



The JOURNAL
of the CORE
CURRICULUM

VOLUME VIII • SPRING 1999

The JOURNAL *of the* CORE CURRICULUM



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PUBLISHED at BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, *on the 29th day of* APRIL, 1999.

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PREFACE

If Aristotle is right, and happiness is good powers in action, then this journal is a diary of some happy occasions. Not to imply, of course, that every sentence herein was pleasant to produce. One can picture with some confidence the circumstances in which many of these papers were probably written. And beyond collegiate circumstance is the difficulty of saying something well, especially when the power that provides things worth saying well may seem absent. Perhaps some were fortunate enough, in working on these papers, or other papers not herein reproduced, to feel at least something like Jacob at Peniel, wrestling, if not at Bethel, sighting the ladder.

To wrestle with great things is in fact good fortune, and to write well about them a happy activity. Pleasant as it may be to read and listen, satisfactory to see the book-pile climbing, self-improving to take notes, exhilarating to understand, levitational to dream, yet we become ourselves when we write—just as when we decide or do. Some may remember Professor Devlin saying that Nietzsche would regard the entire acquisitive and levitational aspects of Core as a small cup of something, far on the outskirts of the real banquet to which each person is invited. Less peripheral, Nietzsche might agree, is the difficult wine of thinking for oneself and saying what one thinks.

Less peripheral, more to the purpose, less easy, less pleasant, more real. If Confucius is right, moral force involves order and commitment, and writing calls us to order and causes us to commit ourselves, thereby to be read, thereby to be judged. Even vagueness and evasion are judged, if only by the grade of Professor X, and being judged is often no more pleasant than the process of production. Yet these page-counting coercions to show one's *te* and be judged upon the show, contribute to happiness, if happiness includes the habituating exercise of courage and of the intellectual virtues. The editorial board of this journal has judged the included papers as among the best submitted. As admirable as is their willingness to judge, and thereby be perhaps right or wrong, is the willingness to be judged, and by their peers, of the students who submitted papers. Those whose work is included in this year's Core Journal and those whose work is not are both to be commended.

It does not particularly matter that this is the tenth year of Core. What matters particularly, as always, is this current generation of Core students and teachers, now disbanding but with some salt shared, and what for each might be memorable, have been accomplished, have been enjoyed, have been good health to them, to borrow from Whitman—and to what, for each, these CC experiences may be hoped to conduce. Thank you, professors, for the assignments that gave rise to these papers, and the teaching that nourished and nipped them. Thanks, old minds, for coming once more to the meeting place. Thanks to the editors and contributors for this souvenir of eudaimonian arrows.

Dean J.

INTRODUCTION

The Core Curriculum is more than an alternative to Divisional Studies; it is a way of life. Great pieces of literature foster intellectual growth, intriguing conversation, and a greater appreciation for diversity. Core students can no longer read a work without learning the contemporary social conditions and philosophical movements. The Core Curriculum education provides a solid foundation to understand the interaction between the work and the era, as well as the major themes in the history of literature. Furthermore, even when watching movies, allusions to Plato, Dante, or Milton constantly arise. To paraphrase Kant, Core is “mankind's exit from a self-incurred immaturity.”

The Core Journal offers students the opportunity to share their most insightful, creative, or enjoyable papers with their fellow Core buffs. These selections, chosen from a large pool of submissions, best captured the essence of the works studied in Core. All papers were read anonymously, and with a careful eye for quality in writing and thought.

We would like to thank all those students who submitted their papers, and would like to acknowledge the difficulty in making choices. We would also like to thank the staff at the Core Office for handling the constant flux of papers. Finally, we would like to thank Dean Jorgenson and Prof. Nelson for their guidance and support. This Journal would not be possible without everyone's help.

The Core Journal Editorial Board

I prefer to dream waking than sleeping.

—Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The confessions*. KA.

Since philosophers alone are able to lay hold of the ever same and unchangeable, and those who cannot do so, but keep wandering amid the changeable and manifold are not philosophers—who ought to be leaders of a city?

—Plato, *The Republic*. GC.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNET SIXTY-SIX

by Christina KUKIELSKI

SONNET SIXTY-SIX *by* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry.

As, to behold desert a beggar born,

And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,

And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,

And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,

And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,

And folly (doctorlike) controlling skill,

And simple truth miscalled simplicity,

And captive good attending captain ill.

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,

Save that to die, I leave my love alone.

In sonnet sixty-six, Shakespeare's seemingly depressed poet protests against the world's injustices by wishing for his own death. The negative tone ascends as the poet stacks a list of harsh realities described in sequences of iambic pentameter, but the movement quickly changes when, in the last line, the poet admits that his death wish is dishonest—for he cannot die and desert his love. The poem's contemptuous mood then shifts to one of affection and creates a sentimental release from the reality of the world's corruption.

The first line of the sonnet sets the fatalistic tone of the speaker who sees death as the only means to his own peace:

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,

The meter of this line contrasts to the strict iambic pentameter of the next eleven lines. In the first half of the phrase, before the caesura, the meter immediately falls with a trochaic foot that sets up a quick declaration concluded by the spondee that follows. Shakespeare employs a spondaic foot following the trochee to bring attention to “all these” and to raise questions about the unknown referents for “these.” The ambiguity incites anticipation and foreshadows the poet’s explication of his case. The spondee stabilizes the line before the meter again turns and rises with the next three iambic feet. The rising meter of the iambs moves the reader solemnly into the next lines of verse, where the poet explains that the vileness of humanity is what tires him. It seems natural that a speaker with disdain for life would find death “restful,” but it is peculiar that the speaker cries out for this gentle death. To explain this seeming contradiction, it is necessary to understand his cry to be a plea, rather than a shriek of fear, exemplifying the poet’s anxiousness about his own death.

Shakespeare manages to make the reader feel similar impatience. The commas that separate the word, “As,” from the flow of the poem seem to heighten the reader’s anticipation by suspending the poet’s subsequent explanation. Shakespeare releases his hold on the reader in the second line and begins his long list of grievances. It is important to note that Shakespeare stacks the list by starting each of lines three through twelve with the conjunction “and” and finally concludes with the first period at the end of line twelve. The list strengthens the poet’s case by providing examples, but the ascending movement and rising tension created by the culminating list communicates the intense contempt and frustration that has been building inside the poet. Just as the world’s harsh realities jab at the ideals of the poet, so too do the lines of verse jab at the reader.

Shakespeare begins the list of complaints with a comparison between two types of humans, one virtuous and one not, and makes his comparison evident with the device of alliteration in lines two and three. He spreads his one point across two lines of verse but manages to link the two by contrasting the consonant sound in “behold...beggar born” to the different consonant sound of “needy nothing.” The comparison can be dissected in two ways. First of all, Shakespeare hopes to illustrate the injustice that occurs when a deserving person becomes poor and rejected, like a beggar, and when a sinful nonentity acquires the wealth and attention that “trimmed in jollity” suggests. But, on another level, the two examples compare in that the virtuous person is “born” into his lowly status, while the other acquires his stature through societal acceptance. It seems that Shakespeare is pointing to a natural fortune, distributed unevenly and unpredictably before birth. If that is the case, Shakespeare raises the question of theodicy or divine justice. Though Shakespeare suggests the injustice of a divine hand in this comparison, it proves to be his only reference to natural or divine fortune. The nine examples remaining result from mere immoral and corrupt human measures.

The next four lines, lines four through seven, describe four different grievances, but employ identical verse structure. Each line, beginning with the typical “and,” includes an adjective that modifies the noun and, subsequently, an adverb modifying the verb. The harmony moves the reader through the list smoothly and helps to stack the items securely. But, each point should be taken individually. Ambiguity about the meaning of Shakespeare’s general statements and terms - faith, honor, virtue and perfection - mandates interpretation. The perjury of faith in line four could be a religious devotion that one fabricates or it could be a hollow and false promise. A contrast between the demure nature of a “maiden” and another’s harsh incivility suggests a vicious sin of rape in line six when Shakespeare writes about “strumpeted” virtue. “Perfection wrongfully disgraced” in line seven implies either the neglect of or the ruin of a man’s moral or intellectual worth. The poet continues his thinking about how humans distort virtues through the next quatrain, while Shakespeare discreetly alters the structure.

In the last line of the second quatrain, line eight, there appears to be a slight shift when Shakespeare discontinues the parallel structure of the last four lines and varies the structure of the next five lines; it is not a drastic shift because he still continues his list of ideas that start with “And.” Lines eight and nine deal with the similar topic of authority and the poet’s point is best understood if one compares the opposing positions authority can take. Authority that is incompetent, as in line eight, can hamper strength in politics, while authority that wields too much power, as in line nine, can obstruct progress in the creative arts. Lines eleven and twelve play with word meaning to explicate further points about human fallibility. Initially, “simple” in line eleven means pure and right, but, when Shakespeare repeats simple in “simplicity,” its meaning is transformed into one of idiocy or feeble-mindedness. Likewise, in line twelve, Shakespeare plays with the word captive. At first it refers to a good that is restricted or bound, but Shakespeare transforms its meaning into the antithesis of binding when he constructs the ruling nature of “captain ill.” It is important that their list culminates with the corruption of the higher principles of truth and goodness, in lines eleven and twelve, because it makes the situation seem almost hyperbolically drastic. The list stacks so high that it is nearly impossible to anticipate Shakespeare’s impending twist.

The crucial shift in the poem occurs in the concluding couplet when the poet abandons his long list and reverts to his original thought of death:

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,

This line is identical in meter to line one and it repeats the poem’s first two feet. The medial caesura in both lines of the couplet is analogous to the caesura of line one, but contrasts to the eleven preceding lines that have no medial pause. This device slows down the acceleration that had been building over the last lines and alerts the reader to pay close attention to the couplet. The “would” in line thirteen is peculiar because it seems to suggest the poet’s hesitation that was not evident in the

fatalistic and determinate first line of the poem. The twist in the poem is here foreshadowed, but it is soon clear in the poem's last line:

Save that to die, I leave my love alone.

The poet takes back every assurance he had once had about his own demise and completely reverses the course of the poem. The reader anticipates either a final farewell to life or a re-proclamation of the poet's impending death, but instead Shakespeare reveals the true sentiments of the speaker and the first line becomes a bluff. The speaker's affinity for his loved one withstands life's corruption so as to give him a small will to live. Consequently, the injustice that had seemed so monumental and imposing crashes down upon the unsuspecting reader, who surprisingly finds a brace in sentimental love.

REVELING *in* DEVILRY

by Karen SMITH

As extraordinary figures who seek the fulfillment of their desires regardless of the ensuing costs to themselves or others, Don Giovanni and Faust both ceaselessly strive for insatiable goals—Don Giovanni for infinite female sexual partners and Faust for an unlimited wealth of experience to complement his superior intellect. Yet whereas Don Giovanni seeks from the outset a purely sensual end, Faust must first renounce his studious life, but not his exemplary knowledge, before he can pursue a more physically active existence. The tensions that continue to build throughout *Don Giovanni* and Part I of *Faust* between both characters and those with whom they interact ultimately thrust Don Giovanni and Faust alike to a status well below mediocrity—Don Giovanni to hell and Faust to a life with the vulgar Mephistopheles, a figurative hell. Perdition, in both a literal and metaphorical sense, then, presents an overwhelming obstacle, or an end in Don Giovanni's case, to the restless, yearning lives both characters previously lead and find certain levels of pleasure in.

In response to Leporello's wish that Don Giovanni relinquish his sexual pursuit of women, Don Giovanni affirms in staunch recitative his primary, completely physical aim:

Forget women! You're crazy!
Forget women! You know I need them
more than the bread I eat,
more than the air I breathe!¹

By repetitively exclaiming in an astounded, indignant tone ("You're crazy!") his sarcastic imitation of Leporello's request and the word "women" in particular, Don Giovanni conveys the vigor, immediacy, and import of his lust. Don Giovanni demonstrates his purely physical estimation of women, moreover, by comparing them with, but ultimately elevating them above, fundamental material necessities, such as "bread" and "air," and by using simple, visceral language, such as "need," "eat," and "breathe." Don Giovanni's insistence that Leporello is well aware of the impracticality of his demand and his repetition of the word "I" illustrate Don Giovanni's self-absorption and intensify his single inclination toward eroticism.

As an individual with a superior ability to lure women, however, Don Giovanni feels compelled not to limit his sensual enterprise to just himself, but to impart his goal to the rest of humanity as well, as he jubilantly expresses to Donna Elvira after she begs him to repent: “Here’s to the ladies and to good wine,/ the sustenance and glory of mankind!”² The juxtaposition of women and fine wine reduces femininity to a mere carnal delight, while at the same time, paradoxically, the juxtaposition of the words “sustenance” and “glory” raises all forms of sensuality to a new level of vitality and exuberance. Indeed, Don Giovanni toasts women and wine alike as if the raw, physical pleasure they induce and represent to him were his savior or divinity, as the explosion of orchestral music at the word “*gloria*” (“glory”) indicates. The rising volume of the festive music, which stems from and finally overtakes Don Giovanni’s robust exclamation and tone, illustrates Don Giovanni’s egotistic conception that all people, regardless of their individual differences and preferences, should embrace and even adopt his physically indulgent lifestyle.

Don Giovanni maintains his firm adherence to his sensual existence and goal even when he encounters the condemnatory, supernatural force of the lifelike statue of the Commendatore. In response to the statue’s arrival at Don Giovanni’s house and request to eat with Don Giovanni, for instance, Don Giovanni, in stark contrast to the panicky Leporello, brazenly agrees to join the statue’s company: “My pulse is steady:/ I’m not afraid, I accept.”³ Despite Don Giovanni’s dauntless tone, which his motivational, repeated referral to himself (“My” and “I”) enhances, an insurgent, destructive force runs underneath his speech, which the incessantly beating, increasingly intense and loud orchestral music (in imitation of Don Giovanni’s heart) and its sudden plummet on the word “*verro*” (“will come”) convey. Even the fearless Don Giovanni finally acknowledges this sinister foreboding when he offers the statue his hand:

Here it is!... Oh, oh!

.....
I’ve never felt coldness like this!⁴

The transition from a self-assured to a frightened tone and from an enthusiastic to an apprehensive use of physical language portrays Don Giovanni’s alarming recognition of his impending doom.

Yet although he senses the dreadful consequences of his tireless pursuit of lust, which impels him to commit violent acts including murder that defy the proper conduct of his aristocratic class, Don Giovanni nonetheless refuses, in a burst of sheer indignation, the statue’s demand that he atone for his sins: “No, no!”⁵ Don Giovanni’s forceful repetition of the monosyllabic word “no,” which heavy, dire music hammers out and a strong silence between words intensifies, creates a thrashing effect. The music plunges, moreover, on the final “no,” as if, by holding fast to his sensual calling, Don Giovanni seals his fate in hell. Indeed, after a brief silence and with somber music slowly increasing in tempo, which conveys the seemingly quickening passage of time, the statue reveals Don

Giovanni's now inevitable loss of both his goal and himself: "Ah, time has run out!"⁶ Don Giovanni therefore must now both acknowledge and accept his new, permanent, static life in perdition: "What terror never felt before assails my spirits?/ Whence arise these tongues of livid fire?"⁷ By posing terrified, rhetorical questions to himself rather than boasting of his usual sexual feats, and by using vivid sensual words, such as "assails," "tongues," and "fire," to describe hellfire rather than his burning lust, Don Giovanni portrays his dreadful recognition of the death of his dream and of himself. As the pounding music and the demons' chants engulf his speech, Don Giovanni finally loses himself to the lusty devil he so strove to become.

In contrast to Don Giovanni, who seeks an erotic goal without first contemplating a more intellectual or spiritual pursuit, Faust acknowledges his conflicting desires before he alters his lifestyle with the help of Mephistopheles:

Two souls, alas, dwell in my breast,
each seeks to rule without the other.
The one with robust love's desires
clings to the world with all its might,
the other fiercely rises from the dust
to reach sublime ancestral regions.⁸

The juxtaposition of carnal lust ("*Liebeslust*")—which, like a frightened earth-crawling creature, clutches its physical surroundings—with a spiritual power ("*Dust*")—which, like the bold mythological phoenix, ascends from its ashes toward higher planes—conveys the antagonism between Faust's inner drives. This inner tension, in turn, causes Faust deep despair, as he expresses with "alas" or the stronger German "*ach!*" By both comparing his opposing urges to spirits and personifying his desires with intensely physical words, such as "dwell," "clings," and "rises," furthermore, Faust powerfully portrays the double nature of his worldview.

Like Don Giovanni, however, Faust chooses to neglect his spiritual aspirations and instead yearns for mundane, sensual experiences. Yet an intense mental vigor that Don Giovanni's speech lacks charges even Faust's praise of mediocrity:

...I am prepared to change my course,
to penetrate the ether's high dominions
toward novel spheres of pure activity.⁹

Just as Don Giovanni praises women and wine as if they were sacred, Faust exalts ceaseless action as his new deity by employing spiritual language, including "ether," "high," and "spheres." Like Don Giovanni, moreover, Faust demonstrates his courage with such words as "prepared" and "penetrate." Yet unlike Don Giovanni, who imposes his sexual worldview upon the rest of humanity, Faust instead actively merges with the common mindset of the masses: Whatever is the lot of humankind/ I want to taste within my deepest self."¹⁰ Faust expresses his indiscriminate desire for all human experiences with the all-encompassing words "Whatever," "lot," and "humankind." By

juxtaposing the fate of mankind with his own craving (which he stresses with the words “I,” “my,” and “self”) and by using the words “within” and “deepest,” furthermore, Faust both conveys his self-importance, as does Don Giovanni, and the profundity of his urge. The German word “*genießen*,” which here appears as “taste,” further encompasses various forms of sensual pleasure, thus accentuating both the insatiability and ecstasy of Faust’s new goal.

Yet just as the statue of the Commendatore insists that time is crucial to Don Giovanni’s salvation, Mephistopheles, who now appears aged himself, proclaims atop Block Mountain on Walpurgis Night:

I feel that men are ripe for Judgment Day;
.....
the world has reached the edge of time.¹¹

Mephistopheles’ condemnatory tone, which resembles that of the statue but is riddled with irony since Mephistopheles himself is the greatest sinner, ultimately debases Faust’s prior expressions of enthusiasm and foreshadows the eventual destruction of Faust’s relationship with Margaret. In fact, Faust’s initiation into an ordinary lifestyle ranks him among the masses, which now must repent or face eternal hellfire. Mephistopheles’ use of the word “ripe” further objectifies and emphasizes the baseness of the majority of humanity, which Faust now leads to destruction.

Like Don Giovanni, then, Faust naturally perceives his impending doom before entering the dungeon to free Margaret: “An unfamiliar shudder seizes me;/ all the misery of Man is mine.”¹² As Faust’s fearful discontent manifests itself in physical quaking, his grand universal vision and restless pursuit of sensual experience fall from the weight of the depravity of humankind. Like Don Giovanni, however, Faust decides early—just before he attempts suicide, in fact—that he will not repent and commands himself to welcome hell: “Approach the brink serenely and accept the risk/ of melting into nothingness.”¹³ The verb “Approach,” or the German noun “*Schritt*” (“step”) which materializes and therefore intensifies the action, emphasizes Faust’s constant value of incessant exertion, which he later demonstrates by departing from the dungeon with Mephistopheles rather than passively yielding to God. Faust thus, paradoxically, finds a certain level of fulfillment by embracing emptiness; the active, ceaseless pursuit of any goal which is ultimately unattainable, he shows, results in a sort of suspended, frustrated pleasure.

Complete personal happiness and proper ethical conduct, then, become impossible aims for Don Giovanni and Faust. Regardless of whether the superior individual is a lusty aristocrat, like Don Giovanni, or an embittered, unprosperous scholar, such as Faust, he or she must inevitably depend upon the masses for the realization of his or her dream. Yet the masses, in turn, lack the necessary insight to comprehend or support the exemplary person’s unique needs and aspirations, which imminently run counter to mainstream thought. To pursue fulfillment, then, the superior individual

may choose an intellectual flight from the physical realm—which isolates him or her from others and daily life—or an aggressive attempt to control all people and situations to fit his or her goal—which estranges and inevitably oppresses or harms others. In any case, the exemplary person, perhaps without his or her active choice, trades a connection with others for an exceptional quality or ability, which may, ultimately, even disassociate such a person, such as Don Giovanni and Faust, from him or herself. Personal isolation, confusion, and inner turmoil in the midst of mediocrity are finally enough to drive anyone to hell.

¹ DaPonte/Mozart 12.

² *Ibid.* 19.

³ *Ibid.* 20.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ *Ibid.*

⁸ Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*, trans. Peter Salm (New York: Bantam, 1985) ll. 1112-17.

⁹ *Ibid.* ll. 703-5.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* ll. 1770-1.

¹¹ *Ibid.* ll. 4093-5.

¹² *Ibid.* ll. 4405-6.

¹³ *Ibid.* ll. 718-9.

You shall not, for the sake of one individual, change the meaning of principle and integrity, nor endeavor to persuade yourself or me, that selfishness is prudence, and insensibility of danger, security for happiness.

—Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*. NC.

We Climbed—
he first, I following—until I saw,
through a round opening, some of those things
of beauty Heaven bears. It was from there
that we emerged, to see—once more—the stars.

—Dante Alighieri, *Inferno*. AG.

