song; I was just summoned. One thing led to another and I stopped going to chemistry lab because I was spending all of my time, spare or not spare, doing music: reading about music, studying music, teaching myself how to sight-read, listening to rehearsals, going to performances. All I thought about was music. And then I had a couple of experiences which I would say were spiritual, which seemed to send me towards music, about which I knew nothing; but I said, the heck with it, I want to find out about this. So that's what started it and I spent most of my undergraduate time not doing classwork, but doing



Professor Roye Wates, 2012. Photo by Madison Kasheta.

music. My parents would not permit me to major in music. That sort of thing is true with many parents today. It's most unfortunate; it's cruel, in fact. It was a serious mistake in my case, but the result was that I studied everything else. I nearly went to graduate school in philosophy, for example; I came close. But enough of that. Eventually I went to Yale and got a PhD in history of music, but I didn't have adequate preparation because I hadn't been allowed to study music. I somehow survived (*laughs*), not easily. And then I figured that I had a bit of a gift for teaching. I loved to teach. And

so the two came together. I'm particularly interested in doing things like teaching for Core and teaching music appreciation courses for non-majors. Because I was a non-major myself, you see, and was trying to figure out what in the world was going on in this incredible art from an amateur's perspective, it seemed natural that I would specialize, if you will, in teaching this kind of student.

What brought you to Boston from Alabama, to teach at Boston University?

First, Yale University. And I fell in love with downhill skiing. I had a roommate at Yale who had been to Munich for a year, where she had learned to ski. And so I said, well, I have to learn to ski too. I would've died in a winter like this [... *in which only 8 inches of snow fell. -Eds.*]. I would've been so angry and frustrated because I just couldn't stand being anywhere where I couldn't see snow. I'm very childish that way.

What are some of the major ways that BU has changed since you began teaching here in 1962?

A million ways. When I first came here in the 60s, a long time ago, they were just building the Law School and the Student Union, for example. And the Boston Red Sox were nothing at that time, just pathetic. I remember an announcer on television describing them as "playing like a high school team." Pretty insulting, and pretty true. BU has become much more international. It was not international then; most of the students came from the Boston area. That changed in the 60s, and the faculty became much stronger. Have you ever heard of the "PhD glut?" That occurred in the 1960s. The "Baby Boom" occurred just after World War II, and the children of the Baby Boom, who had been born in 1946/1947/1948, started coming to college in the mid-60s; later they began to get PhDs, and there weren't jobs for all of them, which meant that places like BU could compete for the finest PhDs in the country, even though our salaries were lower than salaries at Harvard or MIT. So we began to have great faculty and we have improved ever since. And the student body's intelligence level went up as a

result. It's all because of World War II, you might say (*laughs*). BU is more diverse now, which has brought complications and challenges for teaching. For example, in my classes I have maybe 15% of students for whom English is not their first language. This is not true in the Core, because students who have difficulty with the language are not as likely to take courses that require so much reading. But almost all of them have some sort of background in music, so they take Music Appreciation.

Students of the Core Curriculum study a wide range of artists and thinkers, Mozart being one of many. What do you think are the most important things that we should take out of our study of Mozart?

I guess my main goal is to whet your appetite, which was a goal of mine for the Faust Roundtable. There's so much Faust and so much music and my presumption is that most of you are unfamiliar with this music that I'm going to be talking about, so my main idea is to give you excerpts of as many different pieces as possible to show you the vast array of possibilities in hopes that you will go and explore that yourselves. But in the case of Mozart, where you at least spend one discussion hour on it or something with the faculty, what I'm trying to accomplish in the lecture is to provide a serious introduction to what opera is and what an important person Mozart is: that he's not just this guy who wrote *tinkle-tinkle* music, elevator music; that he's much more serious than that. If you can get a glimmer of that and want to explore it further and want to go see operas and so forth, then I think I've done my job.

What about Beethoven?

I'm glad you're going to [study Beethoven]. Any study of the Enlightenment and Romanticism absolutely must have *Faust* in it and must have Beethoven's *Ninth*, period. You can't make sense out of those periods without those two works. And if you're going to teach Beethoven in 2012, I think the *Ninth* is the work to teach because the last movement is about brotherhood. It's a plea for brotherhood by a composer who was

at that time 55 years old and had been deaf for a long time. He's pleading optimistically—like a preacher of the Enlightenment—for universal brotherhood, and that is just extraordinary, and we need that right now.

Though all of Mozart's work is said to be of "astonishing quality," is there anything in *Don Giovanni* that you think could've been different or better?

I'll tell you the thing about Mozart that has never been matched. In his generation, which includes the generation of Beethoven and before them, Haydn, it was considered *de rigueur* that a composer be a master of his craft, that is, be able to compose at a high level, at a level of mastery, in all genres: church music, opera, chamber music, symphonies, amateur music, and so forth, all the way across. Mozart is the only composer known to me who ever did that, and he worked like a demon for 35 years in order to achieve it. His greatest difficulty was with string quartets, of which Haydn had been the master, and so Mozart took it upon himself to try to match Haydn's achievement, which took him a long time and it proved very difficult. Beethoven attempted it; Schubert attempted it; but in the Romantic generation—Chopin, Wagner, Verdi, and so forth—some composers had a different outlook. They found their personal medium of expression. Chopin wrote almost exclusively for the piano, for example. Verdi wrote operas. Wagner wrote operas. They did not feel this compunction, as had the Classic Era of composers, to do it all. Another important difference is that Mozart never regarded himself as a genius. That word, and that concept, emerged only in the 19th century.

When you think about the opera *Don Giovanni*, there are lots of things you can criticize or at least question: for example, in the first act, when Leporello sings to Donna Elvira in the so-called "Catalogue Aria," describing all of Don Giovanni's exploits. What do you think Donna Elvira thinks about all this?—she's got to stand there for five minutes being humiliated. What woman would do that? Is that a fault of the libretto or the fault of the music? I think it's a fault of the libretto. There's another scene in Act II, again with Donna Elvira, when she's looking out of her

window, thinking to herself about Don Giovanni and wondering how she feels about him, and Leporello and Don Giovanni are outside. It's dark and they're hiding, and Don Giovanni ultimately exchanges clothes with Leporello. Meanwhile, they sing insultingly to her, while she is singing. I've asked a couple of people who have played both roles, Don Giovanni and Leporello, how do you play that scene and how is it stage directed?—because stage direction is of crucial importance. And one colleague said, "I've never liked that scene. I've never had the slightest idea how to play that scene, either as Leporello or as Don Giovanni." He thinks it's badly written, in terms of the libretto. Another thing that is much talked about is the epilogue after Don Giovanni goes to hell. Throughout the 19th century and well into the 20th, the epilogue was often not performed. The opera ended with Don Giovanni going to hell. And lots of famous criticism, including Kierkegaard's—by criticism I mean not condemnation, but serious discussion—is based on the opera *without* the epilogue. Writers sort of interpreted Don Giovanni as a heroic figure because he stands firm even against the devil—isn't he brave, isn't he wonderful, and so forth—and so people think the epilogue must've been a mistake. But if you subtract the epilogue (which is actually not an epilogue but the *scena ultima*), you have a very different opera. With it, you are jerked back to normalcy again, but not very amusingly. Some people have pointed out that the music of the epilogue is dull; and so forth. You can think about such things. On the other hand, some of the most amazing moments, like the opening of the opera, are just knock-down brilliant: the mixture of styles, the ingenious creation of counterpoint that is simultaneously both musical and dramatic. The only composer who could equal Mozart in that was Verdi.

If you had the chance to meet Mozart, what would you ask or say to him?

(*long pause*) I think I'd just say a very devout thank you. ■



Poster by Zachary Bos for Spring 2012 performance of *The Assemblywomen*

BRIAN JORGENSEN

Everything Is Everyone's

Under the direction of Prof. Stephanie Nelson, the students and faculty of Core and Classics come together each spring to put up one of Aristophanes' lewd comedies. This year's show was The Assemblywomen. Written in 391 BCE, this play features the indomitable Praxagora as the leader of a group of women who dress up as men and convince the Athenian Assembly to let women take control of the city. The women abolish private property of all kinds. Everything is to be held in common, including the women themselves. Over the years, faculty blues band Fish Worship has become a staple part of the Aristophanes line-up, entertaining the audience before the show with rock covers and original songs.

Prof. Jorgensen wrote the lyrics below specifically for this spring's performance.

(Rolling melody with a backbeat)

One war is over and another goes on
The Ship dead in the water and the rudder is gone
Greedy lying slander, fads are the new craze
Fecklessness fiercely rules, how did it get this way?

Social science launched a quantitative study of events
Revealed the female population in the government
Was significantly lower than the national percent
And then all the women voted for the next Amendment
(It won. It said:)

"We, the women of the nation at large
"Are forthwith the sole and sovereign gender in charge
"Let the law of the land be *Everything In Common*:
"All goods, properties, and citizen women"
(Wait, does that mean . . . ?)

Yes, sex with whoever, but the ugly ones first
Dinner is nationalized, feast until you burst
Crime is over, because nothing is owned
Knock down the houses, it's all one big home

Chorus:

Everything is everyone's (x 3)
Look at all our stuff and pretty girls

I surrendered my stove, refrigerator, and desk
My grandmother's silver, the stuff the kids left
The clothes, house, car, lawn mower and bank account
And went looking for something pretty to mount

Chorus:

Because everything is everyone's (x 3)
Look at all our stuff and pretty girls

As the years go by, I guess I'm glad I did
Walk down the street saying, "Look at all my kids
"One like me with Sally, one like me with Tammy
"One like my former wife with my best friend Sammy"

Bridge:

Sometimes I remember a lamp in our old room
We'd scratched in our initials, she wore birthday perfume

In that familiar flicker she would whisper my name
And many memories were seen dancing in the flame

Chorus:

Now everything is everyone's (x 3)
Look at all that stuff and all those girls

Now the country is a kangaroo, and we're all in her pouch
We fornicate and gorge watching TV on state couches
The nation goes hopping to a happiness tune
The Corinthians are out there, so we'll have to shape up soon

Chorus:

Everything is everyone's (That's what the Corinthians say)
Everything is everyone's (x 2)
Look at all your stuff and all your pretty girls

This story comes courtesy of Aristophanes
Prof. Henderson translating all the obscenities
The actors are prepared and hoping to please
And Prof. Nelson is ready to run it all with ease

Chorus:

Everything is everyone's
Everything is everyone's
Everything is everyone's
Look out

ANNALISA DIAS-MANDOLY

The Slave Ship

for J.M.W. Turner

Your blazing maelstrom fixed my eyes
and pulled me in while I hurried
through another walk around the Museum of Fine Arts.

I had come in through Corinthian columns,
up the Italian marble staircase, and to prove my cultivated sensibility,
I ran my fingers along the intricately cast iron banister.

I passed up the exhibition on Mogul handicrafts,
and entered those silently comfortable rooms
containing French impressionists and Flemish masters.

I must have gotten lost and somehow wound up
in the English Romantic gallery.
It was never my intention.

I glimpsed a quiet circling of hope going down in the waves
from those hands breaching the water's surface
and stretching out of their iron shackles.

With a brush and paint you
imprisoned the dead and the dying
in their explosive struggle to reach us.

MADELEINE LEE

If You Give a Patient a Pill

*The art of medicine consists in amusing the patient
while nature cures the disease – Jonathan Swift*

A man can make himself sick, worrying about his health. Fortunately, Glenn was a practical type of man. He knew that for every sickness there is a cure, and for every cure there is a prescription. One morning, Glenn woke his wife, Clarissa, with a tremendous sneeze. Clarissa rose from bed and slipped on a robe. As she turned on a pot of tea, Glenn informed her he would seek a doctor's advice to treat the common cold rather than wasting his time with tea and tissues.

"Clarissa, if this is something more than a cold, you'll be happy I went to the doctor. I just read an article about a guy in New York that thought he just had the common cold, but really he had pneumonia! To think that this happened in this day and age, when all is treatable by medicine! If only he had seen a doctor."

"I hardly think you have pneumonia, Glenn. It was one sneeze. Why don't you just rest today? I'm sure you'll be better tomorrow," Clarissa insisted as Glenn zipped his coat.

"I'm not going to wait around while my health rots. Time for some real medicine!"

