

We shall not
cease from
exploration

The Journal of the Core Curriculum

And the end of
all our exploring
Will be to arrive
where we started
And to know the place
for the first time.

Volume 10

Spring 2001

The Journal of the Core Curriculum

from cover:

"We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And to know the place for the first time."

Little Gidding, Four Quartets, 239-242
T. S. Eliot

The Journal of the Core Curriculum

Volume 10

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Dedication

In "Lines, Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey"
Wordsworth describes himself as

well pleased to recognise

In nature and the language of the sense

The anchor of my purest thought, the nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul

Of all my moral being.

What nature was for Wordsworth, Dean Jorgensen has
been for the Core Curriculum. The Editors would like to
dedicate this, the tenth volume of the Core Curriculum
Journal produced under his care, to him.

*Sarah Hall
Diana Baldeomar
Jody Bous
Molly
Gessie
Diane G. Shirk
Emily D. Guset
Stephen Wilson
Abe A. J.*

Therefore the Sage wears rough clothing
And carries jade inside.

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Preface

"Read the books. Come to class." As anxious freshmen, we were all given these steps by our Dean, Brian Jorgensen, who assured us that they were essential toward success in the Core. Who among us imagined that out of these six words would evolve such an amazing, mind-expanding experience? From the Tsai Center to the MFA to the stage of the Huntington Theater, Core has led us on a perpetual journey: one of the mind, of the spirit, and of the imagination. In this volume, the editors have attempted to represent that journey through a selection of outstanding papers written for the program. Though the experience of Core could never fully be expressed on paper, we are content to let these authors speak for us: students who have read the books, come to class, and opened the creaking door to a wonderful new world.

Although this edition has been the work of many, we would like particularly to thank Glenn Wrigley, our Core administrative assistant, who never seems to get the credit he deserves. Apart from cheerfully and efficiently directing the office, Glenn is the absolute master of "damage control," and we have him to thank for many an unjammed copier and rebooted hard drive. We are also indebted to Zachary Bos, for almost single-handedly managing layout; the cover design, fun graphics, and overall look of the Journal are completely his doing. And, as always we have many, many thanks for our advisor, the inexhaustible Professor Stephanie Nelson. Like the Core itself, Professor Nelson is impossible to put into words, though a rough sketch might be found in the phrase she uses so often: "That's utterly brilliant!" So thank you, Professor Nelson, for *everything*: may we all live to contribute so much, and sleep so little.

The Core Journal Editorial Board 2001

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Analects of Core

On the Effect of Core...

"There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon and
received with wonder or
Pity or love or dread, that object he became,
And that object became part of him for the day
or a certain part of
the day . . . or for many years or stretching
cycles of years."

Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*

Justice in the *Oresteia*

Adam Eisenhut

The *Oresteia* is structured around the idea of justice. Its three plays present a distinct progression towards an ideal of perfect justice, with each step embodied by a different set of characters. This progression can be seen by comparing the value systems of the trilogy's three different character types: mortals, Furies, and Olympians. From the rationalized murders committed by Clytaemnestra and Orestes, to the reactionary concept of punishment espoused by the furies, and finally to the objective judgment of Apollo and Athena, the *Oresteia* introduces slightly varying concepts of justice in an evolving, progressive format.

First let's explore the human concept of justice, as demonstrated by the actions of Clytaemnestra and Orestes. Clytaemnestra revenges herself upon her husband Agamemnon for the death of her daughter, and for the pain this loss caused her. Here we see a defining characteristic of the mortal idea of justice: Clytaemnestra is reacting to what she perceives as a crime against *her*. This motive can be seen in her defense of her actions, when she proclaims, "...he sacrificed his own child, our daughter, the agony I laboured into love..."¹ Rather than acting to avenge her daughter's death, Clytaemnestra murders because of her own personal loss, saying, "he brutalized me."² It is because of the suffering *she* has felt that Clytaemnestra murders Agamemnon.

Orestes murders for similar reasons: he is less concerned with the actual death of his father than with "the outrage of his death"³. The way and manner in which Agamemnon was killed proved to be an insult to Orestes' house, and thus to Orestes himself. Killed far away from battle and caught unexpectedly without arms or armor at his side, Agamemnon was murdered in a way that serves to damage Orestes' reputation. We can infer these motives from the following statement, in which

Orestes speaks of Apollo's threatened punishment, "For such as us, no share in the wine-bowl,/ no libations poured in love/...There is no refuge, none to take you in. /A pariah, reviled, at long last you die, /withered in the grip of all this dying"⁴. By killing his mother, Orestes once again assures his place within the household. He also gains much both politically and economically, which is hinted to be at least a partial motive for his matricide.

Within the characters of the Furies a more advanced, yet still fundamentally flawed, form of justice is presented. Unlike the mortals, the Furies do not act for their own benefit; they act instead on behalf of the slain. However, they are not that far removed from the justice of the mortals in that they share the belief that any crime (or perceived crime) warrants nothing short of a gruesome death as reparation. In fact, just like the mortals, they seem unable to consider taking preventative measures to stop the crimes from occurring. They care only for wreaking vengeance after the fact, almost as if it were nothing but an excuse to kill. The Furies' idea of what constitutes a crime also sadly runs parallel to that of the mortals, in which social station and gender heavily dictate what actions you can perform. Clytaemnestra rightly accuses the chorus of a bias by saying, "And now you sentence me?-/...Didn't the law demand you banish him? - /hunt him from the land for all his guilt? /But now you witness what I've /done and you are ruthless judges"⁵. Agamemnon was not punished for his killing of his daughter, probably, because he was a man; moreover he was the king. Similarly, the Furies tell Apollo that they would not seek revenge on a woman who kills her husband, because "That murder would not destroy one's flesh and blood"⁶. Both forms of justice are situational, depending on who commits the crime, and ignore any reasoning behind or justification for the act.

¹ *Agamemnon* 1.1447

² *Agamemnon* 1.446

³ *The Eumenides* 644

⁴ *Libation Bearers* 296-301

⁵ *Agamemnon* 1437-48

⁶ *The Eumenides* page 240

It is only after we move up to the gods that we truly find ideal justice, or at least what we today define as justice: a process of deliberation that considers mitigating factors. Apollo and Athena seem to be of different minds about Orestes' matricide, which is an important differentiating characteristic of divine justice. This is the first time it has been suggested that justice might not be an absolute, but in fact, dependant on a particular point of view. The gods, therefore, are considering more than the simple concept of retribution (the operating principle for both the mortals and the Furies). It is here that bloodlust is replaced with consideration, making it the most perfect form of justice presented. This realization that "two sides are here"⁷ and also a consideration for surrounding circumstances, causes Athena to call for a trial to judge Orestes.

The trial is the great demarcation between the other two ideas of justice and the one implemented by Athena. By taking the decision out of her own hands and placing it in those of others, she is admitting that, "by all rights not even I should decide/ a case of murder"⁸. Both the mortals and the Furies assumed their opinion to be the absolute and unerring truth, and thus acted, or planned to act, accordingly. By acknowledging her fallibility and thus inability to be the sole judge of Orestes, Athena is giving up the old reactionary system that mindlessly demands blood for blood in favor of a more objective examination of the facts. She even tells Orestes, "If you are innocent, I'd adopt you for my city"⁹ showing that she herself is reserving judgment on his guilt or innocence until after the trial. Athena, for all her wisdom, isn't impartial; she, "honour[s] the male, in all things but marriage"¹⁰. Apollo too has a stake in the outcome: since Orestes was following his orders by murdering Clytaemnestra, even Apollo is unable to render an impartial decision. However, while they may have their own biases, the Olympians do their best to arrive at an impartial decision, even if that means taking the decision out of their own hands. While possessing opinions and ideas of their own, they do not let these opinions overrule their judgment, and always make sure to hear the other

side of the argument objectively. The Furies' and the mortals' form of justice does not allow for this process: they let their passions and outrage command their actions. They do not seek the counsel or advice of others, but do whatever they deem to be just from their own, usually self-serving, point of view.

All three categories of characters in The Oresteia believe that they are serving the principles of justice at all times. Mortals use justice to rationalize their own revenge, while the Furies take it upon themselves to deal it out where they see an infringement. It is only the Olympians who dispense justice only when called upon to adjudicate a matter. All three groups possess subjective opinions that lend themselves to different concepts of the situation's "justice;" it is the degree to which these views are allowed to dominate a person's decisions that differs between the classes. The mortals and the Furies completely disregard their own biases, while the Olympians struggle to remove them from the process of assessing what is just. The most substantial difference, however, between the three is the fact that only the Olympians realize that the other two have different beliefs and values in regards to justice. Due to this knowledge they are better able to evaluate what is just because of their ability to understand and appreciate the differing views of everyone involved. Clearly the Olympians subscribe to the best form of justice, yet it contains aspects very similar to the other two forms. Perhaps most important is the god's response to Orestes' plea: "Lord Apollo, you know the rules of justice,/ know them well. Now learn compassion, too"¹¹. In fact the gods do learn compassion, freeing Orestes and welcoming the Furies into the city, showing that their concept of justice, which includes compassion, is better suited than any other for the fair treatment of all.

The Oresteia presents the audience with first mortals, then Furies, and finally gods, each proclaiming a form of justice that shares aspects of the previous systems yet with a new twist that brings it closer to an impartial ideal. In this way the idea of justice progresses and evolves throughout the plays, as each consecutive form of justice builds upon the past.

⁷ *The Eumenides* 1.440

⁸ *The Eumenides* 1.486-7

⁹ *The Eumenides* 1.490

¹⁰ *The Eumenides* 1.752

¹¹ *The Eumenides* 1.88-89

Analysis of Lao-tzu

Lauren McLaughlin

Reading the work of Lao-tzu is like reading oneself, manifested into words. One's true self, simple and brief, is seen through descriptions of ancient origin. It is reassuring to read one's inner self; reading about its connection to the world and heaven, or that which is the origin of everything. Reading the words feels as if one is recognizing a great, great, grandparent that one has never met, and yet feeling totally safe and complete in their presence. The work of Lao-Tzu allows one to bring him or herself to it, as an interactive mobile memory that one has always had, but nothing has ever confirmed. It gives one space to be a person unto oneself, and feeling incredibly satisfied that this possession is enough. This feeling of completion and fulfillment is affirmed in Chapter 70 of *the Tao Te Ching*. This piece embodies a portion of what Lao-tzu presents to his readers, not teaching them, but describing situations and settings, allowing them to use the given examples to attempt to understand The Way. Through pieces like this one, one may find their connection to the Tao.

This chapter relates the importance of one person, in a world of "ten thousand things." The first person voice of the piece is the Tao itself, not Lao-Tzu. However, through his words, Lao-Tzu recognizes the difficulty of living in the truest sense of the Tao, and yet appreciates the understanding of oneself. This understanding is of the location of one's soul in the collective class structure of souls; finding oneself without a class, and holding jade, the embodiment of all one could hold. The piece begins this notion with the line "My words are very easy to understand, Very easy to practice." These words convey to the reader that The Way (Tao) of life is not

complicated and simple to initiate. They also give the reader a sense of ability for following the way, when in actuality the line reveals the truth that finding the strength to accomplish this goal may not be so easily awarded, requiring "practice". This concept is enforced through the contradiction of the second line, which quickly restricts the reader and humbles him: "No one under heaven can understand them, No one can practice them." The intangible nature of The Way is conveyed through these instructions, relating that one should ever believe that he has found it.

The line, "Words have ancestors, Deeds have masters", allows the reader to realize what words and deeds possess, their limitations and histories. The line "words have ancestors" depicts the age of words, as well as their potential. In the Chinese culture, ancestors give roots to their offspring, providing for them a sense of origin and strength. Words in themselves have ancestors, for their ancestors are the feelings behind them, the reason for them to exist. "Deeds" as actions, have masters in the sense that they have something to face, someone to return to after they are accomplished. The importance of this in relation to man is that one's deeds will be carried along with him or her, along with their consequences and relations. Both deeds and words are continuous, and therefore cannot be lost by man, for he always wishes to be free from the responsibility of his actions; one's ancestors cannot be lost, and true masters are always aware. Lao-Tzu confirms the fact that accepting oneself is incredibly difficult and requires sacrifice. "If people don't understand this, they don't understand me." This line expresses to the reader that if they cannot grasp the connection between

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man and himself, they will never fully understand The Way in one lifetime, and will never truly understand themselves.

Not many men can understand The Way, and this is what makes its characteristics so important. "Few understand me, and that is my value." This sentence depicts the value of the Tao as something that cannot be grasped, and this distance is what makes The Way something to strive towards living with. It is unattainable, and this is why it is revered so highly in the minds of men, not as a prize, but as a goal. Most men associate not being understood with something that is undesirable, and this is what makes the concept so powerful. It teaches men that not many will understand The Way, but the fact that many do not understand is not something to be ashamed of, but rather something to take pride in; The Way is not easy and man should not want it to be, for then it would not be so special to him.

Lao-Tzu answers the questions presented in the piece with a description that expresses the power of simplicity: "Therefore the Sage wears rough clothing and carries jade inside." This description gives the reader a contrast from the

body of the work in the sense that this description is concrete, tangible, and physical, letting the reader simply visualize the sage and his abilities. The natural assumptions of man when reading the piece are what Lao-tzu relies upon for the reader to bring everyday life to the intangible consistency of living life in The Way. The description of the sage's "rough clothes" is not roughness of texture, but of simplicity. His clothes are rough in the sense that he does not require ornament and detail to make them better, for he understands that embellishments fade, as do all material things and physical things. He would not need any of these things, for he has all the reassurance and safety he needs in the Tao. He carries jade inside, for Jade holds its own integrity. The nature of the stone personifies the qualities of the sage as well, for it is unalterable and yet it is translucent in nature. Its translucence and strength represent the sage, for the stone is unable to be seen directly through, yet it reveals its elements and depth.

This piece as a whole is one of affirmation. It does not give to the reader anything reassuring or obviously comfortable, yet it is more comforting than anything else could ever attempt to be. It gives the reader a sense of appreciation for humility. It recognizes the concept that we all have physical bodies that contain potential for change, strength, and what is most difficult to sustain, simplicity. Many men may find this a new concept to ponder, another theory to grasp. It is not new. It is a nod of affirmation for the sensitive man. It lets him know that what he has deeply felt his entire life is true and real. He gains confidence in his humility, which in the contemporary world may not bring material success, but is the greatest gift that can be given.

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Passion and Destiny en route to

Empire

Mary Russell

The forces of passion and destiny in Vergil's Aeneid are associated with femininity and masculinity because they are each elements of humanity. Aeneas embodies the masculine forces of destiny that drive him towards Rome and the feminine forces that bring forth passion and pull him away from Rome. Although Aeneas fights his passion, masculinity never fully conquers femininity because they are complementary and conflicting entities that co-exist in a swinging, yet guarded balance; like the yin and yang in Chinese thought. The women in the Aeneid are presented as the sources of Aeneas' passion because they represent the feminine forces within him, and give voice to his rebellion against destiny.

Aeneas' passionate side gained ground when Juno bribed Aeolus to run his ship off course as he left Troy. As Aeneas faced the danger of the storm he cried out in hopelessness, "Triply lucky, all you men / To whom death came before your fathers' eyes / Below the wall at Troy!" (Vergil, I:134). He seemed to lose his sense of duty to found Rome as a direct result of Juno's plot: she is a divine power who represents his natural passion. Vergil holds Juno responsible for Aeneas' resistance of his duty, since this passion cannot be part of his glorified masculine nature. A cry of fear came from within him as the balance shifted towards his feminine forces from his masculine rational nature pushing him towards Rome.

Although there was a constant struggle between the two forces, Aeneas succeeded in pursuing his duty. His masculine nature triumphed over his passion when he effectively inspired his troops upon their arrival in Libya, and persuaded them to hold onto their duty-bound mission: although "burdened and sick at heart, / He feigned hope in his look, and inwardly / Contained his anguish" (Vergil, I:284). His feminine side would have allowed him to stay back, passionately succumbing to hardship of the past.

He could not contain this passion when he was with Dido, and his failure to do so held him back from Rome. "They reveled all the winter long / Unmindful of the realm, prisoners of lust" (Vergil, IV: 264). He remained there, oblivious to his destiny, while his passion crept up and overtook his sense of duty. This passionate force was so strong that it was only overcome by Jupiter's will expressed by Mercury, "From bright Olympus he that rules the gods / And turns the earth and heaven by his power -- / He and no other has sent me to you" (Vergil, IV: 365).

Masculine duty and reason of Mercury's message compelled Aeneas to leave his life of passion. The balance shifted to the masculine, because he covered up his passion for Dido by never admitting his desire to stay and reject duty. When she demanded that he stay out of their bond of love, he rejected her passion by saying, "Now it is the rich Italian land / Apollo tells me I must make for; Italy, / Named by his oracles. There is

my love; / There is my country” (Vergil, IV: 476). He denied the balance between passion and destiny by claiming that his love was in his duty.

Aeneas denied his desire and left their bed, but Dido could not suppress her desire. She exemplified the danger of letting go of duty and control: she could never go back to her place of honor and destiny. She was intent upon maintaining the strength of her country until her sister validated her passionate desire. From that point her desire overtook her duty to maintain her city. She tried to hold back Aeneas from his duty as well, but “duty-bound / Aeneas, though he struggled with desire / To calm and comfort her in all her pain ... / and though he sighed his heart out, shaken still / With love for her, yet took the course heaven gave him / And went back to the fleet” (Vergil, IV: 545).

She no longer had the power to deny her love. Only destruction could come from his imbalance between her passionate and dutiful natures. She knew she had violated her destiny, for “the vow [she] took to the ashes of Sychaeus /

Was not kept” (Vergil, IV: 767). Again mocking her own destiny, she fulfilled her last desire by ending her life in a fit of passion.

Although Aeneas was able to restrain his desire in order to leave Dido, his devotion changed back and forth from passionately seeking his loved ones to obediently following his duty on his journey through the underworld of Book VI. Aeneas first walked away from Palinurus’ pleading request for a burial. He forsook his desire to stall his journey to serve his friend; “swiftly he turned away / From the river over which no soul returns” (Vergil, VI: 574) to follow his masculine forces guiding him to duty.

In the next encounter, however, he wept and called out to Dido. His passionate feminine forces again held him from leaving her because he wanted to heal the pain he had brought to her. This cry to his love showed his devotion to his past that would not allow him to commit himself to destiny. As he again tried to hold onto the dead when he spoke with Priam’s son, Sibyl called back his sense of duty, “Night comes on,

Analects of Core

On starting out...

"The beginning is admittedly more than half of the whole.

-Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*

A tree too big to embrace
Is born from a slender shoot
A nine-story tower
Rises from a pile of earth
A thousand mile journey
Begins with a single step.
Lao-Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*

Aeneas, / We use up hours grieving" (Vergil, VI: 723).

Aeneas continued, duty-bound, until his passion rose at the sight of his father. He said, "Let me have your hand, let me embrace you / Do not draw back.' / At this his tears brimmed over / And down his cheeks. And there he tried three times / To throw his arms around his father's neck" (Vergil, VI: 936). This weeping and reaching for his father's ghost parallel his meeting with the ghost of Creusa in Book II. Both encounters represent his unguarded emotions, the passion for the dead that holds him back from his journey of duty. Like Creusa, Anchises resisted Aeneas' passion and directed Aeneas upon his path to Roman glory. He left him with the duty "to pacify, to impose the rule of law, / To spare the conquered, battle down the proud" (Vergil, VI: 1153).

Aeneas followed his duty into war with Turnus' people, but the final scene of the epic is a battle between Aeneas' passion for revenge and the duty his father gave him to spare the conquered. When he entered dual with Turnus after an injury and with the knowledge of his opponent's resolve to kill him, he pushed away fear from his feminine side that may have held him back. His duty guided him forth as he "made / His deadly spear flash in the sun and aimed it, / Narrowing his eyes for a lucky hit" (Vergil, XII: 1248). This attempt was a triumph of the masculine forces of Aeneas and brought Turnus to his knees, but the next blow was an act of passion.

Although he had battled down the proud in his quest to impose his rule of law out of duty to his father's instructions, he would not spare the conquered Turnus as he pleaded for his life because of his passion for revenge. Turnus said, "The Ausonians / Have seen me in defeat, spreading my hands. Lavinia is your bride. But go no further / Out of hatred" (Vergil, XII: 1273). After Turnus surrendered, Aeneas' battle was against the passion within him that prevented him from following his destiny that would have let Turnus free as a man conquered by the new order of Rome. He surrendered to passion and "sank his blade in fury in Turnus' chest. / Then all the

body slackened in death's chill, / And with a groan for that indignity / His spirit fled into the gloom below" (Vergil, XII: 1295).

In this final battle, Aeneas failed to suppress his feminine nature that drove him from destiny in the name of passion. It concluded the epic because it left the struggle between passion and duty unresolved by presenting Aeneas acting passionately in a battle of destiny. This is a troubling, but important unresolved conflict. This theme also had direct significance for the Roman empire of the day, because their mission was to pacify and impose law as Aeneas was told to do. However, the empire also fought the same struggles between duty and passion that Aeneas faced in his battle with Turnus and throughout the epic.

Comparing the Jade Miniature Landscape and the Shou Lao

Emily Sullivan

The Chinese philosophers Lao-tzu and Confucius offer very different approaches to living in difficult times. The Shou Lao and the Miniature Jade Landscape found at the MFA, both made in eighteenth century China, reflect some of the fundamental elements that shape their respective philosophies.

Perhaps the most striking difference between the two pieces of art is that the Shou Lao consists of a single man while the Miniature Jade Landscape depicts the lives of many villagers. The Shou Lao stresses the life of a private man, a Taoist approach to life. It is easy to imagine this “old guy” following a quiet life of meditation, constantly looking into himself for answers. The jade landscape, in comparison, is busy and social. Everyone has his or her own duty to attend to and the overall scene depicts the power of cooperation in running human life. This relates to the fundamental Confucian idea of human concern as each individual is seemingly aware of his place in relation to the other villagers. Although the Shou Lao promotes the Taoist private life and the jade landscape promotes the Confucian social life, both pieces assure the viewer that there can be harmony in this world.

The materials used to construct these pieces also lend insight into the differences between Taoism and Confucianism. The slanted stance of the old man was probably chosen by the artist in order to show that the figure was carved from an ivory tusk. The artist is not as concerned with creating a realistic-looking old man as he is with depicting a personal feeling. In this way the artist takes a similar approach to that of the calligrapher who illustrated the *Tao Te Ching*. Both artists reject any rules that might detract from their

personal moods. This emphasis on individuality is related to Lao-tzu’s teachings because he shows that everyone extracts his own personal *te*, or moral force, from following the Tao. Leaving the curve in this piece also reflects the idea of ‘Oneness’ that Lao-tzu describes. The Taoist idea that everything is somehow interconnected in the universe through a stabilization of yin and yang is reflected in the figure’s posture. The softness of the curve stresses the goodness of yin that Lao-tzu favors throughout his teachings with the repeated use of female, water, and infant imagery. The image of the “uncarved block” is also reminiscent in this piece, as there are no deep cuts into the tusk. The Shou Lao’s face and arms do not stick out of the central figure but instead seem almost drawn onto the ivory. It is as if the artist did not want to lose the sense of simplicity associated with ‘oneness’.

The painstaking effort involved with the use of jade for the Miniature Landscape highlights many important Confucian ideas. Unlike the ivory tusk, the original slab of jade was completely transformed in the making of this piece. Every detail, from a finger to a leaf, reflects the importance of ritual that Confucius stands for. The time and effort the artist devoted to this piece can be thought of as a metaphor for the life of learning through particular situations that forms Confucian life. It takes decades to learn how to act with all types of people just as it takes years to carve jade. The artist also chose jade to show his appreciation for this philosophy as Confucius teaches that the gentleman should be like jade; just as jade is transparent, the gentleman should show his true self at all times to all people.

Despite the differences in ivory and jade, both materials are long-lasting and are used to highlight the common theme of the importance of old age in understanding the way to living well. Lao-tzu was referred to as the 'Old Master' and Shou Lao was actually a sage associated with immortality due to his devotion to the Tao. Confucius shares in this appreciation of old age as he claims that it was not until he turned seventy that he knew how to act in all situations. The longevity of the materials can also be viewed as a way to support the importance of endurance, perhaps the most important connection between these two pieces and their respective philosophies. These materials remain solid over time in face of all kinds of destruction around them and can be seen as symbols for the man who maintains a solid, non-violent way of life despite what others are doing around him.

Although the Shou Lao and the Jade Miniature Landscape reflect the differences in Taoist and Confucian thought, both pieces successfully promote an approach to living which stresses endurance and quiet, a common theme in these two Chinese philosophies.

天下神器

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Should Genetic Engineering



Be **BANNED?**

Matt Stokes

“Resolved: All forms of genetic engineering should be banned.” This immense and weighty proclamation forms the basis for the following discussion between two well-informed would-be philosophers of our time, whom we shall call Socrates and Phaedrus, for the sake of the argument. (Names have of course been changed to protect the persons’ privacy rights – many of the opinions expressed herein are very controversial.)