CLYTÆMNESTRA *and* ATHENA

WOMEN'S INFLUENTIAL ROLE *in the* BIRTH of ATHENIAN DEMOCRACY

by Jennifer MERRIFIELD

In the opening scene of the *Agamemnon*, we see how Clytæmnestra kindles the fires of hope and terror equally. As Robert Fagles remarks, the tragic nature of her words and deeds embody the “just and unjust and [are] equally justified in both.”¹ In order to comprehend the manner in which the *Oresteia* uses Clytæmnestra and Athena to merge discord and harmony, we must first venture into the chaotic, darkly maternal Fury that Clytæmnestra embodies.

Matriarchal immortals, the Furies center their efforts at preserving justice in the sphere of the family. As the curse of Atreus shows the revenged, these goddesses work through family members as weapons of revenge. In this role Clytæmnestra excels. The Argive queen is much more than a puppet. Clytæmnestra comes to the conclusion that Agamemnon has lost touch with himself, his people, and his family. Hubris swept him away and his role as shepherd of his people has been compromised. Iphigeneia's sacrifice brings out Clytæmnestra's private fury as a mother. She aims to destroy the father. She realizes, as does the chorus in *Agamemnon* 1594, that her “race is welded to its ruin.” Thus Clytæmnestra yields to fate and weds the curse in hopes of setting her “house”—her palace and kingdom—in order.²

Clytæmnestra cannot achieve this as queen, simply because she is a queen filling the role of king in a patriarchal society. No matter how just the regicide, the people do not trust a woman whose cunning permits her to move between spheres of male and female at will. She is aware that “once the hearth burns off corruption, once/ the house drives off the Furies...time brings all things to birth.”³ Her act, however, cannot end the corruption in the house.

This is where Orestes enters in. Growing up away from his family, Orestes never suffered the oppressive gloom that darkened his birthplace. Spared from growing up in a home stained with blood and adultery, Orestes' formative years went untouched by curses, guilt, and betrayal. Seeing

how Aeschylus mentions little of Orestes' childhood abroad, we may presume that it was normal—neither utopian nor wretched. This is made all the more clear in the chorus's remark that "Fury brings him home at last,/ the brooding mother Fury."⁴ When Orestes returns to avenge his father and claim his patrimony, Clytæmnestra greets a worthy opponent. Orestes surpasses his father's ability, displaying deftness for wit and cunning wordplay similar to his mother's.

A prophet to the end, Clytæmnestra pushes the action to a resolution twice when Orestes' manner of speech reveals his hesitation to kill her.⁵ She knows he will actualize the new era. In this respect, he is her hope. While the Fury in the mother is angry that she will die for an act of retribution, the mother in the Fury knows that Orestes is the hope for the line; through him the family may rise above the curse she was unable to overcome. Orestes may be able to suffer into his own truth: a truth that possesses the ability to untie the nets of the curse and shake the dirt off of the crimson robes that Agamemnon trampled on the ground.

From the beginning, Clytæmnestra is a vehicle of change. Upon her death, she changes shape, leaving behind her physical container for a supernatural vehicle. She becomes a ghost in actuality and in memory. Orestes' initial moment of guilt before bloodying his hands opened the gate for his mother's memory to live on inside him in the same manner that Agamemnon's memory lives within him. The Furies, "hounds of [his] mother's curse,"⁶ are Clytæmnestra's way of extending beyond Hades to alter events in the realm of the living. If Orestes is the hope for the new era, it is Clytæmnestra who propels him towards his destiny at Athens. Orestes must suffer, and through his suffering emerge into the truth and wisdom required of the king he will soon become. Remembrance also plays a role: after the establishment of the new order, Orestes will remember the past events which led to his kingship, and in so doing, will keep his father's and mother's memory alive, allowing them to influence the governing of the new era.

The Eumenides further develops the significance of Orestes' growth. Before Orestes can resolve his personal turmoil and move his people into the light, he must "suffer into truth."⁷ A man's heart and his city are the same.⁸ Here also, "city" is the man's role in the daily operations of society. The notion of city and heart as inseparable from one another goes beyond a strong sense of national pride. Rather, this union of the public and the personal, the integration of familial loyalty and patriotism is at the heart of *The Oresteia*. The inherent impossibility of reconciling the balance between a leader's duty to his family and to his people appears in numerous instances: Agamemnon trapped between Zeus and the Furies; Orestes' need to avenge his father, while he hesitates to kill his mother; the Furies' anger that, in the Olympian order, the family is important but second to the collective good. In the description of a man's city and heart as one, these dueling forces achieve equilibrium, and allow the gods and society to progress into a new era of justice.

However, discussion of the new age is premature. The curse has expanded around the matricide into a moral complexity so dense that only through divine intervention, a cooperative effort by the Furies and the Olympians, can a new vision of the future come to pass. This poses its own problem. The Furies' and Zeus's perceptions of justice are at odds, engaged in a divine tug-of-war over the importance of each faction's role in the cosmos and in humanity. Zeus has established himself as the supreme deity. In dethroning Kronos, Zeus formed an ordered hierarchy of laws that insulated his sovereignty from subjugation. In his restructuring, he usurped the Furies matriarchal powers, allowing them to exist only on a much lower plane. This is more than a quarrel between the divine sexes—it is a controversy between two methods of justice. Zeus's sense of justice is a patriarchal power system that focuses on the collective good. In so doing, it prevents the recurrent shifts of leadership which undermine the stability of society. The Furies in contrast focus not on the collective good, but on the family as they make clear in their opposition to Agamemnon. From their matriarchal perspective, preserving the family should be the central concern, rather than stabilizing any kingdom or city-state.

The curse on Atreus's house closely parallels the situation the Olympian deities faced before Zeus's revolution set new standards of justice. In both instances, mortal and divine, the old laws and customs were appropriate until they reached the plane where the archaic systems contributed to the downfall of the system itself. This caused the systems to enter a state of limbo, where any revolutionary progress became impossible.

This position is dramatized at the point in the text where Orestes is clutching the knees of Athena's statue, while the Furies encircle him with the "chains of song"⁹ woven to paralyze Orestes and trap his impure soul in hell.¹⁰ Athena enters, finding them in deadlock. Upon surveying the scene, she asserts that a trial is the proper way to resolve this issue.¹¹ However once the Athenian citizens cast have their ballots, the vote is deadlocked: half in favor of Orestes' punishment, the remaining half favoring his acquittal. It is Athena who must cast the deciding vote, and it is here that her nature determines her choice.

Athena is the only goddess (or god) permitted to use Zeus's lightning bolts, attesting to the special esteem Zeus holds for her. Athena, who was sprung from Zeus's forehead, represents that moment when Zeus swallowed Metis, her mother, and incorporated the powers of wisdom and fertility into his own being. Perhaps as a result, the Furies respect her opinion and give Athena, an Olympian and Zeus's favored child, the opportunity to direct their destiny.¹² This is because Athena is not a representative of the Olympians. She possesses the depth of understanding necessary to consider both sides of the argument with equal impartiality, and then make an objective decision. Athena is an Olympian, but she may also sympathize with the Furies. They share a common gender

with the warrioress; also, the Furies must assimilate in some ways to the patriarchal society that surrounds them, something Athena has done since her conception.

Zeus tried to control the Furies, but he overlooked their ancient knowledge¹³ and the benefit it may contain. Apollo, too, believed them to have no place within the new order. Only Athena sees a need and a place for them. Athena needs the Furies to merge their qualities with hers, not only to birth a new civilization—democracy—but to give the democracy power to recreate itself from the inside. The Furies' powers of fertility can lend this regenerative aspect to society, allowing Athens to create new ideas from old, to experiment with their culture and to regenerate what has become jaded with time. Athena is the impartial middle ground. [It is fitting therefore that Orestes resolves the guilt centered on the friction between his father and mother in her city of Athens, and that here the gods and the Furies come together to create the Eumenides.] Appropriate also, that the roles of male and female are no longer strictly delineated, the former preoccupied with matters of state, the latter confined to matters of the home.

Through the Eumenides' watch on the Areopagus, "light goes through the world."¹⁴ Clytæmnestra's torch-fires of Fury now seep through the land, transformed into the bearers of light and justice. When the Furies adopted their new roles, they harmonized the divine and mortal strife experienced throughout the plays. They are the "night watch"¹⁵ equally guarding man's "heart" and "city." They reaffirm Zeus's law of *xenia*¹⁶ while blending it with their protection of the family. There is "neither anarchy nor tyranny"¹⁷ in the land, but balance. No longer are the scales of justice tipped towards the anarchic vengeance of the matriarchal Furies or towards the tyrannical implication of purely political justice. It was through the intervention of Clytæmnestra and Athena, two women maneuvering like men, that these radical yet necessary changes occurred. Because of them human culture progresses from a cycle of self-generating events to a political world of self-determination.

¹ Robert Fagles, "The Serpent and the Eagle," *The Oresteia*, trans. Robert Fagles (New York: Penguin, 1977) 15.

² Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, *The Oresteia* li. 1708.

³ Æschylus, *The Libation Bearers*, *The Oresteia* ll. 957-8, 954.

⁴ *Ibid.* ll. 632-3.

⁵ *Ibid.* ll. 886, 908.

⁶ *Ibid.* li. 911

⁷ Æschylus, *The Eumenides*, *The Oresteia* li. 531.

⁸ *Ibid.* ll. 533-5.

⁹ *Ibid.* li. 306.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* li. 306n.

¹¹ *Ibid.* ll. 695-6.

¹² *Ibid.* ll. 445-8.

¹³ *Ibid.* li. 857.

¹⁴ *Ibid.* li. 1004.

¹⁵ *Ibid.* li. 720.

¹⁶ *Ibid.* ll. 552-5.

¹⁷ *Ibid.* ll. 709 536-7

HUMANITY *and* ITS DISCONTENTS

by Emily HOLLENBERG

In *Civilization and Its Discontents*, Freud suggests that to achieve civilization, humans must conform to the determined standards of their society and train both their young and their id to follow suit. Freud illuminates this through his case study of Dora—an example of what can happen when a person is not prepared to conform to his or her society's norms. Despite his repeated suggestions, in *Civilization and Its Discontents*, about the importance of parents training their young, in *Dora: An Analysis of a Case of Hysteria*, Freud neglects to reproach Dora's parents directly for not serving as proper role models.

Man constructed society, a means to civilization, to improve his productivity and therefore his life. Freud explains the foundation of society as “the compulsion to work, which was created as external necessity, and the power to love, which made...man unwilling to be deprived of his sexual object.”¹ However, in the course of improving man's life, society simultaneously detracts from the individual's life to promote communal advancement. For example, society mandates man's conformity to norms and the repression of aggressive tendencies. One cannot peaceably reside in a community where one remains an individual and neglects established norms. According to Freud, the obligation to conform to societal norms causes tension between an individual's ego and his or her id. Thus, societal members collectively establish an overriding conscience or “super-ego” for the group to follow, which in turn determines societal norms. Otherwise, according to Freud, aggressions flare and violence ensues. Freud cites the Judeo-Christian commandment to “Love thy neighbour as thyself,” stating that it “is the strongest defense against human aggressiveness and an excellent example of the unpsychological proceedings of the cultural super-ego.”² This commandment, of course, implies the necessary repression of instinct and its replacement with culturally constructed, man-made, norms leading to human dissatisfaction.

Naturally, conformity displeases man because it requires him to renounce his desires. Ironically, though, Freud explains the necessity of conformity in society. For example, Freud describes the

natural tendency for aggression and the process of socialization intended to counter it. He explains how, out of necessity, parents begin teaching their children to repress their instincts to maintain peace and order, at a very early age. Freud explains how

First comes renunciation of instinct owing to fear of aggression by the *external* authority (That is, of course, what fear of the loss of love amounts to, for love is a protection against this punitive aggression.) After that comes the erection of an *internal* authority, and the renunciation of instinct owing to fear of it—owing to fear of conscience.³

Freud (invoking the natural man theory) states that we have no choice but to live in society since societies have advanced to a point where humans are now dependent upon them. But to live in society we must necessarily control our drives. Thus, ironically, the authority that was intended for our advancement now serves to detract from our personal fulfillment—the former goal of life. As a result of this new focus on group progress, Freud proclaims that humans must struggle to refocus themselves on the avoidance of pain through work, as opposed to the fulfillment of desire.

Children depend upon their fathers to tell them how to conduct themselves. Upon the establishment of their ego and reaching their Oedipal stage, children rebel against their fathers out of fear. Then, children turn their aggressive instinct inwards and internalize their fears as they revert back to obeying their father's morality, which is now their super-ego (commonly known as guilt). Freud posits that human instinct is "bad conscience", but actually it does not deserve this name, for at this stage the sense of guilt is clearly only a fear of loss of love, 'social' anxiety. In small children it can never be anything else."⁴ According to Freud, children are born with bad tendencies. They must learn to curb their desires if they aim to integrate themselves into society.

Similarly, in *Dora*, Freud claims that Dora's non-conformist tendency emerged in her childhood. He explains that, "[t]he motives for being ill often begin to be active even in childhood"⁵ and he continues on to detail how such is the case with Dora. Based on a Freudian assessment, Dora's integration into society is unsuccessful. The illness, according to Freud, comes precisely from her attempt to repress her desires. As a result of the psychological deformity she incurred in her youth, Dora is disconnected from her society and her family. Freud explains how Dora experiences an "[i]ncapacity for meeting a *real* erotic demand [which] is one of the most essential features of a neurosis. Neurotics are dominated by the opposition between reality and phantasy."⁶ Dora, like the Freudian version of humanity as described in *Civilization and Its Discontents*, struggles with the duality of human nature: her desires lead her to want to fantasize while societal norms demand that she exist in reality. Unfortunately, however, Dora is unsuccessful in her attempt to reconcile this dichotomy.

One cannot blame Dora for her desires; human desires implore humans to live in an egoistic manner, similar to the way that Dora's father focuses on his self satisfaction. He violates his societal norms of exclusivity to enact an extramarital affair with Frau K. Dora's father's inappropriate behavior, based on the norms of society, alters the balance of the social world. Freud verbalizes

Dora's discomfort with the situation saying, "Dora felt quite rightly that her thoughts about her father required to be judged in a special way."⁷ Dora is ill at ease with her father and his unacceptable behavior. In a warped way, she tries to compensate for him: "I think of nothing else," she complained again and again. "I know my brother says we children have no right to criticize this behavior of father's. He declares that we ought not to trouble ourselves with it."⁸ Dora tries to correct for her father's abnormal activity. Both Dora and her father paid a price for allowing themselves to act upon their desires. The prescriptions of society not only suggest but demand us to repress instinctual desires. Dora's father's affair with Frau K. is yet another example of human inner-conflict as Freud presents it in both *Dora* and *Civilization and Its Discontents*.

Freud posits both that conformity to social norms cannot bring contentment, and that such conformity is necessary. However, he also contends that this conformity is necessary for a happier and healthier life. Freud's case study of Dora serves as evidence of the necessity of conformity since she is an example of a miserable non-conformist. Freud proposes that the super-ego serves as the "conscience" of every person; it is a mechanism that quells the human desires that conflict with societal norms.⁹ In the case of the individual, when the super-ego is over-expressed, a person develops an "obsessional neurosis, the sense of guilt makes itself noisily heard in consciousness; it dominates the clinical picture and the patient's life as well, and it hardly allows anything else to appear along side it. But in most other cases and forms of neurosis it remains completely unconscious."¹⁰ This explanation of obsessional neurosis echoes Freud's description of how Dora develops her neurosis, as well as the description of Dora's mother who cleans incessantly. Freud describes how

There could be no doubt, too, that it was from her father's family that she had derived not only her natural gifts and her intellectual precocity but also the predisposition to her illness. I never made her mother's acquaintance. From the accounts given me by the girl [Dora] and her father I was led to imagine her as an uncultivated woman and above all a foolish one, who had concentrated all her interests upon the domestic affairs.¹¹

Based on this premise, it would seem that Dora's mother is an obsessive neurotic and that Dora herself has problems employing her super-ego since her family environment perverted her development. Prior to this, Freud had gone so far as to declare, "Dora's acumen was obsessive."¹² Freud also espouses that "[t]he super-ego is an agency which has been inferred by us, and conscience is a function which we ascribe, among other functions, to that agency."¹³ Because of her dysfunctional upbringing, Dora's super-ego has been debilitated. Children need to be inculcated with societal norms at an early age to successfully integrate into society.

Humans are in a perpetual state of fragmentation due to the dichotomy between our individual selves and the society of which we are members. The only way to please ourselves is to alter our being. Attempting to allow our inclinations and desires to rule us will result in our demise, as is the

case with Dora. Dora attempts to repress her desires; however, in reality she expresses them through her hysterical symptoms. One who does not employ his or her super-ego properly will either be ousted from society or, as is the case with Dora, become mentally ill. She is a microcosm of the societal problems Freud outlines in *Civilization and Its Discontents*. Since Dora resides in a society, like the rest of us, she must contend with dual inclinations. Freud suggests that, “[a] normal girl, I am inclined to think, will deal with a situation of this kind by herself.”¹⁴ However, Dora is not a normal girl: she has not been trained to live in society successfully. This type of malformation is what Freud suggests we guard ourselves against in *Civilization and Its Discontents*.

Dora’s father puts Dora, and the rest of the family, in a compromising situation so that he may fulfill his desires with Frau K. Dora’s father, along with Frau K., selfishly forsakes his family for the fulfillment of his desires and for no other reason. Freud recognizes that Dora is aware “that her father’s relation with Frau K. was a common love-affair.”¹⁵ Dora is tremendously hurt by this relationship for many reasons. On the one hand, it opposes the established societal norm—hurting her mother in the wake—and, on the other, the affair denies her access to her father. The second of these problems is an example of Dora’s maladjustment into society. Her psychological problems are partially a result of her parents maladjustment into society which was related to her inability to deal with repressed instinct—an inevitable result because of the parallelism between super-ego and social norms. Had she been trained to follow the norms of her society at an early age and been discouraged from egoism, her inappropriate desire to get closer to her father sexually would not emerge later. The fact that her father is uninvolved in her life now and the fact that she expresses these desires leads the reader to believe that her father was never involved in her life. Therefore, one cannot blame Dora for her desires. No one ever taught her the norms of her society.

According to Freud, humans are continually in a state of discontentment since the individual and his civilization are perpetually in conflict. The disunity between society and each individual who comprises the society lead to human dissatisfaction. Freud suggests that humans need to teach and train themselves, and in turn their offspring, to disregard their desires in favor of cultural norms. In his realistic terms, Freud recommends that we breach the dichotomy between personal inclinations and group prescriptions through parental training about societal norms. If we do not attempt to compromise our id in favor of our super-ego, this duality will remain irreconcilable and continually plague humanity with discontentment. The super-ego is designed to maintain a balance in our psyches and, as a result, in society. Society redefines the individual, reconfiguring him into a norm-regulated creature. Freud suggests that the only solution to this dilemma of selfhood is conformity. We must conform to the determined standards of our society and prepare our children to do the same.

¹Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and Its Discontents* (New York: Norton and Company, 1962) 48.

² *Ibid.* 90.

³ *Ibid.* 75.

⁴ *Ibid.* 71-2.

⁵Sigmund Freud, *Dora: An Analysis of a Case of Hysteria* (United States: Collier Books, 1969) 61.

⁶ *Ibid.* 132.

⁷ *Ibid.* 71.

⁸ *Ibid.*

⁹ *Discontents* 74.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* 82.

¹¹ *Dora* 34.

¹² *Ibid.* 18.

¹³ *Discontents* 83.

¹⁴ *Dora* 115.

¹⁵ *Dora* 64.

We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry.

—William Butler Yeats, “Per Amica Silentia Lunæ—Anina Hominis.” AH.

Jesus answered them,... These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

—The Gospel According to John. EG-S.

BLAME IT *on* EVE

by Kendra OBERHAUSER

Petrarch, fascinated by the human tendency to love what he innately knows is wrong, writes:

I thought in silence of the vanity in us mortals who neglect what is noblest in ourselves for what can be found only within us. I wondered at the natural nobility of that human soul which unless degenerate has deserted its original state and turned to dishonour what has given for its honour.¹

The torment that Petrarch feels can easily be extended to all mankind, if not between sin and God, then between obedience and disobedience, or virtue and immorality. According to the Christian tradition, this tension is not inherent in man's nature, but a result of Eve's folly when tasting the fruit of Knowledge. Milton expands on the story in *Genesis*, illustrating her temptation and degeneration with remarkable detail of the situation and the transformation of her psyche. Before the fall, obedient, unaware, yet happy, the couple was purely spiritual; any bodily functions or sexual acts were holy and wholesome. But after her fatal bite, Milton embellishes Eve's reaction² with irony as she misunderstands and misinterprets God's law. After the serpent tempts Eve, her soul and her body separate, and she begins the everlasting battle between the flesh and holy goodness. This immediate reaction of hers, however, consciously supports only sinfulness, a distinct inversion of her previous loyalty towards God.

The fruit intoxicates her with newfound knowledge and seeming bliss. However, Milton underscores all her praise with a sense that she wallows not in spiritual enlightenment, but in sinful pleasure. In the first few lines, she speaks with a strong "s" alliteration, a hiss she adopts from the snake alongside with vanity and disobedience. This auditory effect on the words fits the fatality of her actions, yet contrasts with the prayer form in which she apostrophizes the Tree of Knowledge. She begins, "O Sovran, virtuous, precious of all Trees/ In Paradise;" the Tree opposes all the adjectives with which she modifies it, for while the Tree itself cannot be virtuous or base, it causes Adam and her to recede from virtue. Milton points to her reversal of faith furthermore by using enjammed lines: "of operation blest/ To Sapience." After "blest" we expect a divine reference, but returning to

the next line, crawling off the tongue and staining Eve's prayer comes "Sapience," a word derived from "sapere" which means both "to become wise" and "to taste." Milton immediately pairs the birth of human knowledge with the birth of bodily pleasure; by praising the Tree, she likewise falls subject to physical lusts while still in a position to serve God, and the age-old tension between faith and sin here begins.