Glenn trudged through four blocks of snow to the office of his dear friend, Dr. Jacobs. By the time he climbed up to fifth floor office, his cold cheeks had begun to sweat a bit.

"Oh Glenn! What is the meaning of this? Red cheeks! You're glistening. Is that sweat or is it snowing again? We really must get an elevator in this old building. Quick, lie down," Dr. Jacobs ushered his favorite customer to a reclining chair.

"My cheeks are red? I swear they looked a little off when I left the house. And to think that's not even the reason I came!"

"More problems? What's this now?" Dr. Jacobs pulled out a notebook and began briskly writing down details of his panicking patient. Glenn described the sniffles he felt early that morning. "No need to suffer, my friend. I have prescribed you a steroid to control the redness in your cheeks, some Claritin allergy medicine to keep those sniffles at bay, and finally two pills of Tylenol every six hours to prevent any headaches. You'll be better in no time."

Three days later, Glenn's sniffles were totally gone. In fact, the allergy medicine had dried his sinuses completely—Glenn was getting nosebleeds throughout the day, accompanied by unexplained stomach pains. These troubled Glenn enough to call Dr. Jacobs.

"Ah yes, the stomach pains are a common side effect of the steroids. I can prescribe you some acid reflux pills for that. As for the bleeding, I will call in a prescription for a special nose spray. Is the rash gone? Good. And the sniffles? Ah, good. Well then, let's fix that belly of yours. Just one warning, the cold medicine and nose spray have similar jobs, so when they work together, they can be pretty strong and you may notice some headaches. Not to worry though, the Tylenol should cover that."

Glenn thanked his doctor and rushed to his pharmacy to fill the prescriptions. Clarissa watched cautiously as Glenn lined up his pills with his lunch during the week: one Claritin, one steroid, one acid reflux pill, two squirts of the nose spray, and two Tylenol. During the week, Glenn began to feel very dizzy and started throwing up.

"Honey, I think this is from all that medicine you're taking. All these pills can't be good for you. Why don't you just rest and see if things go away on their own?"

"Clarissa, do you know nothing about medicine? Each of these pills is the cure to one of my problems. Don't blame them for making me sick when they're the only things holding me together!" Glenn yelled from the floor of the bathroom. At the end of two weeks, Glenn couldn't keep any

food down and had lost thirteen pounds.

At Glenn's next appointment, Dr. Jacobs did not seem concerned about the weight loss. "Nausea is perfectly common from the dizziness you are feeling. There is no need to worry, it is all part of the recovery process! You must finish out your doses of the spray, the allergy medicine, and the steroids because we definitely don't want you getting that cold or rash again. As for this nausea, the pressure from the vomiting is not good for your lungs. Fortunate for you, they've recently discovered another steroid to soothe the strain on your stomach and lungs. I must warn you that it has been recorded that some patients, let's see..." Dr. Jacobs ruffled through some papers on his desk, "... yes, about 10% of patients have experienced a bit of joint pain due to this steroid."

"If it protects my lungs, it's worth the side effects. I trust your judgment, Dr. Jacobs. Modern medicine doesn't lie."

"Very true, my friend. And may I suggest a cane to help with the joints, just as a precaution of course. I've also schedule an appointment with the eye doctor. The dizziness can really tire out your eyes and I wouldn't want you to suffer any more than you have to right now."

"Thank you, doctor. I appreciate your help." Glenn used the cane to support his slim body as he walked out of the office and down the stairs.

When Glenn reached his walkway with his cane in one hand and new package of steroids in the other, Clarissa was waiting at the door.

"Glenn! Get in here, its freezing! What are you doing with that cane? I can barely stand to look at you like this. You've lost almost fifteen pounds from throwing up that medicine, your eyes are bloodshot from dizziness, and what's this? More pills? I wish you would have just rested, dear. This began with a sniffle—what's next?!"

Glenn stared confidently at his wife. "There is no need to worry, dear. Dr. Jacobs has recommended that I see an eye doctor so that my eyes will be cleared up in no time. For every illness, there is a cure. I am in good hands, my dear. Don't waste your time worrying about me. I'm in the hands of modern medicine!" Glenn raised his cane in excitement and stumbled onto

his wife's forearm. "Now, would you mind driving me to the eye doctor?"

As Glenn lay on his new doctor's chair, with magnifying lenses all around his head, the ophthalmologist examined his eyes very closely, emitting agreeable mumbles with every shift in his position. "Ah yes, it seems that your eyesight has gotten much worse, I fear. This is not unusual with extreme dizziness such as you've been experiencing. Let me prescribe you some glasses that will make everything a bit clearer."

While Clarissa signed off for the glasses with the secretary, Glenn began to limp timidly down the hallway, wearing his new glasses. The new clarity in vision and closeness of objects so shocked his fragile mind that he fainted before he reached the door. Clarissa immediately rushed to his side and called an ambulance.

Glenn woke up in a hospital bed attached to an IV that was replenishing his body with the fluids he had lost from the vomiting. Unable to see the hospital doctor without his glasses, Glenn listened to his wife's banter with the doctor at the opposite end of the room. He felt around his bedside table, and upon finding his bag of prescribed pills, clutched them to his chest for comfort.

"May I ask you for your husband's medical history?" The doctor questioned Clarissa. "It seems he is too frail to speak coherently with us right now."

"Medical history? Doctor, my husband's medical complications come from your so-called solutions! He began this journey with a common cold—merely a sniffle!"

"Oh no, a cold? That could often lead to pneumonia. But not to worry, we have medicine for that. Ma'am?" Clarissa, who had begun packing up her purse, snatched the bag of pills from her husband.

"No need, doctor. We have soup and tissues at home, thank you." With that, Clarissa signed the papers to have her husband released from the hospital. ■



Walker in Sydney, Australia, by Julien Uracca

The Bolshevik Cult of Personality and Marx's Revolutionary Vision

Karl Marx is best known for his uncensored criticism of capitalism. More directly, it is Marx's revolutionary philosophy for which he remains famous. Arguments against bourgeois capitalist greed, the strength of the working class, the creation of socialism and its eventual derivative, communism, can all be attributed to Marx. A prime example of Marx's revolutionary plan in action is the Bolshevik era that led to twentieth-century Soviet Russia. The movement demonized the tsar for his injustice against the common man, and in true Marxist fashion, overthrew the Russian leader and his government. Despite Marx's early influence, the Bolshevik Revolution strayed far from its Marxist roots, which completely opposed the cult of personality that surrounded Vladimir Lenin's life and death.

Marx explains that the commodification of labor forces the working-class man to effectively sell himself, against his own will, in order to survive. Within a capitalist society, the laboring man is a wage worker. That is to say, he sells his skills to survive. Marx notes, "The exercise of labour power is the worker's own life-activity, the manifestation of his own life, and this life-activity he sells to another person in order to secure the necessary means of subsistence; he does not even reckon labour as part of his life, it is rather a sacrifice of his life" (204). Hence, labor itself is a commodity to be bought and sold by capitalist owners and their workers, respectively. Marx goes on to make a powerful comparison between the working-class man and the

slave. He says that the slave “does not sell his labour power to the owner, any more than the ox sells its services to the peasant; the slave is a commodity which can pass from the hand of one owner to that of another; he is himself a commodity, but the labor power is not his commodity” (205). He likens the average working-class man to a slave who is objectified, whose skills are exploited, and who is never able to reap the reward of the wealth that he has himself produced. In such a situation, the proletariat is eternally at the mercy of the bourgeois, who buys labor at the expense of the working-class man’s life.

Marx combats the way in which the machine strips value from the worker, making him expendable. He explains, “The greater the labour army among whom labour is divided, the more gigantic the scale on which machinery is introduced, the more does the cost of production proportionately decrease, the more fruitful the labour; hence, a general rivalry arises among the capitalists to increase the division of labour and machinery and to exploit them on the greatest possible scale” (212). Essentially, machinery makes it possible for one worker to do the work of fifteen, which makes the other fourteen workers useless. Factories thrive on the distribution of labor mentality, but “as the division of labour increases, labour is simplified; the special skill of the worker becomes worthless; he becomes transformed into a simple, monotonous productive force that does not have to use intense bodily or intellectual faculties” (214). Not only, then, does the machine take jobs from the working-class man, but it also denies him worth. The great irony in machinery minimizing the working-class is that if wage working is itself abolished at the hand of the machine, the capitalist society would cease to be. In other words, the structure of the society relies completely upon the workers whose value is measured against the machine, as though the people themselves are extensions of a product that can be easily replaced.

In response to this social injustice, Marx wrote “The Communist Manifesto.” In it he asserts, “Our epoch [possesses] this distinctive feature: it has simplified the class antagonisms; society as a whole is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps; into two great classes directly

facing each other: bourgeois and proletariat" (474). Put bluntly, Marx divides mankind into those who control and those who are controlled; those who own and those who are owned. He accuses the bourgeois of having an unfair advantage in capitalist society, which trivializes all work to "callous cash payment" (475). In doing so, the bourgeoisie turn working-class men into objects to be bought at the highest bidding price, which the employer decides. Such objectification demeans even the highest occupations in a society, like the "physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet and the man of science," making them mere cogs in the capitalist machine. The leading class "resolve[s] personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom, free trade; in one word, for exploitation, veiled by various and political illusions, it has substituted naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation" (475). The Manifesto calls to action the proletariat, demanding that it reject further bourgeois exploitation and move to overthrow their oppressors.

Hence, the heart of the Marxist revolutionary strategy: the purposeful destruction of the bourgeoisie. He explains that the leading class owes its success to the workers in pre-capitalist feudal society who generated the wealth, which the bourgeois unjustly manipulates. The dissolution of the leading class partially comes from its own greed, demonstrated through over-production, which Marx describes as a phenomenon wherein "a great part not only of the existing products, but also of the previously created productive forces, are periodically destroyed" (478). This delves into Marx's crisis theory, which says that capitalism destroys itself because markets become over-saturated and must turn to extreme imperialist tactics to find new means of expanding trade opportunities. In such a situation, capitalist "society suddenly finds itself put back into a state of momentary barbarism; it appears as if a famine, a universal war of devastation had cut off the supply of every means of subsistence . . . because there is too much industry, too much commerce" (478). Consequently, the proletariat is left to fend for itself against the "conquest of new markets, and by the more thorough

exploitation of the old ones” (478). In the Manifesto, Marx encourages the proletariat to take full advantage of capitalism’s flaws and turn its attention to destroying the institution altogether. He references his previous attack on the machine mentality, saying that the working man must forcibly reclaim his status as an individual, thereby rebuking his role as the obsolete member of a collective expression that serves the state. The proletariat can only accomplish this by forcibly removing the bourgeois rulers, and thereby overthrow the state itself via revolution (200).

The Bolshevik revolution in Russia was born in the spirit of Marxism. Simply, it was the 1917 Communist uprising in which Vladimir Lenin and Leon Trotsky led the overthrow of the Tsarist party. These events led to a bloody civil war between 1917 and 1920 between the Communist Reds and the Tsarist Whites (Keylor 62). In its incipient stages, the Revolution remained true to Marxism which, as noted above, called for the proletariat to forcibly remove its government. It also abandoned all forms of capitalism and called for class warfare in which the working man would reign supreme, much in the Marxist vein. As time went on, however, the revolution did not continue in its Marxist way. Marx intensely disagreed that a cult of personality should head the revolution. Speaking of himself, Marx notes, “because of aversion to any personality cult, I have never permitted the numerous expressions of appreciation from various countries with which I was pestered during the existence of the International [Communist Party] to reach the realm of publicity, except occasionally by a rebuke” (521). In saying this, Marx shows disdain for personality cults in no uncertain terms.

With these points, it is interesting to examine the incredible cult that surrounded Lenin in the Bolshevik years. In an analysis of the Soviet revolutionary era, Robert C. Tucker describes Lenin as having a certain magnetism that caused people “in some strange fashion to fall in love with him” (Tucker 35). He goes further to say that “Lenin represented that rare phenomenon, especially rare in Russia, of a man of iron will and indomitable energy who combines fanatical faith in the movement, the cause, with no less faith in himself” (37). The truth is that revolutionaries had reason to lose



Cathedral and the Moon, Santiago de Compostela, Galicia, by David Green

faith in their cause when the Germans handed Russia an ultimatum in 1918, one year after the Bolshevik Revolution.