Phaedrus, upon running into Socrates shortly after this resolution had been proposed, asked him what he thought. “Socrates, I hear there’s a proposal afoot to ban all forms of genetic engineering. I think it’s a good idea – that stuff is incredibly dangerous, and already getting out of control. What about you?”

“Phaedrus, how can you possibly encourage the banning of something with such incredible potential to help mankind as genetic engineering? Think of the diseases, like Huntington’s, Tay Sachs’s, or someday, perhaps even cancer, that could be treated with that technology. Furthermore, genetic engineering can cure the constant shortages of blood and organs that hospitals suffer from. Foods can be redesigned to make them healthier, safer, cheaper, and easier to grow. That doesn’t even begin to get into the more far-off possibilities, those more ‘far-fetched’ applications like human cloning, engineering of personality traits, and so forth. With that kind of possibility, who knows what could someday be accomplished? Why would you want to stop something so revolutionary?”

“See, it’s those ‘far-fetched’ possibilities that are the problem, Socrates. They may seem far off to you, but they could be a lot closer than any of us think. And we’re clearly not ready for them! Think of all the things that could go wrong. Genetically engineered diseases, clones of world leaders, and...”

“So, just because you can imagine all those doomsday possibilities, what then? Just ban all forms of genetic engineering research? What makes you think that you have the right to do that?”

“Look Socrates, I’ll agree with you on one aspect of genetic engineering. The research done won’t be obscure, unsubstantial research done by scientists and only of interest to other scientists. It’ll affect me, and therefore I have a say in whether or not I want it to happen.”

“So, you think that you, or anyone, has the right to determine what knowledge the human race will have and what it won’t have? Don’t you feel the least bit presumptuous, declaring certain bits of knowledge forbidden to all humans?”

“I just don’t want it happening around here. Those other countries can do whatever they want.”

“Then you won’t really prevent any of those things you’re talking about being afraid of. Doesn’t this ban of yours need to be worldwide, for it to have any real effect?” Socrates asked. Phaedrus simply nodded and shrugged.

“So, tell me Phaedrus, what happens when, despite the worldwide ban, research continues, except now it is a criminal activity, completely unregulated, unmonitored, and being done in the company of criminals – people who probably will not have the best interests of mankind at heart...?”

“Socrates, no ban can be one hundred percent effective. However, it will slow progress down immensely, and it’ll prevent any really major experiments.”

“It’ll also prevent humanity from gaining any of the minor benefits, the ones even you seem to agree are harmless, like curing diseases.”

“And if we cure all diseases, engineer food to feed us all, and engineer ourselves not to age, ever, or clone ourselves when we die, what then? The population will explode! The earth can’t handle all that. Some natural processes, like diseases, need to be left in place.”

“So, you’re against penicillin, then?”

“What? No, no, I just mean that we shouldn’t cure *all* diseases...”

“Listen, Phaedrus. Anytime humankind has come up with a way to cure a disease, or even keep the victims of that disease alive a little bit longer, we have never hesitated to put it into practice, regardless of concerns about human population explosions and such things. Why would this be different?”

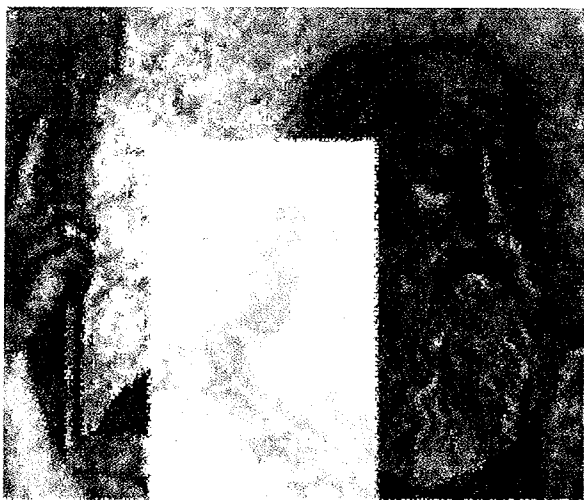
“Because this is too dangerous. It has applications that are very, very deadly. What happens when instead of curing diseases, someone starts making them unstoppable? This technology is different from anything else, as you must be able to see. We’ve never had anything like this.”

“Anything like genetic engineering? Well, actually, we’ve had genetic engineering for ages. Think of all the animals we breed, regularly. That’s called eugenics, and it’s a kind of genetic engineering. Would this ban include the breeding of dogs, cats, cows, and all those other animals we breed? If not, where do we draw the line? Why not let gene therapy research continue, too? And what if the only cure for cancer involves genetic engineering? You’d be enforcing a

ban on cancer research. Why not go all the way, then? Enforce a ban on all medical research – there might be other ways for someone to find the ‘super-disease’ that worries you so much. If you’re going to stop one branch of science, shouldn’t you stop the whole thing?”

“Socrates, don’t be ridiculous. That same flawed argument can be used for atomic weapons: If you’re going to stop researching atomic weapons, why not all atomic science? Why not all science? It’s just silly, not to be able to draw the distinctions. Atomic bombs actually ensured that the Cold War stayed cold – that’s good, right? But we don’t want to research them because overall, they are far, far too dangerous. But continuing research into quantum mechanics is fine. Likewise, genetic engineering is too dangerous. But science in general, medicine in general, are obviously not!”

“I see that I won’t be able to dispel the paranoid fears you have about this, so let me just say this. Any time a new technology comes up there are always great fears about how it will be misused. There are always people who foretell that the doom of humanity lies in this technology. But, it is always pursued anyhow, and the fact that you and I are here shows that those people were wrong. This is not different. In the end, trying to ban genetic engineering is like trying to stop a freight train by putting a single wooden barricade across the tracks. The train



looks small, from far off, and so it may seem like the barricade will work. When the train finally gets to you, you realize how big it is, and that nothing is going to be able to stop it from going wherever it’s headed. The best thing to do is to watch the train, so you can try and figure out where it’s headed, and take any safety precautions you need to. The same holds true for genetic engineering. If you are so very afraid of the possibilities, you should want it to stay legal, so you can keep an eye on it. If you favor it, then you want it legal so the results can benefit all mankind. One way or the other, there is really no reason to ban it.”

With that, Socrates went on his way, and Phaedrus departed, looking very thoughtful.

Dialogue Between Chang & Mr. Fier

Diane Wahl

The following is a fictional dialogue between two characters that represent different sides of this pressing issue of genetic engineering. Their conversation can be thought of as taking place on a street corner of any town. Their personalities: Chang is a bright, young liberal arts student. Mr. Fier is an aging man, well known in town as affable and compassionate. Though his formal education stopped after high school, he is well read and enjoys stimulating discussion. This dialogue attempts to show the pros and cons of genetic engineering, with the two characters symbolizing very different, but equally important, views on the issue.

Chang: Mr. Fier, how's it going? Did you hear? They sequenced the human genome.

Mr. Fier: I'm afraid so. Leave it to humans.

Chang: What's the supposed to mean?

Mr. Fier: All this messing around with genetics. We're paving the way to our own destruction.

Chang: Isn't that a little melodramatic? Let's hear an explanation.

Mr. Fier: I'm talking about all this hype concerning genetic engineering. I mean, doesn't anyone think about what the consequences could be?

Chang: Of course. The consequences will be amazing. Just think about all the good that can come from genetic engineering.

Mr. Fier: Think of all the bad.

Chang: Oh wait, I know. Watchers, right? Two dogs, one brilliant, one vicious. That makes great science fiction, but please don't gloss over the main word: fiction! Think about all the medical advances that can come from it.

Mr. Fier: Like what?

Chang: Well, what about the possibility of one day being able to insert of gene in a human fetus that would prevent something as horrible as cancer?

Mr. Fier: You mean genetically engineer a perfect child. That doesn't seem wrong?

Chang: No, I do not mean engineering the perfect child. I'm talking about saving a child from the possibility of getting such a terrible disease.

Mr. Fier: It's playing God. What right do you have to mess around with something like that?

Chang: Let me ask you something. Have you ever been vaccinated?

Mr. Fier: Sure, I've had plenty of those in my time.

Chang: Well, isn't that ensuring against a disease you'd rather not have? What gives us the right to do that?

Mr. Fier: That's not the same.

Chang: It's not? How is it different? I mean, ethically speaking.

Mr. Fier: You're not altering genes.

Chang: Yes, but think about it. It's creating an added benefit to health that your God didn't give you. And furthermore, think about this. When vaccination first started don't you think there were people who were wary of it, maybe even opposed to it. It was something new and extreme, just like genetic engineering is today.

Mr. Fier: Ok, I'll concede to that, I suppose. However, it still seems to me that that there's some sort of difference.

Chang: Well, what else do you have?

Mr. Fier: Ok, how about the fact that nothing more is going to come from vaccination?

Chang: What does that mean?

Mr. Fier: It means that vaccination isn't ever going to produce a perfect child. Medical advancement aside, genetic engineering could give us the ability to create a child that is an excellent basketball player, or 6'4", or "beautiful."

Chang: Do you think it would come to that?

Mr. Fier: I'm not a seer. I have no idea where this is going to take us. But my experience in this world so far as taught me something about the nature of humanity: we don't know when to stop.

Chang: Don't you think that's a risk worth taking? Sure, it may come to superficial things, but I'm still dead set on this medical issue. Have you ever heard about the work done with the ADA disease?

Mr. Fier: No, I'd be interested to hear about it though.

Chang: There's a disease called adenosine deaminase deficiency. It weakens the immune system of the people who have it. There was work done with one patient that helped her with the disease. They engineered a virus that originally had cancer-causing genes. They removed and replaced them with normal genes for ADA by cutting and pasting.

Mr. Fier: Wait, what's that?

Chang: Oh, well it's when a restriction enzyme is used to cut out a piece of DNA at a certain point. That segment can be inserted in another piece of DNA and bound by another enzyme. These normal genes were inserted in the virus, also called a vector. The cells were taken from the patient and infected with the vector.

Mr. Fier: Wait, it contained the gene *for* the disease?

Chang: The normal gene of the adenosine deaminase enzyme. Ok, so, they allowed the cells to grow in the culture and then through other engineering methods, the cells containing the ADA gene were enhanced and put back into the patient. So now, her immune system would function better because her cells would have more of the normal ADA. And so, that's one bit of evidence that proves genetic engineering is a blessing.

Mr. Fier: Not so fast, there are other moral dilemmas of genetic engineering than just ones concerning humans. I mean, what about transgenic animals?

Chang: *Don't* even get me started on animal rights issues. You can't get me to become a vegan, and you sure can't get me to believe we shouldn't use animals to help us medically.

Mr. Fier: Hear me out. You know about how they insert genes into goats to make them produce a desired protein in their milk, right?

Chang: I'm not totally familiar with the process, but I know about it.

Mr. Fier: Well, they take a gene from a human and put in a vector, as you put it, that controls the protein production in the goat's mammary glands. They take an egg from the goat, insert the vector and replace it in the goat. Some of the goat's offspring will be transgenic animals and produce large amounts of the protein in their milk.

Chang: Ok, so what? How does that hurt the animal?

Mr. Fier: There is the underlying question of whether or not we have the right to exploit any animal for medical purposes. But that put aside, we have to think about how the public and the corporations will react to this. Enough is never enough. These transgenic animals will soon become nothing more than protein producing factories. They'll be treated cruelly and inhumanely in order to maximize output and minimize cost. I know, because it's being done right now, in our meat and dairy industries. Factory farms are proof that humans will sacrifice an animal's comfort for profit. So, while the process itself may not harm the animal, eventually, they will be mistreated.

Chang: I admit that is awful, but I'm still biased towards helping humans.

Mr. Fier: Most people are, it makes me sort of sad. But right now I have to go. It was nice having this little debate with you, Chang. I hope I've given you something to think about.

Chang: The pleasure was mine. I hope I've given the same.

Cumulative Selection of Music in Western Civilization

Maria Rice

All cumulative selection is a progression; from simplicity to complexity, from blemish to perfection. Unlike the cycle, where end becomes origin, or the pattern, which inevitably repeats itself, the creations of evolutionary progression become ever more sophisticated as they are modified to suit their environments. Modern western music (both compositional and popular) can be considered a product of the algorithm of cumulative selection. Since its earliest documentation, the music of western civilization has mutated in order to proliferate throughout this civilization. A change in social climate surely results in a new musical trend that lightly deviates from the style of its predecessors.

There is no simple way to describe modern music. Cumulative selection now favors variety as our society continues to grow more receptive to inventive and even to risky ideas. In the Age of Information, our all-embracing environment has also selected this unifying characteristic for compositional music: innovation. Be it neo-romantic, atonal (lacking a traditional key signature), aleatory (using controlled chance), or computerized, music has no compositional constraints in modern society. Despite all this open-mindedness, however, cumulative selection still begs the question: which of these musical varieties will be selected for reproduction? Which is most likely to survive this cultural environment?

The many who argue that modern compositional music represents a degenerative trend rather than a progressive one (listen to Barry Vercoe's *Synapse* for Viola and Computer!) overlook the reality of evolution: that which is most accepted by its environment will flourish the longest. Therefore, a subjective

judgment of music based on its quality is worthless where advancement is concerned. Another argument says that many of modern music's ancestral compositions that still thrive in today's repertory, such as those of Vivaldi or Haydn, rival the model of cumulative selection. Yet some environmental change—like an artistic movement or a period of social upheaval—nevertheless caused these works to lose their exclusive position at the forefront of the musical scene and make way for their younger and more popular descendants. At any rate, the main focus here is on the evolution of new musical genres, not on the extinction of old ones.

While cumulative selection responds to the demands of environment, modes of composition have grown arguably more intricate, ensuring the survival of the musical art form as civilization has likewise grown more complex. The earliest music (that we currently know about) was typically composed of separate melodic lines that were each played by a few simple instruments, such as the Sumerian Hurrian Cult Song found inscribed on clay tablets for voice and lyre. By the Baroque era, which was a period of tremendous development in science, art, and society, music evolved a distinct compositional structure that accommodated larger and more diverse performance groups. The works of prominent composers such as Bach and Handel were best cut out for Baroque society—formal, orderly, and ornamental—and were therefore selected to reproduce, that is, to be broadly distributed and programmed. The next step in musical evolution was brought on by a widespread preference for classic ideals. Compositions that exemplified such classical principles as symmetry, refinement, and objectivity were selected from the musical

offspring of the most prominent Baroque compositions. Needless to say, this process of mutation, cultural selection, and reproduction persisted throughout the Romantic and modern periods. And formal composition continues to adapt to the shifting penchants of this Western environment in order to avoid extinction.

When evolving organisms compete with each other they not only mutate, but multiply to ensure their own existence. This helps to explain the upsurge of popular music genres that currently challenge the prominence of compositional music. The social climate is now suitable for the proliferation these genres—such as jazz, rock, rap, and pop—that have been quietly evolving from bygone folk tunes while compositional music held the spotlight. Perhaps we are witnessing the very first stages of the extinction of formal composition; perhaps the process of cumulative selection will converge these two varieties of modern music. The transformation will be, in any case, at the mercy of evolution and our environment.

from Professor Marscher...

The deans of CAS and current and past Core faculty recently (April 3) held a banquet in honor of Dean Jorgensen's dozen years as the Director of the Core Curriculum. Chancellor Silber came to the cocktail reception and President Westling stayed for dinner. It was a very nice affair, a combined sentimental tribute and roasting. In the latter vein, we presented Dean J with his very own Polytropos award, traditionally given to senior Core students that have devoted much of their time and energy to Core, Inc., *i.e.*, those students who follow Glenn Wrigley's motto,

"All Core, All of the Time."

This certainly applies to Dean J!

Since Dean J is merely taking a sabbatical leave next year, not leaving us forever, it was a joyous occasion, but begged the question as to what role he will play when he returns in academic year 2002-03. I already have him pencilled in to teach ten Core Science discussion sections, and I've heard rumors that the other course coordinators have done the same. Nevertheless, he needs some title that will fit his status as director *emeritus*. So, we dubbed Professor Brian Jorgensen as the Core Sage (*Sapiens Nucleo* in Latin). We presented him with a white fake beard, which we hope he will replace with a real one during his sabbatical. As is well known, all sages must wear such a beard whenever their disciples are present.

This all moved me very much, and as most Core students know, when I'm moved a song results. The lyrics are below and the song itself will appear on the Core website sometime in the future, after I learn how to convert songs from my new digital recorder into MP3 format.

-A. M.

SAGE OF THE CORE

Words & Music by A. Marscher ©2001

In the beginning we sailed on seas yet unknown
Anxious to see the fruits of the seeds we had sown
You appeared from on high, turned chaos into light
And the word that they heard shone like stars in the night

Chorus:

Brian J! Brian J! Wherefore are you going?
Find the way to your cave where your thoughts will be flowing
The tree of knowledge you find will enlighten your mind
And with the wisdom you earn tell us all that you learn

As Arjuna learned from Krishna what it means to be brave
And Beatrice showed Dante how lost souls can be saved
You loosened the binds that had shackled their minds
They see possibilities to which they'd been blind

[chorus]

Bridge:

You're a classical man
With a strong, gentle hand
With the books at your side
You have served as our guide

[chorus]

Reprise:

Hey, Brian J! Wherefore are you going?
Have more looks at the books, your mind is still growing
You've still much to learn, fires of curiosity burn
You're a Renaissance man and still more:

You're the Sage of the Core!

Knowledge is the Key to the Kingdom

Latoya White

Jesus has come back to Earth: the conditions have become so bad that almost no one's name is in the Book of Life. He has his own psychiatric office, having decided against going out and performing miracles. He and God thought that it would be best if the people came to him, when they were finally serious about wanting help and guidance. Jesus also runs an organization that helps place children for adoption. It consisted of several group homes, counselors, and foster care facilities. He really puts a lot of time into his work, and into his clients.

One of his clients is Dante. Dante has been seeing Jesus for a while because he is coming to grips with his life and his destiny in the after life. Jesus had assigned Dante a project to help him with his understanding. He told him to look back on his life and write about what was concerning him. Dante, of course, wrote *The Divine Comedy*. Now he is meeting with Jesus to discuss what his journey revealed about his spirituality, if anything.

"Where is he? It's not like him to be so late."

"Jesus just called Mr. Alighieri. He said he would be right in and he is sorry for the inconvenience," said the receptionist.

About twenty minutes later, Jesus walks in and leads Dante into his office.

"Sorry that I am so late but I received a call from one of the group homes saying a child had run off, and you know how I am. When one of my sheep goes astray, I will leave the other ninety-nine to go and find the one. What can I say, I feel as though I am the father of each of the children."

"That is okay Jesus, I was just afraid that you were caught up in that insane traffic."

"Oh, for some reason I never get caught in the traffic, whenever I arrive it seems to calm down and peacefully flow," admits Jesus as he prepares his clipboard. "So now let's get down to where we left off last week. Explain to me why you structured the Comedy as you did."

"Well, I decided that it was just unfair to group everyone into just Heaven or Hell. Everyone does different crimes or has a different relationship to God so there had to be different section for each type. Then as I was doing that, I felt that there must be an in-between. What if they are not damned, but they are not quite Heaven material? So I put in Purgatory," explained Dante.

"I see," said Jesus. "So each person deserved something different, sin is not just sin. Therefore you don't really buy into what I said about the first shall be last and the last shall be first."

"Not really," said Dante plainly. "I am more on your side in Revelations when you said that you would come back and your reward for each man was according to the work he did. That is why, in Hell, each soul was punished with something that fit the crime. Ugolino had to gnaw on his Ruggieri, because Ruggieri locked him in a tower and he ate at his kids. The lustful, like Paolo and Francesca, have to swirl around in a whirlwind forever together with no hope of growth or change. That is something that is only for real and innocent lovers. And being that the Devil committed the worst sin, pride, he is at the very depths of Hell."

"Answer me this then, Dante. Why would you start off in Hell? Is there some type of significance there? I personally try to focus my audience on the hope and promise that is ahead. I did not come to condemn the world; I wanted to save the people, not scare them. That is why I let some other guy do that in Revelations, under the condition that it was put at the end of the *Bible*," Jesus noted as he scribbled away.

"You can't just thrust Heaven down people's throats, Jesus. That is probably why they did not understand you in John's Gospel. You see they have to see what they are doing and how sinful it is. They have to understand their sin before they can rise above it. That is why I myself had to go through Hell first. I was too blind just to go to Heaven and let them tell me stuff there. I had to be with the sinners and I saw that I had a common ground with some of them. I saw my own sin. I wanted the readers to see their sin and realize that they would meet that same fate. Oh! The beautiful thing was how I set it up so that you had to wonder why some of the souls were where they were and why were they being punished, like Virgil. Now why in the world should the people that were around before you be stuck in Hell?" asked Dante.

"I am the way, the truth and the life. You know that no man can go see God unless he knows me," answered Jesus.

"Exactly!" Dante exclaimed. "But the reader is not going to buy that. So right then they are beginning to try and justify things and wonder what is so great about Heaven that makes it so exclusive. The people in Hell do not understand what they have done, but understanding is the ticket out. When I could understand that the souls were sinners that deserved their punishment and not sympathy, I was ready for the next level. You see understanding leads to progression."

"So you think I was going about it all wrong. I do see your point. What is there to learn from Purgatory though?" Jesus asked fully intrigued.

"Jesus, this is great. This is exactly why I come to you. You really get right in there and ask what matters. It's like you see into the hearts of men. Okay, follow me now; this is leading to the turning point. So now that you come out of the complete darkness of not knowing why, you move into that day and night contrast of understanding but not fully. It is like when I saw the beautiful Siren and only saw her beauty until Virgil pulls away her robe and exposes her filth. Then I began to realize the two sides to understanding something. You have to be in the mind state to truly see," Dante fervently explains.

“Right,” says Jesus. “Why repent if you do not understand why you are repenting? It is not enough just to know that you should repent.”

“Good, you see my point. Now that is why I progressed to my next guide, I saw then all that Virgil could show me. He did not know what it was like to feel your presence so he could not guide me through the next part of my journey.”

“So you chose Beatrice. How ironic that you thought she should be your guide considering how you betrayed her love. Speaking of love, you know love is one of the main things that I stress. That is why it is a part of the Golden Rule,” Jesus notes.

“I know,” said Dante, “that is why I chose Beatrice. I needed to move on to the bigger truths, the deeper meanings. I had to right my wrong and understand the purest love, the best love. Virgil, never knowing you, could never really teach me agape. What better person to complete my understanding of love than the love I misused. You see I had figured out that lust was not good and that it had to be punished, then seeing Beatrice again I was seeing afresh the pure love that she made me feel. At that point I was seeing the difference and knowing why I was wrong. You know, that is like what was holding me down, my poor knowledge of love. It is in Purgatory that two and two come together. I guess you can say that ‘love lifted me’,” Dante laughs. “Sorry Jesus, I just had to slip that in. But really, truly understanding love set me free from my sinful chains that kept me in Purgatory.”

“Yeah but that is not agape so how can you say you understand love?”

“Let me get there. I was set free, but I did not see the light! That light was the only way that I could understand the whole of love. So Beatrice took me on to Heaven. The light was there, but I was not ready to look at it myself so I had to look at it through Beatrice. I really went back to just how she made me feel, Jesus. Oh, I can remember those days now. She was so incredible...but back to what I was saying. Going through Heaven is showing just how perfect and in tune you have to be to get close to God.”

“Wait, so you are telling me that I should go through all that explanation of Hell and Purgatory just to get the people to see how great Heaven is. What is wrong with my ‘many mansions’ promise?” Jesus asked.

“Nothing, if you want a bunch of greedy heathens knocking at the Pearly Gates every second. The people have to understand not only the separation of right from wrong, they also have to get that it is a molding process. You can’t just snap your fingers and be righteous; it takes time. So as I went higher and higher in Heaven I could see the light better and better. Through Beatrice I even saw you. I thought you would appreciate that part. I was still not ready to see you myself — I had not learned agape yet. But when I got to the level where Mary was, I finally got it. She was so pure, the purest, and she was the closest to you and God, therefore...”

“Wait, I know. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God!”

“Right!” Dante exclaimed. “And Beatrice was not too far from Mary so then I got it. I could see the light myself and no longer needed Beatrice. So then came Bernard, I did not need him too much because when he told me to look up I had already done it. I found agape. See, I was saying

to the reader that unless you feel it and see it for yourself you can never really know. God's agape is so powerful that I had to give it a good description so that is why I said it moved the sun and the stars. It is more powerful than a fleeting romance, and it reaches farther than familiarity."

"So is that all that you learned from your writings?" Jesus asked a bit concerned.

"Not at all, I am now at the clincher! I look to the light and see the unity of agape. I see the oneness of you and your Father...and me. I see our face," Dante says.

There is a moment of silence as Dante begins to cry. Jesus, being the softy that he is, begins to cry also. "Jesus I feel so complete after writing that. I am so glad that you suggested it. I really worked through so many things and kind of answered my own questions. I mean, by the time I was done writing I was so exhausted from a fictitious journey that I knew it was more for me than just a story. It is more like my testimony and my release. I found peace when I had completed my task," Dante sobbed.

"I know what you mean. It is like when I died, all I could say was 'it is finished', in John's Gospel of course," Jesus reminisced.

"So Jesus, that is all I have. What do you think?"