With her inverse prayer, she also transfers many attributes of God to the Tree, in the way that she perverts the prayer form by using it in the wrong circumstances. She surprises us again with the remark, "and due praise/ Shall tend thee [Tree of Knowledge]," ending "thee" with something we

expect to be followed by a mention of God or his ways. Her praise she reveals will be “Not without Song, each Morning,” directly alluding to the creation of light by God: “Thus was the first Day Ev’n and Morn;/ Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung/ By the Celestial Choirs, when Orient Light/ Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld.”³ After Knowledge, she turns her acclamation toward Experience, which she calls her “Best guide” something which God names himself to Adam after his birth into the world: “First Father, call’d by thee I come thy Guide.”⁴ This Experience to which she replaces God, later tempts Adam to eat the fruit,⁵ and eventually causes the downfall of the entire human race.

Eve is quite unaware of the consequences; she believes nothing but happiness and bliss will succeed her disobedience. By this faulty reasoning she concludes, “not following thee, I had remain’d/ In ignorance, thou op’nst Wisdom’s way.” Again, Milton leaves the line dangling, only to return to the next with a faulty conclusion, for without Knowledge she would have forever stayed in peaceful bliss. While this state would also be one of ignorance, as she says, the word has an ugly connotation; her pre-Fall state could more accurately be described as innocent or unaware. While the fruit running through her veins exposes her to intelligence, it is the kind that Adam earlier defines as beyond humans: “not to know at large of things remote/ From use, obscure and subtle, but to know/ That which before us lies in daily life,/ Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,/ Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,”⁶ which “interrupt[s] the sweet of Life.”⁷ In a state of drunkenness, she thirsts for knowledge from the Tree rich with fruit. She says, “the fertile burden ease/ Of thy full branches offer’d free to all,” accentuating the tree’s abundance and her future freedom and wealth with the “f” alliteration. The Tree’s “fertile burden” can be directly compared with Eve’s own future childbearing: “Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply/ with thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring/ In sorrow forth.”⁸ The Tree’s burden of weight will ease as she picks additional fruit until she gains knowledge comparable to God’s. She fails to recognize, however, that she will inherit the Tree’s “fertile burden” when she feels the physical pangs of childbirth and the emotional sorrow for the death of the future human race. The entire prayer to Knowledge uncovers her sacrilegious intentions spitefully through situational irony, but Eve believes everything she says in momentary infatuation of the power of beautiful sin.

Delving deeper into doom, Eve begins to indulge herself with ambition and to regard God with scorn: “Till dieted by thee I grow mature/ In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;/ Though others envy what they cannot give;/ For had the gift been theirs, it had not here/ Thus grown.” She has adopted Satan’s suggestion that God forbade the fruit of the Tree because he envies man’s potential, and so she believes that she will stand even above God after indulging her appetite more with the tasty fruit. She ends the prayer, “though secret she [Wisdom] retire./ And I perhaps am secret,” turning the quality of that which she praises into her own. Transferring focus to herself, she

also slanders God and Heaven by misinterpreting its description: "Heav'n is high,/ High and remote to see from thence distinct/ Each thing on Earth." She turns God's words of Heaven, "high" meaning glorious and perfect, into something physical, as though Heaven's height were as simple and dimensional as the height of a roof. Milton's placement of words makes the distinction clear, for with one line ending with a stressed "high," the next begins with a stressed "high" as well, accentuating the double meaning in a double word. She distorts the physical words pertaining to God, and likewise perverts the holy Word of God.

In her underestimation of God, she believes that Adam is a greater concern. Milton places her following thoughts concerning Adam in a form full of enjammed lines, as though she comes to realization of everything as she speaks, ending a line with suspension that she answers unsatisfactorily with the beginning of the next line. She reveals her new love for Adam as rooted not in spirituality and wholeness, as it is before her flesh conflicts with her soul, but within jealousy and vanity. When contemplating whether to let him, too, taste the forbidden fruit, she includes no concerns for Adam's fate. Rather, she would deny him a taste "to add what wants/ In Female Sex, the more to draw his Love,/ And render [her] more equal." With her newfound wisdom, the idea of Adam adoring her more feeds her ego, especially when she realizes she could even become his superior. However, she decides to share the Knowledge because she fears his enjoyment with another woman: "but what if God have seen,/ And Death ensue? Then I shall be no more,/ And Adam wedded to another Eve,/ Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct." However, she attributes this jealousy to needy love: "Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:/ So dear I love him, that with him all deaths I could endure;/ without him live no life." Later, too, she uses this "love" to tempt Adam: "I would sustain alone/ The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die/ Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact/ Pernicious to thy peace."⁹ She consciously mentions the selfish reasons behind her motives, yet arrives at the end of her speech with the belief that she loves him. She does so only because he brings her company, security, and safety; before the Fall, she and Adam were too innocent to submit to vanity, and so their love then was pure and selfless. Milton seems to be suggesting that sexual love fulfills man only in that it supports his egotism, and true spiritual love can only exist between man and God. So also do humans misinterpret sexual love for something greater than it is, and thereby blind themselves from holy redemption.

However, all of Eve's perversions contain such a large amount of irony that it also seems as though subconsciously she knows of the true glory in God, but the powerful fumes of Knowledge for the moment distract her. Within her own words rings truth, though she fails to grasp even the subconscious revelations she makes: "Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;/ A death to think." While Eve means to say, "A death to think *of Adam wedded to another*," she leaves "think" dangling at the end of a statement, ambiguous. However, "extinct," rhyming with "think" draws attention to the

union of the two words and supports a more true interpretation of her statement, saying “A death to think *at all*.” Although sin momentarily manipulates her adoration, she is not so evil as Satan, drawn only to vice and repelled by goodness. She and Adam later repent of their heinous crimes, and here, even in a burst of absolute praise for Knowledge, her subconscious seeps through with morality; as her selfish Id first emerges, an opposing voice of the conscience blooms alongside it.

Eve realizes what she has done, for even in her fleeting praises of the Tree, this is the Tree of Knowledge of Good *and* Evil, and eventually she will understand the harm she has done. But for what reason is the Tree put there in the first place, if it only harms? In Book III, God says, “Not free, what proof could they have giv’n sincere/ Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,/ Where only what they needs must do, appear’d,/ Not what they would? what praise could they receive?”¹⁰ Eve thinks she finds the solution, as this Tree and its fruit are the worthy objects of praise, what an envious God has made neglected, “as to no end/ Created.” Milton ends the line with “end” and the semicolon following “Created” at the beginning of the next draw attention to these words. “End” could mean “purpose,” and therefore Milton could simply be reiterating what God states in Book III concerning the human will. However, “end” could also mean the obvious, and contrasted with “Created” hints that humans were created with the destiny of their destruction; in Book III, God touches upon the possibility, but never concretely answers, saying “If I foreknew,/ Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault.”¹¹ Milton leaves us wondering, but also makes it known that it actually does not matter, for the same blame falls on man regardless. He characterizes Adam and Eve with believable qualities and weaknesses, and perhaps regarding them with a tinge of sympathy. However, as the flesh and spirit separate in opposition, man overcomes an incredible and noteworthy thing when he overcomes his sinful desires; while he is partly despicable in nature, his potential redemption gains him a greater level of glory than does blind and innocent obedience.

¹ Petrarch, “Ascent of Mount Ventoux,” *Selections from the Canzoniere and Other Works*, trans. Mark Musa (New York: Oxford UP, 1985) 18.

² John Milton, *Paradise Lost & Paradise Regained* (New York: Penguin/Signet, 1968) ll. IX.735-834.

³ *Ibid.* ll. VII.252-5.

⁴ *Ibid.* li. VIII.298.

⁵ *Ibid.* li. IX.988.

⁶ *Ibid.* ll.191-5.

⁷ *Ibid.* li. VIII.184.

⁸ *Ibid.* ll. X.193-5.

⁹ *Ibid.* ll. IX.978-81.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* ll. III.103-6.

¹¹ *Ibid.* ll. 117-8.

The intellect is vagabond, and our system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, “Self-Reliance.” EH.

There was no denying that Cunégonde was decidedly ugly, but she soon made excellent pastry.

—Voltaire, *Candide*. MC.

A DISCUSSION *in the* BEST *of* ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS

by Soren HEITMAN

“Ah, Vulgus, hello.”

“Good afternoon, sir. Where are you off to?”

“I had just set out for a stroll when I spotted you amongst this gathering. What is happening?”

“Four burnings today. There, you see? They’re building the straw pyres now. The condemned ought to arrive shortly.”

“Ach! Another *auto-da-fé*? Sights like these dishearten me. I cannot understand why crowds gather to witness pain and suffering.”

“Those men and women to be burned at the stake have committed some atrocity against God. The *auto-da-fé* is not designed to attract pleasure seekers: it is a tool God uses to punish the heathens. Everyone who attends sees God smite the blasphemous. These gatherings reaffirm our morality and bind us closer together. The screams and cries of pain are a small price to ensure that we live in a good, God fearing community. Then, once it is all over we can adjourn feeling more virtuous than those who were punished. It is not the pain and suffering which attracts the crowds at all; it is our desire to show support for God and our community that brings us together.”

“That is exactly what the priest said in last week’s sermon, Vulgus. I am pleased that you decided to attend, but you must contemplate what people say to you before you take it to heart, ready to parrot it back. After all, any priest who opposes the Inquisition is certainly doomed.”

“Oh! Look, they are being led out now. At the least, curiosity makes everyone linger. Do you wonder what crimes those poor souls have committed to warrant such a magnificent *auto-da-fé*?”

“I do indeed wonder what crime could possibly justify such a horrific death. Unfortunately, the charges tend to be quite petty. Sometimes the charges are fabricated; prisoners have been condemned who were certainly innocent. I am sure that when the executioner announces the crimes brought against those people mounted on the stakes, I will want to hang my head in shame. I am God fearing

and I wish that my neighbors are as well, but these *auto-da-fés* are a sad representation of the Church. Even if the charges were always genuine, it is a pity that we would take comfort in people's deaths."

"But sir, it is God's will. The Grand Inquisitor has charged them, and he represents his Holiness the Pope. And he is God's agent on Earth. God is good, merciful and just, so the *auto-da-fé* must also be good in the grand scheme of things. Whether or not you believe that it is a pity doesn't matter. This is the way things are, and such things orchestrated by God are always for the best."

"Are you so eager to believe whatever the priest tells you, Vulgus? This Panglossian argument will take you no where, my friend. Such belief only allows corrupt people to take advantage of you. Voltaire makes this point in *Candide*. Moreover, he would certainly not support this *auto-da-fé*: he disparages the very event quite explicitly. I think he would agree with my condemnation of these torturous gatherings."

"How can you suggest that Voltaire is on your side? *Candide* delightfully romps from one horrific tragedy to another. You criticize this crowd for stopping to watch a real *auto-da-fé*, one where we all witness the painful nature of the event; yet, you delight in reading Voltaire who comically trivializes all this anguish. I think it is far more reprehensible to take pleasure in reading about people whose pain and suffering is made meaningless through jest than attending, where people may gain faith by witnessing the suffering.

An *auto-da-fé* should be taken with utmost seriousness: the condemned are brought out in a solemn procession, and music adds an ominous tone. Then the priest attempts to absolve the heathens before the executioner lights their funeral pyres."

"No, Vulgus, an *auto-da-fé* is not an appropriate source of humor. Voltaire agrees, I am sure. *Candide* is a valuable criticism of current social philosophies. Voltaire is satirizing these beliefs in an attempt to abolish them. His ultimate concern is to help people think for themselves instead of mindlessly believing that everything is necessarily the best of all possible worlds. Even you espoused this philosophy just earlier as a justification for the needless killing going on before us. Social unity is valuable, but do you really believe that it is successfully being created through these *auto-da-fés*? These events evidence man's corruption, not God's greatness. This is exactly the point Voltaire attempts to make."

"Sir, I must admit that I would feel greater virtue if I was sure that the criminals had committed heinous crimes."

"In *Candide*, the *auto-da-fé* is shown as a sacrifice. The narrator describes how the magnificent event was prepared for the people of Lisbon in response to the massive earthquake. Unfortunately, Voltaire is satirizing a real event: in 1756, the Church indicated that the most appropriate way to atone for those who died in the earthquake, and to ensure that such a catastrophe would not be repeated, was to kill more people. Their deaths were not a punishment for the crimes they had

committed against God; instead, it was an attempt to make some people pay for those who died in order to placate the grieving masses. Voltaire was wise to satirize this event particularly because it is quite easy to see how it is a tool of corruption, not justice.”

“Yes, the *auto-da-fé* in Lisbon was wrong. But if this is what Voltaire is speaking out against, why must he do it so indirectly and in jest? It seems that he is poking fun at the very thing he wants people to view with seriousness and disgust.”

“Voltaire uses satire to show the ridiculous actions of the Church in general, not just the *auto-da-fé* in Lisbon. For example, when he writes that Candide was flogged in counter-point to the rhythm of the band, it is only amusing because we know that this does not happen. Yet, there is also a fair amount of truth in his extreme description. Look around us now: do you see and hear those musicians over there accompanying the solemn dirge? This may not be the veritable festival that Voltaire describes, but certainly you can see the similarities between the two. If you laugh at the inappropriate nature of Candide’s *auto-da-fé*, perhaps you will also be able to draw a comparison to reality.

Candide is an exaggerated reflection of our society. Certain things are deliberately described out of proportion to ensure that we will notice when we look at that reflection. Otherwise, we may easily ignore the problem. The value of Voltaire’s satire is the fact that we must take notice. You agree that whipping a man in tune with upbeat music is absolutely deplorable. Perhaps you can now see that without the exaggeration, Voltaire is describing the very event proceeding before us now. Hopefully the distaste remains in your mouth.”

“Sir, I confess, I do not know anyone who enjoys these events. As I said, we gather for the community. At least, that is what the priest says the reason is. If the *auto-da-fé* was abolished and replaced with a lively religious festival, I would be quite pleased. To be honest, the only reason I attend is to be seen by others. That way I show my faith and people won’t accuse me of opposing God’s will. But, if we take Voltaire’s criticisms to heart, we would certainly become heathens!”

“No, Vulgus, Voltaire is not speaking out against faith. He is criticizing blind faith. We blindly place our faith in the Church by accepting the *auto-da-fé*. Voltaire’s target is the corrupted power of the Church. It is the organization that spreads the faith that Voltaire condemns.

When Candide and Cacambo venture into El Dorado, for example, Voltaire describes a utopia in which there is no Church. Candide questions an old man who announces that all the people of his city thank God from morning until night, indicating that religion is highly important. However, when Candide marvels at how there are no monks to preach or instruct religion, the old man replies that they would be stupid to have such agents. This of course directly comments on the folly of our own society for accepting priests to unquestioningly guide our actions.

Voltaire also criticizes the Church's corruption through his depiction of Friar Giroflee who admits that his order is filled with jealousy and discord; he even confesses a desire to burn down his monastery. The Friar leads a life of lust and sin, which in turn comments on the Church overall. In the end, the Friar takes up carpentry, becoming an honest, hardworking man, indicating that religion also has a place on Candide's quiet, little farm."

"These are principles that all men ought to agree with! It seems that Voltaire is in fact advocating a good morality. Voltaire and the Church appear to be saying the same things. Both advocate faith and honesty; but, the satire shows the difference between the two: the Church is not following what it preaches."

"That is exactly the value of Voltaire's satire. If he wrote a proclamation, condemning the Church openly and outright, he would be in line for an *auto-da-fé* himself. Moreover, such a criticism might not even be acknowledged: it is far easier to disregard blunt, angry accusations. Instead, Voltaire describes a perfect state that curiously does not have an organized Church. When Candide interacts within our current social environment, he experiences one torturous event after another, due in part to his naiveté and complete embracing of Pangloss's philosophy which states that everything necessarily must be the best of all possible worlds."

"Ah, I understand what you mean, sir. This is why I should contemplate the priest's sermon? If I just accept everything that I am told on faith, then I am not preventing corruption. And people like Candide may experience torture and pain because I am letting the injustice continue."

"Indeed, Vulgus. It is much more difficult to dismiss a reflection with glaring blemishes than a heated accusation. While the latter comes from the outside, the primary worth of satire is that it forces us to accuse ourselves. Voltaire's *Candide* is only an exaggerated image of our own social folly. Lauding his work therefore promotes honesty and morality because the nature of the book is to disparage its very subject.

Do you see then that Voltaire's method of trivializing Candide's *auto-da-fé* does not strip the event of meaning at all, but infuses it with a harsh condemnation of the act?"

"I do. And I see that I should not have accepted the sermon only on faith. From now on, I will argue fiercely for what I believe; I will never let myself be easily persuaded by eloquent words. We should support Voltaire's criticism of the Church's corruption by leaving this awful event."

"Perhaps you have turned a new leaf, Vulgus?"

"I think I have, sir! I seriously intend to contemplate everything I hear."

"If only everyone were as sensible as you, then we would not need critics like Voltaire.

Let us go."

PARADISE LEFT

by Michele CURRIE

‘But what was this world created for?’ said Candide.

‘To drive us mad,’ replied Martin.

—Voltaire, *Candide*

The inability to fully experience pleasure outside of anticipation or retrospection characterizes Rousseau and Candide's relationship with happiness and also necessitates their rejection of paradise. For Rousseau, memories of happiness exist for a longer duration and often more intensely than the actual experience of it; for Candide, anticipations of life with Lady Cunegonde afford more pleasure than living with her. The rejection of paradise, the “perfect” place where felicity accompanies one always, provides insights into how both Rousseau and Candide each conceive of happiness.

“A single castle was the limit of my ambition. To be the favourite of its lord and lady, the lover of their daughter, the friend of their son, and protector of their neighbors; that would be enough...”¹ So begins the first in a long list of Rousseau's youthful anticipations of the future—his imagined constructions of “castles in Spain”—that inevitably crumble. The real life that awaits him outside of Geneva's city walls, the “five years of vagabondage, follies, and hardships,”² dashes his dream to the rocks. But while he is still young, Rousseau's “romantic notions about human life”³ never fail to supply his imagination with “young desires, alluring hopes, and brilliant prospects.”⁴ On the road to Turin, Rousseau feels “the hope of soon cutting a figure worthy of myself;”⁵ impoverished upon arriving at Turin, he lives miserably behind the iron doors of the hospice for converts. When the Intendant General offers Rousseau a job at the request of Madame De Warens, Rousseau writes, “already I saw myself a young Intendant;”⁶ in reality, Rousseau takes a temporary position where he can make just enough to support himself. Repeatedly, Rousseau finds his hopeful anticipations unrealized, yet often, the presence of these hopeful imaginings make him genuinely “happy physically

and mentally.”⁷ In this early part of his life—the years just after his departure from Geneva—Rousseau seems to find that happiness exists almost exclusively in the *anticipation* of happiness.

In Voltaire’s novel, *Candide* also anticipates a happiness that never comes to fruition. Though banished by Baron Thunder-ten-Tronckh, beaten by Bulgars, flogged, and forced to leave the love of his life for a second time, Candide never relinquishes the prospect of being with Lady Cunegonde once more. Martin and Candide spend the entire voyage to Bordeaux discussing moral and physical evil. However, “Candide...had one great advantage over Martin, which was that he kept hoping to see Lady Cunegonde.”⁸ Defrauded of part of his fortune and robbed of the rest, Candide, though he may sink into a melancholy mood, never relinquishes all hope while he has even the slightest reason to believe that he will find Cunegonde: “one thing comforts me...It may well happen that since my red sheep and Pacquette have turned up, I shall also meet Lady Cunegonde once more.”⁹ “‘I hope,’ (says) Martin, ‘that one day she will make you happy, but I very much doubt it.’”¹⁰ The end of the novel proves Martin’s speculation true. When Abigail, the Baron, Cacambo, Martin, Dr. Pangloss, Candide and Lady Cunegonde reunite and live at the farmhouse, they find that, in reality, the life safe from physical misery or restless anxiety breeds the most intolerable boredom.¹¹ Even the relentless Abigail, who clings to life though the victim of poverty, slavery, rape, famine and war,¹² wonders whether “to experience all the miseries through which we have passed” might not be better than “to stay here with nothing to do.”¹³ Candide realizes he no longer desires Lady Cunegonde, but marries her out of a sense of duty and “His wife daily grew uglier, and became more and more cantankerous and insufferable.”¹⁴ “It would be natural to suppose that, after so many disasters, Candide should lead the most pleasing life imaginable...”¹⁵ writes Voltaire. In reality, Candide’s hopeful anticipations of a life “married to his mistress”¹⁶ provide more pleasure than the reality of this life. Candide discovers that anticipation only provides happiness when one has something for which to hope; in the reality that contrasts sharply with dreams of happiness, where one lacks an object to anticipate, Candide must find another way to be happy.

For Rousseau, not only does reality never live up to his dreams, but especially in his later years, anticipation actually becomes that which always *destroys* happiness. Of life with Madame De Warens, Rousseau writes “I gave myself up to the sweet sense of well-being I felt in her company.”¹⁷ Yet realistically, he knows that, if only for financial reasons, the moments of their serene life together are numbered, and he cannot help but anticipate the end. “Looking ahead always ruins my enjoyment. It is never any good foreseeing the future. I have never known how to avoid it.”¹⁸ Toward the end of *The Confessions*, we see Rousseau in a similar predicament, where “disturbing presentiments” destroy the felicity of his surroundings. The island of Saint-Pierre provides a peaceful existence among nature that, in some respects, reminds Rousseau of Les Charmettes.¹⁹ Yet he writes, “This repose, which I so passionately enjoyed, was only disturbed by the fear of losing it; but my feeling of uneasiness was

so great as quite to spoil its charm."²⁰ Anticipations can yield the greatest joy...and the most tormenting uneasiness. At first, Candide and Rousseau learn that the happiness found in the anticipation of happiness may be the only bliss one can enjoy; nonetheless, both men must eventually seek contentment elsewhere.