It came in the form of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, a bilateral agreement that would effectively remove Russia from the Great War and into a state of neutrality, under strict German terms. The Russian people felt the crushing humiliation that came with the treaty, which forced it to lose land and parts of its sovereignty, but understood it to be a necessary evil. The Brest-Litovsk treaty meant the Russians could spend more energy on the violent civil war brewing in their country by 1917 that would last until 1921, and less energy protecting itself against the German front (Keylor 63). It stands to reason, then, as Tucker writes, “no sooner had the Revolution been made than it needed to be defended, and its prospects for salvation were unclear during the critical first two years of turmoil, civil war, and foreign intervention; at the outset, a German ultimatum in the peace talks that Trotsky conducted at Brest-Litovsk plunged Lenin’s regime into a grave crisis” (46). People needed the assurance that the revolution would survive the civil and external turmoil that it met at its incipient stages, and Lenin provided them faith that their cause would persevere. He explained that succumbing to German terms seemed like a step back, but would in fact buy the Bolshevik party time to further its cause. Tucker comments that “on this ground alone, some Bolsheviks came to regard him not only as the *sine qua non* of the Revolution, but its savior as well” (47). As a direct result, Lenin was catapulted into virtual sainthood.

Such adulation was in direct opposition to anything Marxist. To begin with, Marx diametrically opposed a leader being worshipped. Nevertheless, Bolsheviks responded to Lenin “like men who looked on God,” hence the point that Lenin created a cult of personality. Secondly, Marx promoted the dictatorship of the majority, not of any specific person. However, Tucker notes that Lenin “was so much the dominant Bolshevik figure, his authority in the ruling group and the party as a whole was so great, that he could usually shape and determine the party line on any political issue of major importance” (52). Thus it was Lenin, more than the proletariat, who

represented and manipulated the revolution.

Not everyone approved of Lenin's canonization; Lenin himself did not. The most interesting of Tucker's findings is a first person account in which Lenin laments how far from its Marxists roots the revolution has strayed. During recovery after surviving an assassination attempt, Lenin exclaims in distress:

They write that I'm such-and-such, exaggerate everything, call me a genius, a special kind of man; and look at this piece of mysticism: they collectively wish, demand, and desire that I get well; next they'll be holding public prayers for my health. Why, this is horrible! And where does it come from? All our lives we have carried on an ideological struggle against the glorification of personality, of the individual. We long ago solved the question of heroes, and now we are again witnessing the glorification of personality. This is no good at all. (57)

This solidifies the shocking fact that the cult worship surrounding Lenin was beyond even his control, and was much unwanted. Regardless of his desire or refusal of it, there is no denying that he was a much worshipped personality. When Lenin died in 1924, his followers wanted to keep his preserved body on permanent display. Trotsky, Lenin's longtime friend and most trusted political ally, "pointed out that the embalming of Lenin's body would revive under Communist auspices the old Russian Orthodox Church practice of preserving the remains of saints as holy relics, and declared that the unnamed comrades in the provinces had absolutely nothing in common with the science of Marxism" (282). Trotsky clearly saw that the true spirit of Communism had been tainted in Lenin's Russia, which was less about the working class and more about idolizing Lenin.

Trotsky felt so strongly about this issue that he documented his concern for the Communist party in *The Revolution Betrayed*. In this book, he explains how the revolution became corrupt under dictatorship of *one* instead of the many. He writes, "not only a Marxist, but any realistic

political thinker, ought to understand that the very necessity of ‘reinforcing’ the dictatorship—that is, governmental repression—testifies not to the triumph of a classless harmony, but to the growth of new social antagonisms” (Trotsky 62). Otherwise explained, Trotsky notes a shift from the interest of the majority to that of the hero-worshipped dictator, Lenin. Trotsky criticizes the way in which Marxist values had been sidelined in favor of a reality that contradicted the revolutionary principles it allegedly sought to protect.

The Bolshevik revolution may have Marxism to thank for its inspiration, but it by no means remained as such. Despite Marx’s warning against the cult of personality, those in Soviet Russia after the revolution in 1917 and up until Lenin’s 1924 death regarded him as one would a religious savior. The revolution was officially in the hands of an unofficial dictator, a practice that would plague Soviet Russia until late in the century. ■

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The Enlightenment ‘is like legit the dumbest thing ever,’ says teen daughter of French philosophe

By Sydney Shea, Core correspondent | May 2012 | Issue 21-1

PARIS—Angélique Diderot, the 17-year-old daughter of French philosophe, Denis Diderot, said she is fed up with her pretentious father’s annoying nonsense and just wishes she could get through one day without him ranting about a dumb encyclopedia.

“It’s just so annoying,” she said. “I literally could not care less about a bunch of old men going through mid-life crises and rambling on about the L’Académie française. Like, we get it, Dad—you wrote a book. Stop trying to prove how smart you are.”

But Angélique’s father said he is not having any of her sass.

“My daughter needs to understand that this is an extraordinary period for writers, scientists, artists and other kinds of scholars,” Diderot said. “She’s too consumed in her world of teenage shenanigans to realize the important things in life. Like dictionaries.”

Denis Diderot is currently working on his play, *Le fils naturel*, another work that has a boring plotline, but will be analyzed and debated by scholars for years to come.

As for future plans, Angélique said she does not intend to follow

SATIRE

in her father's footsteps.

"I want to get an internship doing PR at Versailles," she said. "That way, I can drink champagne with Marie Antoinette all summer—and I heard the parties are insane. M.A. could seriously fit a small village of peasants underneath one of her dresses."

Diderot said she is not familiar with her father's works because she just starts zoning out every time he begins to talk about them.

"Whenever I'm having trouble going to sleep, I just throw back a flute of champagne and read a page from one of his books. Knocks me out every time. I just feel bad for students who have to study him, like, hundreds of years from now," Diderot said. "But let's be honest, that would never actually happen."

Denis recalled a recent visit from American diplomat Benjamin Franklin to his home to talk about his *Encyclopédie*, as well as the meaning of existence and the differences between the word for 'god' in Latin and ancient Greek.

"It was a most incredible experience," Denis said of Franklin's stay in France. "Ben is a man of our times, well-versed in several languages, a scientist, a politician, atheist. I've never met anyone like him. Definitely the poster-child for the Enlightenment." He added that Franklin let him try on "that awesome raccoon hat."

He also said Franklin tried to show him the kite experiment, but could not properly demonstrate it as there was no thunderstorm occurring at the time.

"But truly," Denis said, "Franklin represents what we philosophes are trying to convey here in France. Reason is the answer to all questions, not just blind faith. We must follow reason."

"He smelled like tobacco, and I think he tried hitting on me," Angélique said of Franklin. "Ew, gross."

According to the disgruntled teen, the worst was when her father



Denis Diderot (left, seated) and his pretentious fanboy buddies are shown here getting giddy about the latest boring essay by Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

dragged her to a salon session at the home of Madame Geoffrin.

"I was like, 'You've got to be kidding me,'" she said. "It was just a bunch of people sitting around, drinking wine and talking about philosophy. Please. If I wanted to have a book club, I'd pick up something that's actually interesting and start one myself. I'm never going to another salon again."

Denis, however, said his daughter will be at next week's salon at Madame Geoffrin's house "whether she likes it or not."

"The girl needs some structure in her life, damn it," he said.

Denis, who moonlights as a famous 18th-century art critic, said he is trying to integrate art into his family's life as it is a subject that any self-respecting philosophe pretends to expertly know.

"I mean—expertly knows," said Denis.

He said the female nude is the most captivating aspect of French art as it personifies an abstract concept or ideal, such as wisdom or faith, in a way that words do not have the ability to describe.

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"If I have to look at another painting of a woman without her shirt on," Angélique said, "I'm getting on the next boat to America. Oh, sorry, it represents *liberty*... riiight. Or it's definitely just another excuse for my dad and his creepy friends to stare at half-naked girls."

And the last time she checked, Angélique said, no one asked for her father's opinion on anything.

Unlike her father, Angélique said, she likes to diversify herself with "the finer things in life."

"What do I do in my free time? Obviously I go to the Champs-Élysées with my BFFs," she said. "Now that's what I call culture."

But no matter how long she looks for "just the right ribbon" that would make her hair rival that of Marie Antoinette, Angélique said she gives up every time.

"It's like whatever," she said. "As long as I'm away from my dad, who constantly wastes time talking to other pretentious people and writing dictionaries, it's fine. At least I'm being productive."

A few weeks ago, Denis said, he and his family attended a release party for his friend, François-Marie Arouet Voltaire's new book, *Candide*.

It has received mixed reviews from various critics, but the debut reading completely sold out as hundreds of people gathered outside of a bookstore in the Place de la Concorde to listen to Voltaire.

"The radical, scandalous ideas Voltaire depicts in his picaresque," Denis said, "are nothing less than revolutionary. The Aristotelian idea that 'all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds' was conveyed ingeniously by Pangloss. The entire work consists of such suffering, but at the same time such optimism. *Candide* is stuck in a world of war and violence, yet he overcomes so much in his life."

"I don't think he realized it was a satire," Angélique said, rolling her eyes.

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Although experts have described this time as a period of free thought and speech, royal authorities still censor certain books for being 'anti-religious' and harmful to the state.

French King Louis XV said he was banning the *Encyclopédie* under these premises in a recent press release.

Diderot said he does not like to discuss politics, but was bitter about Louis XV's feelings towards his compendious project.

"The court has been generally helpful in financing the advancement of learning; so why would His Majesty ban my *Encyclopédie*? Who can understand it. I guess it's fine, though. I mean, I really don't care at all," Diderot said, accepting a tissue. He then admitted to sometimes crying himself to sleep.

Angélique said to not even get her started on her father's relationship with the French court.

"He thinks he's like, so radical," she said, "when really he's totally not over it at all. He acts like politics are secondary to learning, but breaks down every time someone mentions that the king banned his book. At least someone in this country has good taste."

King Louis XV could not be reached for a comment.

Tonight, Denis said, he will be taking his daughter to see a performance of an opera by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

"Mozart is an enlightened composer because his music is not only harmonious and beautiful, but he incorporates mathematical nuances into his scores brilliantly," Denis said, adding that he needed to collect himself as Mozart always makes him hot. "I'm bringing a score so I can follow along. I get especially giddy when triplets come up—so Platonic."

However, there are mixed emotions about Mozart in the Diderot household. "I'm so excited. Mozart is *such* a genius of our times. I literally cannot wait..." Angélique said. "Not." ■

JULIA SINITSKY

Anonymous Thought

	LETTER	
NOTHINGNESS	LETTERS	SENTENCE
NOTHINGNES	SYLLABLES	SENTENC
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LETTE		THOUGHTS
	SENTENCES	

LAURA KAKALECZ

VA II

These faces smiling, still in black and white,
forever captured in a flash of light.
These girls so prim, their babes content with toys,
the pride and strength of men no longer boys.
In faded yellow here lies frozen time,
long live the youthful in eternal prime.
A moment stopped of fleeting youth and life,
with hope before their grief and rage and strife.
The floor awry with relics of the past.
How can it seem that anything will last?
The brightness of your eager eyes remains
and draws me close and draws me back again.
I see myself in your familiar grin,
your longing eyes, the curve that makes your chin.
The image left in darkness to transform,
at last the gray figure develops form.
Your voice returns from deep inside my brain.
I meet your eyes and here you are again.
And now your hand is almost there to hold,
the mind reacts and now it all unfolds.
Your musty smell, the softness of your shirt
they calm my fears and wipe away the hurt.
I breathe in deep and let you slip away,
my grasp comes loose and nothing gold can stay.
You can't be lost when I can find you here,
this photograph that lasts beyond your years.

The thought of breathing just to sink or thrive,
at times the means which keeps us all alive.
You lie here in the quiet silver light,
remaining while the image fades to white.