"My son, you have done well. You have discovered the truth and understood your faults. That is exactly what I wanted you to get from this project. I know that when I was here before I was not too clear, but I could not just hand the people an explanation of their errors. That would not have let them really feel it. That is why I decided to guide them in this way this time around. I am not confusing them with paradoxes, I just help them search deep within and ask themselves why. Dante, you have really done more than that. You asked why and why not. That shows true willingness to find the right answer. So," Jesus begins wrapping things up, "we are done with our appointments. I will send your stuff off to the publishers. I'll try to get the people that do the *Bible*; they manage to really get it circulating. Now if you just go out to the front desk and see my secretary, she has all your paper work and can get you right on the next train to Heaven."

"So soon?" Dante asks.

"Well yeah," Jesus explained. "I don't want you around being questioned or challenged because of your wonderful work. If you leave now, people will want to read it, just like my story. People just can't get away from it. It really spread like wild fire. So good-bye and tell Dad that I won't be home for Thanksgiving but I will definitely be home for my birthday. I would not miss it for the world, He gives the best presents!"

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How to Be a Better Lover: Dante Alighieri's Guide

Elizabeth Quinn Churchill

Preface

Recently I took a journey, one of astounding and arduous nature, along which I was afforded indispensable tutelage in mankind's most essential function: love. Oh, my reader, how I needed this instruction! I had come to myself in a dark woodⁱ, one in which the path of truth was lost.ⁱⁱ Beatrice had departed from the world;ⁱⁱⁱ her eyes, those emeralds, were lost to me, and I had begun in my folly to let other mortal objects lure my love.^{iv} How in this present confusion was I to discover love's true nature—what way was there to save my soul? From the error of eros, to the joy of philia, to finally the awe of agape, I shall lead you along the journey I took, so that you too may escape the wilderness of blind and deluded love.

Chapter One: Avoiding Eros

To become a truly good and virtuous lover, it is first necessary for one to see past the simple love of eros, that infernal storm^v which makes reason slave to appetite.^{vi} Reader, here be sternly warned, for I have seen the consequences of a love so nearsighted: eternal whipping by a furious wind, driven, with no hope of rest.^{vii} At the time of my journey, however, this warning was directed at no one but myself, for in my savage and stubborn wood^{viii} I had come to know the absorption of eros all too well. Straight to the pit of hell my teacher guided me, where I saw many souls in torment for erotic love, the very sort with which I was presently consumed. The two that remain most imprinted on my mind—and will indubitably be of greatest instructive value to you—are Paolo and Francesca, souls who reside in the Second Circle of Hell for having

committed the sin of lust. At first overcome by pity for these lovers' plight, I begged them to tell me what had landed them in this realm of Hell, to which Francesca tearfully responded:

Love, quick to kindle in the gentle heart,
seized this one for the beauty of my body
torn from me.

(How it happened still offends me!)

Love, that excuses no one from loving,
seized me so strongly with delight in him
that, as you see, never leaves my side.¹

Oh, how these words, filled with such familiar sentiment, struck the chords of my heart! All those sweet thoughts, and oh, how much desiring brought these two down into agony!^{ix} Francesca's next words, however, distressed me even further, as she spoke with such tenderness about the mutual realization of their ill-starred love:

it was when he read about those longed-for lips
now being kissed by such a famous lover.
that this one (who shall never leave my side)
then kissed my mouth, trembling as he did.²

So moved was I by these last words, so close to my own heart did the emotion in them hit, that I fell to the ground in a fitful swoon; in my *Commedia* I felt so strongly as to phrase it:

¹ Inferno, V.100-105

² Inferno, V.133-136

Pity blurred my senses; I swooned as though to die,
and fell to Hell's floor as a body, dead, falls.³

Quite telling are my words indeed, for in Paolo and Francesca I saw my own death and eternal destiny: "fallen" to the "floor of Hell," battered by the immutable gale that sweeps along the Lustful. This thundering realization—that the poetry of love, the poetry to which I myself had devoted so much of my art—could lead souls to suffering and damnation, was at that moment too much for my frail heart to bear. Yet the sight of such suffering was essential to my education as a lover, for now I recognize important signals in Francesca's speech, signs that betray her "love" to be of quite a lower sort than the glorious vision I finally achieved. I entreat you, reader, to examine this speech with a discerning eye: notice that Francesca's language, for all its emotional bounty, never paints Paolo as desiring or kissing *her*, but instead the specific physical parts of her. Oh, how my own sinful "loves" had been subject to that perversion! Yet I continue: Francesca's speech also fails, as the attentive reader will notice, to even once mention her lover by his given name; not "Paolo but "him" or "this one." This slight, also, registered deeply within my senses, as I myself had awakened in my sinfulness beside many an anonymous creature. Finally, a third error leaps out to my mind: the absence in both these Lustful of a properly directed will. Twice within our conversation, Francesca spoke to me of being "seized" with love for Paolo; indeed, she did not feel free at all, for to be "seized" is to be forcefully taken. I am most concerned, however, with Francesca's description of a "love that excuses no one from loving." Reader, hear me: do not be seduced by such blind, demanding love! Trust my hard-won wisdom when I tell you that the best lover, the one who is most certain to achieve agape, is one in whom the will is upright, wholesome, and free, such that not to heed its pleasure would be wrong.^x The proper lover should not abandon his will to a love that does not "excuse" him from

loving, and oh, woe to all those deluded souls who do!

Chapter Two: Finding and Cultivating Philia

With the destructive power of eros planted firmly behind him, it is now essential for our pilgrim to master a higher sort of love; the emotion I speak of is of course philia, that good and virtuous sentiment outlined so clearly by the master sage of all those who know.^{xi} An understanding of philia ("friendship") is absolutely necessary for anyone who wishes to become a good lover: recall from your *Ethics* where it says, "For friendship is a virtue, or involves virtue; and is also one of the most indispensable requirements of life."⁴ In my own dark and lonely wood, philia appeared to me in the welcome shape of Vergil—O light and honor of the other poets!^{xii}—from whom I learned the many facets of a proper and virtuous friendship. But first, my reader, I find it necessary to tell you that this friendship was not one of absolute equality—for how in my sorry state could I equate myself with Vergil?—but rather akin to that between a father and a son. Such a friendship, however, is still one of great virtue and benefit; I refer you again to *Ethics* (which should be ever present at your side), where the master sage tells us:

...but the friendship between parents and children will be enduring and equitable, when the children render to the parents the services due to the authors of one's being, and the parents to the children those due to one's offspring. The affection rendered...should also be proportionate...since when the friendship offered is equal to desert, this produces equality in a sense between the parties, and equality is felt to be an essential element of friendship.⁵

In this final sense I could not have achieved greater philia for my friend Vergil, for the

³ Inferno, V.140-142

⁴ *Ethics*, 8.1

⁵ *Ethics*, 8.7

affection I felt for him exceeded even that of Aeneas for Anchises: through all my long years of study, it was nothing more than deep love that made me search his verses!^{xiii} Vergil, too, upheld Aristotle's teaching in his feeling towards me: many times along our journey I felt the evidence of his care, as he oft addressed me as "dear son,"^{xiv} and rescued me from a thousand different calamities. The concern Vergil showed me here, acting in my protection with no apparent concern for himself, echoes a further Aristotelian lesson, in which it is stated: "[friendship] seems to consist more in loving than in being loved."^{xv} Truly, then, the love between Vergil and myself was of equal proportion—mine expressed as admiration, his as protection and guidance.

Yet there is a higher sense in which Vergil and I experienced *philia*. Again, my reader, I ask you to leaf through your copy of the *Ethics*, to find the section in which Aristotle states:

...it is those who wish the good of their friends for their friends' sake who are friends in the fullest sense, since they love each other for themselves and not accidentally.⁶

Quite different from the love of Paolo for Francesca to be sure, this love that Vergil felt for me was felt for the whole of me, and for my own sake—his was the desire to make my entire person educated and ready for Paradise. Such sentiments were apparent to me from the first: from the moment when he by God's grace appeared to me and said:

I think it best you follow me
for your own good, and I will be your guide⁷

And oh, how grateful I was for this guidance! My one regret is that I myself was not strong enough to return his favor in full—to protect and guide him through all his troubles—but alas, my countenance was weak. In light of such a noble mission, his words to me were not always kind:

when I behaved inappropriately I was rebuked, leaving me full of shame^{xiv} and begging for his pardon.^{xv} Yet I am certain there were many times when my master liked what I was saying, for all the while he smiled and was intent on hearing the ring of truly spoken words.^{xvi} In the end, of course, his love for me proved most joyous and fruitful, for having led me through hell he presented me at the gates of heaven, cleansed, enlightened, and ready to enter. Here my gracious guide, though he himself was unable to follow, declared to me, "I led you here through skill and intellect...I crown and miter you lord of yourself!"¹⁰ Oh, my reader, pray that you yourself will come to know such a true and joyful love! May you find your own Vergil, follow him patiently through the depths of hell, and then perhaps, when he is in need, return the very same favor, rescuing him from his own savage forest! In so doing you will find the reciprocal love of *philia*, and achieve an important step on your pilgrimage to sublime and perfect love.

Chapter Three: Achieving Agape

Reader, I find it necessary here to post a warning, for the type of love I am about to describe is not to be attempted by all. You who in your wish to become a better lover have followed me thus far in your little boat, turn back now while you can still see the shore; for I set my course for waters never traveled,^{xvii} and for a love whose pathway to delight does not easily lend itself to instruction. And do not think these waterways were smooth sailing in my tiny vessel: you have already seen my struggle. But oh, how glorious the reward for those who tread this arduous road, and properly complete those essential steps of preparation! Therefore, if you have freed yourself from the deceptive delights of pure *eros*, and mastered the receptive art of *philia*, then hop aboard, dear pilgrim, for we set our course for ecstasy divine.

⁶ Purgatory, XXVII.20

⁷ *Ethics*,

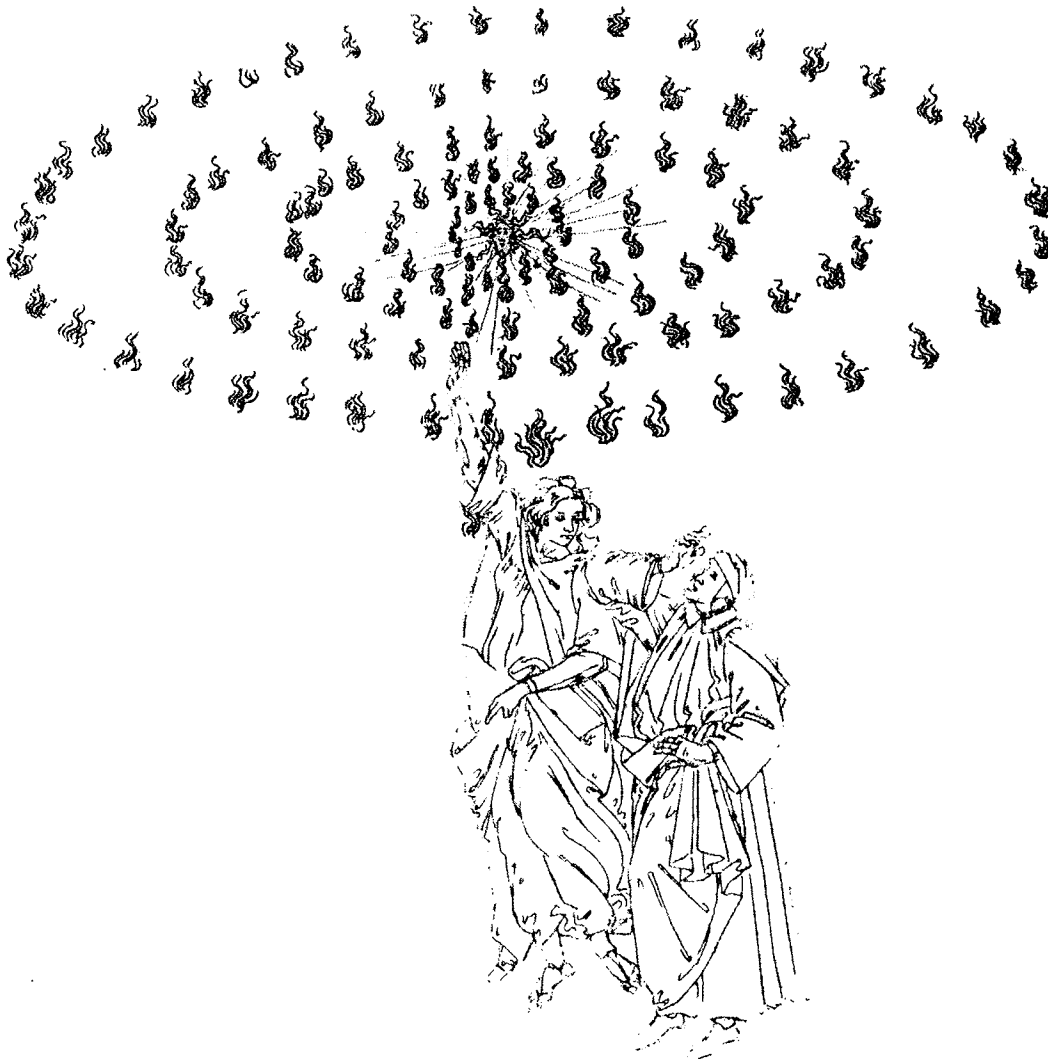
⁸ *Ethics*, 8.3

⁹ Inferno, I.112-113

¹⁰ Purgatory, XXVII.130, 142

On this road, sadly, Vergil could not lead me, for at the foot of Paradise his powers of discernment reached their end.^{xviii} Oh sweetest

other than my own name, "Dante."¹¹ Oh, how to describe the emotion with which this struck me! All along my sacred journey, from the depths of



love, which wraps you in its smiles,^{xix} my guide to you instead was Beatrice, that brilliant source of love and beauty I had known before I quit my boyhood years.^{xx} Beatrice, with the searing power of her green eyes, led me through Paradise to the Empyrean, becoming more and more desirable along the way. And yet, my reader, how different was this desire from the sort that had plagued me at the start of this journey, from the sort that keeps Francesca and her lover in eternal damnation! While Paolo was left without a name, I was given back my selfhood: the first word out of Beatrice's blessed mouth was nothing

Hell to the top of Purgatory, not once had I been addressed by my name: even my beloved teacher Vergil could not give me back this identity. And while the love between Paolo and Francesca led them only to further ignorance and damnation, the love I increasingly felt for Beatrice led me to greater blessedness and knowledge. Just one glance into those longed-for eyes, from which Love had once shot loving darts at me,^{xxi} and suddenly I was deluged with understanding. Oh wonders of creation, that such divine understanding could come from properly loving a

¹¹ Purgatory, XXX.55

woman! But most importantly, my love for Beatrice transcended that of my sinful, erotically driven exploits in that it was defined by the use, rather than relinquishment, of a virtuous and sturdy will. Unlike Paolo and Francesca, whipped along by perverse desire in both life and death, the love I felt for my Lady was prompted by man's purest and most primal drive^{xxii}: to return to our place beside Him who made us. This is the moving force in mortal hearts,^{xxiii} the true goal to which men are impelled;^{xxiv} yet men, having been given by God the power to swerve, often do so—Oh how my own ignorant desires had led me astray from this hallowed course! But the visions of my journey had righted my erring ways, to such a degree that Vergil in his parting words to me declared, "Now your will is upright, wholesome and free, and not to heed its pleasure would be wrong."¹² And heed its pleasure I did, good reader, for its sensations brought me to the virtuous side of Beatrice, who in her turn brought me to God himself. Therefore, you who strive to become a better lover, make certain that your will is right, for without a proper will to steer your course agape will surely be lost to you (by picking up this humble volume, I dare say you have made an admirable start!).

But I have one final statement to make, my patient pilgrim, one that is essential to your understanding of love and the art of loving. At this point I admit to my defeat: no poet, comic or tragic, ever was more outdone by his theme than I am now.^{xxv} Yet I struggle on so you may comprehend: while agape may be arrived at through love for one worthy soul in particular, its glory could never be contained in affection so specific. Instead, the object of our feelings is "transhumanized," transformed into a higher thing for which I have no words. For this is the love of divinity itself: it moves not only earthly, but also heavenly bodies—the sun itself, and the other stars! Oh, if only our human faculties could describe a love so awesome! But since here my powers fail me, I implore you to rise, quit these tired pages, and discover this love for yourself! Just as you have found a Vergil, locate too your

own Beatrice—love her properly, and you too will find yourself on the path to highest ecstasy!

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- vii Inferno V.45
- viii Inferno I.5
- ix Inferno V.113-114
- x Purgatory, XXVII.140-141
- xi Inferno, IV.131
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- xxii Paradise, I.134
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¹² Purgatory, XXVII.140-141

¹ Inferno, I.2

Geoff Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*: The Precursor to Reality TV?

John Degory

This is the true story...

of 29 people...

picked to go on a pilgrimage...

to have their tales recorded...

to see what happens when people

stop being stereotyped...

and start getting REAL...

the Real World: **Canterbury.**



Mary Ellis Bunim and Jonathon Murray probably thought that they were on to something when the first *Real World* premiered ten years ago. They threw seven complete strangers into New York loft, taped their lives for six months, edited, and delivered to the public a nicely-packaged and musically enhanced "cliff notes" version of the lives of the housemates that became a nationwide obsession. The characteristic of the show that got people addicted was the way that each person (in most cases cast with a stereotype in mind) manifested their personalities either by completely contradicting such stereotypes or justifying them through their life experiences. Nonetheless, each character was labeled in the beginning as "token homosexual," "aggressive African-American," "upper class white boy," etc., only to (in most instances) prove they possessed a depth far beyond such dramatic brandings of society.

The Canterbury Tales seem to echo this very theme. Dean Jorgensen described the pilgrims as portraits of individuals that make up the entire society; a snapshot of the current gene pool. Chaucer carefully crafted a list of characters that represented as much of fourteenth century England as possible. He also considered the environment in which they lived, one plagued (pardon the pun) by the horrific Black Death. Thus it is key to note that the producers of the *Real World* share a huge common element with Chaucer: they both chose individuals that would form a microcosm of the societies they were trying to depict. One displayed the aftermath of a

worldwide disaster and a “new birth,” while the other displayed a more turbulent society that was (and is) constantly undergoing “renaissances” of its own. However, the fact that they chose individuals does not matter in the Prologue of the *Tales* or the first few Real World episodes. The notion that they are indeed individuals is the next step in creating a valid microcosm of society; for it would be unfair to leave them with the stereotypical descriptions slapped onto them by a first time viewer/reader. It seems very Aristotelian in the sense that they are setting up the outline before going in and getting their hands dirty with the nitty-gritty details of each person’s own life story. I digress.

Analects of Core

On Guilty Pleasures...

"Ah sleep, it is a gentle thing
beloved from pole to pole
to mother Mary praise be given
she sent the gentle sleep from heaven
that slid into my soul."

Coleridge, *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

"Oh God give me chastity...
...but not yet."

St Augustine, *Confessions*

Two examples of Canterbury pilgrims that display this idea of “depth over time” are the Pardoner and the Wife of Bath. Both of these characters have been branded by society in some way. The former deals with insults to his manhood on a daily basis. The latter undergoes a certain “awkward look” shown to her by her peers, especially men. They first can seem like corrupt individuals, one using religion to take advantage of unsuspecting sinners, the other using sexuality to take advantage of unsuspecting husbands. However, when their history is examined, it can be argued that their actions against society are justified. The Pardoner tries to obtain all he can from a society that took his dignity away, while the Wife of Bath hopelessly tries (in the words of Prof. Martin) to write a new book by tearing out a few pages in the existing one bound by a feeling of male superiority.

In essence, the obvious point here is that lining up a list of odd characters superficially only to examine the depths of their personalities is necessary in any reality-based medium (book, TV, or otherwise). For it is only when we learn the truth behind a stereotype or even that it is completely untrue, that we learn more about ourselves. If Chaucer never published anything past the Prologue or if Bunim-Murray productions never followed the Real World casting special with other episodes, there would exist a lack of personal touch to each “type” of person. The result would lead to a somewhat fake view of certain groups of people. Somehow, I don’t think a show called “The Fake World” would have fared so well, and people would again be forced into actual human contact to break down such stereotypes and learn about the world around them.

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Lectures from the Core Curriculum at Boston University, September 5 & 12.

Analysis of Sonnet #43

Maura Elford

Sonnet Forty-Three

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected,
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made,
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

William Shakespeare

Dreams are a part of us, yet beyond our control; they represent our perceptive consciousness turned inward upon itself, to view the world as reflected by our mind's imperfect mirror. Often, we retreat into this dream world when waking reality seems too cold, bleak, and vast for us, only to confront there shifting images without substance. Shakespeare's Sonnet 43, "When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see," addresses, on one level, the choice between dwelling in dreamful sleep and waking reality. But beyond this literal meaning, there is also a suggestion, made through manipulation of language and subtle imagery, of the close relationship between sleep and death. Overarching these themes is the speaker's wistful longing for the sight of his beloved, from whom he is separated. The poem essentially follows the speaker's retreat into dreams, and develops his preference of imagined reality, with its

facsimile of his beloved, to actual reality, in which the real body of his beloved does not appear to him.

The poem's tone is melancholic, blending the conflicting emotions of joy and sadness together. In this subtle, multi-layered emotional tone, the poet expresses the duality of human feelings, perception, and spiritual existence. His tone reflects the complexities of these elements through a tricky linguistic texture, attributing deep meanings to seemingly simple expressions. The frequent use of paradoxical phrasing and juxtaposition of opposites suggests the unreliability of the illusions in dreams. The oxymoronic phrase "darkly bright" (4) refers to the sleeper's eyes, brightened by the imagined sight of his beloved despite their darkness in sleep. This image also initiates a relationship between the speaker's sense of visual perception, immersed in darkness, and his reliance on internal emotions for light. The poet develops this image when the speaker says that his lover's "shadow shadows doth make bright," (5) meaning that the beauty of his mere reflection is enough to illuminate darkness, to the speaker's mind. Despite the fact that they are only vague illusions conjured up by his own mind, the shadowy images of his beloved bring a joy to the speaker that makes him prefer the false illusions to a reality that offers only "unrespected" (2) things. His seeming pleasure betrays discontent, however; though he rejoices in his imagination of the "happy show" (6) that his beloved would make to the world, and of his eyes made "blessed" (9) by beholding this sight, he believes these events to be impossible. The poet uses conditional expressions to project a mournful joy onto the speaker's hopeless wishes. Each of the speaker's hopes begins with the words "How would..." (6), a conditional phrase that checks his

fancy even before it takes shape. After imagining the glory of his lover's presence in the light, he returns to the shadows that make up the only basis of his analogy, closing with "When..." (5, 8) followed by his perception of his dream.

Shakespeare makes use of a few resonating literary devices and images to clarify and connect the themes of the poem. The most striking examples his repetition and juxtaposition of words and ideas, through which the poet refracts his language as if through a cracked mirror. Some conceptual words undergo a reversal in order or meaning, and several words repeat more than once within the poem, sometimes in immediate succession. The clearest example of this latter kind occurs in the lines that begin: "Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,/ How would thy shadow's form form happy show/ To the clear day..." (5-7). The words "form" and "shadow" each repeat immediately, and the latter echoes again in the next line. These attention-grabbing repetitions showcase the differences in meaning between the two identical words: each presents one meaning in its noun form and another in its verb form. Another kind of repetition occurs in the usage of the words "dark" and "bright," which reverse in order and change their emphasis in the phrase, "darkly bright, [the speaker's eyes] are bright in dark directed" (4). In the first part of the phrase, "darkly" carries most of the stress, being first in order, but in the second part with the order of words reversed, and "dark" modified by "directed," the emphasis shifts to brightness. The real function of these frequent, often disjunctive repetitions is to suggest to the reader the nature of dreams as a reflection of reality, stressing their imperfection as replicas of what is real.

Beyond the extensive, emblematic manipulation of language in the poem as a whole, Shakespeare also uses a variety of literary devices to bring out meaning within individual lines. One such device is the metaphor, particularly that comparing day to night, and night to day, in the final couplet. "All days are nights to see till I see thee,/ And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me," (13-14) concludes the speaker, who thus links darkness to the day in the absence

of a loved one, and consequently wills himself to see light in dark nights when he may immerse himself in the illusory world of dreams. Another significant, yet subtle device the poet employs is alliteration, particularly in the "s" and "sh" sounds in the second quatrain of the sonnet, where the words "shadow," and "show," echo these sounds (5-6), followed by the phrase "shade shines so," (8) which once more brings out this emphasis. The choice of this particular sound arguably evokes a hushing voice, inducing sleep. In the next quatrain there is a prevailing assonance on the sound "a," which appears in every line in its rhyme, but also within the line such as with "I say," (9) and "fair" (11). This change in the sound scheme, from consonant to an open vowel, brings to mind the vocalization of human emotion, rather than quietude, and reflects a longing for change or betterment. Apart from vocal sounds, a variation in the rhyme scheme also indicates a significant sense of meaning; Shakespeare uses feminine rhyme in the second and fourth lines of the poem, rhyming "unrespected" with "directed." This departure from the rest of the poem's uniform masculine rhyme suggests a possible allusion to femininity, in either the rejection or the embrace of it as embodiment of the beloved. However, in a different sense, where the sound falters from an otherwise strong, sure end to the line, this feminine pairing could indicate the poet's view of a faltering of logical reason in the speaker's retreat into dreams.