"...I do not know how to see what is before my eyes; I can only see clearly in retrospect, it is only in my memories that my mind can work."²¹ For Rousseau, retrospection provides two advantages that the actual experience of happiness lacks: first, the memory of an event far outlasts the duration of the actual event; second, his recollections provide equal, and often more intense, pleasure than does the actual event. Of the brief moments spent kneeling at Madame Basile's feet, enraptured in "ardent desire uncertain of its object,"²² Rousseau says, "None of the feelings I have had from the possession of women have (sic) been equal..."²³ He writes that her image remains imprinted on his heart perhaps because Madame Basile comes no closer to infidelity: their love "went no further."²⁴ His memory of these moments remains intense partially because the two never consummate their desires. This recollection of Madame Basile demonstrates his memory's ability to derive lasting emotion from an experience essentially brief: in reality, the pleasure lasts for two minutes, yet "the memory of them, slight though they were, still moves me when I think of them."²⁵

"I remember places and people and moments in all their detail,"²⁶ writes Rousseau of life at Bossey; the same holds true for nearly all his memories of happiness. The incredible attention to detail contained in these remembrances reveals his ability to actually *relive* the pleasure of certain events. Rousseau's recollection of periwinkle at the roadside on his way to Les Charmettes provides an example of the "strength and precision"²⁷ of his memories of the happy period of his life. "I merely gave it a passing glance, and nearly thirty years elapsed before I saw any periwinkle again."²⁸ When he discovers the flower in bloom on the hills at Cressier, Rousseau reacts with unrestrained joy, exclaiming, "Look, there are some periwinkle!"²⁹ This second reaction to the flower gains its full force not merely from the unexpected presence of periwinkle, but from the overwhelming flood of memories the flower recalls. Other occasions in which Rousseau's recollection of an experience eclipses—or at least equals—the emotional force of the actual experience may effect his emotions more profoundly; still, the episode remains a powerful example of the passion that the act of recollection provides. Rousseau may fail to fully examine objects when presented to his senses, but often the past returns to him "in its entirety, as if it still existed,"³⁰ in his later years, happiness exists almost exclusively within recollections.

If *anticipation* can either cause misery or provide only temporary happiness at best, and only in the case where one has something exciting to anticipate, and if *recollection* only secures happiness for those fortunate enough to retain perspicacious memories of pleasurable events, one begins to wonder whether happiness can ever be fully enjoyed in the present. In paradise one would attain the ceaseless

happiness of the present moment. But Candide and Rousseau do discover paradise, where happiness accompanies all actions. Why do they leave?

For both Rousseau and Candide, anticipated happiness remains unrealized; Candide, like Rousseau, continues to seek happiness—or at least the banishment of “those three great evils, boredom, vice and poverty.”³¹ For Candide, life in his later years becomes bearable not because of recollections of happier times, but due to his immersion in pure unadulterated work. Voltaire’s use of a fast-paced narrative, as well as his depiction of Candide discovering contentment in work, actually provide more insightful explanations of *why* he rejects paradise than those reasons Candide himself actually gives. At Eldorado, Candide and Cacambo hear that the inhabitants preserve both innocence and happiness,³² and Candide concludes that Eldorado is “the country where all goes well.”³³ Why, then, do Candide and Cacambo reject the paradise of virtue, Eldorado? Candide explains, “If we stay here we shall be no different than anyone else...”³⁴ Riches, worth nothing in Eldorado, would be, outside the city, wealth greater than kings. Candide also admits that he “shall never be happy without Lady Cunegonde.”³⁵ However, after following Candide through the entirety of his adventures, all the way to the farmhouse at the end of the novel, it becomes obvious that Candide *must* reject Eldorado, or any utopia for that matter, where luxury and leisure reign supreme: leisure threatens happiness. Count Pococurante lives in idle luxury, with all the time in the world to peruse his fine possessions. Unfortunately, that is exactly the problem: the Count seems to have read and heard everything, yet nothing pleases him because he never really works to accomplish anything of his own creation. Music repulses him, Milton makes him sick, Homer bores him to tears, paintings are dull, he tires of women, and of opera he says that he might have preferred it, “if it had not developed into a monstrosity that utterly disgusts me.”³⁶ Though the inhabitants of Eldorado do not consider their city an excessively rich one, the meal served at the inn, their garments of hummingbird down,³⁷ and houses constructed of gold and precious stones, delight Candide; after the visit to Count Pococurante, however, one doubts that leisure could provide Candide with lasting happiness. Candide’s lifestyle at the end of the novel remains proof that happiness cannot accompany that which the pace of the narrative—until the last chapter—never permits, unchecked leisure. Cacambo agrees to leave paradise because, “like Candide, he had a restless spirit”; Voltaire’s narrative takes Candide around the earth in 136 pages, so it should come as no shock that Eldorado, where men have leisure enough to drink liqueurs in diamond glasses,³⁸ and nothing to anticipate but more leisure, does not suit Candide’s character.

Though Rousseau actually finds that leisure *banishes* boredom, the fact that he ultimately leaves “paradise” provides an insight into his character and ultimately, his relationship with happiness. Of Les Charmettes, Rousseau tells Mamma, “...in this spot true happiness and innocence dwell. If we do not find both of them here, it will be no good looking for them anywhere else” (214). At Les

Charmettes, Rousseau finds happiness paralleled only by the blissful innocence of his youth in the earliest days at Bossey. Rousseau finds paradise at Les Charmettes, because happiness exists, for the first time in his adult life, *with* Rousseau; he ceases to describe happiness as a feeling he formerly had, a serenity found only in his imagination, or a feeling of hopeful anticipation for future events, but as a “constant enjoyment of the present”³⁹ that he both relishes and feels:⁴⁰ “...happiness followed me everywhere.”⁴¹ Yet, as Rousseau writes, his happiness at Les Charmettes depends heavily on a single condition, “the conviction that I had not long to live.”⁴² Unlike *Candide*, who finds, at the farmhouse, a life of eternal “lethargy of boredom,”⁴³ Rousseau lives entirely *without* idleness in his ill health and retirement,⁴⁴ because each grape harvest, each fruit gathering, every breakfast with Mamma, gains significance from its supposed transience. But death eludes Rousseau. Still, he leaves paradise.

Considering that Rousseau can “only see clearly in retrospect,”⁴⁵ his departure should come as little surprise. In accordance with his inability to fully experience the emotional impact of events or objects in the present, Rousseau *must* abandon paradise in order to keep the happiness it offers. When approximately thirty years pass since his time at Les Charmettes, Rousseau, once again living happily only in imagination and memory, recalls the days when he lived in the present moment with a nostalgia that sounds, at first, like regret: “My imagination, which in my youth always looked forward but now looks back, compensates me with these sweet memories for the hope I have lost forever.”⁴⁶ But the sentiment must actually contain more pleasure than pain; as Rousseau himself proves on other occasions, such as his recollections of the periwinkle he gave a mere passing glance, or his few moments with Madame Basile, the moment of happiness is fleeting, but the lasting memory of it remains intense. Consider the way in which Rousseau coaxes, as a man conjuring spirits, those “transient moments” he spent at Les Charmettes: “Precious and ever-regretted moments, begin to run your charming course again for me! Flow one after another through my memory, more slowly, if you can, than you did in your fugitive reality!”⁴⁷ Rousseau’s recollections and even the act of recording the events of his life at Les Charmettes provide a pleasure all their own: “...only a return into the past can please me, and these vivid and precise returns into the period of which I am speaking often give me moments of happiness in spite of my misfortunes.”⁴⁸

Recollected happiness, for Rousseau, eclipses the pleasure the present moment of happiness provides, and *Candide*, in keeping with his restless nature, at least contents himself with work when anticipation fails to provide happiness. As leisure partially characterizes life at Eldorado, *Candide* would not likely discover true happiness there. He rejects paradise because it would be less than paradisiacal: Eldorado would bore *Candide*. Rousseau, possessed of a “cruel imagination, which always outleaps (his) misfortunes,”⁴⁹ rarely finds happiness at all. The period spent at Les Charmettes flees, and Rousseau contents himself with memories of it. Yet his imagination, though often an

obstacle to happiness, also provides his only means of securing it. The “waking dream”⁵⁰ Rousseau has of himself and Madame De Warens sharing an eternity of bliss typifies Rousseau’s relationship with happiness: though in reality his contentment lasts barely a day, he’ll always possess the recollection of this dream of an eternity of happiness. Rousseau proves that, though the happy moment flees, the recollection remains eternal; leaving Les Charmettes only secures its pleasures. While *Candide* rejects paradise because he must create his own contentment elsewhere, Rousseau must actually *lose* paradise in order to gain it. From the experiences of Rousseau and *Candide*, we gather that true happiness lies almost exclusively in the mind’s anticipations or recollections of it. Perhaps some element of symbolism underlies Voltaire’s description of the nearly unreachable Eldorado. Ten thousand foot mountains surround it, and subterranean caves provide a nearly impossible ingress:⁵¹notes if a place exists where happiness permanently pervades each moment, then almost no one can reach it anyway.

¹ Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*, trans. J.M. Cohen (New York: Penguin, 1953) 52.

² *Ibid.* 169.

³ *Ibid.* 20.

⁴ *Ibid.* 63.

⁵ *Ibid.* 64.

⁶ *Ibid.* 168.

⁷ *Ibid.* 63.

⁸ Voltaire, *Candide*, trans. John Butt (New York: Penguin 1947) 91.

⁹ *Ibid.* 117.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹¹ *Ibid.* 140.

¹² *Ibid.* 55.

¹³ *Ibid.* 140.

¹⁴ *Ibid.* 139.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ *Ibid.*

¹⁷ Rousseau 106.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁹ *Ibid.* 594

²⁰ *Ibid.* 596

²¹ *Ibid.* 114.

²² *Ibid.* 79.

²³ *Ibid.* 80.

²⁴ *Ibid.* 79.

²⁵ *Ibid.* 80.

²⁶ *Ibid.* 31.

²⁷ *Ibid.* 216.

²⁸ *Ibid.*

²⁹ *Ibid.*

³⁰ *Ibid.*

³¹ Voltaire 143.

³² *Ibid.* 78.

³³ *Ibid.* 77.

³⁴ *Ibid.* 82.

³⁵ *Ibid.*

³⁶ *Ibid.* 119.

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- ³⁷ *Ibid.* 81.
³⁸ *Ibid.* 78.
³⁹ Rousseau 232.
⁴⁰ *Ibid.* 215.
⁴¹ *Ibid.*
⁴² *Ibid.* 220.
⁴³ Voltaire 140.
⁴⁴ Rousseau 224.
⁴⁵ *Ibid.* 114.
⁴⁶ *Ibid.* 216.
⁴⁷ *Ibid.* 214.
⁴⁸ *Ibid.* 216.
⁴⁹ *Ibid.* 210.
⁵⁰ *Ibid.* 233.
⁵¹ Voltaire 83.

For I dance
And drink & sing:
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

—William Blake, “The Fly.” KC.

...while I could pretend that I had no body and that there was no world and no place for me to be in, I could not pretend that I did not exist. From this I knew I was a substance whose whole essence or nature is to think...

—René Descartes, *Discourse on Method*. PN.

The **WOMEN** *of the* **OLD TESTAMENT** *and their* **STRENGTH** *by* Matthew PARKER

Since the Old Testament frequently glosses over the women in its stories, many readers conclude that the authors of the Old Testament callously thought that women were weaker or somehow less important than men. Worse, many of the women whom the Bible does mention are easily led away from God's word as if they have neither courage nor faith. Eve, after all, succumbs to the serpent's trickery, and Lot's wife was too weak to obey God's commandment not to look upon Gomorrah as it fell. Eve and Lot's wife were not the only women in the Old Testament, however. Other strong, courageous women figure prominently in the Old Testament. Indeed, in the critical early books of the Old Testament, there are plenty of examples of strong, influential women.

One such woman of courage and strength is Abigail, the wife of the churlish Nabal. When David's men come to ask for a share of Nabal's wool in return for the protection David has provided to Nabal's flocks, Nabal rudely refuses to even recognize David's kindness. David is greatly angered and he assembles four hundred men to destroy Nabal's household and every man therein. Nabal's servants hear of this and know that Nabal will stubbornly refuse to apologize to David, so they explain the situation to Abigail. She does not beg her husband to reconsider nor does she wail about the certainty of her doom as a woman of weaker character surely would. Instead she "makes haste" and prepares to meet the chosen King of Israel and his four hundred men while they are marching toward her house:

Then Abigail made haste, and took two hundred loaves, and two skins of wine, and five sheep ready dressed, and five measures of parched grain, and a hundred clusters of raisins, and two hundred cakes of figs, and laid them on asses.¹

Abigail does not tell her husband where she is going, nor does she waste any time explaining that David will destroy their household if they do not recognize the kindness David has shown them. Nabal, her rich but uncouth husband, has no appreciation for any kindness shown to him, and

Abigail's understanding of Nabal's nature compels her to resolve the matter independently. She knows that convincing David to spare her and her husband's household will not be easy by any measure, and so she compiles an elaborate gift of breads, grains, sheep, and fruits and immediately sends them to David.

Abigail rides out to meet David on a lowly ass, hoping to convince him to spare her household and her family. Imagine riding up to the powerful King David, the man who slew Goliath of Gath, on a small donkey while he is on his way to slay you and destroy your line. What will you say to him? What makes you think that he will even listen to you? Abigail seems to put all of these doubts aside as she comes before David:

When Abigail saw David, she made haste, and alighted from the ass, and fell before David on her face, and bowed to the ground. She fell at his feet and said, "Upon me alone, my lord, be the guilt; pray let your handmaid speak in your ears, and hear the words of your handmaid."²

The simple language of this encounter implies that even though Abigail is enduring some substantial anxiety—"she saw him," "she made haste," and, "she alighted from the ass," are all simple, straightforward ideas in a powerful subject-noun-object format—she keeps her wits. She knows not to waste David's time, "alighting" from the ass immediately instead of "stepping off" at her leisure. The first sentence, "When Abigail..." uses five expressions to convey only three actions: seeing David, dismounting from the ass, and bowing before David. The way in which these actions are tied together with the repeated word "and" makes the reader feel as though this all happened in the same instant. While the reader may be overwhelmed with this swiftness, Abigail is surefooted during all of this fast-paced action.

Abigail shows a marvelous command of rhetoric in these lines. She announces, without motivation from David or anyone else present, that "the guilt" should "be on her alone." Curiously, David does not ask, "What guilt?" nor does he kill her for her "guilt." By so courageously accepting blame for some ambiguous crime, she gets David's undivided attention. Abigail understands fully that David and his four hundred men could kill her instantly. The way she prostrates herself—that is, not only "falling before David on her face," but also "bowing to the ground," and "falling at his feet"—conveys a picture of her hugging the ground before David to remove any doubt he may have that her life is not entirely in his hands. By calling herself his handmaid, she reinforces this notion: Having physically lowered herself into his mercy, she verbally places herself in his hands. "Willing servant" would mean nearly the same as "handmaid," but "handmaid" carries this idea of her being in his hands, so she chooses the latter.

What is the result of all of Abigail's tactful pleading? She does persuade David to mercy her household, but she also becomes David's wife after Nabal dies:

And Abigail made haste and rose and mounted on an ass, and her five maidens attended her; she went after the messengers of David, and became his wife.³

Abigail's transition from her simple life as Nabal's wife to the presumably more comfortable life as the King's wife is somewhat awkward, to say the least. She still rides an ass, not a horse, as one would expect David's wife to ride, but five maidens now attend her. This is an admittedly curious position for such a powerful woman, but the fact remains that she was one of the few people to take a stand against David, and she undeniably prevailed.

Abigail is not alone among the Old Testament's strong women. Samuel's mother Hannah is also a strong woman. Though Hannah was barren for most of her life, she wanted nothing more than to bear a son. Fearing that she would never know the joys of motherhood, she went into the temple one evening.

And she vowed a vow and said, "O Lord of hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on the affliction of thy maidservant, and remember me, and not forget thy maidservant, but wilt give to thy maidservant a son, then I will give him to the Lord all the days of his life, and no razor shall touch his head."⁴

Her husband Elkanah had already told her that with a loving husband like himself she should not worry about having children, but she went forward and carried her concerns to God anyway. Her "vow" in this passage is to turn her son, the one thing she desires most in the world, over to God. "Vow" involves a solemn, unbreakable contract, so her prayer involves a huge investment of herself. If she conceives a child, as she hopes she will, she will be obligated to give up that very child. Just as interesting is the way she expresses this promise independently of any organized religious ceremony. Today we take this sort of silent prayer for granted, but Hannah is considered the first person, man or woman, to pray silently to God. Before this solemn prayer, interaction with God was limited to those conversations God initiated and organized rituals. How amazing that the first time a lone person prays solemnly to God it is to make such a potentially costly contract with him!

God does, of course, "remember [his maidservant]" and gives her a son. Hannah vividly remembers her vow to God and makes preparations to present her son to Eli the priest. Again Elkanah discourages her from following her instincts on the matter:

Elkanah her husband said to her, "Do what seems best to you, wait until you have weaned him; only, may the LORD establish his word." So the woman remained and nursed her son, until she weaned him. And when she had weaned him, she took him up with her, ... and she brought him to the house of the LORD at Shiloh; and the child was young. Then they slew the bull, and they brought the child to Eli. And she said, "Oh, my lord! As you live, my lord, I am the woman who was standing here in your presence, praying to the LORD. For this child I prayed; and the LORD has granted me my petition which I made to him. Therefore I have lent him to the LORD; as long as he lives, he is lent to the LORD."⁵

“May the Lord establish his word,” Elkanah says, meaning that Hannah should wait to see that God will bring her another son before surrendering her first and only son to God’s service. Hannah’s faith, however, runs deeper than her husband’s; she knows that God will not abandon her. As soon as she weans him, while he is still young, she takes him to the “house of the Lord” at Shiloh. Although all she ever wanted was to experience motherhood, she freely takes her son to Eli after she experiences only a few of motherhood’s joys. Hannah’s faith is so great, in fact, that she does not weep or even hesitate when she and Elkanah take Samuel to Eli—her moral strength allows her to accept the apparent loss of her son as a condition of having a son. “The Lord has granted me my petition,” she announces, “Therefore I have lent him [Samuel] to the Lord.” As happy as she must be that she has a son, she realizes that God fulfilled his part of the contract she made with him, so she must fulfill her part. Perhaps as another sign of her faith in God, Hannah does not feel that she is truly *losing* her son. Her word is not “give” or “render” but “lend,” implying that Samuel will never cease to be her son, but he will serve God rather than his mother. Just as she vowed when she petitioned God for a son, this “loan” will endure for the length of Samuel’s life, for “as long as he lives.”

Furthermore, that these women’s stories figure prominently in the early books of the Prophets in the Hebrew Bible signifies a certain importance. Abigail and Hannah are not just small players in the David’s Psalter or other Writings, but they are almost matriarchs of Judaism, much as their contemporary men are patriarchs. Abigail’s fierce defense of her household sets a precedent for women to speak out and defend their rights, a precedent that most women in the Judeo-Christian tradition value greatly. Hannah especially seems a matriarchal character because her son, Samuel, guided the first kings of Israel, thereby guiding all of Israel.

These two women’s stories alone indicate that not all of the Old Testament’s women were subordinate to its men. Indeed, Abigail and Hannah both exceed their husbands in courage and faith. Abigail has courage enough to approach David, the conqueror of the Philistines, despite her husband’s refusal even to acknowledge David’s men. Hannah’s husband puts little faith in her belief that God will not abandon her after she lends away her beloved son, but not even her husband’s disbelief can shake her faith in God’s word. True, these women do not conquer any nations or win any wars, but they do exhibit an extraordinary if subtle strength that few men can match. This is a vastly different virtue, but it is no less a virtue, and the Old Testament extols it just as surely.

¹ 1 Sam 25:18.

² 1 Sam 25:23-4.

³ 1 Sam 25:42.

⁴ 1 Sam 1:11.

⁵ 1 Sam 1:23-8.

The **PHILOSOPHER** *and the* **FOOL**

by David SULEWSKI

Every Sunday morning in the cafe a short, stout, repulsive-looking little man sat in the corner chewing at his napkin. From fear of embarrassing encounters, the regulars at the cafe ignored the Fool as he sat in the corner waiting for no one. He hovered over his three eggs over easy, two strips of bacon, three fluffy pancakes, and black coffee, which he always ordered, but never touched. Instead, he stared intently at the door. To any common, normal, well-meaning villager this silly man was called the Fool; and, by every stretch of the imagination he was a fool. The Fool cunningly twisted the village's curse of the appellation into a license for complete freedom from all expectations. He was a fool and the Fool believed it. Taking leave of his senses he would cavort through the streets cajoling innocent young ladies and mangy street dogs. He spoke rapidly, dressed in tattered old rags, muttered to himself, ostentatiously picked his nose, and spat in the wind. Occasionally, as the youngsters of the town warned newcomers, he would relieve himself in inauspicious places, where even the most undomesticated of dogs were too shy to deposit their goods.