The Impossible Balance

In his Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, William Wordsworth outlines and formalizes Romantic poetry. His stated purpose is to “follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature” (62). In the Preface, Wordsworth names the features he wants to add to established poetic structures, including the use of common situations, language, “a certain coloring of imagination,” and contemplative thought (59). He argues that good poetic language only differs from good prose in the use of meter, but also writes that though “all good Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings,” good poets are required to bring something else forward “for our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts” (62). Instead of remaining sure of how much poets need to bring forward, Wordsworth later edited his Preface from merely adopting the conversational language of the lower classes to only permitting a selection of the purified language (Parrish 11). These diverse poetic tenets could be considered as falling on an artistic spectrum between the deliberate craft of lyrical poetry and the natural overflow of feeling that interested Wordsworth. However, these disparate elements do not always fit well together. Because Wordsworth struggles within his own poetry to balance all those aspects of poetic art he outlines in the Preface, he is unable to create a single, defining Romantic poem and instead distributes his ideas into different poems.

In “The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman,” Wordsworth relates common influxes of feeling that transcend any situation, but is hampered by the demands of his chosen poetic structure. He uses a traditional ballad format and rhyme structure to anchor his poem, and writes the poem completely from the Native American woman’s point of view instead of describing the event as an observer. Wordsworth’s short note before the

poem explains how, in America, the spectacle of an abandoned, dying Native American woman would be thought unremarkable; this explanation allows readers to empathize with the woman's plight (LB 253-4). Wordsworth couples this ability to feel the same emotions as the dying woman with the ballad format, using rhyming couplets and a rhythmic meter. Even though he was criticized for supposedly not valuing poetic structure, Wordsworth felt strongly about meter. He believed it allowed the poet to discuss truths with "many hundreds of people who would never have heard of it, had it not been narrated as a ballad, and in a more impressive metre than is usual in ballads" and he shows this appreciation in "The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman" (83-4). Wordsworth uses enjambment and pauses on a line to alter the traditional ballad structure, thus keeping the woman's speech from sounding stilted. However, even with alterations made to the ballad format, the rhythm and rhymes seem excessive. He successfully portrays the woman's thoughts and acceptance of her imminent death, but his rhyming couplets betray the spontaneity of her thoughts, not allowing Wordsworth to completely create the illusion of a sudden overflow of human emotion in the poem.

In "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey," Wordsworth leaves behind the narrative for looser meditative structure to closely follow the arc of his mental processes, not including common conversation in the process. "Tintern Abbey" is descriptive without telling a dramatic story, and does not include any encounters with common people or dialogue that are often featured in Wordsworth's ballads. However, the flow is more conversational and relaxed than the ballads, due to its uneven rhythm and irregular stanzas. The natural writing does not mean that Wordsworth abandons meter and the poetic art. One understands Wordsworth's opinions on the interchangeability of good prose and poetry upon reading his wonderfully eloquent descriptions of the countryside scene. The careful way the meter and diction roll off the tongue reflects the tranquil landscape Wordsworth describes, proving his poetic artistry and adding another dimension to the poem. Wordsworth also does not allow himself simply

to write anything down. The internal rhymes, alliteration, and references to previous parts of the poem show his thoughtfulness in composing it. Wordsworth treated this free-flowing creative process as a matter of conscious artistry (Parrish 5). Nonetheless, he was unable to find a way to work a dialogue or conversation into a contemplative poem such as “Tintern Abbey.”

Wordsworth found it more difficult to combine the two styles than he originally thought in “Old Man Travelling,” ultimately removing a portion of the poem to portray a more contemplative style. First published in his *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798, the poem focuses on an old vagrant—a common figure on English country roads. To emphasize the vagrant’s position as a natural component of the scene in the poem, Wordsworth cleverly plays upon the dual meanings of “nature.” The beggar’s soul is peaceful and contained, but he is also as necessary as the hedgerow birds to the lonely road scene. However, in a later version of the poem, more aptly titled, “Animal Tranquility and Decay,” Wordsworth removes the dialogue between the narrator and the vagrant. Prose-like speech or narration assumes a starring role in many of his other poems such as “The Brothers” or “Goody Blake and Harry Gill,” which are common conversations in verse, but these features are abandoned in this case because of the sudden, unwelcome shift the dialogue brings. In “Animal Tranquility,” Wordsworth recognizes that the dialogue feels off at the end, drawing attention from the meditation on the beggar’s distinct composure. Wordsworth rightly edits the speech out to emphasize the imaginative coloring and description of the rest of the poem. In doing so, he signals to the reader that holding all of his components of Romantic poetry in the same poem may be more difficult than it first appeared to be.

But finally, although he can only include common speech implicitly, Wordsworth does successfully combine most of his poetic tenets into a single poem, “The Solitary Reaper.” In this poem, the narrator encounters the singing “solitary Highland Lass” while walking through the countryside. This poem is a ballad with regular stanzas, but to avoid simplistic rhythm,



Country Claire, Ireland, by Molly Kelly

Wordsworth alternates between rhyming couplets and an ABAB structure within a single stanza. Like “Tintern Abbey,” the rhythm and beautiful rhymes reflect the theme of the poem in the girl’s unheard song. His colorful imagination emerges in the second stanza when he says that “No Nightingale did ever chaunt / More welcome notes” than her even in exotic locations like Arabia or the Hebrides. The parallel drawn between the girl in the field and the nightingale, Romantic symbol of poetic inspiration, is a powerfully imaginative comparison. This stanza contains more poetic pre-thought and modification and less apparent spontaneity than when the narrator later writes, “I listened motionless and still / And, as I mounted up the hill.” In the third stanza, the narrator plaintively asks after the meaning of the song with rhythm and rhyme, mixing a spontaneous, questioning, stream-of-consciousness format and a rhyming ballad. Here, the mix of styles is interesting, not problematic. The only theme from Wordsworth’s Preface missing is common speech. However, even though Wordsworth cannot include it outright, common language is implicitly evident

throughout the entire poem. The Highland girl sings a mysterious song the entire time the poet walks by her field. Although he could not find a way to put in the actual song in her common and incomprehensible dialect, Wordsworth managed to fit it into the poem subliminally. Only by using this clever device is Wordsworth able to attempt to combine all of his poetic tenets in the same poem.

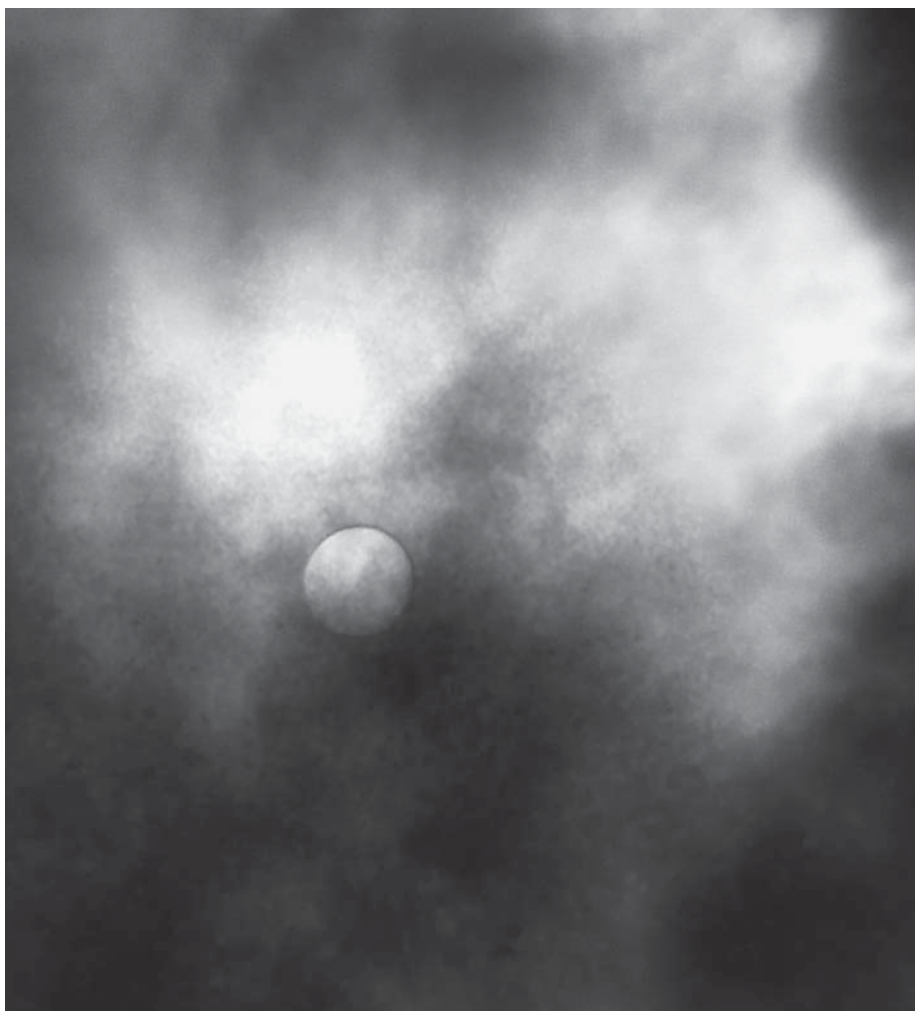
With all of his different ideas for his poetry in the Preface, Wordsworth clearly has a difficult time choosing what parts he wants to include in each of his poems. His concepts of spontaneous feeling, poetic meter, and structure have been viewed by many critics as being in opposition with each other. But Wordsworth often successfully reconciles those ideas in his poetry, struggling perhaps a little more with the integration of common language, as shown by his revisions of several poems, the Preface, and the varying types of poems he wrote under his experimental umbrella. Nevertheless, including all of his tenets together in one poem proved to be a challenge he was unable to meet completely without crafty devices. Thus, although he tried many combinations, the original elucidator of Romantic poetry was never able to compose a single, defining Romantic poem, trapped by his numerous ideas. ■

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Sun through Clouds, by David Green

Tracing the Development of Institutional Racism

Institutional racism is one of the principal problems concerning the inequality between blacks and whites in America. It is defined as any policy, practice, economic structure, or political structure that places minority groups at a disadvantage in relation to the white community. Public school budgets and quality of teachers are a major locus of institutional racism in the United States, because of the manner in which budgets are generated from property taxes. Rich neighborhoods, consisting primarily of whites, have better public school teachers and more money for education. It may be easy to write this fact off as coincidence or as a product of the merit-based system, but social scientists have proven otherwise (Massey 2007). So the question is: How did institutional racism develop in the United States and what are some of the ways it persists?

Beginning in the sixteenth century, the legally sanctioned idea that black people were inferior to white people created a social hierarchy; whites occupied the upper echelon of society while blacks occupied the position of slaves. Whites were afforded many privileges in education, politics and economics, and even poor whites were granted the “psychological wage” of whiteness, which manifested in everyday interactions that denigrated and belittled black people (Dubois 700). By law, this continued long past the abolition of slavery and was not fully addressed until the Civil Rights Act in 1964, which brought the Jim Crow era to an end. Although pen and paper created the 13th Amendment for newly freed slaves, it did very little to change the attitudes and perceptions that whites had towards blacks. For example, a black slave was still considered three-fifths

of a person well into the Reconstruction Era that spanned from 1865 to 1869. The perception that blacks were racially inferior to whites was not automatically expunged from the psyche of white Americans after the Civil War. Hence, blacks continued to be disenfranchised in housing, voting, and loans, to name a few. In addition, though the 15th Amendment explicitly prohibited disenfranchisement on the basis of race or prior enslavement, white Americans, especially in the Southern states, implicitly prevented blacks from participating in the public sphere. For example, the poll tax, which was first instituted in Georgia in 1871, was designed in such a way to hinder blacks from participating in voting. This tax required all citizens to pay off all back taxes before being permitted to vote. Many blacks could not afford to pay this tax, since most were sharecroppers who rarely dealt with cash. As a result, the voting turnout for blacks was significantly less than whites by approximately half. Because of its success in Georgia, many Southern states adopted this policy and established these legal procedures in their constitutions. These tactics continued until 1965 when the Voting Rights Act was passed. However, even with the Voting Rights Act, whites found ways to circumvent the laws to restrict blacks from getting access through violence, intimidation, voting fraud, and different interpretation of legislation for blacks (Kousser 1974).

The Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944, also known as the G.I. Bill, exemplifies this; it is one of the clearest instances in history where whites were given tremendous opportunity, while blacks were denied access. This government program essentially created the white middle class through state-mandated preferential treatment of affirmative action.