In combination with his sophisticated use of linguistic devices and imagery, Shakespeare manipulates the meter of the poem to more fully bring out its nuances of meaning. While the underlying rhythm is iambic pentameter, the first line of the poem varies the form, in "When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see," thrusting a trochee midway through the line, at "then do," and a spondee at its end on "best see." Immediately, this irregular meter calls attention to the speaker's claim, which contradicts ordinary sense, and forces us to question him until he explains himself as he does subsequently. Shakespeare employs numerous spondees to highlight key ideas or images that are pertinent to

the speaker's state of mind. The spondee accenting "dead night," (11) reflects a key image linking sleep to death, and the speaker's tone to sadness, much as its use on "bright days" (14) reflects his wistful hope for joy. By highlighting the distance between the "living" (10) day and this "dead night" of the speaker's existence, the poet suggests that the speaker's approaching death drives him apart from the vitality of his beloved. The use of anapest also draws attention to phrases like "...looking on thee in the living day," (10) where the unaccented "—king on" to the stressed "thee," or "in the" to "liv—" builds momentum leading to the importance of the stressed words, here "thee" and "live," and their link between the beloved's presence and life itself. These metrical variations reinforce Shakespeare's intended meanings in the core of the poem's structure.

In consideration of all its elusive paradoxical imagery, meaningful diction, expressive devices, and emphatic meter, this particular sonnet's complexity approaches the mystical. Perhaps that mysticism lies in its very subject, the distorted illusions our dreams bring to us as reality. As he manifests this idea in the sonnet, Shakespeare demonstrates the dream's imprecise echoes and reflections that come back to us in the work itself, through its language. His portrayal of love in a melancholy, pensive light hearkens to Sonnet 73, "That time of year thou mayst in me behold," in which the poet considers the value of the

impermanent in allowing us to appreciate what is real and lasting. Whereas that work deals with the decay of nature and the survival of love, this work seems to deal with the insubstantiality of thoughts as illusions, but here we do not make the leap to discovery of what is real. In the dark, grave undertones of the poem, the poet's parallel between sleep and the state of death refers to an alteration of our consciousness in ways as unknown to us as the workings of our own minds. Shakespeare aptly phrases this idea in one of his best-known quotations, from *Hamlet*, spoken by the title character:

"...To die, to sleep.
To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause."

Hamlet, 3.1.66-70

In light of these heavy thoughts concerning our minds and our souls, Shakespeare's Sonnet 43 seems to ask us to question the comfort we may find in retreating into our own minds, for if we immerse ourselves too deeply, we risk a sad self-banishment into the unknown, and the constant pangs of longing for parts of that tangible world we would reject.

Analects of Core

On Companionship...

Two people, companions, they can prevail together against terror."

-Gilgamesh

"Friendship is some sort of excellence or virtue, or involves virtue, and it is, moreover, most indispensable for life. No one would choose to live without friends, even if he had all other goods."

-Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*

"Whatever is done for love always occurs beyond good and evil."

-Nietzsche

The Adventure of the Enchanted Book

Abe Friedman

The next morning, as his faithful squire Sancho groomed and saddled Rocinante, Don Quixote remarked, "Sancho, I must relate the most curious of circumstances. It seems that, not too long ago, a wizard cast a spell upon me and, while I was incapacitated, placed in my saddlebags a book known by the curious title of *Pride and Prejudice*. What a marvel! The title itself gives no indication of who the hero would be, or of the age in which he fought. While the picture on the front shows a castle in the English style, King Arthur and his gallant knights do not appear anywhere in the book. Even more strange, the author is a woman, called by the name of Jane Austen!"

"I found the book and read it while you recovered from your recent wounds," Sancho replied.

"So you are familiar with this odd book!"

"I rather enjoyed it, in fact. It made a welcome diversion from *other entertainments*," said Sancho acidly, as he gingerly touched the just-fading lump on his own head.

Don Quixote stood up straight, or rather as straight as he could in his condition, and with his hands on his hips declared, "I find it an affront to the great literary tradition, in which I consider myself well versed." Without waiting for Sancho's reply he continued, "It is beyond doubt that books are intended primarily to give us moral guidance in our own lives. Many times I have been faced with challenges and tests, and every time I have relied on the great example of Amadis of Gaul to lead me toward the noble and virtuous path.

What noble example does Mr. Darcy set? His antisocial behavior hardly becomes a man of his status. He acts at all times quite contrary, and shows little courtesy to the ladies—"

Sancho could bear no more; he interrupted, "Can it not be that a book is merely a book, meant to give only pleasure and not moral instruction? While many books – indeed, even this one – contain a lesson, it should not be heeded so exactly!"

"Nonetheless, my ill-educated squire, what is to be made of Mr. Darcy's ignoble manner? For it must be that, in the absence of Arthur or Lancelot, Mr. Darcy is the hero of *Pride and Prejudice*; yet his conduct so offends the sensibilities of a knight-errant that I waited the entire book for Sir Galahad or another of his fraternity to enter and vanquish him in battle, thus righting the reader's impression of honorable behavior."

"It seemed to me, in fact, that Elizabeth Bennet was the true focus. Darcy moved in and out of the various scenes, yet—"

"Nonsense. A woman hero? The idea is preposterous. Perhaps in an exceedingly special case, as with Joan of Arc; yet Elizabeth has none of her virtue. She speaks impertinently and with no regard to class or family obligation, she carries a rather lofty opinion of herself, and is in all areas much too picky. Though, on account of all of his faults, she was right to spurn Mr. Darcy, pure obstinacy drove her to reject the good and proper Mr. Collins."

"Has it not occurred to you that Elizabeth is intended to, and indeed does, counter Mr. Darcy? Furthermore, as they become closer, they lose their original edge; it is first revealed that Mr. Darcy has been more generous and honorable than he had been given credit, and Elizabeth similarly drops her resistance to his romantic advances. One can not ignore the change in each of them."

Sancho was quickly growing weary of this line of argument and, seeking to change the subject, asked, "Did you not find Austen's style of writing fresh? I myself thought it a welcome change from droll tales of knight-errantry."

"I found the story most difficult to follow. I could not understand in what



manner the tale proceeded, without battles, tests, and declarations of devotion to virtuous dames. As the Bennet women awaited news of Mr. Bennet's trip to London, I anticipated a great duel between him and the nefarious Mr. Wickham. Sadly, however Mr. Gardiner – with the encouragement of the once more dishonorable Mr. Darcy – convinced him to return to Longbourn."

Don Quixote's new reference to the books most responsible for Sancho's battered condition enraged Sancho, and he exclaimed, "Enough of this talk of battles and tests! What about Austen's pithy witticisms? When 'Elizabeth tried to unite civility and truth in a few short sentences'¹ I was struck by Austen's ability to be both funny and so true to life. For (and if I were ever in doubt of this, my time in your service has convinced me) while it is a simple task to be polite, and equally simple to be honest, it is a rare feat to be at once both things!"

"I notice your enthusiasm for this subject. Do say more."

"Consider, if you will, that the book begins in a most curious manner: 'It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.'² One might assume that this sentence is, as it claims to be, a simple statement of truth. Very quickly, however, one sees that it is in fact a subtle critique of Mrs. Bennet and others like her."

Don Quixote scratched his head. "My dear squire, I truly can not say I understand your point."

Sancho began to say something about putting the cart before the horse but thought better of it and, with a resigned sigh, took up a new tack: "The book opens with a narrator giving her own opinion. Very quickly it moves to narrating only the scenes and characters' thoughts. Given the length of *Pride and Prejudice*, the early first-person narration slips from the front of the reader's mind until, rather abruptly, it returns at the end. When Austen writes of Mrs. Bennet, 'I wish I could say ... that the accomplishment of her earnest desire ... produced so happy an effect as to make her a sensible, amiable, well-informed woman,'³ the reader is suddenly reminded of the 'truth universally acknowledged'⁴ and Austen's original judgment of Mrs. Bennet. As far as I am concerned, such tactics make a welcome change from the repetitious poetic styling of—" Sancho stopped to make a retching motion "—Amadis and all his many cohorts."

Don Quixote was now completely bewildered. "Sancho! I fear you have been enchanted by the same wizard who left *Pride and Prejudice* in my saddlebags. We must hurry to find a kindly sorcerer who can undo this spell, before more evil befalls you!"

Sancho suggested that they head toward Toledo, as it was known as a haven for alchemists. Don Quixote assented, and Sancho helped him mount Rocinante. Shaking his head in disbelief, Sancho mounted his ass, and with La Mancha and the barber well behind them, the hapless pair rode toward the rising sun.

¹ Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, 177

² Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, 5

³ Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, 310

⁴ Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, 5

I Only Have Eyes for You: The Gaze in Milton's *Paradise Lost*

Sarah Ann Cormier

Milton's use of the gaze in *Paradise Lost* is particularly striking due to the fact that the author went completely blind from glaucoma by the time he was 44, in 1652. It was during his descent into blindness that Milton began the composition of his epic poem. By the time *Paradise Lost* was published in 1667, Milton had been unable to see anything for fifteen years. The power of gazing that Milton's characters exhibit in his poem could very well be a direct reflection on the fact that the poet himself had lost all capacity for gazing on an outward object, and could only direct his gaze inward, where it was finally most efficacious in his inspiration. The gaze is a prolonged concentration of one's attention on an object, often appropriately associated with love or hate. This concept is immensely important to religious writers of all ages, perhaps most notably to Dante in his *Divina Commedia*. The gaze in the poem, for both humans and spirits alike, has an irresistible influence, overpowering even the most strong-willed of creatures. What merits one's gaze must be an object of great interest, and truly captivating. Often it is the image of oneself seen in another object that compels one to gaze, the love of oneself and one's own image being overwhelmingly attractive. Within the intelligent gaze is power, strong enough to overcome will and deep enough to provoke insatiable desire. The gaze is what leads to the escape of Satan from Hell, to the determination of the Fiend to commence his work of destroying mankind, and finally to the fall of man himself.

Satan's escape from Hell in Book II of *Paradise Lost* is only made possible by his exchange with his daughter Sin and their incestuous offspring, Death. Upon the Demon's first viewing of Sin, he finds her repulsive. "I know thee not," he grimaces at her, "nor ever saw till now/ Sight more detestable than him and thee." (*Par. Lost*, II.744-5) As she relates the tale of her nascence and Satan's own role in her generation, however, he comes to find her beautiful through prolonged gazing at her. His own narcissism makes him fall in love with that which he has generated, and she is

transformed in his eyes. He answers her doleful soliloquy with praise:

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore
Soon leam'd, now milder, and thus answered smooth.
'Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,
And my fair Son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet...'

-*Par. Lost*, II.815-20

His love for her is spawned from staring at her during his speech, this putrid creature with reeking womb and serpent's tail. Under his gaze, she becomes the treasured daughter and desired paramour he saw her as while still in Heaven. The gaze has the power to transform the object of one's vision into what he wants it to be, often so that he may justify his own sin in desiring that object.

Dante the Pilgrim experiences an almost identical episode in his journey through *Purgatorio*. While in the circle of the Avaricious and the Prodigal on Mount Purgatory, newly ascended from the circle of the Slothful, Dante dreams of a "stammering woman", a hideous mess of contorted limbs and misplaced features, so misshapen that she cannot even speak. She approaches him, and he looks at her:

"Just as the sun revives
cold limbs that night made numb, so did my gaze
loosen her tongue and then in little time,
set her contorted limbs in perfect order;
and, with the coloring that love prefers,
my eye transformed the wanness of her features."

-*Purgatorio*, XIX.10-15

Dante's gaze upon this unbearable creature turns her into a Siren, the irresistible mythical figure who captivates sailors so that they throw themselves headlong into the sea. She is so transformed by his gaze that even her power for language, formerly corrupted, is now made so beautiful that her song is irresistible to any ears. Here

the recognition of Dante's own sin in this hideous apparition makes him gaze so fixedly at her that he begins to love her, to be drawn to her as she reflects him in his spiritual state. It is only when a "saintly woman" and Virgil intervene and tear open her garment, revealing her stinking belly, that Dante realizes exactly what he has before him. The power of the Pilgrim's gaze is so overwhelming that intervention is necessary, something to draw his attention away from the spectre of his own sin. The longer Dante gazes at the Siren, the more enamoured with her he becomes, until, like Ulysses, "it would have been/ most difficult for [him] to turn aside" (*Purg.* XIX.17-18) Though he is closer to Heaven now than ever before, guided by Virgil, the most eminent of poets, Dante is still overpowered by the concentration of his attention on an object in which he sees so much of himself. This same is true of Satan, whose gaze does more for him than does Dante's, but who is captivated by himself in the form of sin nonetheless.

Satan is also affected very strongly by another gaze in *Paradise Lost*; a gaze that holds him because locked in his vision he sees nothing of himself. He gazes fixedly at Adam and Eve in bliss in the Garden, and the sight so overcomes him that he can neither stand it nor look away.

"O Hell! What do mine eyes with grief behold,
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't
 Creatures of another mould, earth-born perhaps,
 Not spirits, yet to heavn'ly Spirits bright
 Little inferior, whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them Divine resemblance, and such grace..."

-*Par. Lost*, IV. 358-64

What holds Satan's gaze here is the image of the Divine Maker in the creatures he sees. He enters the Garden intent on sweeping in and destroying these new creatures as a means to attack God Himself, but their beauty and innocence captivates him, and he finds himself looking upon them with admiration and with what last dying spark of love he still retains. The object of Satan's gaze is enough to hold him, to deter him from his planned course of action, till at last he manages to break free and uses this captivation as all the more reason why the fall of Adam and Eve must take place.

The act of gazing bears with it the giving over of part of oneself to the object. A gaze is more than a look; it is a communion between the subject and the object, in which more than mere sight lines are exchanged. Hence comes the cliché of the "lovers' gaze", the complete binding of one person with the other, no reciprocity being necessary. Love or hate can consume a person so completely that he becomes unable to see anything but

the object of his gazing, and the continued gaze only feeds that love or hate of the object. Could Satan have seen anything of himself in the humans at which he gazed, he might well have fallen in love with them, having that much more in common with them. As he sees no commonality between their blessed state and his own fallen state, but only a common aspect of what he used to be, his hatred for them grows, and his desire to have them be like him in his new state is fed by his devouring them with his gaze. They must either be like him or not like him at all.

The power of the gaze is, finally, also the cause of the downfall of mankind. Eve, while her gaze is fixed on Adam, is only for him, and acts only as she knows will please him and thereby pleases God. Her beauty, grace, and wisdom exist for the object of her gaze. Eve's gaze has particular control over her, and she shows the same tendency to fall prey to the narcissism that grips the most graceful and beautiful of the angels in Heaven. The first object of Eve's gaze is herself, an image so fair in form that she is drawn to it, even after her presentation to Adam. She would have stayed at the water's edge,

"...with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love, there I had fixed
 Mine eyes until now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, 'What thou seest,
 What there thou seest fair Creature is thyself,
 With thee it comes and goes..."

-*Par. Lost*, IV.461-69

As with Dante's enchantment with the Siren, an intervening party is necessary. Milton recognizes that grown men, like infants, become captivated by one thing and long to stare at it forever, even to possess it, though it be dangerous and lethal for them. When Eve finally does see Adam, she is overwhelmed by a desire to return to the object with which she is now familiar and enraptured, and it is only with persuasion and effort that she moves the focus of her gaze to Adam, who then becomes the definition of her existence. Once these two are united and their looks are only for one another, they are never separated until the day of the fall itself. So long as Eve keeps Adam in her gaze, she is free from temptation, but the introduction of a new object into her vision, namely Satan, brings about the fall of the entire human race. As she leaves Adam to pursue her own work and defy temptation where she may, "Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd," (*Par. Lost*, IX.397) while her gaze is already wandering from him. The moment the two lovers lose sight of one another, the portal is open to a new object of fixation.

Satan, the cunning serpent, knows exactly how important sight is to the intellectual being. Longtime

inhabitant of Heaven, he is well acquainted with the Beatific Vision, and the role gazing upon God plays in one's adoration of Him. He knows that the sight is the instrument leading to understanding and love. As he advances upon Eve in her separation from Adam, he deliberately works himself into her line of vision.

"...Off he bow'd,
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The Eye of Eve to mark his play."

-*Par. Lost*, IX.524-27

It is this first introduction of Satan into Eve's gaze that sets in motion the fall of humanity. Now that he has captivated her, he can do with her what he will, and does. Enchanted with this beautiful creature which now has the ability to speak, Eve allows him to lead her to the forbidden tree and convince her to eat of the fruit she knows will destroy her. Eve's ultimate downfall comes when she allows herself to gaze on the forbidden fruit. She no longer has control over her actions; the beauty and potential of the fruit consumes her.

"Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words inpregn'd
With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth..."

-*Par. Lost*, IX.735-38

The object of Eve's gaze, whatever it be at the time, controls her completely. She is led by her own fascination into her own destruction, and unfortunately for her, the destruction of Adam and all mankind after them.

The importance of sight to Milton as an author cannot be overlooked. In his book, Milton's Eyesight and the Chronology of His Works, H. Mutschmann sets forth the theory that Milton was born an albino, and therefore suffered from Photophobia and Nyctalopia. Thus, the themes of light and dark were strongly manifested in his writings. Mutschmann divides the books of *Paradise Lost* into two sections: the books written before Milton's first glaucomatic attack, including books I, II, IV, and IX, in which light/dark images play a very strong role, and those written after the first attack. The author maintains that "With the gradual disappearance of his photophobia the source of his inspiration seems to have been stopped up," (Milton's Eyesight, p.39) and that with his complete blindness, poetic genius was again restored. While it is apparent that Mutschmann is critiquing Milton's poetry in the

sole light of his own theory, the fact of Milton's blindness does have a profound effect on his verse. It is known that Milton was sensitive to light his entire life, and never possessed perfect vision. Milton was a master of classical literature, and so was familiar with the role of gazing and vision in epic poetry: the blind prophet who can see the future. Homer, the great Greek poet supposed to have been blind, was undoubtedly a great source of inspiration for Milton. Milton's own inward gaze at his poetry afforded him a "second sight" he never physically attained.

Mutschmann also proposes that Milton identified with the character of Satan, being, like the fallen angel, deprived of participation in light and all the goodness that comes from illumination. Milton was alienated from the rest of mankind in his blindness, and thus able to sympathize with the alienated character of Satan. The poem was for Milton the struggle to obtain the sight that both he and Satan had lost. Milton, the true poetic genius, is able to give both himself and his reader a vision upon which to gaze.

It is possible to assert that the most powerful element in Milton's *Paradise Lost* is that gaze. The gaze spurs on each major event, and indeed it is a gaze that leads to the cataclysmic moment of the poem itself. It is striking but not surprising to find such a device in the work of a blind poet, seeing within his art a means to regain his lost vision. The role of the gaze in Milton's conception of the fall of man gives a new kind of vision, even for the reader with physically impeccable sight. The gazing of Milton's characters at one another and at themselves in one another drives the reader to a deep gaze at himself, a participation on our part of what Milton experienced, at the same time that he is working to participate in what we experience daily. The gaze is the act solely of the intellectual being-- no other creature can accomplish it. The gaze is, for Milton, both the empowering and destructive force in the fate of mankind.

Locke in America

Ben Gross

Truth, justice, and the American way: that is what Superman fought for. But what is the way of America, and what stands behind it philosophically? One potential answer can be found in the writing of John Locke; specifically, the property theory from his Second Treatise of Government. On the whole, America draws its philosophical legitimacy for government from Locke's Treatise, but with one essential variation—the concept Locke coined as “life, liberty, and property” Jefferson termed as “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” Locke's ideas on individual and property rights, therefore, become the basis for America's “pursuit of happiness,” and thus a large component of “the American way.” Property allows for life and liberty; thus, it is the key to American government.

The theory of property that Locke believed in, and America practices, comes directly from the author's interpretation of the “state of nature.” In this picture of natural man,” we can see a clear link with Locke's contemporary and fellow philosopher Thomas Hobbes: both men believed that man in nature feared violent death at the hands of others. However, this belief comprises only half of Locke's insight into the state of nature, as he found this fear insufficient in explaining man's natural behavior. Thus, he added a second key component: fear of death from scarcity. Scarcity leads to the emergence of property as the solution to the problem of fear, and to a much different construction of civil society than that of Hobbes. Locke saw property as the solution to the poverty man experiences in nature.

Another key component of Locke's natural man theory is man's freedom and equality.

Man's equality and liberty in nature also contributes largely to the way in which Locke constructs civil society. These interpretations of natural man lead Locke to form his property theory, which lead to his construction of society.

In order to incorporate equality and property rights into a cohesive theory of government, Locke first has to destroy the theory of divine providence, specifically the divine right of kings. Thus, he opens Chapter V “Of Property” by stating that God gave “the world to men in common”(21.34) and gave no “appropriation of any parcel of land”(21.33); essentially that God gave the world to everybody with no distinction. No man has any more right than his neighbor to possess land; there are no divinely mandated property rights at all. Furthermore, Locke asserts that God has not really given man anything. He gave the whole world to man, but isn't the world just there for the taking? This denial of divine providence is essential to Locke's property theory. Drawing from his insight into the state of nature, Locke attacks the divine providence by saying that it is worthless to man. It gives him nothing, no sustenance, and leaves him starving. As a result, man is afraid of uncultivated nature. Property given to all men, left uncultivated, is worthless. Nature, therefore, exists to be worked and dominated by man. He is its master.

This mastery through labor is what gives man property. Labor is the key to Locke's property rights: it gives property value, and makes nature productive. This labor theory of property allows for man to have specific rights to what he owns. Unlike the “divine providence” concept of property, in which any man can lay claim any property, Locke's theory states that a man claims land by working it. This right and

ownership of property also motivates man to work. The direct ownership of a piece of land gives man inspiration to work it. When a man has right to property he can see the benefits of his work. He plants his own crops, sees them grow, and sells them. By giving man property rights through labor Locke is also taking care of the man's natural fear of death from scarcity. Locke has empowered man to take control of his destiny through labor, and thus to conquer his fear. Belief in the individual, freedom, and equality are very prevalent in his labor theory. Through the idea of labor Locke is giving all man an equal chance to be great. The land is there to make your own; each man has an equal chance to become prosperous, free to do whatever he wishes. Carrying the man's fears and innate characteristics from the "state of nature" into civil society, Locke gives all men an equal chance.

The emphasis on labor in Locke's property theory directly contributes to another component of "the American way": mass production. In a labor-oriented society, each man makes as much as he can to get ahead of his fellow man. This tendency, again, arises from the fear of scarcity: men want to be as far from scarcity as possible. Locke's property-based society becomes one of mass production with an emphasis on productivity. The concept of money arises because much of man's production is perishable: he needs a concrete, though abstract, way to represent his wealth. This new economic creation furthers the cycle of productivity. The system, powered by individual men, keeps churning faster and faster, with each man running from scarcity as quickly as possible. Locke's civil society is one in which there are no limits of production; as the great American maxim goes, "the sky's the limit." Every individual is acting out of his own self-interest to reach an unreachable goal, and through this individual action the mass production locomotive speeds up exponentially.

From this self-interest, however, a common good does arise: productivity. The natural rights of the poor are better protected in a society geared towards production. More is produced, so more finds its way down to the poor, leaving them less afraid and more content. Comparitively, in a

society not geared to production, the poor live in greater fear of scarcity. Behind this seemingly immoral common good, equality and freedom are strongly protected, and man's natural fears are greatly avoided; almost eradicated. Scarcity is avoided by the empowerment of man over nature, and fear of death at the hands of others is avoided by group selfishness. Fellow citizens, instilled with the ideas of equality and freedom, are reluctant to harm others, and neighboring countries follow the same example on a larger scale. Productivity prevents both civil and national war. All are content producing, and reluctant to do impedes this goal.

Locke's property rights completely resolve man's natural fears, which is the reason for entering into civil society: to escape the fear of the "state of war." So, while the slogan states "life, liberty, and property" it is the "property" part that is truly important, for a citizen could not have life and liberty in Locke's society without property. Property, therefore, is the key to the whole equation.

It is this mentality that gave rise to American capitalism. But there are problems with Locke's society. Though he fully compensates for man's natural fears, he makes no account for his natural aspirations, and gives him artificial ones instead. The social aspiration Locke inserts is one that can never be reached. Locke sets man's ultimate goal as producing as much as possible. "Enough" in Locke's society is always more than you have. A citizen's life in Locke's society has the potential to become petty and worthless, as he takes no account of man's desire to identify with something greater than himself. Therefore, while Hobbes has man living in a constant state of fear, Locke has him in a constant state of unfulfillment. Locke's property theory is a powerful philosophical idea, and makes him the most influential philosopher in America, but there are problems in the civil society he creates; problems that can be seen in America today. Truth, justice, the American way: maybe there is something better to live for than work.

Analects of Core: Core Authors on...

Studying...

"Is parchment then the fount from which a draft will
quench our thirst forever?
you must draw it from your inward soul
or else you'll not be satisfied."

Goethe, *Faust*

"If my mind could gain a firm footing, I wouldn't make essays, I'd make decisions."

Montaigne

Humility in the face of Greatness...

