



The JOURNAL *of the* CORE CURRICULUM



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PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD HOMANN

A DANGEROUS ENCOUNTER
AFTER THE STYLE OF HOMER
BASED ON AN EPISODE IN J.R.R. TOLKIEN'S THE HOBBIT
Julianna Nagy

Darkness gave way to the dawn of a new day, but still they slept.
Small men, weary from their travels, at peace in precious slumber:
all but one, who stirred in his bed of leaves,
a speck amidst the towering trees of theForbidden Forest.

The ancient trees swayed to and fro,
then snap! -- the West Wind hurled a branch to the ground.
The hobbit arose with a start and scanned his surroundings,
gripping the dagger strapped to his side.
An eagle swept down from the endless sky,
its wings spread majestically in descent,
and the hobbit soon forgot his fears.
He lay back down on damp Earth, wedging himself
 between two of the snoring dwarves.
Quick-witted Bilbo's mind raced,
as wishful thoughts passed through him:

“No hat, no stick, no pipe,
not even a pocket-handkerchief!
How must one survive in this God-forsaken wood?
Oh, what I would give for fresh biscuits, eggs and bacon,
 cakes, chestnuts!
How it would please me to sit by the hearth
in the old chair, pipe in hand!
Is it my fate to waste away in such strange lands as these,
home to the beasts of the Earth?
What of my sweet home?”

The dwarves, stout and unshorn, finally awoke from sleep,

stirred by grumblings in their bloated bellies.
Bilbo, too, felt the pangs of hunger,
and his knees weakened at the sight of his surroundings—
not even a berry bush to be found.

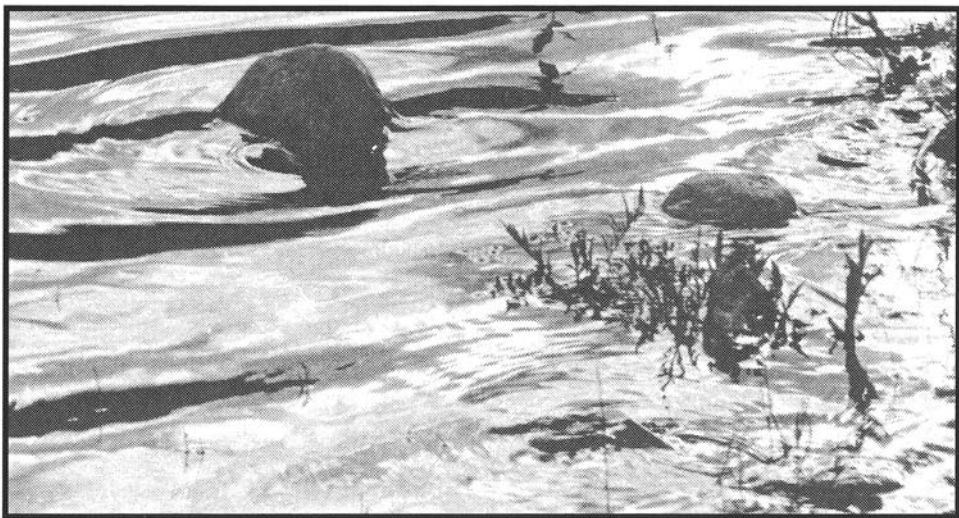
So disheartened seamen are to reach land
only to find that it is barren.
So Bilbo's heart sank at the thought of going hungry once again.

Having little else to do, the small men continued on their journey
guided in spirit by Gandalf --
sagacious wizard of the East.

They traversed more dense forest,
crossing dangerous terrain and trickling streams,
walking steadily until Night cast out Day.
The sturdy fellows came upon a smooth patch of rass,
put down their few belongings and rested upon cool Earth.

The full moon came into view overhead
and the creatures of the night emerged from their dark hovels,
stealthy predators making their presence known to all around them.
A great bellow rang out over the din, overpowering the screech of the
night owl, the songs of the crickets.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAUREN HANSEN-FLASCHEN



Now this peculiar noise provoked the curiosity of the wee men so they edged nearer to the sounds.