After World War II, President Roosevelt was concerned about the potential effects that 15.7 million veterans would have on the U.S. economy. At the time, jobs were scarce and housing was not affordable for the average serviceman. To ease the integration of veterans into society, the G.I. Bill was created. There was opposition to this; conservatives such as Congressman John Rankin, for example, felt that this act would create a freeloader mentality. Despite this resistance, the G.I. Bill passed and allowed millions

of white Americans to receive full government benefits, including loans to buy homes, purchase farms, and start businesses (Massey 2007). It also offered veterans the opportunity to go to college, which included tuition payments and compensation for up to four years of college or vocational training—a privilege afforded only to elite whites at the time. This had a substantial effect in closing the income gap between rich and poor.

However, the G.I. Bill did not have the same degree of success for blacks as it did for whites. On the one hand, many African American men were strategically “dishonorably discharged” just before the war ended as a means to keep them from obtaining benefits. On the other hand, only a small fraction received benefits from the government, while the rest were disproportionately excluded from receiving the services that would have allowed them to start a new life. Even with laws in place to protect blacks from racial discrimination, white government officials and business owners systematically discriminated against blacks in practice by denying them mortgages and college loans. The United States Department of Veterans Affairs systematically denied black veterans equal access, and as such, blacks were prevented from full incorporation into the growing middle class (Desmond and Emirebayer 2010).

There was, however, a small portion of the black community that benefitted from the G.I. Bill. Some of those individuals were afforded the opportunity to go to college and own homes. This produced a generation of educated blacks that would challenge inequality during the Civil Rights Movement that spanned from 1955 to 1968 (Roach 1997). But although the Civil Rights Movement had many successes including the Voting Rights Act, Fair Housing Act, and Civil Rights Act—which banned discrimination against anyone based on their race, color, religion, or national origin—racism continued to persist. However, it became more and more implicit as white government officials and business owners found more covert ways to discriminate. Take, for example, the War on Drugs. In 1986, President Reagan signed into law the Anti-Drug Abuse Act, which appeared to be an attempt to curb the distribution of illegal drugs. On the surface this law made

sense; mandatory sentencing for anyone caught with an abusive substance. But in practice, the law held stiffer penalties for the form of cocaine that blacks disproportionately used (i.e. crack cocaine) under the guise that it was a more dangerous drug. In contrast to powdered cocaine, which whites disproportionately use, a much lower quantity of crack triggered a five-year mandatory sentence. This twenty-five year long targeting of black drug users was finally acknowledged in the Fair Sentencing Act of 2010, but not before contributing to the largest prison boom in an industrialized country to date (Alexander 2010).

While this is one example of a law seeking to redress institutional racism, such practices still persist in areas, such as, housing contracts and bank lending policies that are created to effectively disadvantage minority ethnic groups and blacks in particular. Similarly, racial profiling by law enforcement officers and the misrepresentation of black people in the media continue to create barriers to progress. Of course, the argument can be made that the problem of inequality is a product of cultural pathology or individual merit. However, the most effective way to understand inequality between blacks and whites in the United States is to carefully examine the development of institutionalized racism. ■

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Rings Fountain, Greenway, Boston, by Laura Kakalecz

There is a Reason No One Lives Forever

Whether it is a famous Greek temple or a glass skyscraper of Boston, structures such as the Parthenon and the John Hancock Tower were built with the intention of carrying on a legacy. Yet when we look at the Parthenon or the John Hancock Tower, do we first think of Athens' power among city-states or the architectural achievements of Henry Cobb? No, we think, *Athens was rich, started democracy, and had skilled builders*, or we just think: *What an impressive structure!* Similarly, an older generation knows that the John Hancock Tower had problems with its windows falling out and the younger generation sees it as just part of the Boston city skyline we have always known. The desire for immortality compels people to create something they can vicariously live through that survives past the end of their own lives, but ultimately, no inanimate object can sustain the essence of a human life through time because the passage of time alters the object's intended meaning.

A primary motivation behind the creation of great landmarks is the longing for their existence to outlast that of the creator and preserve his memory. Objects and products of our own doing provide outlets for self-expression and documentation of the human experience. It seems the only way to allow what is within our mind to survive longer than the duration of our life is to transcribe it onto a medium that is not restricted by mortality. We leave behind monuments like the Parthenon and the John Hancock Tower in hopes that they will convey our own greatness.

If immortality is the intention, the product that is left behind must be of great significance; there must be a "wow" factor. Both the Athenians and

Cobb used certain architectural techniques to make their structures seem as profound as possible. The Parthenon is roughly 30 meters high and 70 meters wide, towering over and engulfing the view of any human bystander. There are no right angles anywhere in the Parthenon and there is a ratio of 4:9 in almost all of its dimensions. The outcome of this is pleasing to the eye, and causes the viewer to perceive the Parthenon as fuller and more symmetrical than it actually is. Detail and skill also play a major role in making the Parthenon impressive. Much of the skill was channeled into the beautiful sculptures that border the pediments, metopes, and friezes. To further reinforce the legacy of Athens and its people, the Athenians took it upon themselves to portray human beings in these sculptures alongside the gods. Along the eastern frieze, the god Hermes has his foot overlap with the foot of a human man. Then there is the goddess Aphrodite, pointing out to her son Eros a grouping representing the great Panathenaic procession: a parade of humans. It was incredibly rare to have both humans and gods represented in the same structure, let alone to have them interact. This choice made a strong visual impact emphasizing the significance of the humans, specifically the Athenians, who built the Parthenon.

Much like the overwhelming presence of the Parthenon, the John Hancock Tower also feels significant because of its sheer size. The use of glass makes the building look like a giant shard coming out of the ground that reflects light and appears larger than it truly is. Cobb was thus able to design a building that causes a greater visual impact and tricks our minds into thinking it possesses an even more profound presence than it actually does. In this way, he hoped to leave behind a monument whose greatness would be a reminder of his abilities.

There is an inherent element of competition in creating such memorials. To be remembered past the extent of a human life, we feel we have to create works that surpass anything that has been done before; we have to be or make the best. At the time of the construction of the Parthenon, Athens was the most powerful city-state in Greece and with that power came large amounts of money. The Athenians used this money to build the

Parthenon as a symbol of their power, strategically locating it on top of the Acropolis where it could tower over everything below. They felt compelled to construct something as expensive and time-consuming as the Parthenon as a reminder of their superiority over the other city-states. At the time, the Parthenon created a lot of resentment towards Athens from the rest of Greece because the Athenians used funds from the Delian League, but Athens would have seen this as a success in creating a powerful legacy. But today, that is not what the Parthenon represents. We see the Parthenon as a symbol of Athens and its achievements in the arts and creation of democracy, not as a symbol of power. The legacy changed with time because the Athenians were able to control only the physical structure of the Parthenon, not what it would mean to people of the future.

Henry Cobb also aimed at a lasting greatness. He wanted the John Hancock Tower to be remembered as the tallest and most beautiful building in the Boston skyline, surpassing all other competing structures. The building is 790 feet tall, making it the tallest building not only in Boston, but also in New England. At the time of its construction, the tallest building was the Prudential Center, just a few blocks away. Cobb designed the John Hancock Tower to be 41 feet taller than the Prudential Center and he also used a very specific architectural trick to ensure that his building would remain the new best. Being completely glass, the building acts as a mirror that reflects Boston, making the entire city part of the structure itself, except for one key element, the Prudential Center. The two buildings are in clear sight of one another, but Cobb sited it strategically so that there is not a single place on the John Hancock Tower where you can see the reflection of the Prudential Center. One can only assume that Cobb wanted his building to stand on its own and not reflect the work of another architect. Competition fosters creative work because the creator hopes that their work will become the new best and remain the best for eternity, an immortal victory. But this is impossible because what was the best at one point in time will not be the best in the future. In a sense Cobb's attempt to out-do the Prudential Center backfired. A sense of hubris on Cobb's

part led to his downfall because now the John Hancock Tower is known as another tall skyscraper and a complement to the Prudential Center in the Boston skyline.

Ultimately, no inanimate object can carry on the spirit of its creator because the object itself also faces a test of time. Though it may last much longer than a human life, physical beauty in anything does not last forever. The Parthenon was built over 2,500 years ago and although it still stands, it is physically deteriorating and its powerful presence is being lost. Everything that made it great and had any chance of carrying on the legacy of Athenian power was in its physical beauty. Someday, this structure will be gone along with its intention of immortality. The John Hancock Tower also fell apart. Shortly after completion, the glass panes of the windows began to fall out and while the problem was being addressed, plywood was used to patch the broken windows, giving rise to the nickname, "The Plywood Palace." The first windowpane to fall from the John Hancock Tower took with it Cobb's hoped-for fame. Although the problem was corrected, the vulnerability of the building serves as a reminder that attempting to carry on a legacy and pursue immortality through objects such as the Parthenon or the John Hancock Tower is impossible because the physical structures themselves will lose their intrinsic beauty, and therefore their intended legacies.

The legacy of a specific person or people cannot simply be determined by the monuments they create because any evidence we have of them in the future is altered and interpreted based on current culture and customs. Physical objects represent the extent of what can be interpreted about the lives of the people in the past. At the time of creation, inanimate objects embody how those of the past viewed themselves. But when the physical object is destroyed or altered because of time, the evidence is blurred as well. We can only infer so much, having not created the work ourselves. Physical objects have no way of preserving meaning indefinitely and therefore, immortality is impossible.

So does a structure like the Parthenon or the John Hancock Building do justice to the people who built it in the way that they intended? Are we as

mortal humans even capable of building something that fully encompasses what we are worth, while alive? We, as a human race, will forever attempt to defy the restraints of human life and live on through other media. But our attempts only take us so far, for so long, since the interpretation of our work is out of our control once we are gone. No inanimate object can sustain the essence of a human life throughout time because the passage of time alters its intended meaning. Yet our desire for immortality will always compel us to attempt to create something we can vicariously live through forever. ■

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A Tarn on Mt. Luxmore, Kepler Track, New Zealand, by Caitlin Outterson

Typewriter

The Underwood is waiting for its turn
to measure life in paragraphs and lines,
like skin and bones and scars immortalized.
These stories told in solid black and white
with only joys and fears for company.
A stream of type, this rendering of man,
the pages each wild whim and care and pain.
As clacking keys and beating heart are one.
The paper rips and words emerge a blur,
the hands are fumbling just to capture life.
A creature bleeding black for sake of art.
Its rounded claws make footprints in the snow.
Each feat and flaw will leave its proper mark.
But backspace doesn't work on memories,
that glaring fault amid a sea of text.
To cut and paste two halves so separate
if glue would be enough to make them one.
Our being marked in line to live or die,
a carbon copy for what was so real.
No need for speech when all you have are words,
as lips are weak but then the mind grows strong.
If words are means for thought then what are means
for words? The thrill of inky renaissance.
The sighing typist blinking in the dawn,
his fading dreams will live on with each page.



Calle San Miguel, Altea, Spain, by Madison Kasheta

EMMA REHARD

To The Hon. Barack Obama

Concerning the State of the American Nation, & the Means through Which He Might Maintain Power

Dear Mr. President: It is with some trepidation that I write to you to advise you on the events to come in the next six months. While in many ways you have been a successful ruler, there are numerous points on which you have failed. As you set out for a second presidential bid, I sincerely hope that you listen to my most humbly given advice.

I should like to point out the places in which you have completely failed, or have come dangerously close to doing so, in the hope that you will find means to correct your methods as you proceed.

The source of the first mistake you made is not your fault. The American people attached themselves to you in a manner most emotional, allowing their hopes and dreams to ride upon your success. Your arrival—following years of brutal war, economic disaster, unusually questionable political means, and overall uncertainty in the nation—had a messianic quality to it. The people loved you and were determined to see you succeed, believing you alone had the capacity to banish the hardships that they had experienced economically, politically, psychologically, and socially, over the course of the previous Administration. Let us acknowledge that there is nothing innately wrong with being loved, but that the problem stems from your reliance upon the people's love for you. Mr. President, "people willingly change their ruler, believing the change will be for the better." Their admiration and support of your personality and your political aims is indeed what allowed you to gain the office you hold today, but I must warn you that "you cannot keep the goodwill of those who have put you in power, for you cannot satisfy their aspirations as they thought you would." Unless you have been living under

that oversized desk of yours, I do not doubt that you have experienced this trouble. For there is much that the people hoped you would be, and that they expected to see in your presidency, which has not been fulfilled. Let me elaborate briefly on this.