"I do not come with timeless truths. My consciousness is not illuminated
with ultimate radiances. Nevertheless, in complete composure,
I think it would be good if certain things were said."

Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*

"So man, who here seems principal alone
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown
touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole."

Pope, *Essay on Man*

Lecture...

"To strengthen emotions that would dissipate if left alone, the one thing needful
is to bring all those who share them into more intimate and dynamic relationship."

Emile Durkheim, *The Elementary Forms of Religious Life*

"But then my mind was struck by light that flashed
and, with this light, received what it had asked.."

Dante, *Paradiso*

Discussion...

"Haven't you learned that all opinions without knowledge are ugly?"

Plato, *The Republic*

Maintaining Sanity...

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

Milton

"For what do we live but to make sport for our neighbors and laugh at them in turn?"

Jane Austen

Our Place within it All...

"Behind me-- dips eternity--
Before me-- immortality--
Myself-- the term between--"

Emily Dickenson

The Bounds of Science:

Weber's *Science as a Vocation*

Dorian Fox



In his essay *Science as a Vocation*, Max Weber examines the question: What can science do for humanity? This question was particularly relevant to the Germany of his time, for the fall of feudalism had marked the demise of the Christian community and, without a cohesive ethical doctrine, individuals lacked moral and practical direction. The eager scholars to whom Weber spoke looked to scientific truth as a replacement for religion, but Weber's analysis was disappointing in this regard. Science, as confined to strictly empirical methods, can explain the workings of material reality, but cannot offer judgments as to the worth of the universe, or how man should conduct himself within it. In fact, science works against the idea of *meaningfulness*, its calculated reason and reductionism feeding man's "disenchantment" with a world bound by what can be observed or measured. However, although Weber attests to the occupational and ethical limits of science, he does personally profess its worth, not only for technological advancement, but also as "training for thought", a means of providing the necessary mental "clarity" to responsibly formulate convictions and decide how one should live.

Weber begins by examining, from a pragmatic standpoint, what a vocation in science can offer an aspiring scholar at a German university. Explaining that "German university life is being Americanized" (131), Weber comments on the shift toward capitalism and bureaucracy in his country, and the consequent

insecurity of academic appointments, which, as a result of economic competition, have become increasingly dependent upon enrollment rates and the favor of the "intellectual aristocracy" (134).

Also a reflection of the capitalist system, as well as of the ever-expanding breadth of scientific knowledge, "science has entered a phase of specialization previously unknown" (134). With man's deepening understanding of individual disciplines, dilettantism has become a futile enterprise, for one cannot truly contribute to any single field of study without engaging wholeheartedly in the most concentrated of academic pursuits. Thus, the scientist must possess the "capacity to put on the blinders" to maintain his necessarily narrow focus, as well as a "passionate devotion" (135) to his work, which Weber compares to the passion that, when paired with inspiration, drives artistic creation.

Science, however, differs from art in that it is "chained to the course of progress" (138), meaning that, at least at the present time, man can foresee no finite end to his scientific endeavors. Weber writes, "Every scientific 'fulfilment' raises new 'questions'; it asks to be 'surpassed' and outdated. Whoever wishes to serve science has to resign himself to this fact" (138). Unlike the great artist, whose works are ends in themselves and are praised so long as they are preserved, the accomplishments of a great scientist are merely stepping stones for future geniuses and, despite their critical importance, will ultimately be lost in the infinite stretch of progress. It is this relative insignificance, says Weber, that attributes meaninglessness to human existence. In a world of unending discovery, man can never know everything

about a given subject, and thus he will inevitably die incomplete and unfulfilled in this way. Scientific progress accentuates the fact that a man's end is *his* end alone, while science as an enterprise continues on indefinitely, with only a fleeting memory of his life and contributions.

Science also strips meaning from life by "disenchanted" the world, for given the explanatory power of man's current store of technical knowledge, "there are no mysterious incalculable forces that come into play, but rather...one can, in principle, master all things by calculation" (139). The belief that one can reduce all natural phenomena to methodical numeration gives to scientific truths, and to life as represented by those truths, a cold and unappealing rationality. Weber contrasts this modern view of science with that of Plato, who believed science to be the path to philosophical truth; that of Renaissance artists, who perceived science to be in accordance with art and true nature; and that of early Enlightenment scientists, who hoped "to show the path to God" (142) by revealing His intricacies through experimentation. These antiquated exemplars all assign great worth to science as an indicator of truth and reality, yet conceptions of science in Weber's time were quite the opposite. The German youth rejected calculated, scientific reality as *unreal* in that it lacked any basis for moral instruction, and thus could not direct them in any way. Science can explain the palpable experience of life, but can offer no insight as to *how* one should live.

With the secularization of post-feudal Germany, and the increased freedom of thought granted thereby, the populace was thrown into ethical uncertainty, and craved just the sort of "religious experience" and direction that science could not provide. For it was partly science that had, as Nietzsche observed, "killed" the miraculous elements of Christian faith by refuting their feasibility within a world of concrete physical laws. According to Weber, religion and science are irreconcilable; "Redemption from the rationalism and intellectualism of science is the fundamental presupposition of living in union with the divine" (142). This is because the primary function of religion (to establish a meaningful connection between man and a higher power that exceeds human understanding) is directly opposed to the empirical principles of science, which deal solely in what can be supported through direct experience and hard fact. To be truly religious is to have *faith* in something that transcends material reality and one's own rational capabilities, something that dictates values and assigns

a greater meaning to the universe and to man's position in it. Faith, then, is essentially a blind acceptance of unsubstantiated sacred values and doctrine, and for this reason will forever be in tension with science.

Science itself is based upon a presupposition, however, that "what is yielded by scientific work is important in the sense that it is 'worth being known'" (143). The desire to "master" the natural world is the driving force of scientific pursuits, yet science cannot attest to whether this technical domination is *right* or *wrong*. Such questions are a matter of morality and personal opinion, which lie quite outside of the empirical realm and are discouraged by scientific methods, for "whenever the man of science introduces his personal value judgment, a full understanding of the facts *ceases*" (146). It is for this reason the Weber, or any scientific mind, could not offer the German youth, who "crave[d] a leader and not a teacher" (149), the life direction that they desired. To instruct individuals as to *how* they should live, one must inevitably inject his own moral and ethical convictions, as well as a standard for value judgment, into his teachings. For men in society are not merely empirical and rational beings; their daily interactions and decisions require a personal basis for discerning what is right and wrong, good and bad, important and trivial.

Weber, though, does not conclude that science is entirely worthless, for aside from "contribut[ing] to the technology of controlling life," the practice of science provides logical "methods of thinking, the tools and the training for thought" (150). Although science cannot suggest how one should act, it can foster "self-clarification and a sense of responsibility" (152) for one's actions, allowing individuals to better *decide* which life-path to pursue. Weber writes, "the ultimately possible attitudes toward life are irreconcilable...Thus, it is necessary to make a decisive choice" (152). If one is to reject the rational intellectualism of science, he must not do so out of ignorant dismissal, but must rather cultivate his own scientific understanding; he must "see the devil's ways to the end in order to realize his power and his limitations" (152). Whatever social force, or "warring god", an individual chooses to submit to, he must make this choice independently and with a realistic perception of his *seemingly* existential condition. If he *then* turns to religion, so be it, says Weber, but it is impossible that he take science with him.

The Science Fiction of *Paradise Lost*

Ayrin Zahner

Milton's *Paradise Lost* is an epic poem of science fiction. Though it seems unusual, poets and authors were using many sci-fi themes in their works before science fiction was even considered as a genre. For example: Francis Bacon's *The New Atlantis* portrays a strange, futuristic cult of science and technology; William Empson wrote an essay about John Donne's belief in other worlds and desire to travel to them as expressed in his poems; and C.S. Lewis uses science fiction motifs to explore Christianity. Perhaps this explains why Professor Christopher Ricks asserts that John Milton's *Paradise Lost* is also a great work of science fiction. In this epic poem, Milton applies these techniques of science fiction to emphasize or illustrate philosophical and theological questions about the creation and the fall of man. Through the ideas of space and time travel specifically, Milton asks, "Is it possible to escape from God?"

Milton introduces this scientific undercurrent to his epic when he refers to Galileo, that "Tuscan Artist" (Milton, line 288) in the first book of *Paradise Lost*. With his new magical "Optic Glass", Galileo explored the heavens viewing stars and planets. His observations of other planets raised the possibility of other inhabited worlds. A possibility of other life forms raises questions that Christians had never had to deal with before. As William Empson noted, the poet John Donne, "from a fairly early age, was interested in getting to another planet...with the sentiment which it still carries of adventurous freedom. But it meant a lot more to him than

that; coming soon after Copernicus and Bruno, it meant not being a Christian..." (Empson, 78-9). The Church agreed and burnt Bruno at the stake for his controversial writings on the plurality of worlds. "The argument that Copernicanism puts heaven farther off gets a ringing line in [Donne's] 'Holy Sonnet V'; in love poems presumably, it had been a background implication that if you got onto a separate planet you were safer from the Christian God and the Pope" (Empson, 113). For Donne and for Milton as well, new technology, especially technology concerning astronomy, might imply heresy because it provided a possibility of escape from God (or at least the Pope) through space travel.

Unlike Donne, Sir Francis Bacon found a way to include Christianity in a very technologically advanced society. Of course it is his own contrived utopia in *The New Atlantis* in which the College of the Six Days' Works employs many scientists in the discovery and manipulation of the resources provided by God. Bacon would approve of e. e. Cummings's "Progress is a comfortable disease:/ your victim (death and life safely beyond)/" (89). The scientists do not have to worry about being struck by the wrath of God, and their technology is so advanced that they feel safe from death itself. Neither is Bacon's God the kind from whom Donne would have to hide his promiscuous behavior and scandalous poetry.

Perhaps as a result of Galileo's observations Milton pictures Heaven, Hell and Earth as if they were separate planets. During Satan's journey through Chaos, the "Anarch" of that realm describes Earth to him: "Now lately Heaven and

Earth, another World/ Hung o'er my Realm,
linked in a golden Chain/ To that side Heav'n..." (Milton, Book 2 line 1004). Milton solidifies this image by calling the Earth "this pendent world" (Milton, Book 2 line 1052). In this vision of Heaven, Hell and, Earth as separate planets, Satan could then be considered as the first astronaut as he journeyed through space and chaos toward the innocent Earth.

Satan the astronaut has tried repeatedly to escape from God. He seems to agree with Donne that escape from God would be possible if only he could get to another planet. First, Satan travels through space in his own mind consoling himself for the loss of Heaven, "The mind is its own place, and in itself/Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n" (Milton, Book 1, line 224). In this he tries to escape from God's punishment by using his own mind to transform the Hell in which he finds himself into a place preferable to God's heaven. Satan succeeds when he realizes that Milton's Hell is far removed from Heaven and he says "Here at last/ We shall be free; th'Almighty hath not built Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:/Here we may reign secure, and in my choice/" (Milton, Book 1 line 258). In Hell, Satan firmly believes that he has escaped from God because he is on another "planet".

Another implication that has already been hinted at is the science fiction staple, ET or extra-terrestrial. Not only did Milton's image of Heaven, Hell and, Earth as separate planets create the opportunity for space travel, it made Satan an extra-terrestrial. Hell and Satan are no longer part of the Earth; they are outside of Earth altogether. Satan is the perfect stock image of the hostile alien bent on destroying the Earth and eradicating the human species. This is the perfect set-up for the classic, Star Wars-esque work of fiction. Two forces, good and evil, converge on one innocent and lonely planet. The humans are caught in the middle of the struggle; do they choose to side with the good or the evil? If they choose to side with the good, they would need some supernatural force to help them eliminate the evil and preserve the little planet they call home. If they side with evil they will lose all comfort and innocence. In Star Wars, Luke chose

good and triumphed. Adam and Eve, it seems, chose to follow the evil side. For them, though unlike the planet Olderon, total destruction was not immediate. There is a possibility of Grace.

Another theme of science fiction that Milton uses in Paradise Lost is that of time travel. In Books XI and XII, the Archangel Michael tells Adam of the future of the human race, the promise of redemption, and the possibility of regaining grace through Jesus. The implications of time travel bring us back to those mazes in which philosophers are still 'wandering lost'. Since the future can be told thus, do humans really have free will, or have all our actions been predetermined to enable Milton's God to perform the ultimate mercy of redemption? This theme, of time and time travel, is key to the problem.

Satan in fact fails to escape from God. Firstly, Satan feels that now, since he is physically removed from Heaven and the direct powers of God, none of his actions to induce the Fall of Man are connected to God. However, God points out in Book 3 that even Satan's plan to do evil will eventually serve to glorify Him:

"...Man falls deceiv'd
By the other [Satan] first; Man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory excel,
But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine."

Milton, Book 3 line 130

Even the terrible evil that Satan plans as revenge turns out to be an important piece in God's merciful strategy. Satan cannot even escape glorifying God by doing evil.

The reason Satan failed to escape God through space travel was because he forgot his intimate connection to God through time: "Him [Satan] God beholding from his prospect high,/ Wherein past, present, future he beholds/" (Milton, Book 3 line 77). Milton does not continue the idea of God beholding Satan through space "from his prospect high". Instead Milton describes God as observing time: past, present, and future. Satan cannot escape God because, though God removed himself from space, Satan and God will always be connected through time.

This connection to God through time makes it impossible for Satan to escape God because Satan cannot escape or undo his past. He sees time in a linear fashion; what is past cannot be taken back. As a result, Satan feels it is impossible to repent, or undo his past. For this reason he will never receive Grace: "So farewell Hope, and with Hope farewell Fear,/Farewell Remorse: all Good to me is lost" (Book 4 line108). In contrast, Adam and Eve are able to repent in hopes of receiving Grace. Little do they know that Grace has already been given to them. In turning the page from Book 10 to 11 we readers see this:

"Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the Mercy-seat above
Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd
The stony from their hearts..."

Milton, Book 11 line 1

Their redeemer, Jesus, is present in their past and their future, but most importantly, their ability to travel through time, or repent, *is* Grace.

Milton investigates a possibility to escape from God through technology like Bacon, but in the end Bacon would admit that his Bensalemites still did not escape God. One of the members of Salomon's House must declare that the coming of the Bible could not be explained scientifically: "I do here acknowledge and testify before this people, that the thing which we new see before our eyes it thy Finger and a true Miracle..." (Bacon, 48). Miracles still exist in a world full of technology, and science still connects us to God through the study of his works.

And e. e. Cummings hoped to escape God through space travel as a result of technology: "—listen: there's a hell/of a good universe next door; let's go" (Cummings). Milton's Satan attempted that, too, and failed (just as Donne did): despite the fact that God may be seen as physically separate, this does not break our connection to Him through time. C.S. Lewis meant exactly this when he said that in a work of science fiction "impossibility...is a postulate, something to be granted before the story gets going" (Lewis 70). This "impossibility", this

effect without a cause, is a miracle. This is Grace, the possible connection to God Milton allows in Paradise Lost.

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Emotion and the Intellect: a Necessary Duality

Michelle Park

Both sensual passions and intellect comprise the human soul, creating an inherent duality which humankind must learn to balance. While the Age of Enlightenment serves as an intellectual and scientific impetus from which mankind still benefits, its goal to reach an intellectual totality is flawed and impossible to achieve. A state of complete and perfect reason is unattainable and undesirable for humans because the emotions are fundamental aspect of human existence. Only by learning to maintain an equilibrium between these two forces can humans ever hope to be happy; satiating only one of these forces deprives the necessary symbiosis within the human soul and leaves the individual unbalanced and unfulfilled.

While several of the most brilliant minds of the Age of Enlightenment argue for the continued perfection of reason, many others recognize the innate nature of the passions in the human soul and reject the goal of eliminating the emotions for the sake of pure reason. Voltaire addresses this discourse in his novel *Candide*. His description of *Eldorado* in the work indicates the impossibility of completely separating a human soul from its sensual appetites. He writes, "As the end of twenty-four hours they emerged into the light of day...and they had to creep from rock to rock for three whole miles, until at length they reached a vast open plain, surrounded by inaccessible mountains" (74). The phrase "light of day" implies the enlightened state pure reason purports to be, according to Age of Reason thinkers. The allegory between *Eldorado* and a state of complete reason becomes clearer throughout the description of the society and its people. Voltaire writes, "Fountains of pure water, rose-water, and sugar-cane liqueur played unceasingly in the public squares.... What surprised and delighted [Candide] most of all was the Palace of Science, where he saw a gallery two thousand feet long filled with mathematical and scientific instruments" (81-82).

As *Candide* experiences the greatest pleasure in the Palace of Science, combined with the paradisiacal qualities of *Eldorado*, Voltaire draws a distinct parallel between the city and the state of complete reason the Enlightenment seeks.

Voltaire takes great care to depict the extreme obstacles associated with reaching this city, choosing the word "inaccessible" to describe its location. Furthermore, when *Candide* and his servant decide to leave the city, only the efforts of "three thousand celebrated scientists... in fifteen days at a cost of not more than twenty thousand pounds sterling" can contrive a manner of sending the two men away (84). Voltaire does not offer any descriptions of the machine used to free the visitors from the city, but instead simply describes it as "ingenious" (84). Voltaire's treatment of the entrance and exit from *Eldorado* emphasizes the virtual impossibility of discovering this location. This insinuates that *Eldorado*, or total reason, lies beyond mankind's ability.

The deeply rooted emotions of the human soul limit the intellect from achieving absolute control over a human being. *Candide* expresses this lucidly when he states, " 'It is quite true, my good fellow, that the house where I was born won't bear comparison with the mansions of [Eldorado]; but still, I shall never be happy without Lady Cunégonde, and I dare say you have some mistress or other in Europe'" (82). Despite the rational delights of *Eldorado*, *Candide* cannot experience true happiness without exercising his human passions and desires. His sense of being and fulfillment depends on the presence of his emotions. Voltaire emphasizes this necessity for feelings through this statement, for *Candide* does not express this only once, but rather "not a day passed" in which he did not long for his love, Lady Cunégonde (82). His voluntary departure from the site of completely intellectual happiness demonstrates the human inability to exist without the sensual aspect of

life. The human identity hinges on both sentiment and intellect: only with both components can a human being be complete. Therefore, complete separation from the sensual is unattainable by humans, and the goal of Enlightenment remains beyond the reach of mankind.

Suppressing the passions into oblivion as pure reason desires remains an unattainable goal, but furthermore, is undesirable. Jonathan Swift's satire of Enlightenment theory, *Gulliver's Travels*, portrays the distasteful and frightful consequences of a life governed solely by reason. Gulliver reports the goal of the Houyhnhnms' society: "to cultivate Reason, and to be wholly governed by it" (315). The Houyhnhnms represent a society that practices the ultimate social end of the Enlightenment thinkers by wholly divorcing passion from their lives. Gulliver further explains the Houyhnhnms' understanding of Reason by stating, "[Reason] is not mingled, obscured, or discoloured by passion and interest" (315). For these creatures, the ultimate goal of their existence is to detach completely any emotions or self-interest from the intellectual faculties. Swift pointedly does not create a society of super-humans which achieves this state of pure Reason. Rather, he chooses a society of animals to emphasize that this lifestyle is inherently non-human. This illustration accentuates how a life without emotion and passion is not compatible with the human identity. The Houyhnhnms become a latent argument for the impossibility of totally severing the passions and interest from the human soul.

While Gulliver possesses utmost respect and admiration for these creatures, Swift uses the descriptions of their lifestyles to shock the reader into recognizing their inhumanity. Gulliver casually mentions, "Here likewise the regulation of children is settled...if a Houyhnhnm hath two males, he changeth one of them with another who hath two females: and when a child hath been lost by casualty where the mother is past breeding, it is determined what family in the district shall breed another to supply the loss" (318). By employing the phrase "regulation," Swift reduces the concept of family life to a ritual or business, extracting any sense of love or affection among family members. He further emphasizes this by incorporating the diction of supply and demand to describe the swapping of children. While Gulliver passes indifferently over this detail of the Houyhnhnms' life, the image is an implicitly biting satire and critique of a society that objectifies children and treats them as goods. This detachment and lack of affection for one's own children is a consequence of eliminating the passions from a society, and Swift clearly characterizes such a development as grossly inhuman and repulsive.

Swift expands this idea when he explores the Houyhnhnms' attitude towards death. He explains, "If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age... their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure" (322). These creatures possess an entirely passive position towards death. Clearly, affection and love do not exist to any measurable degree in this society, for only with indifference can any rational individual dismiss another's death. Swift illustrates this complete lack of emotion when he writes, "[The mistress's] excuse for not coming sooner, was, that her husband dying late in the morning, she was a good while consulting her servants about a convenient place where his body should be laid; and I observed she behaved herself at our house as cheerfully as the rest" (322-323). This description of the Houyhnhnms completely unravels the bond between husband and wife, perhaps the most intimate relationships known to human society. The death of this Houyhnhnm's husband hardly produces any effect on her lifestyle beyond purely logistical concerns. Both the regulation of children and the attitude toward death target how pure Reason affects the family. Swift's selection of these examples reveals how deeply he criticizes the Age of Enlightenment, for the family is the most sacred and cherished unit of the human experience.

Perhaps the most ominous consequence of a society built upon pure Reason appears through the grand Assembly of the Houyhnhnms. Swift relates, "The question to be debated, was, Whether the Yahoos should be exterminated from the face of the earth" (318-319). While the Houyhnhnms offer carefully rationalized arguments in favor of the elimination of this species, their desire in complete annihilation of a species is a basic call for genocide. The Houyhnhnms cite "several arguments of great strength and weight," according to Gulliver who watches and listens to this discussion, himself a Yahoo (319). The arguments encompass economic and sanitary benefits, as well as population and resource control and even xenophobia. While the Houyhnhnms do not approve of the extermination of the Yahoos, the mere discussion of this idea tacitly condones genocide. By discussing the lives of an entire species in such terms, the Houyhnhnms reduce the value of life to quantifiable terms, weighing the economic benefits of a race against its social value. While Swift's contemporaries may dismiss his warnings, today the echoes of Nazi Germany and the Holocaust linger as terrible proof of the dangers Reason without love can present to society.

Gulliver's return to England reveals Swift's characterization of pure Reason as unnatural and inhuman. Upon seeing his family he writes, "I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with

hatred, disgust and contempt... when I began to consider, that by copulating with one of the Yahoo species, I had become a parent of more, it struck me with utmost shame, confusion and horror" (338-339). Gulliver attempts to extricate himself from any relations with the "Yahoos," despite the truth that his family is of the same species as he is. The "hatred, disgust and contempt" are in effect the same revulsion he must feel for himself. His self-righteousness highlights how his interaction with the Houyhnhnms turns him against his own nature and species, which leaves him in a situation as ludicrous as imitating a beast of burden. He reports, "By conversing with the Houyhnhnms, and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture... and my friends often tell me in a blunt way, that *I trot like a horse*... neither shall I disown, that in speaking I am apt to fall into the voice and manner of the Houyhnhnms" (327). Gulliver returns to his society, rejecting human nature and scorning his fellow mankind. Gulliver loses his sense of human identity, which leads to his absurd desire to mimic a different species.

While Voltaire and Swift attack the dangers of pure Reason, both writers do not seek to eliminate reason completely in favor of the passions. Rather, the two authors argue that man ought to embrace both his sensual and his intellectual qualities. Alexander Pope concurs by asserting the necessity of man to accept himself as God created him. In the "Essay on Man," Pope attacks man's presumptuous desire to know beyond his ken: "What would this man? Now upward will he soar, / And little less than angel, would be more; Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears, / To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears" (I.VI.1-4). The restlessness mankind experiences stems from his inability to accept his position between animal and divine. Instead of understanding that the human soul possesses only limited faculties of reason, the Enlightenment thinkers "would be more." Pope clearly considers this attitude arrogant and futile. He continues, "The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find) / Is not to act or think beyond mankind; / No powers of body or of soul to share, / But what his Nature and his state can bear" (I.VI.17-20). Humans will only find true peace and "bliss" once they accept their place as beings with limited reason. While he does not specifically identify the passions as the limiting factor of human reason, it is clear that he identifies humans as possessing both animal and divine characteristics. According to the Aristotelian metaphysics which critics of the Enlightenment valued as the epitome of philosophy, the sensitive functions of passion are the capacities that animals are capable of possessing. Pope's argument calls for mankind to embrace his place in nature, accepting both the passionate and the intellectual aspects.

According to Pope, mankind ought not to tamper with the fundamental nature of human soul and existence when he warns:

Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break – for whom? For thee?
Vile worm! – oh madness! pride! impiety!

I.VIII.19-26

The entire balance of the universe is at risk if man dares to ascend above his station. While he exaggerates the consequences by threatening that "Planets and suns run lawless through the sky," undoubtedly Pope considers the repercussions of searching for pure reason as grave as planetary chaos. The imbalance between the intellect and the emotions will eventually lead to anarchy within the human soul, for stepping out of the natural boundaries of human existence will leave mankind without the fundamental balance between the dual forces that are essential to human identity.