This particular Sunday was the weirdest for the regulars: it was the day that the village's philosopher humbly strolled into the cafe dressed in a wrinkled trench coat and sat down at the Fool's table uninvited. The waiter scurried over. The Philosopher ordered tea. He crossed his legs, straightened his spectacles, retrieved a small, crinkled, dog-eared book, and proceeded to read. He seemed as if he was oblivious to the Fool's stench and presence. The Fool stared intently at him for many minutes, for the Fool had resolved to tell the philosopher a great deal. He leaned in close to the Philosopher, whispering, "Beautiful day."

The Philosopher finished his page, folded the book, and slowly looked up at him. His words revealed that he had intentions, "You are such a fool, Fool." The Fool laughed out loud. A speck of spittle landed in the tea of the Philosopher who had just resolved not to finish his drink.

"I am, am I? I think I am a great deal more intelligent than most people in this village, and you, may think. No disposition for work consumes me, I just enjoy living wherever I can, living off the generosity of the Christian ladies, I do whatever I please," said the Fool with a twist of superiority.

"You think yourself a nonconformist?"

"By all means. I follow my own nature, for no law or societal constraints restrain me." The Fool spoke with surprising clarity of speech.

"Well, my friend, I think you are gravely mistaken. The originality of your thoughts lacks in originality. You are a conformist and you are not a fool; the village judges you as such and you merely act, you conform to their wishes and play a part wholly not your own."

"So, how much do you suppose I should not conform?" The Fool asked with an air of suspicion.

"Do not to be afraid to express your own thoughts, do not conform to the monotony of social institutions, and trust thyself. By observing the attire and position of anyone, I can determine what they will say before they open their mouths."

"So, do I speak as a Fool?"

"No, but you are a different kind of Fool."

"A unique sort of conformist?" laughed the Fool.

"What I mean is that you think yourself an individual, but you are not. Your thoughts are not your own..."

"But, whose thoughts are truly their own? What are we, but mere relations to everyone else, a composite of what we learn, a consolidation of internalized infrastructures?"

"We stand in places we have no control over, so we do our best. Nonetheless, the communication between the soul and the divine spirit is pure, unfettered by the profanity of society, which tries to help in such communications." As the Philosopher reached over for a napkin, his sleeve clumsily caught on to the Fool's fork beside his plate sending it tinkling on the linoleum floor. The fool bent to pick it up while exclaiming his indifference to the Philosopher's apology. The Fool sat up. Shifting back in his seat, the Philosopher gave the fool a nervous smile.

"What I am going to say..." resumed the Fool before he took a deep draught from his coffee.

"Yes, you want to say..."

"...This whole notion of purity of the relationship between the soul and a divine spirit doesn't seem..." The surge of intense pain ripping up his spinal cord and exploding into his head and the burst of colors blurring his vision stopped not only his words, but all sense of internal monologue: He felt really funny.

"I don't think you are truly feeling what I am trying to say," said the Philosopher with a subtly maniacal tinge in his voice, "Focus on me, I am your only source of stability, I will cosmic-size the

yellow redness of laughter, crashing waves blaspheme under..." The loss of meaning in the Philosopher's words began to panic the Fool.

"Focus! Stop looking at the yellow banana in my hand and listen to me. Focus!" The world around the Philosopher, the backdrop, seemed as though turpentine had been splashed all over it. The world melted into a milieu of downward streaming colors of throbbing radiance. The Philosopher remained constant in the Fool's vision, but his features began to transform into a dark-skinned man—though his eyes remained the same—who looked like some sort of Maharishi.

"Coffee, strong, it is?" muttered the Fool with effort.

The Maharishi began to unroll a scroll of golden paper; he read, "If we live truly, we shall see truly."¹ Perplexed, the Fool gazed at the shriveled up Maharishi. His body was frozen in ecstatic pain; his eyes throbbed at the extraordinary input of bright colors and vivid lights. The Maharishi continued, "The self-reliance, trust, and individuality that I speak of do not concern themselves mainly with society and its conforming institutions. The self-trust that you must ground yourself upon must also be rooted on a universal reliance. There exists a unifying essence, or being, from which all life draws its existence, but man only sees that we are expressed differently and forgets the cause and source of all things." He paused, looked up at the Fool, and smiled with a wide, toothy grin; he continued to read, "Self-existence is the attribute of the Supreme Cause, and it constitutes the measure of good by the degree in which it enters into all lower forms,"² meaning that when man performs acts of truth and justice, he does not own them, but he allows for the expression of their source. Man may err in its expression, but the source remains good."

"The pain is too intense, I can't...What do you mean? How do I know what to express, what is universal and self-existent?" The Fool struggled for thought and words in light of his new perception.

"This isn't a question about universal morality," responded the Hindu sage. "When you are living with God, then you speak the powers of nature and your words can carry not the essence, but the remembrance of what is most sweet. You experience life within yourself when you have true perception and live with God; you will not see the path of anyone before you, for all will be strange and new: 'The soul raised over passion beholds identity and eternal causation, perceives the self-existence of Truth and Right, and calms itself with knowing that all things go well.'"³

A flash of light consumed both the Fool and his companion. Sweet, sharp pains darted through the Fool's hands and feet as they were wrenched into extension. He felt his naked body pressed against splintering wood. The Fool turned his head over with the greatest of tension; next to him was Jesus on the cross. The Fool, too, was crucified.

Jesus wheezed, on the verge of death, his eyes fluttering, "Every age we see a man who lives in God, who follows the true path—true only for you." Jesus nodded his head toward the crowd of

millions gazing at him and the Fool. The crowd in great numbers stretched off into the silent infinity; he resumed, "They see virtue in you and revere you, but they are the beginning of shallow churches, religious idolatry, and war; they fail to live truly and to express the source of Justice and Truth. They fail to act on their involuntary perception, which is true as faith."

"Is this not all conformity? They worship you and revere and will follow you..."

"No, what is in me is in them, and they will follow themselves." Jesus' body surged upward and he screamed his soul up to the heavens in a burst of color as he died. Shocked, horrified, the Fool looked down upon the people, who were turning away and beginning to build churches. The filled chambers of the cathedrals rang with the pretentious sound of old priests proclaiming different truths. The Fool cursed them all, but he could not die; he hung there for hours. After losing consciousness and coming to his senses, The Fool saw a solitary woman standing below him and catching blood that dripped down from his feet and hands.

"You are a vagabond," she sweetly exclaimed, "and your wanderings are nothing more than a manifestation of your roving mind. Quiet yourself. Stay still. The whole world resides in you and you must find it."

"Where did all the people and churches go, they're all gone, where..." The Fool felt tears of fear begin to well up in his bloody eyes.

"Shhh. They are all gone now. All is still and quiet. Stay where you are." Her pale white arms extended forward and gave blossom to a beautiful array of delicate feathers. She flew a short distance and landed on a rose bush, where she became a solitary rose. The Fool cried.

"Don't you see now," said the Philosopher rather complacently as he sipped his tea. They were back in the cafe ("Actually, we never left," said the philosopher). The Fool stared at the philosopher for a very long time; he absorbed all of it.

He began slowly, "I see perfectly clear now. What I perceived was too painful. The constraints of reality are too strong, yet they are right for all of us now. We need to conform, we need something to believe in, to hold us together, and secure us. I could not handle what I saw today."

"I know that it is powerful, but what I offer is soon what we all will be craving and wanting and..." An eagerness arose in the Philosopher's voice that the Fool had not noticed before.

"I do not think you know what you have, what danger it holds." The Fool stood up and left the cafe as the Philosopher reached across the table, took a long drag from the coffee, and let his eyes roll to the back of his head.

¹ Emerson, Ralph Waldo. *Self-Reliance*. (New York: Dover, 1993) 29.

² Ibid., 30.

³ Ibid., 29.

FREE FALLING

by Gregory COMEAU

The tension between predestination and free will plagued theologians of the Renaissance. From Calvin's theory of predestination to Cervantes' belief that we are the "architect of our own destiny,"¹ this question defined religious communities. John Milton, in *Paradise Lost*,² attempts to "justify the ways of God to man," a task which cannot be done without promoting one of these two conflicting beliefs. Milton promotes the notion of free will, in particular in Book III, lines 102-134, when God discovers that Satan will come to tempt Adam and Eve. Although God knows that Adam and Eve will sin without His aid, God has granted them the freedom to choose and to sin, but will send a Savior from Adam's seed to save humanity. The poetry and theme of God's monologue reveal that man has the freedom to sin.

The emjambements in God's monologue use particular words that emphasize the free nature of man's will. When God says that "Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere/ Of true allegiance" in lines 103 and 104, he emphasizes the word "sincere," since without the freedom to feel emotions, no human's love or allegiance to God will be sincere. God also says the fallen angels cannot "justly accuse/ Their maker" in line 112, implying that free will requires them to take responsibility for their own actions. Milton later uses three emjambements in a row, implying the divine nature of free will: "As if Predestination over-rul'd/ Their will, dispos'd by absolute Decree/ Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed/ Their own revolt."³ The use of "ruled" implies the tyranny of predestination. The double sense of the word "decree" implies free will, since God uses the same word to describe God's will and man's will. In line 126, Milton uses the same word "Decree" to describe the highest act of God, namely, giving mankind freedom. In the next sentence, Milton ends on the word "ordain'd," to describe the nature of God's will, and then he uses the same word to describe how the devils "ordain'd their fall"⁴ While both God and humans ordain actions, humans play a greater role in choosing their deeds than God does. God also says that if he wanted such power, he would have to "change/ Their nature", implying that they currently have free will.

The last enjambement of God's speech is "deceiv'd,"⁵ describing the fall of man, shifting the focus to the motivation behind choosing an act. Milton uses enjambements to draw attention to those words that allude to man's free will.

Milton uses other poetic devices to convey a sense of free will. He uses monosyllabic verses to emphasize free will: "Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell,"⁶ The only word with two syllables is "freely," drawing attention to this nature. Later, Milton says that "Both what they judge and what they choose; for so,"⁷ when referring to the choices of Adam and Eve. He mentions two things, judging and choosing, but emphasizes through the syllabic pattern how they mesh together into free will. Milton repeats the word "foreknowledge" four times between lines 116-119: "As if Predestination over-rul'd/Their will, dispos'd by absolute Decree/ Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed/ Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,/ Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,/ which had no less prov'd unforeknown." The first sense of foreknowledge is synonymous with predestination. The second sense is preceded by a conditional, implying that God may not know everything. The third sense indicates a dichotomy between predestination and foreknowledge, while the last sense implies that a time existed when God did not even have foreknowledge of Satan's Fall. This constant diminishing of the authority of foreknowledge implies a lack of omnipotent predestination. Milton also uses verse structure to emphasize freedom: "I form'd them free, and free they must remain."⁸ The word "free" is at the center of his creation. Freedom lies at the heart of mankind. At the beginning of the passage, Milton uses alliteration to indicate that God is answering a question: "Where only what they needs must do, appear'd,/ Not what they would? What praise could they receive?/ What pleasure I from such obedience paid,/ When Will and Reason."⁹ Milton indicates that God is barraged with questions, between the alliteration of the "w", the letter that begins most questions, and the question marks themselves. God must justify himself by answering these questions. Milton also uses repetition to stress God's response: "Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall."¹⁰ The use of "they" and its forms indicates that they chose their fall; it was not God's predestination. Finally, the end of God's speech emphasizes both "mercy" and symbolism of light: "But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine."¹¹ Since "mercy" is the only capitalized word, it draws attention to God's deliverance of mercy to man. The last word, "shine," equates the symbolism of light, commonly associated with God, with mercy. The use of these poetic tactics emphasizes the nature of free will.

In relation to other passages in the text, this passage changes the mood of the work. The first two books in *Paradise Lost* focus on Satan, who views God as a tyrant who has stripped liberty away from his servants. Upon arriving in Hell, Satan exults: "Here at least/ We shall be free,"¹² no longer subject to the "Tyranny of Heav'n."¹³ Satan feels that the necessity to worship God had stripped him of freedom, implying to the reader that God has used force to receive praise. God's monologue,

however, implies otherwise. God says that “they themselves decreed/ Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew, Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault.”¹⁴ God’s disclaimer indicates that He gave Satan the free will to revolt, and did not prevent him from doing so. In a kingdom, a tyrant strips this freedom to revolt. The perspective of God is increasingly benevolent from this point further. The text moves into Adam and Eve’s freedom in the garden, according to Adam: “For us this ample World/ Be infinitely good, and of his good/ As liberal and free as infinite.”¹⁵ Adam suggests that, although they must obey the one restriction not to touch the Tree of Knowledge, he and Eve have maximum freedom. At the end of the work, after Adam and Eve have been expelled from Eden, their scenario seems remarkably similar: “The World was all before them, where to choose/ Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.”¹⁶ The word “choose” implies again that Adam and Eve still have free will, that despite their disobedience to God, he still gives them freedom. In comparing these two passages, however, one must note that after the expulsion from Eden, there no longer exists anything “infinitely good” for Adam and Eve. This punishment refers back to God’s monologue, when he has foreknowledge of Adam and Eve’s sin: “Man therefore shall find grace,/ The other none.”¹⁷ Man continues to have the providence of God, but the devils have utterly lost their freedom by rejecting it.

The response by God fulfills Milton’s desire to “justify the ways of God to man.” By simply saying that God wanted the Fall to occur, it sounds as if God merely toys with human beings. This predestination implies that human beings cannot choose any actions, and all suffering can be blamed on God. In a system of predestination, God would force humans to love him: “Not free, what proof could they have giv’n sincere/ Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,/ Where only what they needs must do, appear’d/ Not what they would?”¹⁸ This angle of viewing the predestination problem looks into the psychology of God and determines that God wants people to genuinely have faith, love and allegiance to him. Predestination falsifies all human actions, so God has no reason to ordain everything. God also notes a difference between Satan’s Fall and Man’s Fall: “The first sort by their own suggestion fell,/ Self-tempted, self-deprav’d: Man falls deceiv’d.”¹⁹ Recognizing the difference between Satan’s self-corruption and man’s misinformed choice, God determines that “Man shall therefore find grace.”²⁰ God only allows the Fall to occur in order to preserve man’s free will, and because God will save man through Jesus’ grace. These two motivations certainly allow the reader to understand God’s psychology.

Milton, through God’s monologue, applies his view of free will to the universe. The devils used their free will to revolt and Adam and Eve used their free will to choose their own Fate. Milton depicts God not as a worldly tyrant, but as a benevolent ruler. Poetically, Milton’s work uses vivid imagery to emphasize a sense of freedom. Psychologically, the reader can understand God’s desire to give men the choice to follow him. Philosophically, the freedom to choose one’s own actions implies

a sense of responsibility. Theologically, free will implies a justified Fall, a justified choice between accepting the will of God or not. All these factors combine to create a complex work that appreciates individual freedom and justifies God's will: that individuals choose and are held responsible for their own actions.

¹ Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, *Don Quixote*, trans. J.M. Cohen (New York: Penguin, 1950) 896.

² John Milton, *Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained* (New York: Penguin/Signet, 1968).

³ *Ibid.* ll. 114-6.

⁴ *Ibid.* li. 128.

⁵ *Ibid.* li. 130.

⁶ *Ibid.* li. 102.

⁷ *Ibid.* li. 123.

⁸ *Ibid.* li. 124.

⁹ *Ibid.* ll. 105-8.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* li. 128.

¹¹ *Ibid.* li. 134.

¹² *Ibid.* ll. 258-9.

¹³ *Ibid.* li. 124.

¹⁴ *Ibid.* ll. 116-8.

¹⁵ *Ibid.* ll. 413-5.

¹⁶ *Ibid.* ll. 646-7.

¹⁷ *Ibid.* ll. 131-2.

¹⁸ *Ibid.* ll. 103-6.

¹⁹ *Ibid.* ll. 129-30.

²⁰ *Ibid.* li. 131.

GOALS *of* LIFE

by TAN *Shou Chen*

The Master said, He who does not understand the will of Heaven cannot be regarded as a gentleman. He who does not know the rites cannot take his stand. He who does not understand words, cannot understand people.¹

In this analect, Confucius argues that without an understanding of the Will of Heaven, or destiny, one cannot be a gentlemen; without understanding the rites, or etiquette, of a culture and society, one will be unable to hold a point, or establish him/herself; and one who does not know how to use language will not be able to truly understand the nature of people.

“He who does not understand the will of Heaven cannot be regarded as a gentleman.” The “will of Heaven” is defined as destiny, or fate, or even the path that one has to follow because it is his/her fate to do so. A gentleman is one who follows the *dào* or the Way, which is a principle of living one’s life in accordance with *lǐ yì* or the etiquette or rites of a culture, *ren* defined as benevolence or goodness towards others, and *de* moral force or moral character. Without knowing one’s destiny, it is impossible for one to determine or develop his/her own *dào* because the *dào* is the principle that guides one’s life. If one’s destination in life is not known, the *dào* will be an aimless principle that provides no help. Without the proper *dào*, the proper *lǐ*, *ren*, or *de* cannot develop and therefore, one cannot become a gentleman until he/she understands his/her own destiny. It is also implied that one cannot become a gentleman in a short time because knowing one’s destiny does not occur at a young age. Confucius admits that he did not understand the role of destiny until he was fifty years of age,² long past his youth. However, with proper learning and cultivation, one will be able to understand destiny, and how it applies to him/her.

“He who does not know the rites cannot take his stand.” The “rites” mentioned here is the etiquette of human interaction within a culture, or “how to interact with someone else.” “Taking [a] stand” in the original Chinese, in which the Analects were written, is *jian shu*. It means contributing to society in a largely beneficial way, or being useful to society. One is identified by his/her *jian shu*, the positive accomplishments in one’s life. A more literal translation of *jian shu* is “to build a tree.” A tree

is seemingly impossible to build, but being able to do so is therefore extremely venerable. *Li*, etiquette or rites, is essential because it provides a guideline for people, who are different in many ways, to interact without conflicts, therefore maintaining order and preventing chaos in society. Since the correct *li*, which includes language, is the only way of interaction among people, one cannot communicate in society and will therefore lack the understanding that comes with communication. Without an understanding of society, one will be unable determine what is useful to society and hence, will not be able to *jian shu*.

“He who does not understand words, cannot understand people.” Here, Confucius is saying that one has to understand the use of words, including the intentions behind their use, in order to understand the nature of others. Language, an essential part of *li*, is the ultimate way in which individuals interact. Without an understanding of the words of language, one will not be able to understand the intentions that can only be conveyed through language. Intentions reflect upon a person’s nature, be it good or bad, without understanding another’s use of language, his/her true intentions will be concealed. Also, language is essential to knowing people based on the fact that it is the most basic form of communication and interaction among people. Words paint a picture of one’s character, be it false or not. However, with the correct understanding of another’s use of language, one will be able to see through the masks that others create for themselves. Hence, language is the most utilized way of which mutual understanding of people can be established.

Ultimately, the main goal of one’s life is to understand the Will of Heaven, and how it applies to oneself; to learn the proper etiquette for one’s culture; and to understand and properly establish the use of language.

¹ Confucius, *The Analects*, trans. Arthur Waley. (New York: First Vintage Books, 1984) XX.3.

² *Ibid.* II.4.

KING LEAR'S MIRROR

by Kate AMANNA

Shakespeare's *King Lear* begins with a love test in which Lear tries to divide his kingdom among his three daughters. The result of Lear's attempt to quantify his daughters' love is the banishment of his youngest and favorite daughter, Cordelia. In this first scene, Lear determines that Cordelia is his "sometime daughter,"¹ or his former daughter, because she has nothing to say to him in order to "draw/ A third more opulent than [her] sisters."² After Lear banishes Cordelia, the character of the Fool appears. Ultimately, the Fool proves to be the shadow of Lear and his follies, and also a replacement for Cordelia. Although both the Fool and Cordelia speak their minds, the Fool leads Lear to madness, while Cordelia brings Lear to a calmer understanding of the truth.

The Fool and Cordelia resemble each other by both seeing the truth, and both speaking the truth to Lear. The Fool tells Lear that "Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gav'st thy golden one away,"³ and he repeatedly hints at the lack of respect and love that Lear's first two daughters have. Cordelia also understands the nature of her sisters, telling them that, "I know you what you are,/ And, like a sister, am most loath to call/ Your faults as they are named...But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,/ I would prefer him to a better place."⁴ The Fool holds within himself the same knowledge and understanding that Cordelia has.

The Fool appears for the first time in scene iv of the first act, after Cordelia has left. In fact, the Fool is only present on stage while Cordelia is absent, hinting that the Fool is her replacement and also making it possible that the same actor could play both parts. From the beginning, the Fool already seems to understand Lear's situation, a situation that Lear does not comprehend yet. The Fool calls Lear a fool for giving away all and leaving himself with nothing, saying, "That lord that counseled thee/ To give away thy land,/ Come place him here by me,/ Do thou for him stand./ The sweet and bitter fool/ Will presently appear;/ The one in motley here,/ The other found out there... (The Fool points to Lear)."⁵ Only the Fool is able to mock Lear the way he does, with his clothing

and with his ideas. The Fool continues to reiterate to the king that *Lear* is the actual fool, despite the Fool's strange appearance and Lear's kingly dress.