They approached a clearing in the forest set apart by thicker trees and mounds of stone when all of a sudden the hobbit, smallest of all men, sighted a creature of enormous proportions -- an unsightly horned thing -- a troll. Bilbo turned away at first but took a closer look and found three others gathered around a fire chomping on drumsticks, meager fare for the dull-witted giants. The hobbit felt his mouth water at the sight of meat and motioned for his comrades to have a look. The dwarves hurried over to where Bilbo stood and glanced at the slobbering trolls and their dinner. A hush came over the men at the sight of food -- juicy, tender meat hot off the fire. The bellies of the dwarves rumbled, and one among them dared quiet speech:

“Mr. Baggins, you are here to serve as our burglar, are you not? Fetch us a tasty morsel, Mr. Burglar! We have had not a bite in days, nor shall we come upon another chance like this any time soon. Go on then, do your duty!”

The words of the old dwarf irked Bilbo, and he grumbled to himself:

“What audacity! How convenient to send the hobbit! Yes, let poor Baggins do all the dirty work while we sit and scratch our beards. What men we are!”

Nevertheless, Bilbo Baggins, smallest among men, hearkened unto the dwarf’s words

and went forth toward the trolls clutching his dagger.
As he drew nearer he shortened his stride,
his free hand trembling, his heart pounding within his chest.
He paused for a moment and listened to one of the trolls:

“Nuttin’ but mutton! Always mutton,
me want something better to eat!
Me want *fresh* meat, something *raw*!”
The hobbit took another step closer
and gaped at the hideous features of the trolls --
jet black eyes, not a trace of whiteness around the edges,
snouts, broad mouths with row upon rows of teeth.
Suddenly, the wee man, one moment hidden behind a tree,
tumbled forth to the ground with a thud.
The trolls, hideous giants of the Earth,
burst into laughter at the sight of the wee one,
sprawled upon the floor, arms akimbo.
One of the trolls swept the hobbit up into the air,
dangling helpless Bilbo upside-down.
The four hulks grunted with pleasure
and wondered what to do with their catch:

“Ah, more meat! Meat -- good! Tasty morsel!”

“And this one fresh, and fat on him too!”

“Let’s fry him over our fire!”

“No, I like mine’s *raw*!”

“Bah! He wouldn’t even make a mouthful!”

“But maybe there’s more where he comes from!”

One of the trolls yanked a tree from out of the ground,
exposing the cluster of fearful dwarves,

and before they could flee, the trolls discarded the hobbit and rounded up the dwarves seven by seven. Three of the hulks tossed their wee captives into burlap sacks, while the fourth stoked the fire to prepare for a second meal.

And Bilbo Baggins, tossed aside for the moment, stood in the middle of the clearing unnoticed by the horned beasts, whose minds were too simple for anything but the task at hand. But one of the trolls, quickest of the four, remembered the hobbit and reached down to take hold of tiny Bilbo when all of a sudden a figure emerged out of blackness-- a flash amid the stretch of darkness -- Gandalf!! With a wave of his glimmering scepter the all-powerful wizard banished Night and brought forth Day:

“Dawn, take you all!”

Dawn in all her glory swept over the land, her inescapable gaze cast over all creatures of the Earth. And so the trolls shriveled up and were no more.

The dwarves freed themselves from the sacks weeping hot tears of joy. Bilbo Baggins, smallest of men, stood apart from his comrades, still shaken from the encounter, his heart not yet quelled.

* * * * *

In this attempt to emulate Homer's style I have aimed to capture the grand style of epic poetry. To do so I incorporated the most prominent stylistic elements of The Odyssey into my own rendering of a scene in Tolkien's mythic tale. Some of the key aspects of Homer's style include Homeric epithets, epic simile, imagery, and diction. Another prevalent literary device in the tale of Odysseus's journey and return is the personification of nature. Furthermore The Odyssey is a piece of poetry;

therefore rhythm and meter are significant components of Homer's style. However, I did not place much emphasis on scansion in my own piece.

I employed Homeric epithets, a useful technique for avoiding redundancy in repeating a character's name when mentioning someone or something of importance. In *The Odyssey*, Homer makes frequent use of epithets such as "Pallas Athena, daughter of Zeus" or "Nestor, prince of charioteers" (Book III, 47, 74). I refer to Bilbo Baggins numerous times as "smallest among men".

I used imagery to describe the physical setting of the action while trying to set a tone. To give the reader a sense of the gloom and depth of the Forbidden Forest I mentioned the "towering trees" and the frightening noises of the night. In a similar but more expansive fashion Homer depicts Kalypso's luscious island with the senses in mind: "the smoke of thyme ... [Kalypso's] sweet voice ... the summer leaves of alder and black poplar" (Book V, 66-70). Homer gives a sense of the divine sights, sounds, and aroma of the land.