Mankind innately possesses a duality of soul comprised of the emotions and the intellect. Thus, the emotions are crucial aspects which man cannot separate from reason. Voltaire, Swift and Pope attack the goal of achieving pure reason, each author arguing that the passions and interests of mankind comprise a part of our identities as human beings. The human identity depends upon the existence of both the emotional and intellectual capacities. An imbalance in either faculty leads to a human crisis, illustrated by the absurd and frightening consequences proposed by Jonathan Swift and Alexander Pope. While the Enlightenment's continued search for reason contributes to the growth of science and intellectual discourse, the innate design of human beings leave the ultimate goal of pure reason as both impossible and undesirable. Mankind's greatest success lies in embracing his inherent identity, and learning how to employ both the passions and reason simultaneously.

Analects of Core

On Respect...

"When rules are enforced,
people are rebellious."

Lao-Tzu

The Republic of Core

J. Lee Spitzer

Amanda Hollis

On April 4th, 2001, Professor Nelson's discussion was given a weighty assignment indeed: to decide, by means of trial and majority vote, whether lyric poetry was to be expelled from the Core Curriculum. With students representing Core authors from Confucius to Wordsworth, The Honorable Athene (Prof. Nelson) heard arguments from both sides: the poets (pleading Shelley), and the philosophers (brandishing Kant). Below are reproduced the stenographer's account of the two opening statements, given by Counselors Amanda Hollis and J. Lee Spitzer respectively. Athene opened by reading the proposed proclamation:

Whereas "Only so much of poetry as is hymn to gods or celebration of good men should be admitted into the city." (*Republic* 607a)

And Whereas: "If you admit the sweetened Muse in lyrics...pleasure and pain will jointly be kings in your city instead of law and that argument which in each instance is best in the opinion of the community." (*Republic* 607a)

And Whereas Not: "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." ("Defense of Poetry")

It is hereby resolved in the Great Republic of Core:

**That lyric poetry should from this time
forth be banished from the Republic.**

But Also Whereas: "If poetry directed to pleasure and imitation have any argument to give showing that they should be in a city with good laws, we should be delighted to receive them back from exile." (*Republic* 607a)

Therefore it is resolved that on the Fourth day of April, being in the year of our Lord 2001, a Wednesday, a public debate shall take place upon this resolution.

Read on...

The Prosecution...

"A Platonic Critique of Poetry and a Kantian Critique of Shelley's Moral Vision," presented by J. Lee Spitzer

Upon the conclusion of this chapter of the Core Project, we must ask ourselves, "What is the end of core?" The answer I would offer to this question is *truth*. That is a goal which has no end, no finish. But although the quest for truth has no end, it is a quest that can be misled. There are false fires lighting false paths, which lead to nowhere. Lyric poetry is one such false fire, precisely misleading, and therefore contrary to the essence of core. *It should be banned.*

The overarching basis for this claim lies in Plato's philosophy. The fact is that we live in a world of articles. It is *a* hat, *the* bridge, *that* book. It is not simply hat, book, bridge. No, those are forms. The form is the thing itself, the true thing. Our world is but a shattered looking glass: the true forms are no longer whole in our sight. Each shard of the glass presents a different angle, a different picture of the world. No one can truly see from another's eyes. And so from this shattered world we struggle to piece together the mirror. We look for something true, something universal. But what do we find in the way? We find people who radicalize perspective, people who enlarge the gaps rather than close them. They concentrate on the particular rather than on the universal. In doing so, they invite people down the paths of subjectivity. It is a dangerous world that the poets present. As Professor Christopher Ricks observed, it is Shelley's world of identification, where morality and justice become contingent factors. They become contingent in the sense that, so long as you find yourself in others, morality is safe. But what if you don't? Kant said that the world of morality is necessarily "a priori." Identification is anything but "a priori." So we come back to the world where what you yourself see becomes the benchmark of truth-- a subjective world. However, the world must not be treated in a way in which the subjective standards of memory and feeling and identification outweigh objective commonality ("a priori" morality, the forms). The radical perspective fostered by lyric poets must not succeed in barring the path towards objective truth. The reasons for this shall become evident as the trial proceeds.

The Defense...

"Lyric Poetry and Human Experience," presented by Amanda Hollis

Ladies and Gentlemen, a specter is haunting the Core Republic-- the specter of Kantianism.

The defense proposes today to take away the very essence of the Core-- the lifeblood, the pulse, the thing that makes this Republic so great. I speak, of course, of the lyric poets.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, I stand before you today, yes, as a lover of the truth, but more importantly as a lover of the human experience. Banish Blake, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley...writers who are able to touch mankind on oh so many different levels-- on the level of beauty, the sensuous level, of course, but also on a deeper level. Melding beauty with truth, lyric poetry reaches deep into the heart and soul of every man, woman, and child, bringing to life landscapes of our being virtually uncharted by philosophy, untouched by physics and by metaphysics. Banish the lyric poets from the Core Republic? Then, I ask you, what is to go next?

Are Homer and Milton, working with the same tools as the lyric poets, making us weak, soft, effeminate, irrational? And what *about Pride and Prejudice*? Surely the happiness between Elizabeth and Darcy-- because it cannot be diagrammed, plotted in color chalk, or deduced from geometric axioms-- must also be banished from Core! And, following this line of thinking, Lao Tzu, the eastern thinkers, whose enigmatic wisdom can often be expressed in poetic form-- they will be exiles from the core as well. The *Marriage of Figaro*, Lavoisier and his Wife, the statue of Athene-Parthenos used in virtually every Core lecture freshman year-- yes, these are all unsuitable for this great Republic of ours.

Ladies and Gentlemen, banish the lyric poets from the Core and with them you will banish the human experience. And what then, persay, will we replace it with? Kant, Kant and MORE KANT! With the lyric poets and, soon to follow, all the poets banned from Core, our Republic will become a world of ever-increasing geometric axioms, logical propositions, and, yes, categorical imperatives. T.S. Eliot is gone, and we have indeed "ceased from exploration," for fear that it might spark the imagination and stir the emotions. We return not to Gilgamesh's city walls and the Kingdom of Uruk, but rather to a Kingdom of Ends in the newly-crowned Kant-Curriculum.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, I implore you, the fate of the Core Curriculum is in your hands! Banish lyric poetry, you banish beauty, nature, and the human experience. Descartes, Spinoza, Bacon, Calvin: this is the letter of the Core Curriculum, but we are missing the spirit. These thinkers, though great, can tell us how to live and proceed, but can never show us the beauty of life, what it means to be alive. Truth is eternal; beauty is moment to moment, and as Lao-tzu says, we need them both to balance the human experience-- we need lyric poetry to "cultivate our core garden."

Both sides presented excellent cases, eliciting commentary from some of the greatest thinkers in the literary world. The verdict? In true Core fashion, an overwhelming victory for the defense.

Dialogue on Kant Between Owl and Pooh

Zoe Chiam

Characters: from A.A. Milne's The Adventures of Winnie the Pooh

Pooh, an enthusiastic but easily-confused bear,
and

Owl, a patient and wise friend of Pooh

.....

Pooh: *Ouch!*

[Owl flies to the scene]

Owl: Hello, Pooh, I am very glad to have found you. We were worried about you, waiting for you so we could begin Roo's birthday celebration. We all decided to search for you, but Eeyore lost his tail in the thistle patch. The others are helping Eeyore search for his tail, and I've been flying all over the Wood looking for you.

Pooh: Oh dear, oh dear, I'm terribly sorry Owl...I've just, I've just...

Owl: What is it Pooh?! What is it!

Pooh: Well, [sigh] I was feeling a little rumble in my tummy. You know how it is, Owl, when your tummy rumbles. I thought I should taste just a little of the honey I was bringing to give to Roo and, before I knew it, my arm was stuck in the honey jar. I've been sitting a good while wondering how to get out of this predicament.

Owl: That's "predicament," Pooh.

Pooh: Yes, yes, Owl, of course. Predicament.

[Owl sighs heavily and shakes his head; Pooh continues]

As I was saying, Owl, I was sitting, thinking about my rumbles, and especially thinking about the honey, when I forgot why I was out walking in the first place. You know, so many things on my mind make me confused, Owl...

Owl: Yes, you do become rather distraught over several things at once, Pooh, but right now we need to hurry off—it's a long walk to Tigger, Kanga, and Roo's from here.

[The two begin walking, Owl leading the way and Pooh following behind, seeming rather disappointed]

Owl: I say, Pooh, is everything all right?

Pooh: Well, Owl, please keep in mind that I am a bear of little brain. Big things do confuse me, but I am just wondering how this little brain of mine is so capable of forgetting something as important as Roo's birthday. I feel like an awful friend and if I'm remembering correctly, I tend to forget things quite often. I am not as wise as you are, Owl. I imagine things must be much less bewildering and confusing to one with such intelligence, wit, and judgment as you.

Owl: "Bewildering," Pooh.

Pooh: Yes, bewildering.

[Owl sighs kindly]

Owl: How interesting that you should mention those capacities of the mind, Pooh. I am currently reading a fascinating book I found being used as a doorstop in Piglet's home. He claimed it was too big for him to hold and tired arms would just not do so he retired it to a more utilitarian position on the floor. It's called *Groundwork of the Metaphysic of Morals* and is written by the great thinker, Immanuel Kant.

Pooh: Kent? Is he not the same British man you were reading about last week?

Owl: Oh dear, no, Pooh. William Kent is a brilliant British architect whose work I enjoy reading about immensely, but I am talking about *Kant*.

Pooh: Oh. [Still confused]

Owl: Kant wrote the *Groundwork* to establish the supreme principle of morality and to make it mankind's goal. "This by itself is a business which by its very purpose constitutes a whole and has to be separated off from every other enquiry." (60) Pooh! That is so important in life! This man is examining morals in such depth that behavior is turned into principle. This shows that, in their true form, morals may be applied in different situations yet are still universal and consistent.

Pooh: *Groundwork*? That sounds like architecture to me! Do you mean Kent, Owl? Are you quite sure? Morals -- they are of another topic than groundwork! Oh Owl! You too have become confused!

[Owl frowns a look of understanding frustration]

Owl: No Pooh, this grounding has nothing do to with architecture. As I said, this book is concerned with morals. What reminded me of Kant was your comment about faculties of the mind. Kant states, "It is impossible to conceive anything at all in the world, or even out of it, which can be taken as good without qualification, except a *good will*." (61) The capacities you mentioned are indeed admirable, but of no use without good will, and that is something that *you* do possess.

[Pooh scratches his head and scrunches his forehead as he ponders]

Pooh: Owl, things I do never seem to end as I intend them to...

Owl: That Pooh, is one of Kant's most important points! An action may be considered moral only if the determining motive is moral. In other words, it is not the means that necessarily matter, but the intended ends.

Pooh: Of course Owl, how else would one behave? I'm afraid this Kent is confused himself; after all, isn't being nice is very important? That's why we're all able to be such friends: you, Tigger, Eeyore...

Owl: No Pooh, not everyone is aware of the benefits of being nice in the same way you are. Some are selfish and feel that any means necessary to reach a beneficial end for them is acceptable; and they behave immorally if that is what is necessary. Kant is discussing how the world should be, ideally. Moral principles are synthetic a priori principles; they do not coincide with how the world actually is. The meaning of "a priori" is independent of experience and morals would not be independent of experience if they were derived from present behavior of mankind.

Pooh: The things I learn are through experience and I never thought of them as being bad, Owl!

Owl: Pooh, it does not mean that "a posteriori" lessons are unethical, even though they may not be as valuable as a priori actions. The morals you possess are from values instilled in you by ideas, ideas given to you perhaps by Christopher Robin who has had those same ideas instilled in him by his parents. To him they are as simple as manners which come from a sense of duty toward his parents. Manners are derived from the moral laws which Kant expects us to freely abide by. The principles that make up these manners are universal. They are the defining principles for all behavior the furthest extreme, would still constitute moral behavior that would be acceptable as law. This is a categorical imperative: "*Act only on that maxim through which you can at the same time will that it should become a universal law.*" (88)

Pooh: A law?! Owl, I am not qualified to make a law--that is the work of political leaders.

Owl: It's not a legal question, Pooh. Rather, these laws are what should exist as the ideal of proper human behavior. They are different from legal matters. Moral judgment must come with freedom; "*We must be able to will that a maxim of our action should become a universal law canon for all moral judgment of action. Some actions are so constituted that their maxim cannot even be conceived as a universal law of nature without contradiction, let alone be willed as what ought to become one.*" (91)

Pooh: Oh...[twisted face of confusion]...well, if it's not in the Constitution then I don't quite understand the meaning and worth of Kant...er, Kent. No no, I mean Kant?

Owl: Kant.

Pooh: Yes—him.

Owl: Well, Pooh, *Groundwork of the Metaphysic of Morals* is very meaningful and important to understand; if everyone could actually act upon its ideas the world a better place. Kant describes "popular philosophy" and points out that it is never questioned "whether the principles of morality are to be sought at all in our acquaintance with human nature (which we can get only from experience)" (78). Human nature includes desire; and morals in their pure form cannot be mixed with self-interest. Self-interest creates a danger of lessening the strength of the moral aspect of an action and increasing selfish tendencies. "All moral concepts have their seat and origin in reason completely *a priori*, and indeed in the most ordinary human reason just as much as in the most highly speculative: they cannot be abstracted from any empirical, and therefore merely contingent, knowledge." (79)

Pooh: Owl, I am afraid I am quite awful according to Kant! Everything I do for friends makes me happy! I *like* being happy! Does that really mean that I am self-interested and therefore without morals?

Owl: Of course not, dear Pooh. What you do for your friends is to make them happy and that is your desired end. Your happiness that is derived from their happiness is merely a further pleasantry accomplished by your good will. Besides, *Groundwork of the Metaphysic of Morals* is not meant to be realistic in the sense that it would be an achievable lifestyle for a Pooh bear or even for Christopher Robin and his parents. It is important to remember, Pooh, that Kant is basing his principles on a mankind without

human nature; for human nature includes wicked things such as jealousy, greed, and other such unpleasant traits. More than anything, Kant's book is important to us because it has made us think; we can try to develop our sense of duty and extend our good will to elevate our moral standards. Kant's ideal world is not possible, but he creates guidelines to help us "seek out and establish *the supreme principle of morality*." (60)

Pooh: Owl, I think I understand now. [long pause] Owl, do you think Roo would like this book?

Owl: Roo? [surprised] Well, Roo does like to read, but he still travels in Kanga's pouch -I don't know whether he reads philosophy quite yet. Why do you ask?

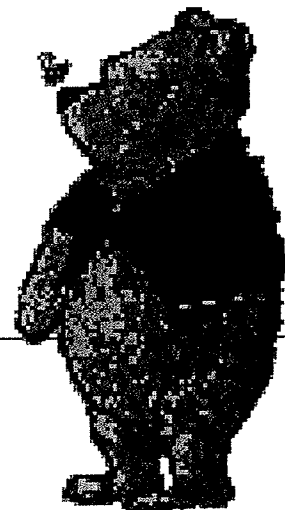
Pooh: Well [blushing], so much thinking and walking at the same time led me to feeling a bit absent-minded about honey and...well...I find that the honey jar I was taking to Roo is now empty! It is only to be expected from a bear like me, Owl, -I am a bear of little brain, and your big words and thoughts made me forget I was carrying a gift.

[Owl laughs and the two friends walk off through the Wood toward their friends.]

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The Natures of Rousseau

Kristin Matly

Of Natural Man

For Jean-Jacques Rousseau, man is naturally a solitary species, motivated only by appetites, lacking language and devoid of reason. Natural man is innately good, if only because he is ignorant of evil; he is a part of Nature if only because he cannot conceive of being separate from it. Reason is an incidental faculty man accidentally acquired, and it is this ability to rationalize that makes man miserable. In his *Discourse on the Origin and Foundations of Inequality Among Men*, Rousseau writes: "In instinct alone, man had everything he needed in order to live in the state of nature; in cultivated reason, he has only what he needs to live in society."¹ With his connection to Nature severed, man is entirely isolated, and society only alienates man more. Yet, in *The Confessions*, Rousseau often laments the insatiable craving of his heart for love. "This singular need was such that the most intimate physical union could not fulfil it; only two souls in the same body would have sufficed."² Rousseau is a man of contradiction: his nature desires to be satisfied with a love that he is not willing to appreciate and incapable of returning.

In his political writings, Rousseau mourns the fall of man into reason and his exile from innocence. Essentially, Rousseau, like Spinoza, views God and Nature as interchangeable. "I have never liked to pray in a room; walls and all the little works of man come between myself and God. I love to contemplate Him in His works,

while my heart uplifts itself to Him."³ Because Rousseau's relationship with Nature is so religious, there are many parallels that can be drawn between the fall of Adam and Eve into sin and the fall of Natural Man into reason. When Adam and Eve eat the forbidden fruit, they are expelled from the garden, simultaneously severing their bond with perfect Nature and their intimate relationship with God. But it is only in his fallen state that man is able to initiate a higher connection with God, stronger because it is chosen. Likewise, reason immediately separates Natural Man from the world around him. Society is a creation of reason, striving to replace the forfeited communion with Nature with community. But man is not essentially social, and though he is lonelier in society, he cannot return to Nature because exile is forever. Yet, it is still possible for man to develop a personal relationship with Nature, deeper precisely because man is aware of his separation.

There are many moments documented in *The Confessions* where Rousseau is healed into wholeness by Nature. As a young man walking through the woods, Rousseau describes his blissful contentment: "I was enjoying that short but precious moment in life when its overflowing fullness expands, so to speak, one's whole being, and lends all nature in one's eyes, to the charm of one's own existence."⁴ It is an ecstasy that we have all savored, an instant as precious as it is fleeting, where everything feels complete inside and out. It is only with reason that we can experience such a joy, for although Natural Man was so consistently close with his surroundings,

¹ Jean-Jacques Rousseau: *The Basic Political Writings*, p.52. trans. Donald A. Cress. Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing Company, 1987.

² *Confessions*, pg. 386

³ pg. 225

⁴ pg. 63

he was without the faculties to identify this fixed union, and consequently, could not take pleasure in it. Rousseau also reestablishes his relationship with Nature through illness. Reminded of his own mortality, and thus, his constant connection to Nature, Rousseau writes: "Watching the spring again was like a resurrection into paradise."⁵ Rousseau's use of religious language reflects the Romantic belief of the artist redeeming fallen man, and that Christ was the greatest poet of all. Rousseau's religion of Nature and poetry can be seen as the foundation of the Romantic tradition.

The Nature of Love

For Rousseau, man's relationship to God and Nature is very similar to the Biblical teachings. The largest divergence from the Genesis story is Rousseau's insistence that man is naturally solitary. In the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve love one another before the Fall, and Milton even describes their relationship as sexual, so that love and even sex are inherently a part of the human composition. In contrast, Rousseau's Natural Man is satisfied to be in Nature, so primitive that sex is an appetite to be satiated like hunger.

The fundamental loneliness of Natural Man reflects Rousseau's own inability to love anybody completely in his life. Rousseau desires love above all, but it will never satisfy. The most important relationship Rousseau has is with Madame de Warens, who he affectionately calls Mamma. Up until this point, he has had infatuations with females, but it was always a naive devotion, as in the case of Mademoiselle Goton: "I loved her as a brother, but with a lover's jealousy."⁶ Placing his lovers in an incestuous relationship to himself is a theme that reoccurs throughout his life, and it reveals his psychological inability to regard love as a pure emotion, as much as he tries to convince himself otherwise. For if community is only man's failed attempt to replace the peace he felt in Nature, than love is the largest deceit of rational thinking.

From the very beginning of his life, Rousseau is overwhelmed with a deep desire to develop a relationship that can calm and satisfy his tortured being:

The first, the greatest, the strongest, the most inextinguishable of all my needs was entirely one of the heart. It was the need for intimate companionship, for a companionship as intimate as possible, which was the chief reason why I needed a woman rather than a man, a woman friend rather than a man friend. This singular need was such that the most intimate physical union could not fulfil it; only two souls in the same body would have sufficed.⁷

One could also conjecture that Rousseau's need for female companionship goes back to his mother: "I was born, a poor and sickly child, and cost my mother her life. So my birth was the first of my misfortunes."⁸ In never having known a mother's love, it Rousseau not surprisingly tries to manipulate his closest relationships into a substitute, and that these relationships are sexual is even more necessary because it is the closest Rousseau can get to returning to the womb. But although Rousseau calls Madame de Warens "Mamma", she does not successfully satisfy his need for maternal affection because their relationship is tainted with incestuous union. "She was to me more than a sister, more than a mother, more than a friend, more even than a mistress; and that is why she was not a mistress to me. In short I loved her too much to desire her; that is the clearest idea I have on the subject."⁹ By stretching one person's love to fulfill his many insufficiencies, Rousseau leaves all of his needs unsatisfied, and he is constantly disappointed.

Rousseau's attempt to link love and religion is epitomized in his meeting with Mamma during his coerced conversion to Catholicism: "For in a moment I was hers, and certain that a faith

⁵ pg. 222

⁶ pg. 37

⁷ pg. 386

⁸ pg. 19

⁹ pg. 189

preached by such missionaries would not fail to lead to paradise.”¹⁰ Exploiting the religious context of their meeting, Rousseau plays with idea of replacing nature as his mode of salvation and worship with love. But while Rousseau feels complete and calm in nature, he suffers from an inherent distrust of people, and so can never commit himself so exclusively and entirely as to secure repose from a relationship. It is interesting, then, that Rousseau can openly and comfortably engage in love only when he is in nature: “It was in that wood, sitting with her on a grass bank beneath an acacia in full flower, that I found a language really able to express the emotions of my heart.”¹¹ But it is an instant as fleeting as it is precious.

The Nature of Compassion

In *The Confessions*, Rousseau captures the most basic duality that plagues the human condition: passion and reason. It is this tension that prevents Rousseau from ever experiencing a love that will quell his anxieties. Rousseau only seems satisfied with love, and life in general, when he is still anticipating it:

My heart throbbed with joy as I drew near to my dear Mamma, but I did not go any the quicker for that. I like to walk at my leisure, and halt when I please. The wandering life is what I like. To journey on foot, unhurried, in fine weather and in fine country, and to have something pleasant to look forward to at my goal, that is of all ways of life the one that suits me best. It is already clear what I mean by fine country. Never does a plain, however beautiful it may be, seem so in my eyes. I need torrents, rocks, firs, dark woods, mountains, steep roads to climb or descend, abysses beside me to make me afraid.¹²

This particular vista not just fits Rousseau’s tumultuous character, but anticipates his flaws as well: “Looking ahead always ruins my enjoyment. It is never any good foreseeing the future. I have never known how to avoid it.”¹³ By converting time into space, Rousseau solves this problem. Because he knows that Madame de Warens is at the end of his journey, this knowledge satisfies him, and he does not try to forecast what is beyond the next ridge of the road he is travelling, but instead relishes the surprise. In a sense, Rousseau enjoys walking as much as he does because it is the only way in which a rational man can really achieve the timelessness of Nature and God, and so it follows that so many of his epiphanies occur while Rousseau is traveling.

The paradoxical divide of Rousseau’s nature becomes very apparent in his desire to care for others:

I have always taken particular pleasure in taming animals, particularly timid and wild ones. I found it delightful to inspire them with a confidence which I have never abused; I wanted them to love me and yet be quite free.¹⁴

It seems cruel that a man so enthralled with nature would take pleasure in destroying its harmony. By removing animals from their habitat and inflicting them with an unnatural dependency upon him, Rousseau is guaranteeing that these animals will always be separated from Nature. The darkest side of human nature is evident in Rousseau, a man who gave his own children up for adoption. How could a man, who takes such delight in smothering care upon animals that don’t need his protection, don’t appreciate his affection, and are in actuality worse off because of it, give away his own children who are completely dependent upon him? Rereading the above passage, one is struck by the impulsive sentimentality of his expression. Yet, when

¹⁰ pg. 55

¹¹ pg. 414

¹² pg. 167

¹³ pg. 106

¹⁴ pg. 222

speaking about his own children, his tone is calculating, cold, and almost harsh:

So it was that in a sincere and mutual attachment into which I put all the affection of my heart, the void in that heart was nevertheless never really filled. Children came, who might have filled it; but that made things even worse. I trembled at the thought of entrusting them to that badly brought-up family, to be brought up even more badly. The risks of their upbringing by the Foundling Hospital were considerably less.¹⁵

Again, Rousseau describes his desire for a love large enough to overflow his hollow heart, and as it is with his lovers, he is disappointed when his children do not ease his pain. Immediately though, his line of logic turns to his concern for their well being, and he rationally outlines his justification for giving his children up for adoption. This abrupt departure from a confession of the emotional emptiness of a father to a reserved execution of paternal concern is very suspicious and Rousseau's overwhelming selfishness is at last made plain. The passions of Rousseau demand such emotional excess that in surfeiting his appetite for affection, he might be appeased. But rationally, Rousseau cannot reciprocate the relationship, or even bare himself to receive any love at all, because the risk for pain is high for one so unguarded. And so, Rousseau must content himself with the safe and simple pleasure of trusting animals because he is completely alienated from humanity, incapable of loving even his own children.

Analects of Core

On Social Interaction...

"Are there not grounds for suspicion that all philosophers, insofar as they are dogmatists, have been very inexpert about women?"

Nietzsche

On Satisfaction...

"While here I stand, not only with the sense of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts that in this moment there is life and food for future years."