First, we must acknowledge that no President can fulfill each of his campaign promises. Many obstacles arise when one actually attempts to get these past Congress, the Senate, or whichever governing body is responsible for assisting you in your aims. Moreover, unexpected events may occur which one could not foresee, but which prevent the President from achieving his goals, domestic and foreign. We observe, then, that you made strides on issues from health care reform—vastly improving the state of health insurance coverage in the United States—to the Iraq War—drastically drawing down the number of American troops occupying that region of the world. But, of course, these leaps and bounds did not satiate your constituents, especially those who elected you to office. Progress is never enough; it is only complete success that will fulfill those who so adored you in your earlier career. Your rule is not unlike that of Louis XII in Milan, as “those who had opened the gates to him, finding themselves mistaken in their expectations and disappointed in their hopes of future benefit, could not put up with the burdensome rule of a new sovereign.”

What can you learn from this mistake? That in this presidential campaign you will, of course, need support, yes; but do not rely on it, either for the purpose of reelection or for maintaining power once you have won. It is a nice thing to have, to be sure, but placing it at the cornerstone of your Administration will see you in ruins. Remember that “when times are tough, when the government is dependent on its citizens, then there will be few who are prepared to stand by it,” no matter how loyal and adoring they may have seemed in times past.

The second mistake you have made is entirely your own, but it is not yet too late to fix it. We must assert that there are two ways to handle people: they “should either be caressed or crushed.” There is no doubt, President Obama, that there has been a gross excess of caressing in your

administration. Now let me “recognize every ruler should want to be thought of as compassionate and not cruel,” for which ruler should like to go down in the history books for ruling with an iron fist? But “I maintain it is much safer to be feared than loved.” As I have already pointed out, the love of the people is volatile and may evaporate in an instant. There are two important lessons that you should take from this issue.

You have spent a good deal of time in office caressing members of the Republican Party, both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. Let us point out that you have not only caressed them, but you have done so ineffectually, thereby not only causing your liberal supporters to be unhappy with your actions, but, more disturbingly, to leave the Republicans still unsatisfied with your work. So you can now see that you have caught yourself between a rock and a hard place, as your own party is dissatisfied with you, and your opponents retain that position. To succeed in your upcoming re-election campaign, therefore, it is vital that you cease your attempt to assuage your rivals, but strengthen your spine so that you may stand tall for what you and your Party believe in.

Now that you are aware of how to avoid caressing the wrong people, let us explicate how to crush the right people. As a ruler who has wrested power from another man, one always faces the threat of the other and the threat of that man’s family. In the case of the Bush family, which has proliferated through the political world in a dynastic manner, one would be wise to crush rather than to caress. This goes not only for the Bush family, but also for other factions who pose a threat to your handle on power in the United States. In addition to the need to “eliminate the surviving members of the family of [President Bush]” and to “ensure [Bush] has no heirs,” you need to dispose of the leaders of the Tea Party, as “outside powers will always be urged to intervene by those in the region who are discontented, either because their ambitions are unsatisfied, or because they are afraid of the dominant powers,” namely, Michelle Bachmann, Ron Paul, and Rick Perry. Again, I recognize your desire to avoid the perception of being a cruel leader, but cruelty is necessary at times, and at these times you have no

choice but to implement it. Moreover, if you are to remain too permissive towards them, they will begin to gain power, and this will be your downfall, for “He who is the cause of someone else’s becoming powerful is the agent of his own destruction.” It is of the utmost importance that you avoid allowing any of these individuals to gain any further power than they have already come to possess, because their power will be the key to your prompt removal from office.

Now that we have dealt with your enemies, let us contemplate the manner in which you should handle your friends and allies. You began your presidential race brilliantly in this regard, first in your selection of Joe Biden as your running mate. This choice was ingenious because he will never pose a political threat to you; he does not have the eloquence, charisma, or authority necessary to rule on his own, but will always be a humble servant and faithful partner to you. Second, by placing Senator Hillary Clinton in a position where she is obliged to align herself with your policies, rather than allowing her to remain in the Senate, wherein she would have had the capability to project a strong voice against you and your political agenda, you ensured her alliance. However, there are many others in the Party, many of whom are your friends and allies, who could still pose a threat to your rule and whom you must treat with the utmost care to prevent their rise to power. I have already said that allowing others to gain power will be your downfall “for he [who] makes his protégé powerful either through his own skill or through his own strength, and either of these must provoke his protégé’s mistrust once he has become powerful.” Thus I implore you to ensure that whenever you allow one of your friends or allies to gain a position of power, whether that is by appointing them to the Supreme Court; by endorsing their campaign for Senate, Congress, or governorship; by allowing them to gain military leadership or any other position which would give them the resources, platform, and publicity to contradict you, you maintain a firm control over their leadership, that it might never be their own. If you need an exemplar, I point you to Cesare Borgia, the duke of Romagna, who placed vast responsibility in the hands of his minister

Remiro d'Orco. As soon as the Duke "decided such unchecked power was no longer necessary," he had "d'Orco's corpse laid out in two pieces, with a chopping board and a bloody knife beside it." Borgia's actions not only squashed a large measure of brutality within his reign, but also served to make the people believe that he would take care of any sort of rogue authority figure that might arise in the realm.

Let us approach this problem of auxiliary leaders from another standpoint. If you allow yourself to rely on the support you garner from these leaders, "when you try to hold on to power, you will find [that they], both those who have been your allies and those you have defeated, present you with an infinity of problems." This is a battle that can never be won, for "you cannot win their loyalty or wipe them out, so you will always be in danger of losing your kingdom should anything go wrong." Take the utmost care in handling these leaders, as they can be both instruments to your rise to power and instruments of the destruction of your power.

I should like to turn from more general practices that you ought to follow in forthcoming months to a more specific example that will be of continued strife for your country. This example should also teach you lessons in the general practice of warfare.

Let us determine how it is that you ought to handle the War begun by your predecessor in Iraq and Afghanistan, a case we must treat discretely from others. Had this operation been conducted in the context of honesty and transparency, "the invader, before his victory, [would have] had no reason to hope for support, [and], after his victory, he [would have had] no reason to fear opposition." Most unfortunately for your purposes, this was not at all how the so-called 'War on Terror' was conducted. In fact, it occurred in reverse. There was massive support for President Bush as he commenced the invasion of Iraq, as the country was united following the tragic events of September 11th and the people of the Iraqi and Afghan nations were crying out for release from the reigns of their tyrants. The minimal opposition faced by the President did nothing to halt his endeavors in those regions. As time went on, however, the lies and highly questionable

tactics employed by the US government caused outrage not only among the American people, but by the people whose nations had been invaded by conquering American forces. The “simple truth is there is no reliable way of holding onto a city and the territory around it, short of demolishing the city itself,” and “neither the passage of time nor good treatment will make its citizens forget their previous liberty.” Effectively, you are doomed to failure in this region. It will be impossible for you to establish a structured government that can succeed there, as the citizens will always mistrust anything that stems from American efforts. It is in everyone’s best interests to remove American influence as quickly as possible from that situation, by any means necessary. It will fail, with or without you.

The broader lesson that you ought to follow when it comes to war is to “never allow a problem to develop in order to avoid a war, for you end up not avoiding the war, but deferring it to a time that will be less favorable.” You have the most powerful military organization in the history of the world; do not be afraid to use it. If you are too nervous to confront war, others will beat you to the punch and you will lose a part of that military power you have. The exception to this, of course, is when you are very clearly failing, and when continuing a war that causes high fatalities will only promote a cruel view of you as ruler.

Let us summarize. Do not rely on the love that others have for you, and do not promote others to places of power which will give them the vantage point from which to destroy you; these people will be your downfall. Do not assuage the concerns of your opponent to improve your own image; crush those whose lineage threatens your grip on power. Fight war when war is necessary.

It is my most sincere hope that you will consider all of these points as you proceed into your second campaign, and that they serve to enhance the hold you have on power.

Your faithful servant,

Niccolò Machiavelli



Clouds over Corey Hill, Brookline, by David Green

NELLIE PAPSDORF

Measures

and everybody is half savage and half human
under the Citgo sign North Star.
So I see people, start to see claws pawing at the desks.
I hear people
feeling nothing on the phone.
The guy driving the bus is halting and literary
even though a man will ride around a country lying to himself
just to feel like his dreams could be real.
A girl tells me this is all a big precursor to existence
as she peels the skin off an orange, throws the veiny remnants away
and swallows it whole in a few chews.
Licking at juice dribbling from the corners of her lips.
World-wearyed and drunk a boy explains
how the tides follow the moon
while the two of us sit on a dilapidated couch
in the middle of nothing. On a long night.
It's not the covers but which pages are dog-eared—
a man will trick his way home and eventually
even a guy with a life already gone will do what is right.
When the sidewalk was cracked
and my skin was peeling at the knuckles from the wind
I remembered—sometimes the best choice is the not choice
but it's weird to think that some day my body won't breathe air
that people once thought the sun revolved around the earth
and history was not an accumulation of moments and chances,
The search to understand why catching my finger in the car door

reminds me of a boy with a drawl five years after
and why I can see a stranger's face and want to cry
because their skin and their hair and the fact that they are alive—
They say we talk to make it all better
I think I learn to make it all more bearable.
Because sometimes I wonder
is there anything I would lie on a sword for?



Looking toward Cambridge, by Madeleine Lee

Northeast Regional

The all-seats-filled Thursday 3:26
from Boston to New York speeds along
the same familiar route
through tiny Connecticut towns
whose pulse beats only in the narrow corridor
between tracks and docks:
Mystic, New London, Old Saybrook.

They are the kind of New England fishing town
one would imagine from a Longfellow poem,
half-hidden under coastal mist,

where the moisture in the air
creates haloes around neon signs on the row of stores
that provide the community's essentials:
—Nails, Pizza, Karate—

where the driftwood that knocks at the hull of moored boats,
the smell of the sea's salty brine
and the metallic twang of wires
slapping the mast of rocking sailboats
are lost to the traveler
behind the thick-paned windows of the train,

where the steady tedium of clanking rail
is broken only by the sight of the lone seagull
whose ghostly silhouette
glides against the descending dusk.

JEANNETTE VASQUEZ

Chatting with David Eckel, the Director of the Core

Dr. David Eckel is Professor in the Department of Religion, Director of the Core Curriculum, and Assistant Dean in the College of Arts & Sciences.

Where did you go to school and what did you major in?

I grew up in Pittsfield, Massachusetts and went to a private school near Boston. After high school, I went to Harvard, where I thought I would prepare myself for medical school. My favorite course was Organic Chemistry, but I ended up majoring in English and went on, after graduation, to study religion at Oxford. Between my two years at Oxford, I took a trip in the Middle East and became interested Islam and Iran. When I went back to Oxford, I wanted to study Persian or Arabic, but neither course met at a time that fit my schedule. So I ended up with a choice between Sanskrit and Armenian. For some reason, I picked Sanskrit, and the Sanskrit led me to India. At the end of my last year at Oxford, I asked my Sanskrit teacher where I could go to study more of the language; he said, go back to Harvard to study with Professor [Daniel Henry Holmes] Ingalls. I took his advice, went back to Harvard, and ended up with a PhD in Indian religion. After Harvard, I taught for a year at Ohio Wesleyan University, and for two years at Middlebury College. After that, I was invited to join the faculty at Harvard Divinity School. I tell people that after ten years at Harvard, I walked down to the Charles, raised my staff to part the waters like Moses, and walked right over to other side. That was twenty-two years ago, but it feels like yesterday.



Prof. Eckel lecturing in 1982 at a Tibetan temple in India, on the site where the Buddha gave his first sermon.

How long have you been involved in the Core program?

It's been about fifteen years since I joined the program. Brian Jorgensen, the founding Director, was the first to get me involved. Initially it was just to lecture on the Bhagavad Gita, but then I started teaching a section and got more deeply involved. When I was appointed Distinguished Teaching Professor, part of the agreement was to teach each semester in the Core. I taught first-year Core Humanities, served as course coordinator, and then became Director of the program.

What made you want to become a part of the Core program?