The Fool's motley dress mocks Lear's kingly garbs, as his speech continues to do throughout the play. After Goneril deserts Lear, kicking him out of her kingdom, the Fool tells Lear, "Thou wouldst make a good Fool."⁶ Lear is a fool because, while the Fool sees the true character of Lear's daughters, Lear cannot yet see the horrible mistake he has made with the division of his kingdom. The Fool accuses Lear of "being old before thy time."⁷ Lear had no reason to give away his kingdom. The reasons he names in his speech in the first scene are "to shake all cares and business from our age...Unburthened crawl toward death...that future strife/ May be prevented now...That we our largest bounty may extend/ Where nature doth with merit challenge."⁸ None of these results occur from the division of his kingdom. Lear creates more strife and burdens for himself in his old age. Most importantly, Lear foolishly banishes the daughter who most deserves his kingdom. The Fool seems to understand all of this, and therefore mocks Lear and tells him that "Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise."⁹

When Lear and the Fool enter the storm, the Fool hints at Lear's foolishness, saying, "O Nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain water out o' door... Here's a night pities neither wise man nor fools."¹⁰ Even while trying to bring Lear out of danger, the Fool intimates that Lear is the fool, not necessarily the wise man, because through the play the Fool believes that he himself is the wiser of the two. When Kent arrives out of the storm and asks, "Who's there?"¹¹ the Fool answers, "Marry, here's grace and a codpiece; that's a wise man and a fool."¹² Because the Fool has already referred to Lear as a codpiece, he suggests that Lear takes this role once more.

When Cordelia speaks to Lear, although she also speaks the truth to him, she contrasts greatly with the Fool. Cordelia is the only sister who does not mock her father with her words. Goneril and Regan speak falsely to their father, mocking his oblivion to their true motivations. Goneril tells Lear, "I love you more than word can wield matter... A love that makes breath poor and speech unable."¹³ Her speech, however, is not impeded by her great "love" for her father, because she makes a grand speech full of promises and lies. Regan also mocks Lear in her speech, saying, "I am made of that self mettle as my sister... In my true heart/ I find she names my very deed of love;/ Only she comes too short."¹⁴ Regan equates her own love to that of Goneril's, and she knows that neither of them loves him; they are only concerned with themselves.

Cordelia, however, speaks truth to her father, unable to lie to him because she loves him too much to mock him with falsities. She admits that, "Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave/ My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty/ According to my bond, no more nor less."¹⁵ Although Lear misunderstands Cordelia's intentions, she only means to tell him what is really in her heart. Lear banishes her, and leaves himself only with the Fool's mocking truth.

The Fool goes further than calling Lear a fool; he equates Lear with nothing. The Fool is able to insult Lear this way because of his role as "the fool." He says himself that while Lear threatens to have him whipped because of the things he says, "sometimes I am whipped for holding my piece."¹⁶ The Fool tells Lear that "thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides and left nothing I' th' middle."¹⁷ Continuing to mock Lear, the Fool points out the mistake the king has made. The Fool even goes as far as to call Lear a "shealed peascod,"¹⁸ an empty pea pod.

The Fool tells Lear, "I am better than thou art now: I am a Fool, thou art nothing."¹⁹ Lear cannot seem to argue with the Fool. In some ways, he has no answer for him, in other ways he does not want to argue with the ranting of a fool because that might admit his own guilt. When the Fool asks Lear if he can "make no use of nothing,"²⁰ Lear answers, "Nothing can be made out of nothing."²¹ This answer greatly resembles the answer that Lear gives Cordelia in the first scene. With every allusion to nothingness, the Fool reminds Lear of Cordelia, because it is her absence that has truly left him with nothing.

As a constant reminder of Cordelia's absence and, therefore, of Lear's arrival at nothingness, the Fool begins to mirror Lear's own downfall. He becomes like a shadow of Lear, staying with him as his final companion through the storm. When Lear asks, "Who is it that can tell me who I am?"²² the Fool answers, "Lear's shadow."²³ Throughout the scene, and throughout the play, the Fool believes that Lear is the true fool for giving away his kingdom to his two ungracious daughters. Lear has become only a shadow of a king, because he has given everything away; therefore, only Lear's own shadow, the Fool, can tell Lear who he is now.

Although Lear is still ignorant of the truth, the Fool promises Lear that "I will tarry; the Fool will stay."²⁴ The Fool sticks by Lear when he enters the storm, just as Cordelia would. The Fool has assumed the role of the loving daughter because Lear has made Cordelia unable to. When Lear exits into the storm, the Fool follows. Lear says earlier about Cordelia that he "thought to set my rest/ On her kind nursery."²⁵ Cordelia cannot take care of Lear in this situation, but the Fool, instead, is Lear's constant.

In this stormy scene, the Fool is the voice of chaos, collapse, and confusion, not of hope. The heath itself is the antithesis of the order and form of the kingly court, just as the Fool is. Lear has already reached the horrible state of confusion that the Fool warns of when he speaks of a time "When priests are more in word than matter;/ When brewers mar their malt with water;/ When nobles are their tailors' tutors,/ No heretics burned, but wenches' suitors."²⁶ This confusion has already gripped England, just as Lear has already met with his own confused state.

Although Lear is obviously very confused, the Fool stays with him. In this world that they have entered, filled with chaos, the Fool himself embodies chaos and, therefore, acts as a mirror for its confusion, as well as Lear's. He continues as Lear's shadow, as Lear falls further and further from his

kingly state and closer and closer to matching the Fool's silly state. As Lear comes closer to madness, he takes over the Fool's role. In the next scene, when Lear becomes truly mad, he falls even farther. Lear is stripped of all his kingly garbs and left in rags. Suddenly, the Fool's motley dress, which was meant to mock kings, makes Lear seem even more pathetic. His lack of kingly robes symbolizes and emphasizes how much Lear has lost since the beginning of the play. He looks just like a beggar now. The Fool truly is his mirror, but his shattered mirror, not the mirror of a king.

Lear begins this scene with a prayer, pleading that the "heavens [be] more just."²⁷ However, his prayer is answered with the voices of a madman and the Fool. These are the people that stick with him and give him the only true answers that he receives, proving that perhaps only the wretched see the truth. This is true not only of the Fool, who has understood the true personality of Lear's daughters throughout the play, but also of Poor Tom, who is really Edgar, Gloucester's only true and trustworthy son. Therefore, the Fool could mean something very different when he says, "This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen."²⁸ If the Fool and Poor Tom are the true shadows, and the only people who see the truth, the Fool is saying that by the end of this night they all will have seen the truth. Lear will finally realize the mistake he has made by banishing Cordelia, and he does. This "truth," however, is an insane reality, as Lear sees a crazy mirror of himself and his life in the Fool.

In the Fool's last scene, these wretched shadows have helped Lear comprehend his mistakes in his madness. Lear has reached a somewhat shattered understanding of what the Fool has been convincing him of throughout the play. These two shadows of each other seem to have switched places. When the Fool asks, "Prithee, Nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman,"²⁹ Lear answers, "A king, a king."³⁰ Lear also calls the Fool "sapient sir."³¹ He identifies himself as a foolish madman and identifies the Fool as wise. In this scene, Lear is finally able to put his daughters on trial, giving him some pleasure in his mad state. He has some understanding, but he is still trying to quantify and justify love, which has been his problem from the beginning.

The Fool's last line is, "And I'll go to bed at noon." He is still mocking Lear with this line, who has just said, "We'll go to supper i' th' morning."³² Also, this line is the opposition of everything normal and natural, which is exactly what the Fool is and what the relationship between the Fool and Lear has become. The Fool's last line foreshadows his departure from the play by mentioning noon. Noon is the only time when no shadow is cast, and the Fool is Lear's shadow. The absence of a shadow is the absence of the Fool himself. Just as Lear reaches his peak of insanity, at the blackest part of this tragedy, the Fool disappears, leaving Lear alone in his madness.

When the Fool leaves, Cordelia returns to help her father and try to bring him back to health and sanity. As the Fool was Lear's shattered mirror, Cordelia takes on the role of becoming Lear's sane mirror, and putting the pieces of Lear's shattered self back together. Cordelia's language permeates

with images of Lear's restoration. She begs with the gods to "Cure this great breach in his abused nature./ Th' untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up/ Of this child-changed father."³³ Just as earlier Lear took on the Fool's crazy role, now Lear has taken on Cordelia's role as a child. Cordelia is left to take care of her father, who has gone mad. The play has made a circle from the beginning, when Lear admitted that before he banished Cordelia he "thought to set [his] rest/ On her kind nursery."³⁴

Ultimately, by first recognizing Cordelia, Lear reaches a calmer, more sane state of mind, after Cordelia pleads, "O my dear father, restoration hang/ Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss/ Repair those violent harms."³⁵ Cordelia, with a kiss and, more importantly, with her love and care, helps Lear realize all that has happened. After Cordelia's death, when Lear is filled with anguish, Lear identifies Cordelia as his "poor fool."³⁶ In the end, even Lear makes a connection between the Fool and his daughter. These two characters are the only people who enlighten Lear with the truth, and who never deceive him. The Fool's truths lead Lear to madness as Lear sees himself in the shattered mirror of the Fool. Cordelia, however, tries to restore Lear to sanity. By being so true, Cordelia is able to lead Lear out of his madness before both of their tragic deaths.

¹ William Shakespeare, *King Lear* (New York: Penguin/Signet, 1998) I.i.122.

² *Ibid.* I.i.87-8.

³ *Ibid.* I.iv.166-7.

⁴ *Ibid.* I.i.271-3, 275-6.

⁵ *Ibid.* I.iv.144-51.

⁶ *Ibid.* I.v.39.

⁷ *Ibid.* I.v.42.

⁸ *Ibid.* I.i.41, 43, 46-7, 54-5.

⁹ *Ibid.* I.v.44-5.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* III.ii.10-3.

¹¹ *Ibid.* III.ii.39.

¹² *Ibid.* III.ii.40-1.

¹³ *Ibid.* I.i.57, 62.

¹⁴ *Ibid.* I.i.71-4.

¹⁵ *Ibid.* I.i.93-5.

¹⁶ *Ibid.* I.iv.188-9.

¹⁷ *Ibid.* I.iv.191-2.

¹⁸ *Ibid.* I.iv.199-200.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*

²⁰ *Ibid.* I.iv.133-4.

²¹ *Ibid.* I.iv.135-6.

²² *Ibid.* I.iv.236.

²³ *Ibid.* I.iv.237.

²⁴ *Ibid.* II.iv.81.

²⁵ *Ibid.* I.i.125-6.

²⁶ *Ibid.* III.ii.81-4.

²⁷ *Ibid.* III.iv.36.

²⁸ *Ibid.* III.iv.78-9.

²⁹ *Ibid.* III.vi.9-10.

³⁰ *Ibid.* III.vi.11.

³¹ *Ibid.* III.vi.22.

³² *Ibid.* III.vi.83.

³³ *Ibid.* IV.vii.15-7.

³⁴ *Ibid.* I.i.125-6.

³⁵ *Ibid.* IV.vii.26-8.

³⁶ *Ibid.* V.iii.307.

The **FARMER'S HILL**

by Michael DICKERSON

The considerations and observations presented in Vergil's Georgics have become as timeless as their subjects: civilization, nature and divinity. Ninety-nine percent of history was entirely without writing of any kind and the majority of recorded time has witnessed human subsistence based on agriculture alone. The legacy of human involvement with nature has produced works of beauty and contemplation, including Vergil's Georgics. It is handed down to us as a celebration of our relationship with nature, a connection we often fail to consider, much less appreciate. The very act of writing about nature suggests an attempt to unite human activity with the natural world. The aim of his work is to deal with some of the issues in the Georgics in the context of a modern story told in traditional form. I call it The Farmer's Hill.

BOOK I

(Awakening by the Agents of Nature, Rewards of the Natural Life, Definite Results and the Dependence on Nature's Bounty, Characteristics of Separation from Nature, A Wish for the Natural Life, Divinity of Both Lives, the Divine Choice)

- Without relent the wild turkeys cried
On the blanket of green beneath my window
Intent on my waking, their voices released me
From the bonds of sleep and summoned me to know the day
- 5 My father open-mouthed and pointing
Hinting for me to remain quiet as the birds
Began the procession back to their beloved home
Content with the extent of their nocturnal travels
I refrained from begrudging them
- 10 Because my night-time goals were sacrificed for theirs
But I made a resolution to repay their intrusion

With an exploratory venture of my own
 The sentinels who heralded the break of day
 Were found only in my memory an hour later
 15 As I surveyed the creek-bottoms from whence they came
 The woodpeckers aloft in the trees began their diligent work
 "Mercury rising" was chimed by the heat bugs singing
 And I approached the base of the Farmer's Hill
 I imagined Old Man Lansing atop his lumbering beast
 20 Its dark shiny claws tumbling the earth beneath its step
 I reached the apex of my climb and saw my thoughts materialize
 As I viewed the figure, with brow shaded under the brim
 Of a wet and tattered cover
 He made several passes as I lay supine
 25 Hidden from his view or lying outside of his concern
 I know not which helped me to escape his notice
 Allowing the din of his beast to continue he dismounted
 Bent, and clutched the source of his livelihood
 And by some divine intervention I heard his thoughts articulate:
 30 "As the dark soil breaks in my hand
 Rich nutrients falling down to the ground
 So breaks my connection to luxury and dependence
 Letting the better parts of my self
 Revitalize the fertile rows of my soul
 35 I am a child of the fruits of this field
 And now I am the progenitor of its bounty
 Working within the boundaries of Nature's own will
 I rise with the red fingers of dawn stretching over the sky
 And toil under the sun's heat without respite
 40 I live frugally, but enjoy the generosity of the fields
 I eat simply, but relish the taste of foods I have grown
 I rest sparingly, but deeply as my deserving limbs sleep
 The company I keep are the singing flocks in my fields
 The humming bees in my raspberry bushes
 45 And the memories of gentle storms, quiet nights and harvest moons
 I live in constant thanksgiving for life

And the boundless mercy of the gods”

His thoughts implored me to know his life:

The cycle of the seasons, the promise of the crops

50 The stability of results, the reward of work

The timelessness of earth, the comfort of tradition

The eternity of divine laws, the wonder of communion with nature

The language of the forest, the prayers of the wind

I saw it then, the true difference between his life and mine.

55 I can’t discern the words of one swallow from another’s

The bees are a mysterious terror for me

Rain is ruinous, quiet is boredom, I remain unfeeling

To the pull of the lunar sphere that spies the night

I take life for granted: vegetables and fruits, eggs and milk

60 They are expected, not celebrated

I long to dance with nature like Old Man Lansing

The rules are simple and he is rewarded for obeisance

The fickle laws of man sway with the day

Flutter at the slightest breeze of protest or fancy

65 But the fixed laws of nature deliver multitudes of blessings

And the assuredness that only comes from divine perpetuity

“Nature made these laws/ These everlasting pacts”¹

Upon realizing this, I vocalized a wish within my soul

Voicing my longing to Those who hear such thoughts:

70 “If not a farmer, let me be a lover of the land

A second-hand caretaker by heart and homage

A devotee of the mind and not of the plow

I wish to know the majesty of the trees

Even though I may not climb

75 I wish to listen to the orchestral forest

Even though I may not sing along

Let me keep the secrets of the land

Even though I may not employ them

I know what I am and from whence I came

80 I know the two worlds and I know their isolation

Let me be a bridge of more than casual interest

- Or preoccupation, let me be a consummate link
The world collision, the shared vision
Make in me, by virtue of desire and ability
- 85 The perfect union of human avenues”
*But if I fail to master nature’s lore.../ Still, let me relish the country, humbly
revere/ Streams that glide through glades, the woods, the rivers”²*
- From somewhere came a reply, an answer of clarity
And insight that resounded with the accent of authority
- 90 I became aware of the divinity of both lives: natural and civilized
Providence had set lifestyle apart, considering perfection
Possible only with specialization and concentration
The needs of men and gods are found in both
The willing marriage to and divorce from Nature
- 95 With vocations that involve man’s original state
And man’s creative progress from the same
I wept inwardly, understanding the implications of this
For it means that man must choose
Between a community of brothers
- 100 And a devotion to the mother from whence he sprang
And I shuddered for I felt as if my decision had been made
“Jove...
Stopped up the streams of wine, so that mankind
By taking though might learn to forge its arts
- 105 From practice...”³

BOOK II

(Farmer’s Rejection of the Civilized Life, Civilian’s Rejection of the Natural Life, The Possibility of Perfect Union)

- After years I returned upon rumor of activity
On the Farmer’s Hill, the boundary of worlds
The earth appeared fresh, the plants and leaf cover
In temporary disarray, revealed a scar on the land
- 5 Peeking through the raked soil were shards of glass
And white pottery, gleaming, uncomfortable in new surroundings
A closer look revealed picture frames, jars, china, keepsakes

- Jewelry, clothes, the belongings of existence, the chronicle of a life
Old Man Lansing had buried his wife two weeks ago
- 10 And now he buried her traces, a last connection to the other side
Of the Farmer's Hill, where he left her memory
A clean break for him, this schism from civilization
He will now renew his vows to the soil
And again take his livelihood in hand
- 15 Commending his still breathing spirit to the land
To which he owed his life, love and happiness
After seventy-four years his commitment was secure
The last vestiges of any thoughts, any whims
Any free-roaming dreams of his heart
- 20 To feel concrete under his feet
Were laid to rest underneath the forgetful blanket
Of the neutral and unassuming Farmer's Hill
I solemnly swore on the heels of his choice
To accept my life for what it was
- 25 The comforts, the luxuries, the excitement, the community
Must replace the stability, the thanksgiving, the satisfaction, the communion
Of the deliberate life he was leading
In every destiny the weight of tradition is decisive
But a question remained in my mind and a hope remained in my heart:
- 30 If for seventy-four years the shadows of civilization
Haunted the wild creases of the Farmer's Field,
How long might I expect to live before the ghost of Nature
Is exiled from the fiery realm of my daydreaming?
Is any union, however tenuous, possible between my life and his?
- 35 Etched high in a tree on the Hill
Hovering at point between the world of tended earth
And textured lawns of private premises
There lived some ancient script
Answering my queries with unwavering faith
- 40 I imagined the text of the Iroquois
Recorded no where else
Words that will never be learned or spoken again

- Never deposited by the swelled delta of history
 Into the thirsty and loamy banks of our memory
 45 But the lesson came not in the teaching long forgotten
 Ever blowing in whispers throughout the hallowed wood
 The voice was in the script itself, in the naked scar of our brother, the tree:
 "Here civilization made its mark on nature
 And her offspring lived" The tree stood tall and straight,
 50 Evidence for one instance of perfect union
 And hope for the achievement of such a state again

Fiddler Jones

- The earth keeps some vibration going
 There in your heart, and that is you.
 And if people find you can fiddle.
 Why, fiddle you must, for all your life.*
 5 *What do you see, a harvest of clover?
 Or a meadow to walk through to the river?
 The wind's in the corn; you rub your hands
 For beebes hereafter ready for market;
 Or else you hear the rustle of skirts*
 10 *Like the girls when dancing at Little Grove.
 To Cooney Potter a pillar of dust
 Or whirling leaves meant ruinous drouth;
 They looked to me like Red-Head Sammy
 Stepping it off, to "Toor-a-Loor."*
 15 *How could I till my forty acres
 Not to speak of getting more,
 With a medley of horns, bassoons and piccolos
 Stirred in my brain by crows and robins
 And the creak of a wind-mill--only these?*
 20 *And I never started to plow in my life
 That some one did not stop in the road
 And take me away to a dance or picnic.
 I ended up with forty acres;
 I ended up with a broken fiddle--*

- 25 *And a broken laugh, and a thousand memories,
And not a single regret.*⁴

AFTERWORD

I feel it is important for the reader to note, if we are to know the reality and urgency of these issues, that the core of this story is true. It happened when I was young, and the reflections on the event, especially with respect to Vergil are obviously new, but much of the detail is authentic. The wild turkeys, my dad's reaction, the subsequent trip to the forest, the name and image of Mr. Lansing, the recovery of Mrs. Lansing's articles on the Farmer's Hill, and the strange writing on the Iroquois Tree were all part of my youth. We live in a world divided along many lines and sometimes those boundaries can exist in our own backyard.

¹ Vergil, *Georgics*, trans. P. Smith (Chicago: Chicago UP, 1956) 9.

² *Ibid.* 51.

³ *Ibid.* 9.

⁴ E. Masters, *Spoon River Anthology* (New York: MacMillan, 1962) 83.

All goes onward and outward... and nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

—Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*. JN.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night...

—John Keats, “Ode to a Nightingale.” DP.

EXPULSION *from the* GARDEN of EDEN

An ANALYSIS of the PAINTING by THOMAS COLE

by Emma Jo MANLEY

Thomas Cole was a painter of the Hudson River School during the early 19th century. He is known mostly for his sweeping American landscapes complete with perfected flora and fauna and small-scale figures that illustrate by comparison the power and vastness of nature. *Cole's Expulsion from the Garden of Eden* demonstrates the idyllic American Eden, not quite real but still a realistic rendering of what is conjured by the American imagination. This mindscape, for it surely cannot be a landscape, is a painting full of opposing forces and contrasts, some of them obvious, some of them not so obvious, and some of them physically impossible.

The most obvious opposition in Cole's painting is the perfect split of the composition, defining the darker (and sinister) left side sharply against the glistening (and virtuous) right side. Cole achieves this divide symbolically with his use of color and light, and practically with his placement of a whopping great chasm. The intense light in the middle of the composition appears to be powerful rather than warm, spreading like crystal protrusions from a source hidden by the stone archway at the edge of Eden, presumably God. This crystallized light is unearthly, illuminating only Adam and Eve and not the surrounding darkness; it glares out from the archway with selective intensity.