Wordsworth, *Tintern Abbey*

¹⁵ pg. 387

The Public and Private Opinions of an Enlightened Clergyman

Sarah Gallo

"Now a certain mechanism is necessary in many affairs which are run in the interest of the commonwealth by means of which some members of the commonwealth must conduct themselves passively in order that the government may direct them, through an artificial unanimity, to public ends, or at least restrain them in the destruction of these ends. Here one is not allowed to argue; instead, he must obey. But insofar as a member of the machine considers himself a member of the entire commonwealth, indeed even of a cosmopolitan society, who in the role of the scholar addresses the public in the proper sense through his writings, he can certainly argue, without thereby harming the affairs in which he is engaged in part as a passive member."

*-Immanuel Kant,
"Answer to the Question:
What is Enlightenment?"*

Today, September 30, 1784, I stand before you to discuss a simple, five-letter word that has the potential for more evil than the serpent that tempted our dear Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The riddle I speak of is pride. Week after week we suffer from unhappiness when, in fact, our error and misery are caused by nothing beyond ourselves: pretending to be more perfect than we really are, aiming at a higher level of intelligence than we are capable of achieving. Was all of creation centered on man? I am here today to tell you that the answer to that pretentious question is a resounding no. In the visible world there is a gradation of sensation

and mental capacity that causes a subordination of creature to creature and of all creatures to man. However, we foolishly interpret this hierarchy as an excuse to play the part of the divine. We place ourselves in the role of God by evaluating the fairness, perfection, and justice of our dispensations. But the question we should be asking ourselves is, who are we to judge the ways of the world? Man is only able to judge man because we are blatantly ignorant to our place and relationships in the universe. We have a rank to uphold in creation; we were made to conform, but the extent of our malleability in the hands of the creator is a mystery to our feeble minds. Our duty to God and ourselves is to suppress the raging pride within us. God is above us, the beasts of the field are below us, and our place is in the middle; if one rung on this delicate ladder is broken, the whole design crumbles. One moment we wish for the wings of an angel, and the next we envy the swiftness of the animals. These unreasonable complaints show beyond a shadow of a doubt that we are fickle and never satisfied. Who amongst us can honestly say that even if all of our wishes were granted they would refrain from further desire? I dare say that not a soul would speak. Man is extravagant, mad, and worst of all prideful in desiring to be more than he is.

Say first, of God above, or man below, what can we reason, but from what we know? Has one of you sitting before me seen the divine, spoken with him over dinner, asked him his motivation for creating the world? If you have, please speak now and enlighten your neighbors. God can see worlds upon worlds bound together to compose a single universe. He can see other planets circling alien suns whose existence is unknown to us. Of other men, what do we know but his station here? For that matter, what do we know of ourselves except that by which we are identifiable? I am a man of the church, but I do not dare to attempt to understand why God has placed me here. Through

worlds unnumbered, though God be known, 'tis ours to trace Him only in our own. Oh the epitome of ignorance and pride! Only He knows why heaven made us as we are.

Presumptuous man! Foolishly we question; has God placed us incorrectly in the universe? This inquiry in itself is ridiculous. Do we ask of our mother earth why oaks are made taller and stronger than the weeds they shade? Then in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain; there must be somewhere such a rank as "man". Just as the proud steed does not understand why man restrains his fiery course or drives him over the plains, the day will never come when we understand why our actions, passions, and being are such. The thousands of tasks we do everyday seem to serve a purpose in the selfish, conceded bubbles in which we live. But in the eyes of our creator our trivial tasks are purposeless, especially since he can perform a single act and not only retrieve the supreme end result, but also cause innumerable other unforeseen things to occur. On this terrestrial sphere, it may seem as if man is principal when, in fact, he acts second to some sphere unknown. I urge those of you before me not to place the blame on Heaven for man's imperfections, but instead publicize that man is as perfect as he ought to be.

Blindness to the future is the kindest gift of all. For the divine, triumph and destruction are viewed through equivalent spectacles. A hero perish, or a sparrow fall, atoms or systems into ruin hurled, and now a bubble burst, and now a world. But as mortal beings, our superstitions, dare I say our fear of death, prevent us from simultaneously knowing the future and maintaining a peaceful life. Do not fear death my friends, adore the Lord and be thankful that he has not granted us the intelligence to know our exact fate. Take for example our comrade the Indian. He thinks that he sees God in the clouds or hears him in the wind. He may be foolish, but nonetheless he is happy. An escape to an imaginary world where the predicaments he suffers from cease to exist is what places him in a different realm from us. He is happy to exist; he does not attempt to be more than he is. Where is his pride? Unfortunately I, myself, cannot even answer that question. What future bliss the creator gives me, I do not know. But the hope that my future is with him in heaven is my blessing now. Ignorance of the forthcoming is our present bliss.

He that wishes to invert the laws of order sins against the eternal cause. By aspiring to be more we commit a sin; has pride so blinded you that you dare be God of God? You may be quick to deny such an

extreme accusation, but what is the message that you are sending when you say here God gives too little and there too much?

We kill other creatures for sport without remorse, but we are the first to cry when we feel slighted from material possessions. Our error lies in pride. The earth is here for more than mortal pleasure; the annual growth of grape and renewal of the rose serves a greater purpose than to please mankind aesthetically. To put our disgusting level of pride in perspective, I invite you to examine nature. Are natural disasters such as earthquakes, floods, and fire nothing more than a manifestation of nature's pride? We blame God when nature's pride is out of control, but when it comes to human pride, blaming anyone or anything does not cross our minds because we foolishly believe that it is within our nature to act so extravagantly.

The bliss of man, could pride that blessing find, is not to act or think beyond mankind. We want the strength of bulls and the fur of bears, but what purpose would they serve? The sole reason behind man's to desire for such extravagances is that our unruly pride beckons us to seek out and possess that which we do not already have. Greed is pride's accessory. Why doesn't man have a microscopic eye? For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

If we continue to press on the superior powers, inferior ones are bound to do the same to us. By invading higher territory we put ourselves at risk. My friends, we stand to single handedly cause the chaotic destruction of the universe if we do not learn our place within it. All this dread order break- for whom? For thee? Vile worm! Oh madness! Pride! Impiety!

God is the only thing that is both found in himself and in everything. He fills, bounds, connects, and equals all. Know your own point, this kind, this due degree of blindness, weakness, and ignorance heaven bestows on thee. One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

30 September 1784

Journal, old friend, I turn to you again in hopes of redemption. Why are those within my congregation afraid to use the brains within their heads? I am enthralled with the ideas of this Enlightenment period. I long for the day when I witness mankind's exit from self-incurred immaturity, an immaturity defined by the inability to make use of our own understanding without someone helping us. I remember well the day when I was set free from the constraints of living

under my parents, and even more the scholars of the church. By observing the individuals in my congregation, I have discovered two sources for their continued immaturity, namely laziness and cowardice. As for laziness, I imagine that it is easier to allow others to take the initiative to lead, organize, and postulate new ideas. Some are content to be given a task and mindlessly fulfill it. Fear of rejection, pain, and ridicule of new ideas account for their cowardice. How my heart aches when I realize that my occupation does nothing but fuel this fire! With books that provide philosophical understanding, doctors who establish diets, and myself, a priest who provides a conscience, the immaturity I so despise is given all the nourishment it needs to be cultivated in the minds of the weak. Money becomes an alternative to thought.

Guardians such as myself are skilled at recognizing that others see the path to maturity as difficult and dangerous. They may begin to scale the mountain of enlightenment, but they quickly lose their footing on the steep cliffs of free thought and rely on the safety net of established laws and formulas to prevent a fatal fall. My personal writings are my only tool to prevent me from suffering this awful fate.

What society needs is to be granted freedom on a public level. I long to be the single shepherd amongst the flock of blind sheep that infiltrates a spirit of rational assessment, of individual worth, and of vocation for each man to think for himself. In my sermons my claims do not always accurately reflect my heart, but I am careful not to implant vile prejudices within the willing followers. The ultimate revenge of all such ill-formed prejudices would be, after all, directed upon none other than myself.

I view the enlightenment of society as a gradual process. I have witnessed revolution and have come to the conclusion that it does nothing to enhance man's thought process. Our freedoms are restrained, and I am afraid that I am equally as guilty of crushing the masses' attempts at obtaining it as I am of serving as an evangelist for unreasonable ideals. Week after week my sermons (especially the one given earlier this day) leave the congregation with the impression that arguments are evil, and moreover sinful. From all parts of society the untrained ear hears the cries forbidding argument. The military says don't argue-march, the tax collector says don't argue-pay, and I, myself, say don't argue-believe. Without the right to object to questionable demands, what is man but another animal that grazes on the fruits of the earth?

My private duties, by that I mean my civil post, seem to be clearly distinguished from their public counterparts (a note to clarify: by public I refer to my scholarly writings). Not a day has gone by since I was first awakened by the alarm of enlightenment that I am not sickened by my private convictions and thankful for my public study and writings such as the one before my eyes.

I understand that my private duty fulfills my role as a citizen to the state; by encouraging obedience I cannot be blamed for public upheaval. I am a puppet for the church while at the pulpit, but a master of my own mind when by candlelight I compose in my familiar study.

The truth can be found in the rules that I preach, but I fear that I am the only one who has the courage to hunt through the propaganda to find it. In church my audience is the crowd that sits before me, but now my target is the world. With unrestricted freedom I employ my natural reason and speak my mind. I often wonder if my fellow clergymen do as I do. These writings cleanse me of the guilt I feel when the restricting words flow from my mouth and blanket the minds of congregation. I dread the hours that I stand before them and watch in horror as I commit the worst crime against human nature.

Man's destiny is progress, and I can only hope that these writings further the cause. Writing is perhaps the most dangerous revolutionary tool. By opening my mind and encouraging myself to progress further toward independent thought, I take a small but crucial step toward an enlightened society. I work my way, bit by bit, out of dark barbarity and into the light of intelligence.

The proverb by which I seek to live is *Argue as much as you want and about what you want, only obey*. We live in a world full of paradoxes where spiritual and civil freedoms are on opposite sides of a delicate scale. Freedom would manifest itself in a new politics where self-interest is the driving force.

I am the master of my own education.

Sapere aude.

Jane Austen and Mary Wollstonecraft, A Hypothetical Correspondence

Carinne Luck

Dear Miss Austen,

I have just put down a copy of your most recent novel, Pride and Prejudice, with some dismay. Ending with two marriages! – How utterly predictable and detrimental to the feminist cause. Though I commend you for not being of Miss More's weak-spirited party, I am disappointed that you succumbed to such a traditional ending, with the heroine settled into married life as if that was her only course of action.

You recall the opening line, "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife"? I was happy to hear the mocking tones of your observant narrator. Mrs. Bennet is certainly of this view, and you spare her no sympathy for it. Yet, in the end, you prove this to be true: Mr. Darcy *is* in want of a wife, and Elizabeth is ready to oblige. Miss. Austen, "women are told from their infancy . . . that a little knowledge of human weakness, justly termed cunning, softness of temper, outward obedience, and a scrupulous attention to a puerile kind of propriety, will obtain for them the protection of man" (116). No doubt, Mrs. Bennet was told so – she is certainly an advocate of this kind of learning - and once again, you appear to ridicule her for this. Yet, in the end, this too is allowed to emerge as the prevailing view. Why could Elizabeth not have taken up writing as you and I have done? Then she may have supported herself without worrying about inheritances or the like. No, you choose a cowardly route. Our heroine has, in fact, shown little heroism and only served to help spread the lie universally misreported, that a single woman with or without a good fortune, must be in want of a husband.

My only hope is that you will consider that which I have said.

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Mary W." in a cursive script.

Dear Miss Wollstonecraft,

You misunderstand my novel entirely. I am not a feminist writer, but a commentator. I see the various quirks of the English and our society and I make my occasional judgements; I do not intend to cause a feminist revolution by any means. I am sorry that you did not enjoy my ending. I found it quite satisfactory. Both Elizabeth and Darcy are strong characters willing to risk their social standing for love. Do you not see the beauty of this? They are not fools for love, following every whim and passionate impulse as Lydia and Wickham do. They are not settling or succumbing, as you would insist, but pursuing their happiness. I have read your work, Miss. Wollstonecraft. You are an advocate of virtue and the cultivation of virtue through understanding, I recall. Your wish, if I remember correctly, is to "enable the individual to attain such habits of virtue as will render it independent" (118). Love, my dear, does not interfere with this. In fact, love and emotion are necessary for happiness, and happiness and virtue, as Aristotle so wisely pointed out, are inseparable.

I am under the impression that you believe that matters of both the head and the heart should only be ruled by reason. You are mistaken, Miss Wollstonecraft. Matters of the heart and head should be ruled by both reason and emotion – once again, you may recall Aristotle being of the same opinion – and Elizabeth Bennet realizes that she loves Mr. Darcy with the aid of both. Her "regard" for Mr. Darcy does not spring from "sources" that are "unreasonable or unnatural" (226), as did her regard for Mr. Wickham. Indeed, her affections for Darcy take months to develop. No, Elizabeth is of sound heart and of sound mind when she decides to marry Darcy. Remember also, that the marriage of the two is not a simple tale of "happily ever after" but the beginning of a beautiful friendship (funny, that has a familiar ring to it!). You are concerned with the idea that men "enslave women by cramping their understanding and sharpening their senses" (119); that in romantic relationships men and women cannot find friendship. This is not true. Darcy and Elizabeth are great friends precisely because they can combine reason and emotion and, in turn, dissolve the pride and prejudice that has riddled their world-view. They are a balancing act, and if I may say so myself, they perform beautifully.

I hope that you can find more pleasure in my novel now, Miss Wollstonecraft.

Yours truly,

Jane Austen

The Power of an Aria

Laura Swan

On February 10, I attended Boston University's production of *The Marriage of Figaro* at the Huntington Theater. I was moved by the whole performance, but one character in particular, the Countess, enthralled me. I knew there was something special about her after witnessing her performance, so I set out to find just what that might be, in the words, the music, and the acting in the aria.

The Marriage of Figaro is unique in its juxtaposition of both comic and serious elements. As Joseph Kerman notes, it is the Count and Countess that add deep and genuine emotion to the texture of the opera. He writes, "...the Count and Countess are conscious: they feel their feelings through... Cruelty and shame have their place in Mozart's picture of human fallibility; particularly in this context, his drama reveals a view of life that is realistic, unsentimental, optimistic, and humane" (Kerman 107). Joachim Kaiser explains the role of the Countess best, saying, "She brings a new tone, that of complete seriousness- into the comedy, a tone wholly free from adolescent exaggeration, *opera buffa* playfulness or complacent superiority. It is the tone of heartfelt seriousness" (Kaiser 16). That heartfelt seriousness struck me most deeply in the Countess' "Dove Sono" aria performed in the sixth scene of Act III.

Perhaps it was the words she sang. The librettist Lorenzo da Ponte uses the words of this aria to depict a profoundly emotional, reflective woman. The Italian was beautiful to my ear, but since it is not my native tongue, I needed to translate the text before I could feel its full effect. The libretto of "Dove Sono" has the Countess asking question after question, "Where are those happy moments / Of sweetness and pleasure? / Where have they gone, / Those vows of a deceiving tongue? / Then why, if everything for me / Is changed to tears and grief / Has the memory of that happiness / Not faded from my breast?" Da Ponte rhymes the words "momenti" with "giuramenti," or "moments" with "gone," which are words that stab at the Countess' heart in realizing their connection to each

other. Her marriage, her love, and all that she had committed to with her entire existence, are in this moment... gone. To think that she has lost her source of "sweetness and pleasure" in life is even beyond grief for her.

Yet in the last part of the aria, in the final four lines, the mood changes. Here da Ponte brings out the most enduring facets of the Countess's character with the words he chooses to rhyme: "costanza," with "speranza," or "constancy" with "hope." The Countess, above all else, holds her composure and constancy throughout the opera, staying true to a commitment of love for her husband that she made when she married him. This constancy is all that gives her hope, and, as we see, is what reunites her with love once again in the end. Da Ponte's rhyming of "ognor" with "cor," or "always" with "heart," also accentuates the extraordinary character of this woman whose heart moves her neither to lust nor jealousy but to constancy. Da Ponte takes her from a state full of yearning questions, to a realization of her own strength, a strength that comes from a consistency in remaining true to her heart.

But the words alone cannot be what created the intensely emotional experience I had that night. Could it be that the music stepped in took me beyond the words of the libretto? Kerman writes that "in spite of all the flexibility and clarity of poetry, even the most passionate of speeches exists on a level of emotional reserve that music automatically passes" (Kerman 13). Kerman feels that Mozart is able to unite music to the poetry of da Ponte in ways that expand feeling beyond words. Ruth Katz suggests in her book Divining the Powers of Music, that music has this power to move us because our brains process both emotions and music on the right side. Katz draws this theory largely from the work of Susanne K. Langer, who claims that "music follows the pattern of life itself as it is felt and directly known...music is the tonal analogue of emotive life" (Katz 38). Music seems to fill a void that

words attempt to summarize. As Langer says, "A song conceived poetically sounds not as the poem sounds, but as the poem feels..." (Katz 34).

A closer look at how Mozart conceived the poetic feeling of "Dove Sono" reveals that he had something special in mind. Mozart understood the profundity of da Ponte's Countess and wanted to express her ability to bring herself out of self-pity and rise to action in the music of her aria. Mozart begins the *aria andantino* in C major, as the Countess sadly recalls a past of happiness and joy that has now escaped her. Her mourning is sincere, and Mozart's long, languid phrases bring the audience to her level of sadness and reveal the softness of her character. Also, Mozart removes from the Countess's arias the flute, which had added a playful note to Susanna's arias (Kaiser 16).

The aria is divided in three stanzas of four lines, and Mozart sets it in a form called the *rondo aria* that he was known to use only half a dozen times in his life (Wates). In this form, the three sections, A, B, and C, are performed in the pattern of A-B-A-C-C, repeating the A section and slowing the beginning line of "Dove sono i bei momenti" even more from two-bar phrases to four-bar phrases. This slowing gives an impression of increasing loneliness, despair, and hopelessness as the Countess returns to her reflection on a past of happiness and joy now gone from her marriage.

But Mozart surprises us with a sudden change in tempo in the allegro of part C, and then emphatically repeats the section. The Countess seems as though she is going to submit to her sorrow in the second A section, but that is not what Mozart has in mind. The words alone, "Ah! se almen la mia costanza... mi portasse una speranza di cangiar l'ingrato cor" (Ah, if only my constancy / In yearning lovingly for him always / Could bring the hope / Of changing his ungrateful heart), are not enough to convey the tremendous change that takes place in the Countess's state of mind. Here, Mozart's energetic music overrides da Ponte's neutral words. He then has the Countess propel the allegro with the word "Ah..." increasing the speed and intensity of the music to signify the fact that the Countess is not going to let her husband's infidelity defeat her faithful heart.

Mozart's repetition in the *allegro* of the words, "Di cangiar l'ingrato cor," or "changing his ungrateful heart," emphasizes what has really caused the Countess to feel pain. By repeating this phrase ten times in the C section of the aria, Mozart makes it clear what has angered the Countess most. Despite her

steadfastness and devotion, her husband only offers her an ungrateful heart, yet another connection of the Countess to the heart and her belief in love's divinity. She is dedicated, in ten powerful repetitions of the phrase, to changing this ungrateful heart of her husband.

In addition to the repetition, Kaiser describes this aria as a "pure C major triad, G to C at the start, then C to E, and finally not E to G, as would logically be expected, but E to A: something original and irregular, this sixth step, with its minor key undertones instead of a fifth" (Kaiser 17). As Kaiser further notes, the high A comes as the climax of the aria and is held for an entire bar then shifts at the word "cangiar," or "change," and returns A flat to G and ends in C major. "Here we are direct witnesses," Kaiser writes, "of how lustroously the desired transformation from a painful feeling of exclusion into the homecoming triadic harmony is effected" (Kaiser 17). In this way, the aria also shows us how the Countess' role changes through the opera as a whole from a state of confusion and despair in Act II to her compassionate mercy at the end of the Fourth Act.

Though the power of da Ponte's words and the music of Mozart are certainly important elements in the effect that the opera had on me, I knew there was also something else. Wallace Dace offers a definition of opera as "an imitation of a series of related actions, expressed by means of music, words and rhythmic movements, acted not narrated, arousing emotion in the spectator and achieving a catharsis of such emotion into meaning... If the action is not convincing, we lose interest in the proceedings and empathy becomes impossible" (Dace 176). I had experienced this arousal of emotion and empathy firsthand on that night just listening to "Dove Sono."

Even da Ponte himself recognized the importance of the actors' role in opera, saying, "I realised that it was not sufficient to be a great poet to write a good play; that no end of tricks had to be learned- the actors, for instance, had to be studied individually, that their parts might fit..." (Steptoe 108). The actress I saw that evening in the Huntington regally embodied the essence of what I thought the words and music were trying to convey about her character.

Amy Feather, a second-year graduate student in Vocal Performance at Boston University, played the Countess in the production I attended. I was intrigued by her ability to manifest the power of the words and music in such a way that I felt pure empathy and identification with her character. She became real to me, not as an actor or a singer, but as a real, hurting

human being. In order to bring herself to the level of this character, she says, "I had to take myself on an artistic journey, where she became a part of me, and I of her. I had to let my imagination wander to her time, place, and state of mind. I let myself be emotionally vulnerable to the music, and drew from my own individual collection of experiences, my own pain...."

In the BU performance of "Dove Sono," Amy is in the Count's study, embracing his robe in his absence. In the beginning of the aria, she is gently holding the robe to her face, recalling the sweetness of her husband's love in the past, holding on to whatever traces of it she can. By the *allegro*, she has dropped the robe onto the ground and is facing the audience, now firm and resolute in her plan. Amy spoke of the technical difficulty of singing this particular aria, with its long, slow phrases, added to moving around on stage, and acting in front of 800 people. She had to internalize the words and follow her intuition inspired by the direction of the music. The music of this opera, she says, perfectly paints the words of the libretto, placing a tremendous responsibility on the actress to combine the elements within herself and be faithful to this level of perfection that da Ponte and Mozart achieved in their partnership.

The Countess is in many ways the key to the Marriage of Figaro. In the final act it is she who reconciles the relationship with her husband from what seems to be a situation of impossible discord. This is not a weakness on her part, but is yet another sign of her wisdom and marvelous dignity. She sees that even in a day full of chaos and confusion, when her husband seems to have completely diverged from their marriage to pursue an object of his lust, there still is something more important in life that cannot be brushed aside with bitterness and harsh pungency, that is, devotion of her faithful heart to love.

The Countess recognizes a higher power in her heart, appealing to God her prayer-like arias. She consistently reminds us of the deeper texture present in the opera. Love, faithfulness, and constancy will always be at her core, the very forces that in the end are able to appease characters who have become fiercely separated. The Countess' ability to forgive her husband, despite the hardships she has endured, is truly remarkable. As Kerman observes, "Yet in spite of high injury and high feelings, their reconciliation is deep and true, the most beautiful thing in the opera. They are able to meet on terms that we had never dreamed were still available to them" (Kerman 107).

Amy explained her motivation to me, saying "I was once told after a performance, 'Amy, you just

gave us your heart- and we got it.' Now, whenever I perform, I just try to remember that wonderful compliment. I give them my heart- and I hope they get it." When Amy said this, I realized she was truly putting her whole self into the part and making her own experience that of the Countess'. What better fit for a character who appeals to God with all her strength, who values intuition and faithfulness above all else, and who lays down her heart for us in order to be true to herself and her love for her husband? I think Both da Ponte and Mozart would have been quite pleased with the perfect fit to the part on that night in the Huntington Theater.

Though exploring the different elements of opera provided me with several possibilities as to how it was that this particular aria moved me, it is quite obvious that no single one is responsible. It is the beauty of the opera as an art form in itself, with its infusion of poetry, drama, and music, that was able to touch the very center of my emotions. Dace writes that the opera evokes "a special kind of knowledge... not the kind acquired by reading books, attending lectures or observing life. It is intuitive, *a priori* knowledge, knowledge that is prior to thought... it cannot be conveyed to others by means of language. It remains locked up within us, a portion of the total storehouse of knowledge that we possess at any given moment in our lives" (Dace 178). This opera awakened the "a priori knowledge" locked within me, liberating it through the beautiful music and genuine acting and bringing me deep into the emotional world of the Countess.

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A Letter

Dear Mr. Locke,

I recently read a copy of your *Second Treatise of Government* and I must say, although brilliantly argued, your theories of an egalitarian society serve as nothing more than good proof that “the morality of the common man has won.”¹ You presuppose that “God...gave the World in common to all Mankind.”¹ But people are not equal by nature my friend! This is where you are wrong...