The faculty in the Core are some of my closest friends in the university. David Roochnik, for example, has become a friend on many levels. We teach together in the Core, our wives share the profession of landscape architecture, and we even gave lectures together for The Teaching

Company. He is a philosopher's philosopher, and I admire his work a great deal. Professor Johnson was the Director of the Core before I was. I developed great respect for his abilities as an administrator and a scholar. He is a talented pianist and often shares his performances with the Core. This semester, he is doing a program with Professor Ricks on songs from Shakespeare. The Core is a wonderful place for intellectual friendships.

Was there a vision for the program when it was created?

I think of the spirit of the Core as "Great ideas, great personalities, great books, and the great questions of life." As a Director, I try to be respectful of that tradition, and also to be creative in adapting to new challenges and trends. For the last year, I have tried to become more conscious of the role of quantitative reasoning in all aspects of the Core, from the philosophy of Plato to the latest techniques in Core Social Sciences. But the core of Core continues to be the tradition of great books. We challenge ourselves to read them more deeply and in ways that are more sophisticated and more full of life.

Do you think these goals have been achieved? How so?

I agree with my friend Tu Weiming at Harvard. Someone asked him whether he considered himself a Confucian gentleman (or a superior person). His answer was that a gentleman simply strives to be better. We do the same in the Core. It is as if the Core is the perfect confirmation of Aristotle's view of motion: unless we stay behind it and keep pushing, it (and we) comes to a stop.

Are there certain texts that you feel are essential to the Core?

It is hard to choose which texts are more essential than others, but I know I learn more each year from Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics* than from any other text. Dante's *Divine Comedy* is an immense accomplishment at the end of the second semester of the Core, as is Plato's *Republic* in the first semester. I'm proud that we read and to some degree master both books.

Among the Asian texts, I feel that I learn most from the *Daodejing*. It tells us to live and think in a simple way, when the complexity of the semester threatens to spin out of control.

We all know you collect Buddhas. Do you have a favorite?

How could I not respect Shakyamuni, the Buddha of our historical era? I've given a lecture on the spot where he gave his first sermon. But I also feel great kinship with Amitabha, the Buddha of Infinite Life who creates the Pure Land. I have many close friends in Japan who are Pure Land Buddhists. You probably weren't going to ask me my favorite bodhisattva, but if you did, the answer would be Manjusri, the bodhisattva of wisdom and the patron saint of scholars. A teacher once said that Manjusri has smiled on me. I felt he was right!

Where do you see Core going in the future?

This year we are emphasizing the idea of Core as a distinctive learning community within the College and University. The Core is a great place to be a part of a multifaceted community of scholars, students and teachers.

We all know that you have a sweet tooth. What is your favorite cookie and where would you get it?

We could start with the Chocolate-Chunk Cookie from Clear Flour Bakery, off Commonwealth Ave. near Packard's Corner. But that's just the beginning. Have you heard of Ladurée macarons? My daughter introduced them to me in Paris. There's a new Ladurée store in New York. Ladurée is perfect for anyone interested in a sublime confectionery experience. Their macarons are the best. [*For more information: www.laduree.fr*]

Do you think that cultural experiences in Boston are essential part of the Core experience?

Obviously it is difficult to predict what will interest students most. Some people gravitate to the MFA; others to the Symphony or the Ballet. This year,

we have a large group of students in first-year Core who love the Ballet. In the fall we went to see *Romeo and Juliet*. In the middle of the performance, one of the students turned around and said: “Professor Eckel, can we please see the *Nutcracker*?” Forty of us got together to see the *Nutcracker*. Just like that! These performances are classic Confucian experiences; we learn to enjoy the ritual of performance and also to perform the ritual of acting as a sensitive audience. Whenever possible, I like to avoid trips where students tag along behind professors. Instead I like to see students taking the initiative to create their own cultural experiences. Instead of focusing only on “tours” of the MFA, we’ve organized MFA scavenger hunts, where students find and interpret works of art for themselves.

If you had to live your life as any of the characters in either first- or second-year Core, which would it be and why?

(*laughs*) That’s a very amusing question. I’m drawn to characters with layers of complexity. Dante would be near the top of the list. I have no desire to be Plato or Socrates or Aristotle. Our academic lives make us Confucian enough; we don’t need to be more. Imagining that I am the Buddha is a little unrealistic. I would be content to be an ordinary Florentine Bodhisattva.

Any closing thoughts or a message for the Core students? Especially those that are in their second year?

I hope their experience in Core will be the beginning of a lifetime of intellectual and personal exploration. I hope your lives will be as complex and beautiful as the books we read in the Core. ■

Respect
the world
as your
Self:
the world
can be your
lodging.



Above the Tree Line on the Kepler Track, near Te Anau, New Zealand, by Caitlin Outterson

TOM FARNDON

Musing on My Core College Existence

“Hey Tom, you got a letter in the mail, some guy named Ande. Says it’s a ‘reminder of our time together’.” I never get mail, and to suddenly get something out of the blue from someone I didn’t even know was a surprise for me. I told my Dad I’d open the letter the next time I was home, which would be in a month or so. This, of course, was an absolute lie, as I spent the next half an hour researching this guy to see if I had met him somewhere before. A poetry reading, a kayaking tour, my college orientation, I looked through anything that could possibly sate this nagging feeling at the back of my head.

I called my Dad back and asked him to open the letter for me, since I didn’t want to deal with the suspense anymore. He already had it on his desk waiting to be opened in anticipation of me cracking under my own pressure. It’s always funny what your parents know, and how you never give them credit for how well they know you until this kind of thing happens.

He read the letter out to me, citing an illegible scrawl that made it hard for him to do so. None of it sounded familiar, yet it was all about me. My dreams, where I lived, what my plans for the future were, everything was written in a neat little paragraph. Yet none of it had a familiar tone. At the very end of the paragraph was a simple message:

“You had better have made some headway, you bum. All the best, Tom.”

Then it dawned on me. This was a letter I had written years ago as part of a class exercise to write down our expectations of ourselves in the future. I had thought it was trite at the time, and never expected to see it again, much less have it read aloud to me over the phone.

It was pleasing to see that a couple of goals I set for myself four years ago had actually been accomplished: I had a few pieces of my writing published online and I had managed to accrue some business experience in Manhattan, both of which still top my list of things to work on.

However, one thing still bothered me. Why hadn't I remembered that I wrote that letter? Why did it sound so alien to me? Had my college adventure been a lot longer than I thought, thereby leaving a lot of the things that happened to me to collect dust in the musty alleys of my memory? Or was it simply having more pressing matters to attend to as the years went on? Regardless, it made me dwell on the past couple of years of my life, and the journey it has been.

Now, I don't mean to sound egotistical, but the best way to describe my journey, or in fact any college student's journey, would be to compare it to Homer's *Odyssey*. I know that we aren't traveling the world and fighting to return to our doting spouses; rather, we fight to fly as far from home as possible, battling sleep deprivation instead of Cyclops. For each one of us, the journey is a personal ordeal that beats us to the ground, but makes us realize just how much punishment we can take.

Some might say this sounds suspiciously like a chapter from a self-help book, but it really is true when you think about it. Each one of us has our own Poseidon, Circe, Penelope, and Calypso. Boston was my Trojan War, and New York my Ithaca, but those trials and tribulations are different for every single person. This is why we must remember that while those shiny diplomas are the reason we start our time in college, it's actually the path we forge on the way there that defines us.

But how do I define the beginning of this journey? Was it the start of my college career, or was it when I became aware of how far I had come in those four years? It is a difficult point to solve logistically, as it is hard to isolate each event from every other. It is like our perception of the fall from innocence into experience in that we can only appreciate innocence after we have fallen into a state of experience, when innocence has lost its purity. It's a cycle that leaves us consistently unsatisfied, always yearning for the

ideas just out of our reach.

I came to the conclusion that there was no reason for me to try and find out where this journey began, because I'm pretty sure that more times than I can count I told myself that I was turning over a new leaf, or trying to change my lifestyle. Each time I took careful stock of what had passed, and made myself a plan for the future. Our lives are full of random instances of intense self-awareness, accentuated by our ardent desires to individuate ourselves and give ourselves direction in our lives.

That's why all the books that I read in my college career were so important, not because of learning any sort of mechanical writing nuances, but instead finding an empathetic medium with which to relate. The characters in our curriculum—Gilgamesh, Enkidu, Aeneas, Dido, and all the characters in between—deliver an important message. When we go to a college, chances are that there are going to be quite a few more people than there were in primary school. This tends to create an oppressive feeling of isolation when we realize how much of a little fish we are in such a large pond. But when we read these books, we realize that maybe it doesn't matter how big the world is now, and that what matters is how we relate to the other fish in the pond.

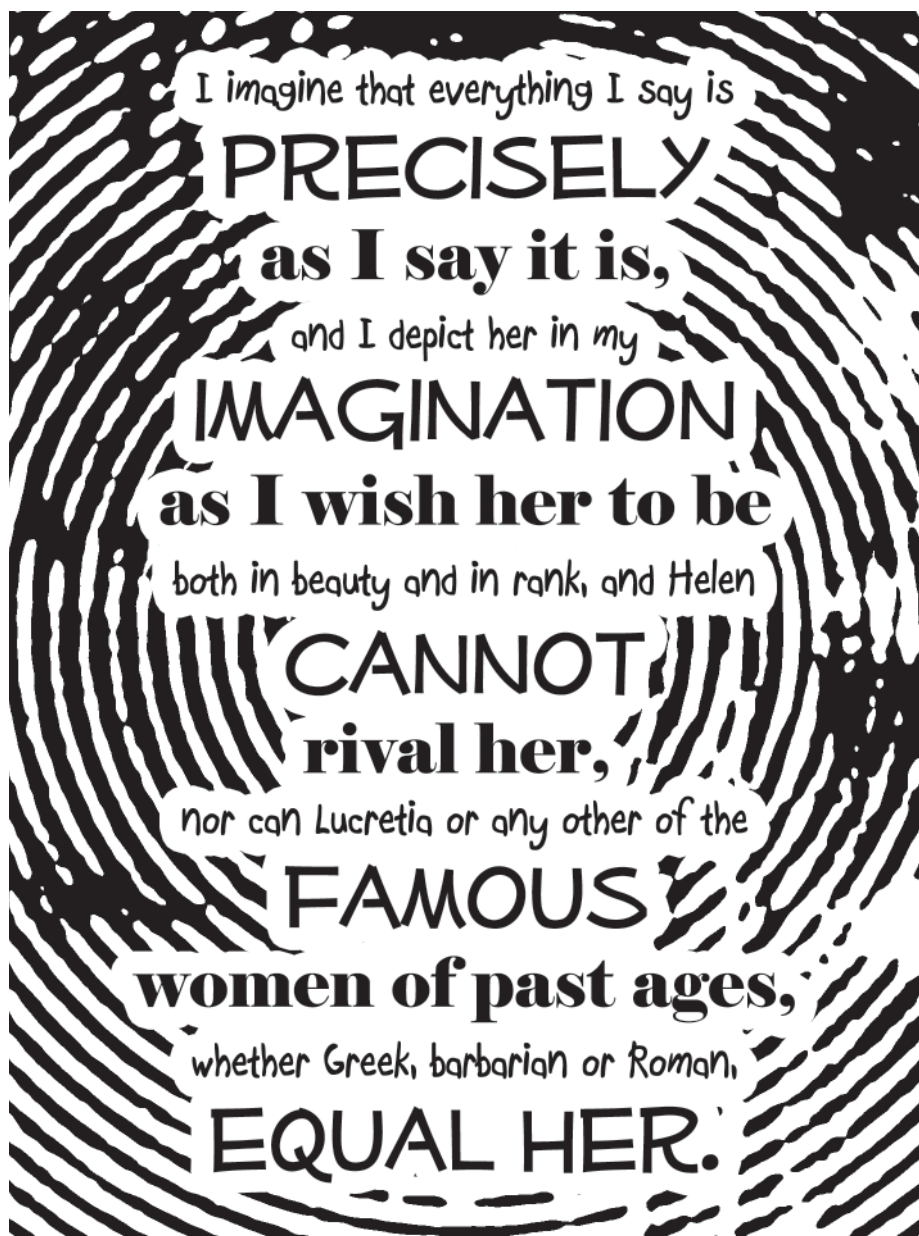
In order to survive the harsh experiences of our new lives, we search for an Enkidu, a peer that provides us with security and friendship. Inevitably, due to our immaturity and changing circumstances (different class schedules, for example), we lose that friendship, necessitating a move to a new Enkidu, or even to a Penelope. But we never find that Penelope the first time out, as we have to battle the emotional entrapments of the Calypso's and the Circe's, and learn not to pass the buck of our fates like Aeneas. Our distaste for the personalities we encounter on these journeys—or even our admiration—tempers our moral will into a glowing saber with which we can cut through the fog of indecision. We find our academic passions, retreating into self-speculation, only emerging to seek the approval of our Confucian acolytes and peers, searching for an affirmation that the path we are following is the right one. With the right amount of participant

observation, we learn to emulate the people we admire in our environment, but we cannot completely avoid the subconscious taints of vice. Yet thanks to those intermittent bouts of self-consciousness, we learn that anything we do is subject to change. Our minds are not yet concrete, stodgy, and unmoving, and even those that take pride in their stubbornness are not immune to change.