As the observer's eye is drawn from the highly detailed garden toward the darker realm, Cole's color scheme changes entirely. Eden is full of crisp blues, greens, and yellows, perfect for fine detail work and still managing a dewy finish. But the further left one looks, these crisp colors give way to deep reds and purples, achieving a warm, damp, lush, tropical feeling; a kind of dark glow with a pulse—it might even smell of decay. (Kind of a Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* feeling.) The monochromatic darkness leaves more room for implication and imagination than dewy Eden. It seems strange that Cole would leave the land outside of Eden to the audience's imagination when this realm is the reality that the audience faces everyday. It is stranger still that Cole meticulously

plans out an American Eden, a fantasy complete with typical North American flora and fauna, making it more real and conceivable than the land to which Adam and Eve have been banished.

In fact, Cole's treatment of the physicality of nature neatly sets up quite a few contrasts. On the purely symbolic level, Cole's miniature figures have made a giant mistake. But as a general theme in Cole's work, it is apparent that nature is so profound and compelling that the human being cannot compete. The mountains reaching skyward and the deep abyss carving the scene in two add to this feeling of nature's infinite power. And because of the exaggerated depth and height, Cole's figures find themselves on a limited path with darkness on either side. Unlike Milton, Cole gives his characters no room to wander. Instead, he contrasts the couple's position now with the intentionally spacious Eden, complete with partially hidden pathways, perfect for errantry, which cater to the curiosity of the observer. Adam and Eve are an interruption to the natural world. Earth and sky erupt as they cross the precipice, and a violent wind blows across the scene, nearly uprooting trees but leaving Eden untouched. The whole world is suddenly aware of a chaos-causing, human presence. The animals are aware of it, too. The wolf in the bottom left corner of the painting is about to kill a surrendering stag. But just as the wolf, surging with adrenaline and primed for the kill, is about to finish the task, it is caught off guard by the approaching humans and recoils in fear. If the wolf has never seen humans before, why should it fear them? How can the wolf see these tiny figures at such a distance in the dark? Here, Cole points out that humans already pose a threat to the natural world.

The *Expulsion from the Garden of Eden* successfully portrays a natural world with some unnatural qualities. Cole demonstrates amazing control of the physical behavior of natural objects. He manipulates a very real scene, pulling themes and foreshadowings out of the natural realm he has created, so in the end, it is a strangely fanciful reality, a mindscape with opposing forces and contrasts which might only be conceivable on Cole's canvas.

KIDS TODAY, WHAT DO THEY KNOW?

by Matthew FIELDS

A discussion between Kant and a student about

***Crime and Punishment* by Fyodor Dostoyevsky**

Kant: Welcome. Now, here is the question for today: are some human beings worth more than others?

Student: Well, our current day society certainly seems to suggest that, especially in America. For example, sports players and movie stars are valued higher monetarily than blue-collar workers.

Kant: Do you think that there are people who are worthless?

Student: There are those who seem to be parasites of society: drug dealers, thieves, and other criminals.

Kant: Would it ever be okay to remove such a 'pest' from society? Is murder ever justified?

Student: My intuition tells me, "No, of course not." However, I think about such people as Hitler whose death would have only brought an end to mass suffering and genocide - I'm not sure.

Kant: In the book *Crime and Punishment* Raskolnikov theorized that he could act outside the law of mankind, because he was an extraordinary person.

Student: Yes, and he could have gotten away with it, if it were not for his own lapsing into sickness. He was weak and could not carry out his theory fully. Just before going to confess he calls his action "...not even stupidity, just clumsiness" (VI.7 499), showing that his theory never failed, he just was not the individual that should have tested it.

Kant: Perhaps he might have gotten away with it, but the weakness you describe also moves Raskolnikov towards acts of compassion and love, and eventually his own confession and salvation.

Student: But, this humanitarian side brings him down, and prevents him from proving his theory.

Kant: Yes, but this is an important point that Dostoyevsky is making. Raskolnikov thought that he was justified in murdering the old pawnbroker. However, he was making an exception for himself. He thought he was outside of human law and even Divine law. I have said before that once someone does this they are acting immorally. We must only do that which we believe to be universal. Dostoyevsky demonstrates clearly how easy it is for one to rationalize even the most horrid of actions.

Student: But, what about Raskolnikov's Extraordinary Man Theory?

Kant: You do well to hold onto Raskolnikov's theory. It is a key to understanding the depth of the protagonist. Well, does the theory do him any good? Does it work?

Student: Well, I guess not. But as you said earlier, Raskolnikov states that he himself was not an extraordinary person, and that the theory itself is still sound.

Kant: Come now. Do you believe that after all that takes place in the book, the horrific act of murder, and the painfully psychological punishment, the fall of vile men, etc.. that some people are still able to act outside of human and divine law and not face consequences?

Student: But, I liked the theory. It seemed well thought out and fully proven.

Kant: Yes, but the depiction shows that such an arrogant theory is false. Dostoyevsky masterfully demonstrates how easy it is for the inexperienced scholar to get caught up in something that, when looked at simply and plainly, is obviously evil.

Student: I see.

Kant: Dostoyevsky suggests that Raskolnikov acted before completing the theory. He leaped before he looked. The failure of his theory is best understood by examining the his psyche. Raskolnikov has a dual nature: one side is that of his intellectual and theoretical ability, while the other side is humble and emotional. The two sides conflict, and Raskolnikov vacillates between them. One of the greatest accomplishments of the work is how Dostoyevsky personifies each of his psychological aspects.

Student: Could it be then that Svidrigailov and Sonia personify Raskolnikov's two conflicting sides?

Kant: Explain.

Student: Svidrigailov is the only really evil character of the story, besides possibly Luzhin. He acts out of his own interests and places importance only on what he himself wills. For instance, he violates a fourteen-year-old deaf and dumb girl and pushes her towards suicide. He recalls the cold intellectual side of Raskolnikov who, as you said earlier, placed his belief above law.

(The student thinks for a moment. A look of confusion comes across his face.)

But, wait a minute, I disagree with you. I do not believe that Rodion made an exception in killing the old pawnbroker. After all he got the idea from the two men in the cafe. His intentions are not bad in carrying out the action. It is not unbelievable that anyone might will her death, because so much good would come of it.

Kant: To this I would say that once again you are focusing on the ends of an action rather than the action itself. If we are to be moral, then there can be no such thing as cost-benefit analysis, that is one cannot weigh the benefits of an action against the costs that person must pay in carrying out the action when judging its worth. Rather each action must be intrinsically good. However, Dostoyevsky also answers this argument in his own way. At the end of the intellectual discussion one man asks the other, "Would you murder the old woman or wouldn't you?" To which the other replies, "Of course not! I am for justice..." (I.6 73). The problem is who does the actual killing, and this is where the action does not become universal. Raskolnikov has made an exception in killing the pawnbroker. He believed that he was extraordinary and could do the killing. That was his mistake, because he underestimated the psychological punishment that would overcome him. The book is called *Crime and Punishment*, but really it is devoted to the unavoidable punishment and suffering Raskolnikov must bear after his crime.

Student: But why must he undergo this punishment, why can't he just live outside of society?

Kant: Well, you said earlier that Svidrigailov represented one side of Raskolnikov's dual nature. If you trace the actions of Svidrigailov your question will be answered.

Student: Svidrigailov is a vile man and seems to not care about anyone, except Dunia. He easily puts himself ahead of his fellow man, and for this he is abhorred. However, he commits suicide. He cannot live totally disconnected from society, because he not only wants Dunia but also wants Dunia to love him in return. When Dunia drops the gun, unable to shoot him, he hopes that it is because she loves him, but it is really because Dunia is a good person. She is not like Svidrigailov and cannot assert her will over her fellow humankind and God. When Svidrigailov realizes that he cannot have Dunia's love he comes to terms with his sick and depraved nature. He is by no means extraordinary; he cannot live without human connection. Therefore, he wishes for his own death and commits suicide.

Raskolnikov also attempts to commit a crime against humanity. In doing so, he disconnects himself from society. He believes that his "extraordinary" status allows him to remain disconnected. However, the humane side of Raskolnikov saves him from a similar dwindling fate as Svidrigailov. Instead, Raskolnikov longs to confess his crime. This confession theme reoccurs throughout the

novel. Raskolnikov's conscience does not allow him to turn to Svidrigailov's wretched end. Raskolnikov would rather turn himself in and live in a confined space than cease to exist.

Kant: Who's the teacher here?

Student: Sorry, I got carried away.

Kant: Yes, well, this brings us to the latter person you mentioned, Sonia. Sonia's character seems more complex than just a personification of the caring side of Raskolnikov.

Student: Well, as was mentioned earlier, it is Raskolnikov's moral conscience that saves him. It is Sonia's presence that helps inspire his yearning for redemption. He sees the altruism and innocence of Sonia and it moves him.

Kant: Right, but think about their relationship in more detail.

Student: Raskolnikov goes to Sonia when he needs a boost in his will power or help with confession. She is like a holy figure. She points him towards salvation and, like many other characters, suggests that Raskolnikov undergo suffering to be cleansed. At the end she gives him a cross and tells him to kiss the ground and confess aloud.

Kant: It is through her that Raskolnikov reconnects with humanity. She inspires him to shuffle off the cold intellect he had been holding onto until now. Each moment until his confession he refuses to let go of his theory. Only through Sonia does Raskolnikov come to understand that humankind, no matter whom, can not be treated as a base to his own ideals. He must love his fellow human, and he finds this love at the end in the act of confession.

The dual nature of Raskolnikov is represented in these two characters. Interestingly, soon after Svidrigailov commits suicide, Raskolnikov goes to confess, symbolizing the defeat of his Extraordinary Man theory and the prevalence of morality.

Student: Where else in the novel does the compassionate side versus the rational side of Raskolnikov occur?

Kant: I'm glad you asked. One important part of Dostoyevsky's writing is his use of dreams. Let's take a look at the dream of the old nag.

Student: It's a crazy mixed up dream. I saw little relevance.

Kant: Well, there are two main characters, the drunken peasant and the boy Raskolnikov. These two characters display the two clashing sides of Rodion's mentality. Do you see this?

Student: Yes, the drunken peasant represents the Svidrigailov side we spoke of earlier. He beats his useless horse in the face of laughter, much like Raskolnikov will kill Alyona and hold to his theory

that he was justified in murdering her. Laughter is the one thing that Raskolnikov is afraid of. This scene reminds me of Part VI.8 when Raskolnikov cries aloud, “I killed” and is kneeling in hay market. Everyone thinks he is a drunk, exclaiming, “Eesh, he’s plastered” (IV.8 p506) and they laugh and mock him. Also, the peasant in the dream is drunk, and the intoxication resembles Raskolnikov’s refusal to let go of his theory. Raskolnikov is watching himself beating down one of God’s creatures. The young Raskolnikov compassionately embraces the dead nag and this caring and loving side saves him later by prompting him to confession.

Kant: Good, but I believe there is a third character of the dream that you have overlooked.

Student: There is Raskolnikov’s father, the people in the street, and, of course, the horse. The horse parallels Alyona, because both are killed by Raskolnikov’s intellectual ego. However, the disturbing aspect of the dream is that the peasant kills his own horse. Likewise, by killing the pawnbroker, Raskolnikov begins killing himself. In this way, the horse represents Raskolnikov’s rational abilities, which help to carry him through life. By committing the crime he suffocates his quick and clear wit and falls in and out of consciousness.

Kant: What do you think Dostoyevsky wanted to accomplish in writing a novel that depicts the folly of a man who justifies committing an act of murder?

Student: It seems that finally the book is about bringing Raskolnikov back to a humble virtuous life. He ponders in prison, “Can [Sonia’s] beliefs not be mine too?” (Epilogue p528). The important lesson seems to be that man is never outside of moral or human law, no matter how extraordinary he is.

Kant: Yes, when one makes the notion that he is above the rest of us, then he is making an exception for himself, which leads to an immoral action.

Student: Yes.

Kant: So, I’ll ask again. Do you now think that some people are more valuable than others are? Is murder ever justified?

Student: So, even in the case of Hitler or Stalin who caused thousands of deaths, man cannot judge whether killing a person is okay or not. Man must remain within moral law. He cannot weigh the benefits of such an action as murder, because it is not man’s place to commit murder or kill anyone.

Kant: Can you see why I like Dostoyevsky then?

Student: Well, he seems to concur with your Categorical Imperative. All our actions must be that which we will to be universal if they are to be moral and therefore make us worthy of happiness. The murder of Alyona violates the Categorical Imperative, but Raskolnikov’s confession is exactly what

anyone in his position would will. It brings him back to the community and into a feeling of universal morality.

Kant: Yes, very good, back to a feeling of God.

FROM METAPHOR *to* PARADOX
SOME REFLECTIONS *on the* NATURE
***of* DIVINE LOVE**
***by* Diane DUTKA**

It is not without some unwillingness that, at the request of others, I enter upon the explanation of the four stanzas because they relate to matters so interior and spiritual as to baffle the powers of language.

—Saint John of the Cross, “Prologue,” *The Living Flame of Love*¹

Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste except you ravish me.

—John Donne, “Holy Sonnet 14,” ll. 12-4.²

Eternal love! what ‘tis to love thee well,
None, but himselfe, who fees it, none can tell.
But oh, what to be lov’d of thee well,
None, but himselfe, who fees it, none can tell.

—Richard Crashaw, “In amorem divinum.”

Truth Lord, but I have marr’d them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will serve.
You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

—George Herbert, “Love,” ll. 13-8.

Richard Crashaw, speaking about what it is for a human being to love God, states, “None, but himselfe, who feels it, none can tell.” In contrast, when he speaks of God’s love for the soul he states that “None, *not* himselfe, who fees it, none can tell.” Saint John of the Cross in his *Dark Night of the Soul* tries to portray both kinds of love. He begins with metaphor, using the analogy of earthly love in order to describe the soul’s love for God. However, as he moves from the soul’s love for God to God’s love for the soul, his metaphors begin to transform themselves into paradoxes. The

transformation is a necessary one, since Saint John of the Cross is trying to describe the love that is necessarily outside of ordinary human experience.

The Dark Night of the Soul is steeped in the tradition of the erotic love poetry of the time. John of the Cross uses words such as “ardours”, which are generally used in connection with earthly love, to portray the love that exists for God in the human soul. John of the Cross hails the “night that joined the lover/ To the beloved bride/ Transfiguring them each into the other.” While at first it might seem that he only uses these analogies to shock the reader, the analogies themselves portray both the similarities and the contrasts between erotic and transcendent love.

People Often define themselves by their relationship to other people. For example, Odysseus is, to a great extent, defined by his relationship to Penelope. King Lear, similarly, comes to define himself by his relationship to his daughter, Cordelia, and as such is either utterly destroyed by her death or possibly redeemed by her love. The love of the soul for the Divine is characterized by this same deep intimacy; an intimacy that corresponds to that experienced by human lovers. Therefore, through the analogy of earthly love, Saint John of the Cross can convey to the reader an intimacy with God that gives the soul not only meaning, but its very identity.

It is important to realize that John of the Cross is using this analogy as a metaphor to connect the earthly and the spiritual, rather than actually claiming that the soul reaches the love of God through earthly love. Dante, for example, uses human love to reach divine love. Petrarch, on the other hand, sees human love as conflicting with divine love. John of the Cross, by contrast, is using earthly love as a metaphor. His descriptions of earthly love simply portray his divine passion; they have no literal meaning on their own. This is in contrast to both Dante and Petrarch, who describe a very real earthly passion and its consequences on the corresponding divine passion. This is made even more emphatic by the fact that John of the Cross always portrays God as the masculine figure himself as the feminine figure in his poetry. Clearly, he is not trying to write a realistic account of what happened. Rather, he is trying to communicate the vividness and intensity of a relation that cannot be conveyed in merely literal terms.

However, while John of the Cross can convey something of the soul's past in this love through the metaphor of human love, only paradox proves adequate to the divine side. This is necessarily true since the divine so far transcends the human that there is nothing in human experience to which it can be compared. It seems that he is attempting to describe the Divine Eros in ordinary human language, but he quickly finds it inadequate to what he needs to describe. He then moves to using paradoxes to portray God's part in this love. When John of the Cross begins to speak of God's love for the soul, he immediately finds words inadequate. He is trying to portray an emotion that is necessarily outside of human experience. While he needs to communicate through words, it quickly

becomes clear that these words do not have ordinary meanings. In describing an experience that transcends human language, his metaphors begin suddenly to turn into paradoxes.

The paradoxical nature of his statements is shown by the way that his descriptions rob objects of those characteristics that would seem to define them. First, John of the Cross casts himself as the female and God as the male lover in this drama. It was traditional during this period to portray God as the male and the soul as female. However, this is an indication of how far the mysticism has transcended human experience. In the presence of God, the soul seems to lose one of its most basic characteristics, its gender.

John of the Cross speaks about the period of darkness in his life, the dark night of his soul, that allowed for his union with God. He juxtaposes this night with the light that was burning in his heart, which he says was "More certain than the light of noonday clear." However, he makes it clear that the darkness of the night was absolutely necessary for the Divine illumination to occur. This presents another paradox. It is impossible to picture this night in the mind because it necessarily includes characteristics that violate the definition of right.

John of the Cross goes on to say that "With (God's) serenest hand/ My neck he wounded, and/ Suspended every sense with its caresses." This passage includes two paradoxes. First of all, it is hard to understand how a "serene hand" could wound one. The wound implies harshness while the serene hand implies gentleness. John of the Cross seems to be implying that God's violence is, in a sense, gentle.

Secondly, this passage reveals how John can turn a metaphor suddenly into a paradox. John Donne in "The Ecstasy" writes about an experience in which he loses all sense because of his complete focus on his erotic passion. John of the Cross seems to be following this metaphor. However, the paradox becomes apparent through the language. It is hard to picture caresses that "suspend every sense." Caresses are intended to be felt by the one who receives them. Therefore, John of the Cross is implying a new kind of caress. Furthermore, he states that God rested "Within my flowering breast." The reader would rather have expected him to say "on" or "upon" his breast. This theme is consistent throughout the book. In his commentaries, far from feeling that earthly love can lead one to spiritual love, John of the Cross states that the only way for the soul to be filled with God is for it to be emptied of all physical and spiritual sweetness.

At the end of the poem, John of the Cross returns to the human's love for God. He states that God, "all (his) cares releasing/ Threw them amongst the lilies there to fade." This is a simple metaphor that does not have a paradoxical meaning at all. John of the Cross seems to be maintaining that the soul moves from love for God, to the mystical experiences of being loved by God, and then back to its own love for God.

The transcendent nature of the dark night is revealed in the apparent contradictions. It is impossible to interpret these passages literally; however, that is not their intended purpose. Such descriptions are common in religious poetry of this period. For example, John Donne writes about a deep erotic passion, which could be interpreted as either earthly or spiritual, in “The Ecstasy”. Later, in his “Holy Sonnet 14”, he writes about the paradoxical nature of divine love. He states that he “Except (God) enthrall (him), never shall be free,/ Nor ever chaste except (God) ravish (him).” Again, these two paradoxes are logically impossible. However, they convey the same sense of transcendence that John of the Cross had portrayed earlier. As union with God transcends human experience, so descriptions of it must transcend human language.

¹ John of the Cross, *The Dark Night of the Soul*, trans. Robert Van de Weyer (Glasgow: Fount Classics, 1995).

² John Donne, *Selected Poems* (Arlington Heights, Illinois: Harlan Davidson, Inc., 1958).

MAPPING *the* HUMANE NECESSITY

by Matthew SPENCER

Most people will concede that art, in its most general sense, is among the most beautiful and useful side effects¹ of human self-consciousness. But a definition of *art* is required. *Art* is, in its most abstract sense, any application of the will of man upon any part of nature. *Nature* is not, however, the soul (should this thing called *the soul* exist). In this sense the average day in humanity consists of a series of varying and diverse art forms. For example, the art of the shower, man's will applied to water, soap and his body, the art of eating, man's will applied to his body and to food, and the art of core curriculum, man's will applied to books rather than to beds. The art of painting, the will of man as applied to paper and a brush, the art of house building, the will of man as applied to wood, glass and metals, and, a more recent innovation, the art of cloning, the will of man as applied to genes or DNA, are essentially no different. The last, however, is a relatively new art form; so new, in fact, that the processes by which it is practiced are not even close to perfected.

Man's art and man's manipulation of nature have for a long time been open to criticism. Some of these art forms have been deemed immoral, for example, the art of murder, while some have been deemed moral, for example, the art of justice. Never before, however, has mankind been forced to pass judgment on the art form of cloning a human being, an art in which man synthetically reproduces himself. This current need has, quite predictably, resulted in a heated debate from all sides.

The process currently being developed to clone both humans and animals is known as *Somatic Cell Nuclear Transfer*. This process has several steps that ultimately produce an almost one hundred percent genetically identical copy of the animal or organism being cloned. For all practical purposes, the clones *are* identical in every respect. The reason why this is true will soon become apparent. First and foremost, a mature ovum is needed to begin the process. As a gamete, this cell has half the characteristic number of chromosomes for that particular animal—in the case of humans, exactly twenty-three unpaired chromosomes would be present. Through microsurgery, these chromosomes

are removed from the cytoplasm resulting in what is called an *enucleated* ovum (at this point in development, there is no nucleus per-se, the chromosomes simply float around in the cytoplasm). This ovum, although stripped of its chromosomes, still retains all the other materials characteristic of cytoplasm—including the structures known as mitochondria. The significance of this lies in the fact that mitochondria function in part based on their own “private” piece of DNA. Although this does not noticeably affect the clone, it does mean that the resulting cell will not be *exactly* identical genetically to the cell being cloned. In truth, this probably has no effect on the cell’s behavior (unless the mitochondria are dysfunctional). Thus, while technically not identical, the two cells, once implanted with the DNA from the animal being cloned, are still considered as identical copies. The way in which this implantation occurs is probably the most difficult step in the process. The is obviously more complicated than I could make it out to be, but the long and short of it is this: a normal cell is taken from the animal that is being cloned and is fused *in vitro* with the enucleated ovum. But first, the normal cell must go through a process known as *dedifferentiation*. This is a sort of reprogramming process that will make the cell behave as if it were just beginning embryonic development rather than acting in its now specialized way. Once the cells have been fused to produce a successfully fertilized egg with one hundred percent of the genes from the animal being cloned, the new cell is inserted into a female’s womb to grow.