Have you not observed human strength before? Surely you have! Surely you have felt that *pathos of distance* while amongst people of less intelligence than you, and rightly so! Obviously people are not equal...you yourself epitomize that! It is unfortunate that you have not been able to see the beauty of the “noble”, the “powerful”, the “masters”, and the “rulers”. To celebrate the advantage you have over others. No! You are among the vast majority of western civilization today...these “offspring” of the “slave revolt in morality”¹ who have redefined the meaning of “good” to fit their own “common”, “low”, “plebeian” existence, and have invented the word “evil” to fit the “strong”, the “noble”, and the “high-minded”! This “Standard of Right and Wrong”² of yours “demands of strength that it should not express itself as strength.”³ Reason, you say, is the only way of maintaining equality under this “Law of Nature”⁴ of yours, to pursue “the best advantage of life”⁵, so that “no one ought to harm another in his Life, Health, Liberty, or Possessions.”⁶ Your ideas suppress humanity’s natural instincts. You claim, “God hath certainly appointed Government to restrain the partiality and violence of Men.”⁷ You encourage the ideas of the man of *ressentiment*, where “weakness is being tied into something *meritorious*...anxious lowliness into ‘humility’; [and] subjection to those one hates into ‘obedience.’ ”⁸ I *strongly* urge you to reconsider these “beliefs” and to take *Pride* in the Noble! Do as “the Roman, Arabian, Germanic, Japanese nobility, the Homeric heroes, the Scandinavian Vikings” have done!⁹ Recall your attack on the goodness of strength and cease pursuit of the “*Preservation of [individual] Property*.”¹⁰ Do not prize equality, John. Prize strength! Prize explosive creativity!

Sincerely,

Friedrich Nietzsche

to Mr. Locke

A Nietzschean Critique of Locke

While all of us do have different strengths, when it comes to morality, human beings are ultimately equal: we all have dignity; therefore, we all deserve respect. While the physically strong may overpower the weak, the mentally strong may devise a plan to rise victorious over their oppressors (just as Odysseus did with the Cyclops). While some are aesthetically gifted, others are mathematically inclined; while some are strong in the sciences, others are gifted in cleverness. While I agree with Nietzsche that humans are not equal, his strong views on supremacy seem to ignore the idea that all humans have dignity and therefore deserve equal respect. This is *very* dangerous: It is precisely when this form of moral equality is ignored that hazardous consequences occur, such as the German Nazis proved during World War II and Leopold and Loeb in 1924. That all humans are viewed as morally equal is to me absolutely necessary in a flourishing society. While Nietzsche's views may prove more "truth-telling", if the preservation of life is granted the highest value, Locke's ideas seem preferable.

¹ *Morals*, 36

² *Government*, 291

³ *Morals*, 34

⁴ *Government*, 351

⁵ *Government*, 269

⁶ *Government*, 286

⁷ *Government*, 286

⁸ *Government*, 276

⁹ *Morals*, 47

By Alex Acuña

There's a Tear in My Beer

Freud and Erikson on Happiness

Jessie Eschman

Erikson: Ah Sigmund! Sorry I'm late; it's great to see you!

Freud: Hullo....

Erikson: What's the matter? You look a little glum.

Freud: I don't know Erik, I've just been feeling down lately. I woke up this morning and all I wanted to do was stay in bed. I think I need a vacation.

Erikson: Good God Man! Let me order you another Pint! Listen, I'll tell you what your problem is. It's your whole way of looking at things pal. With this glum outlook you have on society, it's no wonder you're a wreck. I was reading over your Civilization and Its Discontents a couple of days ago and it was all I could do to keep myself from jumping out the window right then and there. I mean it's all right there in Chapter VIII. You say, "the price we pay for our advance in civilization is a loss of happiness through the heightening of (our) sense of guilt" (p. 97). That's a serious implication you are making. If I thought that the civilization I lived in was completely devoid of any real meaning, I'd surely want to stay in bed all day too.

Freud: But it IS true! Civilization as an entity directly opposes our human nature and our basic instincts. As a structure and an authority it can only act to make us feel guilty for having our instincts in the first place. It makes us restless, unhappy and filled with self-hatred.

Erikson: How so?

Freud: It's all in the Pleasure Principle. We seek pleasure in life; it gives us a purpose, a goal. Like I say in my very first Chapter, "one of the forms in which love manifests itself- sexual love- has given us our most intense experience of an overwhelming sensation of pleasure and has thus furnished us with a pattern for our search for happiness" (p.33). We naturally equate sexual pleasure with happiness because it satisfies us. We also live in a society that tells us that this passion is wrong. Consequently we feel guilty and ashamed of our desires and can never truly be at peace. Civilization molds our superego, which impresses this guilt upon us while we aren't even aware that the subconscious guilt trip is happening at all. Our superego encourages us to consistently strive for perfection and therefore forces us to deny satiating our pleasures. It, in effect, works against our true nature and denies us happiness.

Erikson: Well, I'd have to disagree with you there. I agree with a lot of what you have to say Sigmund, and I think you are valid in saying that our society molds our ways of thinking in manners we are hardly aware of. But, I think you've got man's relationship to society all wrong.

Freud: Well then Erik...enlighten me...please.

Erikson: Hey, don't act so cynical — hear me out. Civilization evolves in accordance with human nature. Take the Sioux Indians for example and then tell me that Civilization still lacks meaning. For centuries the Sioux hunted buffalo and traveled as nomads across the countryside. Of course their society had its fair share of trials and tribulations, as all societies do- but in general they were a thriving civilization that had a

rhythm and a pattern in its way of life. People did not feel disgruntled and they felt in general that they served their purpose on earth. They were, for all intents and purposes, content with life.

Then, the white man came and killed all of their buffalo and forced them into permanent dwellings, causing them to lose the civilization that defined them. The unhappiness and general malaise with life that permeates the attitude of the Sioux now is due to the lack of the civilization they once knew. Civilization does not make them unhappy- the loss of it does. This is why white educators find working with Sioux children so difficult. As I wrote in Childhood and Society, "The undisturbed Sioux cannot understand how anything except *restoration* is worth striving for, his racial as well as his individual history having provided him with the memory of abundance" (p.155). The educators focus on reforming them, not restoring them, and this seems pointless to the children. The Sioux have an extreme attachment to their old ways of life, they feel that these ways define who they are and they will only find happiness when they are restored.

Freud: But Erik, the civilization of the Sioux was destroyed by another civilization and I think that this is due in large part to the repression of the natural instincts of that aggressing civilization. Consider for a moment why war and colonization happen in the first place. Could it be that the denial of man's nature within his own society causes him to lash out against another? People are naturally aggressive towards one another but civilization asks that they repress this aggression so as to treat their neighbor with peace and love. All the aggression that is not realized becomes bottled up and eventually a civilization must find someone to be the scapegoat. The Indians you have studied, I would say, were attacked and their way of life destroyed because of the evils of civilization.

Erikson: I guess you do have a point there. I suppose it is true that Indian Tribes warred against each other way before the white man ever came to America.

Freud: Of course they did, aggression is part of instinct, and the idea of making another civilization into a scapegoat is not just particular to the case of the Indians and the White Man. The Nazis come to mind for example. I would say that Indians are now unhappy with their lives because of the way in which civilization has repressed them. They have taken society far too seriously and consequently are now lost without it. Similarly, the white man may very well have waged war against them because they took their own society too seriously as well. I don't see how you can propose that society can solve anything when all it seems to do is cause strife on a global level.

Erikson: Oh dear.... I need another drink.

Freud: See? Civilization is a bummer, ain't it? Why do you think this pub is full right now? Why does it exist at all in the first place? There's got to be something that is getting us down and forcing us to find these paltry means of numbing our pain.

Erikson: Hmmm... Well, I do see your point and I think you are right in some respects. Civilization has caused many problems for all different kinds of people all over the world. But, I will not give up the idea that civilization provides people with meaning, and from this they are able to derive some happiness and contentment in life. I just can't believe that we live in a world where this is untrue. Call me a softy, but there is reason behind it.

Freud: You ARE a softy, but I'm curious . . .

Erikson: Siggy, you yourself have stated that a person's life works in stages — oral, anal and genital. Now you view this as a progression that occurs mostly to suppress that person, but I think it might work with him. Is it not possible that these stages help man to work with his human nature, make the right choices and eventually be content with his life?

Freud: How can you say that a man can be content with his life when the final stage, the genital stage, is the one that represses him and refuses to allow him pleasure? Sounds like a grim end to me.

Erik: Well, I guess it does if you want to end a person's life there. But there aren't just three stages in my opinion. There are eight.

Freud: Eight?

Erik: Yes eight. They begin with your first three stages and proceed onwards through adolescence, adulthood and end finally with death. Within each step, it is crucial that man works towards joining civilization as an active member, and does not get caught up in the dangerous alternatives. Take the genital stage for instance. You have said that the meaning of life can be found in "Love and Work" (Erikson, p.265). We agree here that the only real danger to man is to avoid intimacy and sex, because it denies him meaning. But, isolating yourself is a way of ignoring civilization. I think satiation can be found within the civilization, provided that the civilization's foundation is a strong one. As I say when I discuss initiative vs. guilt, "Social institutions, therefore, offer children of this age an economic ethos, in the form of ideal adults recognizable by their uniforms and their functions, and fascinating enough to replace, the heroes of picture book and fairy tale" (p. 258). We both agree that as a child grows inevitably he or she will begin to separate from and even start to hate his or her parents. When this happens, I believe it is the institutions of civilization that can provide children with those structures necessary for guidance. Civilization is a friend here, not a foe.

Freud: So, you are telling me that civilization does not repress human nature at all?

Erikson: No, I think that there is a possibility for a bad civilization to repress human nature. But, if education and other social institutions have a strong and meaningful moral structure, I think that civilization can provide some relief and happiness in a person's life. You have to have something that you can be a part of Sigmund, some sort of larger whole you can put your name to, that guides you. It is the only way you can be happy. Ultimately, one can be happy with the final stage of their life and accept death if they are taught from the beginning, by the elders of their civilization, not to fear death. If a person is instilled with what I call ego integrity, the general direction of his or her life will have meaning and he will die relatively happy. A proper civilization can put a man at peace, and without it, he will be entirely restless.

Freud: Well, it's an interesting point you make Erik, but I don't think I quite buy it.

Erikson: I tell you, if you did, it would be a whole lot easier to head to the office in the morning. You can't go around thinking that the civilization you live in lacks meaning Sigmund; it's already making you crazy.

Freud: You may be right Erik, you may be right. One thing you said did strike me deeply and I'm starting to feel again that life does have meaning and that you can find happiness.

Erikson: Well there you go! You see? I'm glad I could help,

Freud: Oh no no no, I wasn't talking about your theories of civilization and happiness. I was struck by one of the times you quoted me. Happiness surely can be found outside of civilization, through love. And I think I see an opportunity for that kind of happiness sitting at the bar right now.... so if you'll excuse me.

Erikson: Well, who am I to get in the way of the choice between intimacy and isolation . . . be my guest... and ask her if she has a friend, will you?

An Essay in the Style of Montaigne

John Anthony Perfito

The only thing I wish to pursue in my life is knowledge, the knowledge of myself. I seek to know myself more than any other subject, to know myself inside and outside and to realize all that I am:

Knowing others is intelligent.
Knowing yourself is enlightened.
Conquering others takes force.
Conquering yourself is true strength.

Lao-Tzu

Other subjects are extraneous to my goal and hold no light against the brightness of my being. Each man contains within him all that is in the entire depth of man. So I choose to only speak of myself and gain more than any other man will ever do because I can more readily penetrate my subject and with the greatest accuracy attain the truth that I seek. I would rather be an authority on myself than on Aristotle. *I study myself more than any other subject. That is my metaphysics, that is my physics* [Montaigne].

All I need to know I can find within the bounds of myself. Cannot a man see his follies and learn from whence they came by knowing his passions and emotions? We are not so ignorant as not to know the reasoning behind our own actions, we need only to look and to inquire. And so in knowing can we not learn from ourselves rather than from books and from history what is right and virtuous? Socrates points out to Meno that virtue cannot be taught but is merely recollected; this is the subject of more than one of the Platonic dialogues. All knowledge lies within

us, says Socrates, and it is up to each person to draw it out. But first you must know that you do not know. You must see and understand your own ignorance.

To learn that we have said or done a foolish thing, that is nothing; we must learn that we are nothing but fools, a far broader and more important lesson [Montaigne]. When I am mistaken in something in my life and someone sets me straight, I do not merely take the advice and move on - that would give me nothing - but I recognize my own weakness and by doing so can find where it came from so that it can be corrected at the source. When stumbling out of the cave into the light of knowledge we will be tripped up by the stones on the ground, but we should not give up and turn back or run on at a faster pace but slow the pace at which we walk and realize our error. Nor should we depend on the help of others to carry us upon their backs for we will still be lost when they set us down.

And when one of you falls down he falls for those behind him, a caution against the stumbling stone.

Ay, and he falls for those ahead of him, who though faster and surer of foot, yet removed not the stumbling stone.

Kahlil Gibran

How would anyone be able to learn anything if he thought he knew it already? You must know that you do not know something before you can learn it, for you do not know if something is hot unless you touch it first.

For he who thinks himself sure and says he understands enough about himself signifies that he understands nothing. I find in myself such variety and depth that the only sure thing is that there is infinitely more for me to know. If I am but an actor upon a stage, then I must know my part and play it well and properly, not fear its flaws and hide from its intensity.

In knowing ourselves we must not let what others have to say sway our own actions. For in your heart you know what is right and what may be false. People only see your art — not your nature — therefore trust in yourself, not in their judgement. Many times, friends have lectured me on my conduct, good or bad, and it has not passed without appreciation, but they are external to the situation and do not have all the information. It is like claiming that I could tell what the puzzle represented without the key pieces; it is an error to speak such a thing and would likewise be a greater error to listen. *To found the reward for virtuous actions on the approval of others is to choose too uncertain and shaky a foundation* [Montaigne].

When someone acts badly towards you or speaks badly of you, remember that he does or says it in the belief that it is appropriate for him to do so. Accordingly he cannot follow what appears to you but only what appears to him, so that if things appear badly to him, he is harmed in as much as he has been deceived.

Epictetus

To have only ourselves as the reflection of truth means we must be able to trust in ourselves with the greatest faith, and know we are true. We need the experiences of time to become fully aware of ourselves; like anything else in life, things do not come to us without the passage of time. But we must pass this time correctly in order to be sure of anything; we must concern ourselves only with ourselves. Have you ever just sat down outside on a mild fall day, with the sunshine and the breeze penetrating your face and reflected on the day, the year, your life?

Relaxation and affability, it seems to me, are marvelously honorable and most becoming to a strong and generous soul [Montaigne]. Have you watched all the hurried people on their way to do something of implied importance? Men wrongly give themselves out for hire. They enslave their faculties to those forces that are not within them and in doing so lose the freedom of their soul. These are the people who are led and carried everywhere; they push to be at the front of the line, to accomplish the most, to be busy only for the sake of being busy. These people cannot keep still and in doing so trap their souls. For if a man disliked his footprints and his shadow and wanted to escape from them, he need not run until he were dead but only stop moving and go into the shade. I therefore employ myself upon myself; I do not hire myself out to the highest bidder. I guard my time as I would guard that which is most precious to me. People often give time attributes of money, and like money, time is spent and saved. The problem with this is you cannot save time, you can only spend it, but you can spend it wisely or foolishly.

Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to starve before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to-day to save nine to-morrow.

Henry David Thoreau

The more time they think they have means to them the more time to accomplish their success. A certain people believe occupation to be a mark of ability and dignity, their position in one life to be the mark of honor:

I have learned that success is to be measured not so much by the position that one has reached in life as by the obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed.

Booker T. Washington



Greatness of soul is not so much pressing upward and forward as knowing how to set oneself in order and circumscribe oneself [Montaigne]. Aristotle would have us find the mean between our vices to realize our virtue, moderation in our actions. Taoism teaches us to give way to what we face naturally and learn to endure what we cannot change. Only do not contend, And you will not go wrong [Lao-Tzu]. The world is composed in harmony and each thing has its place. We must be like Socrates and inquire until we find our place in the world: that is our purpose. And I must live my life in order to uncover the substance that lies within me. The weakness of men allows them to be content with what others may tell them, but I cannot be content with this, for so much lies within my circle. I must live my life with the purpose of being true to my own soul. To compose our character is our duty, not to compose books, and to win, not battles and provinces, but order and tranquillity in our conduct [Montaigne]. Thoreau went to the woods to live deliberately; well then I will live my entire life deliberately and in dying know that I lived every day of my life.

The clouds above us join and separate,
The breeze in the courtyard leaves and
returns.

Life is like that, so why not relax?
Who can stop us from celebrating?

Lu Yu

Walpurgis Night's Dream Revisited

Goethe's Bizarre Dream,

Deconstructed by Sigmund Freud

Amanda Hollis

Goethe's Study

Setting: An aging Goethe has just finished adding the finishing touches to Faust Part I and has spent the last fourteen hours focusing, in particular, on the Walpurgis Night's Dream scene. Weary and emotionally exhausted, our tired poet puts his pen down and heads to his bedroom chamber. Nodding off, he begins having a bizarre, yet life-like dream, in which he is present and participating in the scene at Walpurgis Night. Amongst those present in the dream sequence, in addition to the actual Walpurgis Night cast, are (strangely enough) Gilgamesh, Lao-tzu, Faust, Pope, Mephisto, Kant, Gretchen, and Rousseau.

Theater Manager: Let us rest today for once
My excellent sons of Mieding
"Ancient hill and greening vale"
is all the scenery required.

Goethe: Yes, let us rest our weary bones
My heavy head is spinning
My youth is gone, of this I'm sure
And is it worth regaining?

Gilgamesh: Take notice of this plant, old man,
I'll share if you so choose
How-the-Old-Man-Once-Again-Becomes-a-Young-Man,
Now what have you to lose?

Goethe (aside): Who is this hairy-bodied man?
And his friend, who's now approaching,
What has this gentleman to say,
He looks not too imposing.

Lao-Tzu: Things grow and grow,
But each goes back to its root.
Going back to the root is stillness.
This means returning to what is.
Returning to what is
Means going back to the ordinary.

Faust: Ah! With this sage, I do agree!
I know you see yourself in me,
Old man, it's time to just give up
I'm tired of becoming, I long to be!

Goethe: How dare you, you presumptuous man!
You are mere fiction, nothing more!
You will keep striving while you can,
And, if I wish, until Faust IV!

Matron: We are too civilized and proud
To argue with the younger crowd.
I wish the young and juicy fry
Would wither up and putrefy.

Pope: Cease then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point; this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.

Goethe (aside): Who is this man, this rhyming fool?
Would he have Dr. Faustus saved,
Or let him burn, his restless heart,
And take his questions to the grave?

Mephisto: Listen, Old Man. He has a point!
Recall your place: you are a worm.
And weak you are, and quite blind too.
On dust you'll feed; on dust you'll squirm.

Faust: You snake, you sophist, you old liar,
Your empty words, they have no place
With all these present here tonight.
You've won me, not the human race.

A Crane: I like to catch my fish
In clear and troubled waters
Hence you see that pious fellow
Making small talk with the devil

Goethe: Oh, my dear Faust, do not give up!
I've license here to save you yet,
I'll fool the bastard, cheat a bit,
And, sure enough, you'll win the bet!



Kant: Excuse me, sir, for interrupting,
But, as a moralist, I feel I must.
This man's an end, in himself,
No exceptions, in this law we trust.

Gretchen: Dear God, the thoughts and weighty matters
To which this man can put his mind!
All I can do is stand abashed
And nod my "yes" to everything.

Goethe (aside): My head is swimming! I'm overwhelmed!
Youth, love, reason, striving, hell!
I stir, these visions, what's the cause?
Dreaming? Awake? I cannot tell!

Rousseau: Old poet friend, you're quite confused
But reasoning won't solve this thing.
I've had fantasies, visions too,
But I felt before I thought a thing.

Orchestra
(pianissimo): The drifting clouds and sifting fogs
Receive the sun's awakening ray;
Breezes ruffle reeds in bogs,
And all that was has gone away.



Freud's Study

Setting: Goethe, extremely disturbed by his dream, has contacted Sigmund Freud, dream specialist and psycho-analyst, in hopes that Freud might be able to offer him some insight into this dream of his. Goethe, lying on one of Freud's famous couches, has just finished recapitulating the dream to Freud.

Freud: Very interesting. My good man, do tell me—these characters you speak of, are they people close to you, family members, familiar faces from your childhood perhaps?

Goethe: No, doctor, I told you, I didn't recognize any of them except for my own literary creations. Each vision came, as with a single purpose, to impart his somewhat enigmatic wisdom, and then was gone just as quickly, replaced by the next. I feel as if each one was trying to tell me something, but I can't quite figure it out yet.

- Freud: Yes, often in dream analysis we find that the desires and the yearnings of the subconscious surface in dreams and manifest themselves in various personae. It may be that what you've repressed, fears perhaps, are themselves foreign to you and can only be expressed in the form of people you have never met. How was your relationship with your mother?
- Goethe: My mother? I don't see how my mother fits into all of this. The only female in the dream sequence was Gretchen, Faust's love.
- Freud: Ah hah! Your sublimated Oedipal attraction to your mother, and subsequent resentment towards your father, have caused you to project these feelings into your literary creations. You argue with this Faust character, who is really your father, and are jealous of his relationship with Gretchen, your mother, but secretly wish to be your father and thus you are determined to save Faust.
- Goethe: Old man, you must be crazy! I'm sure Gretchen's presence in my dream was merely to contrast her innocence and pure moral simplicity, with the convoluted reason of this Kant fellow. That dry, high-minded, moralist who spoke of universals and philosophical truths. Almost, it seems to me now, the same way in which she provides a perfect contrast to Faust. Maybe this is the key...
- Freud: Yes, but this still does not explain the presence of Faust in your dreams, my friend. Your desire to manipulate him, to control his fate, is but one consequence of your stringent upbringing. You have internalized the authority figure in your life, namely your father. Now, this inner authority, the over-bearing super-ego, is the source of your compulsion to create and control Faust.
- Goethe: I have no retort for your psycho-analytic gibberish, and though much of what you say seems absurd, I find a grain of truth in it. My struggle with Faust reflects, perhaps, my own internal struggle, not with my super-ego (as you call it), but with mortality. This hairy-bodied fellow, Gilgamesh I heard him called, seemed to have been suffering from the same restlessness.
- Freud: Yes, revisiting our youth can be very painful and traumatizing. This old sage, Lao Tzu, let us get back to him—he must have been the embodiment of your inner child. He speaks mostly in sentence fragments, as would a child, and all this cryptic talk about returning to our roots, to the stillness—he is clearly referring to the womb.
- Goethe: Inner child? Have you paid attention to anything I've said? I'm not a young man anymore. Age and experience weigh heavier on me every night as, pen-in-hand, I continue work on *Faust*. I strive and strive to move forward, but maybe, as that old sage suggested, I need to return to my roots. Something in what that rhyming fool Pope said...
- Freud: Very interesting. The very act of trying to rationalize the desires of the Id, reason being a function exclusively of the Ego, shows the strength of the tug-of-war between these two drives within you. Did you take well to toilet training?

Goethe: Doctor, your approach seems to me completely wrong headed—but like the sailors who saw the sun rise on the wrong side of the boat—on to something. One of the spirits, Rousseau, said that he always felt before he thought. Going back to that rhyming fool, Pope, maybe reason cannot resolve our inwardly conflicted nature. But, then what is the purpose of...

Freud: Simple! To work and to love.

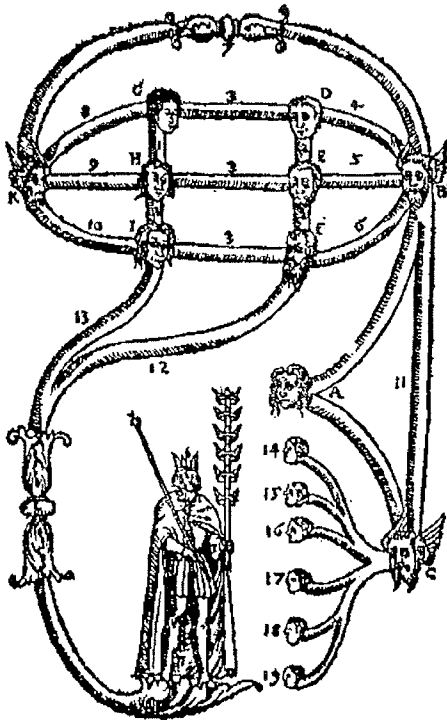
Goethe: I'm sorry, did I miss something?

Freud: A wise man (yours truly) once said that the purpose behind our existence, friend, what gives our lives meaning is simply two things—work and love.

Goethe: Work and love? Strangely enough, that makes sense. Yes, we work, or strive, towards love. We're not working towards nothing, striving in vain only to end up, as Mephisto suggested, as spiritual dust. That is it! We need not rationalize the means and the work, and we cannot rationalize the end. It is something that can be felt, but not thought. That is the ultimate end, what will save Faust, save us all! I feel it deeply now, the whole dream, it is all coming together...

Freud: Ahhh, yes! So you see that it is all about our desire to return to the womb, the libidinal instinct, and our need to feel that original sense of connectedness?

Goethe: If by that you mean Love, my dear doctor, then I think you are, indeed, correct.



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Analects of Core

On Life after Core...

"But that is the beginning of a new story-
- the story of the gradual renewal of a
man, the story of his gradual
regeneration, of his passing from one
world into another, of his initiation into
an unknown life. That might be the
subject of a new story, but our present
story is ended."

-Dostoevsky, *Crime and Punishment*