These authors in the Core Curriculum are our muses, but we must take care not to be swept away by their mellifluous tones, because just as each person is transient, so is morality throughout the ages. We must take our contemporary knowledge and fuse it with ancient musings in order to create a new and holistic set of ethics that will guide us. These morals do not have to be absolute; all they have to do is serve our needs in the here and now. When I wrote that letter four years ago, I had a different outlook on my life. Even though I had accomplished what I set out to do, I am now a different person altogether. This doesn't make who I was before a social reprobate, rather just an earlier point in an emotional evolution.

With the extraordinary volume of information available to each Internet user in our modern society, it is easy to get lost in the mire, even to feel drowned out even as you scream to be noticed as a unique individual, and not just noticed, but followed, poked, re-tweeted, applauded. Take whatever you learn on the Internet with a grain of salt, much as you would any piece of literature. Remember that even in fiction a greater truth can be revealed; if one is able greet the opportunity with an open mind.

So when we are looking down from the peak of Mt. Ventoux into the circles of academic hell, just remember that while we may not know exactly how we got there, and regardless of how much we dread a fall into that inferno, we must remain steadfast in our return to our Ithaca. ■



Spoken by Don Quixote to his companion Sancho, in *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha* (1605) by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, tr. John Rutherford

Contributor & Staff Bios

Vidhya Babu (CAS '96) is a partner in a Silicon Valley law firm. When she is not practicing law or chasing around her adorable son, she enjoys not joining her husband on his Harley-Davidson motorcycle club rides.

Shawn Benjamin (CAS '13) is a Religion major. He is originally from St. Croix and has traveled to Israel, Egypt, Jordan, Greece, and the South Pacific. He is an avid cyclist and spends each July watching live coverage of the Tour de France.

Alan Blanco (CAS '14) is Los Angeles native majoring in Classics and English.

Zachary Bos (GRS '13) studied poetry with Robert Pinsky and Louise Glück in the BU Creative Writing program. He lives near Fitchburg, MA, and operates an independent literary press.

Crystal-Angelee Burrell (CAS '14) is an International Relations major with a Performance Theater minor. She hails from Brooklyn, and wouldn't have it any other way. She is interested in global politics, but aspires to someday grace the stages of Broadway. She regularly performs her spoken word poetry all over Boston.

Nadine Byers (CAS '15) is undecided and she loves hard-core rap.

Annalisa Dias-Mandoly (CAS '10) majored in English and Religion at BU, and worked with AmeriCorps in LA. She's now in DC, studying theater and criticism at the Catholic University of America. She blogs at www.annalisadias.weebly.com.

Cecilia Douglas (CAS '14) is a double major in Psychology and Latin American Studies. She is from Arlington, MA, and loves to dance, especially hip-hop.

Rachel DuShey (COM '14) is kind of obsessed with Judaic studies and isn't afraid to show it (or publish essays about it). To be fair though, out of the four essays she

submitted to the Core Journal, this was the only one accepted.

Katelyn Eng (CAS '15) is a currently a Biology major and she hopes to become an occupational therapist. Born in Philadelphia, PA, she loves spending her time downtown eating, exploring, and taking pictures.

Tom Farndon (CAS '12) is an English major with a minor in Business Administration. When Tom isn't fretting over his next class essay, you can find him boxing, kayaking, musing online about the literary significance of video games, or frying burgers in mustard to be enjoyed alongside a nice pint of Bass.

Jennifer Formichelli completed her doctorate at the University of Cambridge. She has taught both years of Core Humanities since 2006. When she isn't occupied these days researching and writing a book-length study of epigraphs, she spends her time walking her two dogs and trying to discern the contents of their hearts.

Hannah Franke (CAS '12) is a double major in Art History and English. She traveled across the country from Seattle, WA, to study at BU, hoping to save the whales and all that. She enjoys writing and listening to music, and she can often be found in the dining hall, reading and eating.

William Frothingham (COM '13) is a Journalism major and Philosophy minor. Born and raised in western Mass, he has always felt at home in Boston, and enjoys searching for hidden gems the city has to offer. In addition to writing for a variety of blogs, William co-DJs a hip-hop radio show on WTBU.

Lenny Futterman (CAS '14) is a Political Science major. He is on the BU rowing team and has raced for the U.S. at the World Rowing Junior Championships.

David Green teaches Humanities in the second year of the Core Curriculum. He is the author of a novel, *Atchley* (Station Hill, 1998), and a collection of short fiction, *The Garden of Love and Other Stories* (Pen & Anvil, 2010).

Cherie Gu (CAS '15) is an International Relations major and French literature minor. She has loved her first year in Boston and is excited to be studying abroad in France this coming summer.

Daniel Hudon teaches in the Core Natural Sciences. He is a co-organizer of BU's Ecofest and keeper of the blog, *Eco-Now*. A list of his prose and poetry publications can be found at his personal website, www.people.bu.edu/hudon.

Megan Ilnitzki (CAS '14) is an English major with a Journalism minor. She has a passionate love of Jane Austen, the New York Mets, kickboxing, and iced tea. She is excited to start the London internship program this fall, and hopes to move to New York City after college to work in a major publishing house.

Brian Jorgensen was the founding Director of the Core Curriculum. He performs in the Fish Worship blues band with Professors James Jackson (Astronomy), Jay Samons (Classics), Wayne Snyder (Computer Science), David Mann (Psychiatry, Harvard), and Core alumnus Edmund Jorgensen. Four members of the band are current or ex-deans; the band believes that the day may be coming when every third member of the faculty will be a dean.

Laura Kakalecz (CAS '15) is a Cultural Anthropology major. She hails from West Caldwell, NJ, and enjoys vegetarian food, *Parks and Recreation*, long walks on the BU beach, and petting the dogs in Amory Park. She has a soft spot for the *Aeneid*.

Madison Kasheta (CAS '14) is a Psychology major and Spanish minor with plans to minor in Film Studies. She is from Cape Cod, but she enjoys visiting family in California; she can see herself living on the West Coast someday. She's working out how to marry her interests in music and film with a career involving law.

Molly Kelly (CAS '15) is a double major in Political Science and Psychology. She is from Clinton, CT, but plans to make Boston her home following graduation. She enjoys painting and drawing, and has an undying love for Kevin Spacey.

Jackie Kos (CAS '15) is an International Relations major. She loves running, poetry, and playing the guitar (poorly, to the chagrin of her roommates). When she grows up, she wants to save the world and be European.

Madeleine Lee (CAS '14) is a Cultural Anthropology major and an Education minor. As a native New Yorker, she is interested in how different cultures merge within urban environments. She plans to pursue this academic interest by traveling to the great cities of the world.

Alyssa Marion (CAS '14) is an Economics major with minors in Spanish and Business Administration. She is originally from Albany, NY, making her an obsessive Yankees fan. She is a member of the BU Dance Team.

Alan Marscher of the Department of Astronomy was a primary architect and course coordinator of CC105 from 1989 to 2001, and received the Gitner Award for Distinguished Teaching in the College of Arts and Sciences in 1998. Information about his research on ultra-high energy particle jets in quasars can be found at www.bu.edu/blazars. Free mp3 versions of some of his folk-pop-science songs are available for download at www.soundclick.com/cosmosii.

Matthew Miller (CAS '15) is a double major in Mathematics and Computer Science. So far in life, he has waited a bar mitzvah held in a gorilla house; created a website for a Fortune 500 company; and played piano at Carnegie Hall. These days, he only leaves his cave for food, sunlight, and the occasional jazz concert.

Gayle Miner (CAS '15) is a Psychology major and Education minor. She is from Concord, MA and is enjoying her studies in Boston. When not analyzing ancient Greek architecture, she enjoys both playing and watching sports.

Caitlin Outterson (CAS '13) is an Economics major with minors in Biology and History. In terms of careers, she is keeping her options open; but after spending a recent semester in New Zealand, she is giving serious consideration to the

professions of glacier tour guide, kayak instructor, and film critic.

Nellie Papsdorf (CAS '14) is a History major focusing on intellectual and cultural history. Originally from Portland, Oregon, she enjoys short stories, coffee makers and petting big dogs.

Jason Porter (ENG '15) is a Biomedical Engineering major. He is a native of the Boston area, and likes calculus, politics, and running.

Alan Premasiri (CAS '15) is a Biology major on the pre-med track. He is from right outside Boston so he's a die-hard local sports fan.

Emma Rehard (CAS '14) is a double major in International Relations and Religion. Her obsessions range from Irish step dancing to the Red Sox, and she's lived in places from Japan to Kenya.

Pamela Rivière (CAS '15) is a Neuroscience major from Puerto Rico who earned the disdain of New Englanders when she flipped out upon seeing snow for the first time last fall. Her life plans include learning six languages and traveling the world.

Tim Rosborough (CAS '14) is a Biology major on the pre-med track, with a minor in Japanese language and literature. He is from New York and is a huge Woody Allen fan. He also loves to ride his bike around Boston.

Julia Sinitsky (CAS '14) is an International Relations major with minors in Russian and Economics. She enjoys travel, playing the flute, baroque music, British plays, swing dancing, and literature, especially Victorian novels with intricate plots and tragic endings. Her favorite Core experience has been studying the *Daodejing*.

Rebecca Shaw (CAS '14) is a Political Science major with a minor in Classical Civilizations. This summer, she will be participating in the Boston University London internship program in Political Science and International Relations.

Rebecca plans to attend law school and pursue a career in public service.

Sydney Shea (CAS '14) is majoring in Ancient Greek and Latin. She enjoys Plato, *Vogue*, libraries, and her responsibilities at *The Daily Free Press*. Her favorite places in Boston are Beacon Hill and the Public Garden, especially during the fall.

Sassan Tabatabai teaches Core Humanities and Persian. This is his ninth year as advisor to the Journal. His poem "Northeast Regional" appears in his recently published collection, *Uzunburun* (Pen & Anvil Press, 2011).

Anna Takahashi (CAS '15) is a Biological Anthropology major. She is from San Diego, CA, and hopes one day to enroll in the Boston University School of Medicine to study forensic anthropology.

Julien Urraca (CAS '12) is an Economics major and Philosophy minor. He is from Paris, France, and may be the only senior taking a Core class this semester.

Jeannette Vasquez (CAS '14) is a Political Science major and English minor. She has a strong interest in politics and is excited to spend the summer volunteering for President Obama's re-election campaign. As a native Californian, she loves being in the sun and going to the beach.

Mary Erica Zimmer (GRS '13) is a PhD candidate in the Editorial Institute, a Core alumna, and an instructor in the CAS Writing Program. When not working her way through the pleasures and perils of Geoffrey Hill's work, she plays with manuscripts; inflicts culinary experiments on undeserving victims; and works to bring the second person plural into wider circulation. ■

This issue of *The Journal of the Core Curriculum*

was produced by Zachary Bos. The text is set in Adobe Caslon Pro, a font based on the serif typefaces created by English designer William Caslon I (1692–1766). The headings are set in Whitney, a hybrid typeface drawing inspiration from gothic and humanist fonts, designed for the Whitney Museum by Tobias Frere-Jones. Printed by Offset Prep, Inc., of Quincy, Mass.

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 ☀

Last lines of the *Paradiso* (a.1321) by Dante Alighieri, tr. Allen Mandelbaum

A
thousand-foot
wall begins
with
the soil
beneath
one's feet.
老子

千里之行 始於足下



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