Having had an overview of the process by which human cloning might take place, it is possible to discuss the many ramifications of the art form. But first, the kinds of measures that have been taken already regarding the regulation of this technology should be examined. Not surprisingly, the production of human beings by “synthetic” methods has been met with a wide range of reactions. Although human beings have always held most art, or the manipulation of nature by humans, to be good, every man has always felt uneasy about manipulation of this kind as applied to himself or his fellow man. Probably the art of medicine is practiced primarily out of necessity, for man’s power of reason makes him unable to merely stand by and watch as a fellow human suffers. Thus, medicine must exist to keep man humane. This becomes clear in our natural resistance to arguments that medicine works against natural selection by saving humans that are less “perfect,” and unlikely to survive on their own.

Medicine thus allows an art in which the human meddles with himself in a case of what we may call “humane necessity.” If so, the art of medicine is acceptable as such a necessity, while other manipulations of human selves would not be. Two such cases, suicide and murder, characterize precisely this kind of manipulation. In Genesis, these are forbidden on the grounds that God gives to mankind dominion over all other creatures to manipulate in the ways that please it, but he does not accept *human manipulation of humans*. This is evident in his commandments forbidding murder and suicide. When it comes to man, only He can decide. It is not surprising then that there should be

opposition to the idea of cloning humans on religious grounds. But this uneasiness in “playing God” transcends religion and thus we can expect some similar arguments, even from those who do not see themselves as religious. Indeed legal actions have already been taken. Shortly after the birth of Dolly, President Clinton prohibited governmental funding aimed at cloning humans, and ordered the National Bioethics Advisory Commission (NBAC) to discuss and consider the implications of this technology—ethical, legal, and scientific. At that point, it was uncertain that such a cloning could even be duplicated! The result was a three-to-five-year ban of the cloning of human beings because, the commission said, the safety of cloning humans could not be guaranteed.

Indeed, Somatic Cell Nuclear Transfer is not even near to perfection. In fact, a death rate of close to one hundred percent was observed during the testing that eventually produced Dolly (one out of 277 attempts). Such a high rate of mortality can hardly hope to win over the public. Should the cloning of humans ever become widely accepted, it would certainly not happen until the process by which it was accomplished became consistently successful. Because no amount of discussion is ever going to reconcile the myriad of views on when a fetus is and is not alive, the final mortality rate necessary for public support will have to be at most five percent or, probably more likely, even lower. This level of success is still very distant right now, but several avenues are being tested. Consequently, this is not necessarily a final objection to cloning. This is not, however, the only problem that scientists are facing with this proposed cloning of human beings.

Many feel that there are places where mankind should not venture. The cloning of human beings, for most, falls into this category. Although, many people may hold this view for entirely the wrong reason, there are nonetheless several valid grounds for this view as well. Television, the media and film have a tendency to fabricate fantastic consequences out of issues such as these, and cloning is no exception. But ideas of exact replicas, identical in every respect, infringing upon the “right to be an individual” are illusory. The truth is that these situations are not even possible. Man is not completely determined by his genetic information; the genes do not produce the memes, they only allow *for* memes by providing man with a structure called the brain. Environment plays a *huge* role in determining one’s character. As Ian Wilmut says, “Clones of athletes, movie stars, entrepreneurs, or scientists might well choose different careers because of chance events in early life.”² Thus, a cloning that would yield a copy identical in every respect, physical and mental, is simply impossible. Environment just plays too large a role.

Nonetheless, there *are* several good reasons to feel that cloning is a kind of knowledge that mankind should not have or not tamper with. One very real possibility is that of unpredictable and perhaps terrible side effects to this new technology. Many things are not at all well understood at this point; too many questions remain for man to confidently put his achievement out into the world. In fact, these kinds of unexpected side effects have already occurred in the field of genetic engineering

of plants. Plants were engineered to be resistant to certain herbicides, but once in the wild, the genes spread and soon the unwanted weeds growing in the area were resistant as well. A similar unpredicted side effect among humans could be disastrous.

Despite these fears, there are several possible and immense clinical advantages to the possibility of cloning humans. One definite advantage involves presently untreatable infertility, a process that by no means could produce a child identical to the parent. A cloned embryo inserted into an infertile female wishing to have a child, would develop somewhat similar to the donor's identical twin. Identical twins are in fact natural examples of human clones—they have the same genetic information. But they certainly are not the same people; as anybody who has had any experience with identical twins knows. It is environment, the personal experience, and the basic neurological development (which is never identical even in those animals sharing identical genetic information) that makes the personality. In the case of treating infertility however, the environment would be drastically different for that individual than for the individual being cloned! Differences in personality are apparent in even true identical twins that have as close to identical environments and personal experience as is really possible. So, in the case of identical embryos gestated and brought up in completely different environments, individuality is more than guaranteed.

Other possible advantages of cloning include the stocking of body parts and organs for transplant purposes, in-depth studies of human development, and the production of universal human donor, or stem cells. Of these the production of body parts is not true cloning of an entire individual which, although certainly an important possibility, renders it irrelevant to this discussion. In the case of in-depth studies in human development or human donor cells however, genuine problems arise. Such a clone would certainly be a viable human being—this is irrefutable. With this in mind, there are definite moral and ethical concerns regarding the way in which this proposed human might react to his situation. First and foremost, no matter how one looks at it, no matter how kindly it is worded, one cannot escape the guinea pig nature of such a clone's reality. Any human being would object to this, to say the least. It must thus be obvious to any rational human being that this kind of use must not occur—it contradicts both mankind's humane nature and any concept of "humane necessity."

This "humane necessity" then is the standard with which any incidence of man's will as applied to man must be reconciled before it can even hope to become accepted by the public. Today, too many major issues remain at odds with this concept. For example, the possibility that such a clone would resent his existence, and even the possibility that the person being cloned would resent the existence of his clone, raises questions of human rights and dominion of gene sequences. There will be those who consider a gene sequence as public property, so to speak, believing that once a sequence has been determined, it can be copied by anyone. But there will also be those who would resent the existence of another human based on his own genetic information. While perhaps the

fears of individuality becoming lost among others are unfounded, the concerns of those who consider genetic information as purely private should be honored nonetheless. Our genetic information simply is who we are. Cloning is an art in which man interferes with man. In so doing it calls into question not only its own necessity, but also its own humanity as an art form.

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Notes

- ¹ The term "side effects" is probably not the best term to use here and is only used for lack of better terminology. Certainly these senses are more than mere side effects. In fact, a better description might be "main effects" because they, more than anything else, seem to *define* man whereas the term "side effect" seems to suggest an unwanted property.
² See Ian Wilmut, "Cloning For Medicine," [1998], *Scientific American* (1998): n. pag. Online. Internet. 21 Nov. 1998. Available <http://www.sciam.com/1998/1298issue/1298wilmut.html>.

But then what really is? That which is eternal.

—Michèle de Montaigne, *The Essays*. JD.

...I was so drawn from random thought
to thought that, wandering in mind, I shut
my eyes, transforming thought on thought to dream.

—Dante Alighieri, *Purgatorio*. KS.

The **SAPLING**
by Michael RIORDAN

See the little sapling
 underneath this canopy?
How quickly it wants to grow up,
and become a wiser tree.

Poor little sapling,
 how little does it know.
What heights will it grow to
before it has to go?

But wait, little sapling
 don't be so quick to climb.
Your leaves will reach the sunlight
within your granted time.

And know little sapling
 that as long as there's a tree
you never have to worry
 your leaves will always be.

It's scarcely an ordinary thing, rather it's hard, to trust that in these studies a certain instrument of everyone's soul—one that is destroyed and blinded by other practices—is purified and rekindled, an instrument more important to save than ten thousand eyes.

—Plato, *The Republic*. RR.

The Master said, A gentleman who is widely versed in letters and at the same time knows how to submit his learning to the restraints of ritual is not likely, I think, to go wrong.

—Confucius, *The Analects*. NW.

A PREFACE to DON QUIXOTE as WRITTEN by DESCARTES

by Dove PEDLOSKY

When I was first asked to write this preface, I was quite sure that my questioner had failed to read clearly my *Meditations*, and merely thinking I was a learned man, had supposed I would write an interesting commentary on this large work of Miguel de Cervantes. At first perplexed, and then humored, I asked this man if he was aware of my own philosophy, and the implications and accusations it established about such knightly romances and deeply deluded men. The man, said, yes, that he was familiar with my views, but that there were some passages in my *Discourse On Methods* that to him, slightly paralleled the beliefs of the comic hero Don Quixote. Intrigued and anxious to hear this man out, I bade him enter my study, and I told him to take a seat.

The young man pulled from his jacket a copy of my work, and opening up to the eighth page began to read: "I resolved to seek no other knowledge than that which I might find within myself, or perhaps in the great book of nature." He quickly flipped to the thirteenth page and began again: "I could not accept the testimony of the majority, for I thought it worthless as a proof of anything somewhat difficult to discover, since it is much more likely that a single man will have discovered it than a whole people." Laying the book down, my friend, (which I began to call him since I was beginning to feel a certain fondness for this interesting young man), asked whether that was not a rather good description of Don Quixote. I asked him to continue. Don Quixote, he remarked, unsatisfied with the world around him and the outlook of the many, decided to journey out and discover life for himself. He would not accept his generation that had lost the art of chivalry, and like yourself, he was weary of "the customs of other men." What's more, this man argued, Don Quixote thought carefully about his decision to become a knight, and even returned home after his first expedition, waiting fifteen days to discuss and think about his next adventure.

However wrong I judged the man sitting in front of me to be, I immediately realized that I was somehow caught. Obviously he had not really understood my claims. Although Don Quixote's

stubbornness to accept the outside world as the majority of people do (blindly accepting the world without wanting to question it), echoed my own objections to the way the masses think, his own interpretation of the world was not an improvement.

Before I began my answer I wondered as to the clearest method possible I could undertake to show my friend how deeply erred he was. I determined that my best chance was to practically point out the reasons why the adventure of *Don Quixote* is a terrific example of how a skeptic philosopher, like myself, should not proceed. I invited my friend to take off his jacket, and after asking my maid to stir the embers, I cleared my throat and began my attempt to remove this young man of any false conceptions he might have previously held in regards to this very exasperating fellow, Don Quixote. I asked the young man whether he had not read the seventh page of the *Discourse*, in which I say, "And those who are too interested in things which occurred in past centuries are often remarkably ignorant of what is going on today...Thus it happens that those who regulate their behavior by the examples they find in books are apt to fall into the extravagances of the knights of romances." Thinking that this was an excellent place to begin, I continued.

I told him that I, too, had spent my youth immersed in the works of other men, trying to discover insights which would teach me that knowledge found by those great men who came before me. As I have previously written, in my youth I had a great reverence for my predecessors, but I finally concluded that their thoughts were just as true as any I could reason within myself. Although I have claimed that "the delicacy of fiction refines and enlivens the mind; that famous deeds of history ennoble it...that poetry has incomparable powers and beauties," I quickly realized the danger of losing oneself in these works, and I rapidly decided to study myself and the world around me with as much skepticism as possible. To think in an orderly fashion, and to doubt any preconceived idea I might have, became a few of the important guidelines I set for myself. After explaining this little introduction to the young man sitting in front of me, I charged straight into my criticisms of Don Quixote.

Don Quixote, like-wise, spent his days wistfully leafing through old books, yet his were of a slightly different nature. His books included those such as *The Tears of Angelica*, *The Shepherd of Iberia*, and *The History of the Famous Knight Tirante the White*. It was said of him that "he filled his mind with all that he read in them...and other impossible nonsense; and so deeply did he steep his imagination in the belief that all the fanciful stuff he read was true, that to his mind no history in the world was more authentic."¹ Don Quixote's problem was that he eagerly left behind the world he belonged to, but he did not try to reason through to the truth of his existence by trying to ask himself what it is in the seeming superficial world that really exists. Instead he melted into the world of fairytales, fair maidens, and monsters. Maybe you remember when Don Quixote said to the priest and the knight, in the second part of the work, that he had so much faith in the stories he read that he assumed they

were universal truths: “I have, by supporting my argument with evidence so infallible that I might say I have seen Amadis of Gaul with my own eyes...For my absolute *faith* in the details of their histories and my knowledge of their deeds and their characters enable me by sound philosophy to deduce their features.”² But before I become too abstract, let me begin by giving a concrete example. In Don Quixote’s first adventure, he has set off to bring back to the world the art of chivalry, and as night falls he looks for a place to rest. Don Quixote, trained by his readings to expect kingdoms and fairies, desperately searches a castle. As he nears an old inn, he blindly takes it to be a castle, since he is quite intent that it *should* be a castle.

Now, the task that I had set out for myself was to detach myself from any ideas that my own imagination might have steered me towards, and to accept something only after I had thought it out reasonably. I understood that senses are often deceiving, and that what might appear to be one thing could actually be something quite the reverse. It is true I’ve written that “it is always possible that I am mistaking a bit of copper and glass for gold and diamonds. I know how subject we are to make false judgments in things that concern ourselves.”³ Consequently, I was adamant that I only conclude as true that which was most objective on my part. As we are prone naturally to biases, I decided to disregard all that I had learnt in my youth, and to embrace only those precepts that were self-evident and obvious to all. What is most frustrating about the episode with the castle is that Don Quixote saw only what he wanted to see, and what he did see he manipulated to such an extent that he tumbled further and further into falsehood. He did not stop and ask himself, ‘How do I know that this is a castle and not an inn, since it does have some resemblance to an inn,’ instead he desired that it be a castle so much, that he confused his imagination and dreams with the reality in front of him.

In my own work I have tried to wonder whether it is feasible that I am actually dreaming all that I sense around me, and so as a thought experiment I decided to claim that all external objects, even my own body, were mere illusions. As I say this, my friend, I see where you might compare me immediately with Don Quixote. How mistaken, you might ask, can Don Quixote really be in calling an inn a castle, the hog gelder’s horn a festive piece of music, and the two women callers fine ladies of the manor, when you yourself are unsure whether the fire crackling in front of us is not an illusion to the two of us? You might wonder since I seem to deconstruct all of the intelligible world around me as being impossible to prove in existence, why I judge Don Quixote for thinking one illusion to be another illusion? What I mean to point out about Don Quixote is that he does not err by calling an inn a castle, but he errs because he assumes that it is a castle and never questions why it should be a castle.

Don Quixote did not mistake an inn for a castle only once, and his second misconception is perhaps even more intriguing, and will explain my point in greater detail. You will, of course, remember the episode with the Asturian maid. The young man interrupted me by nodding profusely,

demonstrating that this event had stood out for him as well. I continued. What I am about to depict is a wonderful example of someone who, presented with an effect is quick to mistake its cause, and not reasoning the event out thoroughly, becomes imprisoned by his wild imagination. I am speaking directly about the first evening in the inn, which he mistook for a castle, when Don Quixote longingly dreamt that the noble daughter of the house would steal out of her quarters to visit the badly bruised knight in bed. Cervantes in fact says of him, "And taking all this fantasy which he had invented for the sober truth, he began to be disturbed...deciding in his heart to commit no treason against the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, even though Queen Guinevere and her lady Quintanona should appear."⁴ Now, the small hunchback Asturian maid wandered into the dormitory seeking out the carrier guest, and she unfortunately walked past the daydreaming Don Quixote. Don Quixote, believing that the woman in front of him was she whom he imagined in his dreams, sat up and pulled her into bed with him. Because the maid happened to be in front of him, as he was dreaming about the medieval lady, Don Quixote just assumed that the two women were synonymous. Don Quixote proceeded to mistake her horse hair to be locks of gold, and her glass necklace to be a strand of oriental pearls, although I have previously shown that the best of us fall prey to faulty sense-perceptions. Don Quixote's central problem is that he did not question the event that took place in front of him. He failed to dissect each point carefully, and refrained from trying to reason through each cause and effect. As I have said in the list of definitions I have given myself, it was crucial for me "to divide each of the difficulties which I encountered into as many parts as possible, and as might be required for an easier solution."⁵ Often the answer and the cause is much more simple than most believe it to be.

The necessity for a solution grounded on concrete suppositions is imperative, since answers will definitely be faulty if they are reached by reasoning based on superstition or opinion. I, myself, decided to be certain of only that which could not be doubted, and if you look on the eighty-first page of my *Meditations* I say that I "put aside every belief in which I could imagine the least doubt, just as though I knew that it was absolutely false. And I shall continue in this manner until I have found something certain." In the twenty- eighth chapter of Don Quixote, the knight and his squire Sancho come across a stampeding flock of sheep, whose hoofs had kicked up a considerable amount of dust. Since he was so eager to come upon battles between feuding knights, Don Quixote was sure that the dust was the cause of warhorses that were charging to battle. The dust, it is written, obscured his vision to give him the freedom of imagining anything he desired: "This, however, did not prevent Don Quixote from imagining what was neither visible nor existing."⁶ When Sancho Panza attempts to persuade his friend from joining in on the attack, by showing him that what he believes are knights are mere sheep, Don Quixote retorts that fear has clouded Sancho's senses, making him see what is not really there. Up to this point, there is little in my *Meditations* that could refute Don Quixote's

suggestion. Sancho could, in fact, possess faulty senses, and what he believed to be sheep might actually have been real warriors. However, I make the point in my third meditation that non-voluntary effects are a good way of showing that the cause exists outside of oneself. If all I perceive is in fact illusions that I create and if I desire those glowing coals to expire, than, it would follow that what I desire should more often than not occur. But because events continuously occur as we would not like them to, one can believe that there are external forces at work. I give the example of heat, and whether I wish it or not, I feel it when I sit in this chair, which gives me the hunch that a fire does exist that produces this heat in me.

To get back to the episode with Don Quixote, when he approaches what he believes are raging knights, he begins to be hit by herdsmen with stones of a very large size. Now, based upon what I have just mentioned, Don Quixote should have asked himself why battling knights would have hit him with stones instead of lances. It is one thing to perceive something as different than it actually is, but when one is physically affected, and hit by non-customary forms of weapons, one cannot only trust one's senses, but one must reason out the cause. Don Quixote fails to reason with any precision, and he quickly asserts that enchanter had come to turn the knights into sheep: "What a way that scoundrel of an enchanter, my enemy, has of transforming things and making them invisible...being envious of the glory he saw I was sure to gain from this battle, he turned the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep."⁷ Don Quixote says, and one quickly realizes that he has been deceived all along. Had Sancho's senses been those that wrongly saw sheep instead of warriors, Don Quixote would not have seen sheep in the end, but would have continued to see fighting knights and stallions. One can only conclude that sheep were in front of him all along, but Don Quixote, again, saw only what he wanted to see.

But as I spoke these words I noticed that the young man sitting next to me was staring at me with a glazed expression, which hinted that he was rather tired of my dissection of his much loved novel. I was familiar with the idea that many took Don Quixote as a sort of visionary, denying that he was a madman at all. I placed my friend in this category, and so I regretted that I had not been able to speak with some enthusiasm. After all, if Don Quixote was not mad, but aware that he was misrepresenting reality, I find his reasoning even more illogical. Since I had evidently disappointed this young man, I stopped my discourse short. I would have liked to demonstrate the way reason is represented in the form of Marcela, the lovely shepherdess, who comes back to explain herself to the dead shepherd's friends. After depicting what I thought to be terrific logic, clearly projected and thoroughly reasoned, the shepherds refuse to listen to her, and they carve on the gravestone that Marcela was in fact a cruel, unfeeling, woman. Reason has no place in the adventures of *Don Quixote*. And I do think the episode in which Don Quixote believes he himself has been enchanted, when in reality it is a plot on the part of the priest and the barber to bring him back home tied up in a cage,

proves my point very well. Sancho is not fooled for a moment, and says “Do you imagine I don’t see what you’re up to? Do you think that I don’t see through these new enchantments?”⁸ Unfortunately Don Quixote never asks these crucial questions, and is happy to let his dream dictate his reality.

And thus I conclude this preface with good humor, but also a reminder that we cannot help seeing the world, not as it is, but as we hope it would be. Like the young man who came to see me, we often manipulate what our mind perceives, and we will ignore all reason so as to conform truth to our biases. I assure you, the reader, that you will find the adventures of Don Quixote entertaining, and if it succeeds as a great work it is because it has demonstrated the terrible illusions one can be drawn to follow. Don Quixote, perhaps, falls into the category I created in my *Discourse on Method*, which depicts those who should not attempt to follow in my footsteps. I write that, “There are those who think themselves more able than they really are, and so make precipitate judgments and do not have enough patience to think matters through thoroughly...thus leaving the highway, they will never be able to keep to the narrow path....”⁹

¹ Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, *Don Quixote*, trans. J.M. Cohen (New York: Penguin, 1950) 32.

² *Ibid.* 479.

³ René Descartes, *Discourse on Method and Meditations*, trans. Laurence J. Lafleur (Saddle River, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1952) 5.

⁴ Cervantes 122.

⁵ Descartes 15.

⁶ Cervantes 135.

⁷ *Ibid.* 139.

⁸ *Ibid.* 423.

⁹ Descartes 13.