Comparison of two or more places, feelings, or scenarios is a common element of Homeric style, and often the word "so" is employed to make the comparison. In Book VI Odysseus compares Nausikaa's beauty: "So fair, one time, I thought a young palm tree/ at Delos near the altar of Apollo ... So now, my lady, I stand in awe so great/ I cannot take your knees" (Book VI, 175-181). In a similar manner I compared Bilbo's disappointment at the absence of food with a seaman's loss of heart upon reaching barren land.

Finally, in a further attempt to emulate the flow of Homer's style, I added some alliteration. For instance, Homer vividly describes Phaiakian food processing: "Currants were dried ... beyond the vintage armors and vats the vintners trod." Likewise, I added a few short alliterative phrases, "bloated bellies," "towering trees," to name two.

■

NEVI

Scott Gorlin

There was in the land of Yeledi'im a man named Tiphlah, who prospered there and grew rich. Now Tiphlah had a wife, whose name was Nevi, for she was wise beyond her years. And Tiphlah knew his wife, and from her he had two sons; one was known as Yamiyn, and one known as Semole, for they were equal, and they were twins.

Now Nevi loved her children, and they feared the Lord together. But as each day would pass, Yamiyn would run along Nevi's right side, and Semole along her left, and they would shout together, "Mother! Which of us do you love more?" And Nevi would answer, "Both of you, for you are equal." And the days passed like this.

There was a day when Tiphlah was passing through his garden, and he spoke to the Lord, saying, "Soon I will grow old, and I will need an heir. To whom should my wealth go? It cannot go to Yamiyn, for then there would be none left for Semole; it cannot go to Semole, for there would be none for Yamiyn. I will go to Nevi, for she is wise; she will choose the heir." And the Lord said, "Let it be so, but do not harm her; for she will not choose one of equals above another."

So Tiphlah went to Nevi, and told her such, and said, "Surely, you must love one son more than the other; choose him and he will be heir." But Nevi said, "How can one love the stars more than the wind, or the seas more than the mountains? How can one love left over right, or prayer more than sacrifice? In all my days, Yamiyn and Semole will be equal."

Again Tiphlah spoke to the Lord, and said, "What must I do? I will soon need an heir, and Nevi will not choose!" And the Lord said, "Let it be so: do what you must, only do not end her life for your toil." And thus said the Lord.

Now the day came when the children were thirteen and would soon become men. And Nevi and the two children were picking herbs by a stream, and Tiphlah prayed to the Lord, "Let Nevi choose today, so that my heir shall take Bar-Mitzvah tomorrow, and the other shall be his slave." And the Lord let Tiphlah unleash a great flood upon them, so that Nevi had time only to grab one arm of Yamiyn and one arm of Semole. Now they lay there in the floods, and Nevi knew she could save but one.

And Nevi opened her mouth to curse the day. And Nevi said:

“Let the day end when I should choose one for another,
or give chance to one of two stars.

Let the man who forced such choice perish with my will,
and wallow in his grief.

For who is to choose between what God has made equal?

The deer or gazelle?

The doe or the lamb?

Or the child who feeds on your
right breast or left?

Is the night sky any higher than the morn’s?

Or the fast stream sweeter than the
brook?

Who am I to choose of God’s warp and His weft?”

Then Yamiyn, who hung on her right side, said:

“Look now what you choose!

Would not the life of one be better than the loss of two?

To have one child feed on your right would be better than no child, no
heir,

or none to ease your pains.

Would you have death for the dusk and the dawn, when you could see
one?”

Then Semole, who hung on her left, said:

“Lo, my brother speaks well, though not as well as I.

Has not a woman the duty to save life? And must she now do it?

How hard a choice it must be, but one needs be made,

For I am here,

And it is better to have one child

on your left breast than none at all.”

Then Nevi opened her mouth in reply:

“Lo, what kind of sons are you?

To ask for your own life above the other?

Look at the birds:

Do they not fly as one?

Do they not dance together in the sky?

Or the lovers:

Do they not give their life above
the other?

Do they not kiss the poison on each
other's lips?

Wisdom is not wit, merely to survive."

And Yamiyn spoke, saying:

"Do not disgrace God's commandment! Thou Shall Not Kill!

For I have stood upon your right, and given you things which only I
know how to give,

the deer's velvet,
the fire of dusk.

Lo, I have given you the Lord's prayer, so shall I be saved."

And Semole opened his mouth in reply:

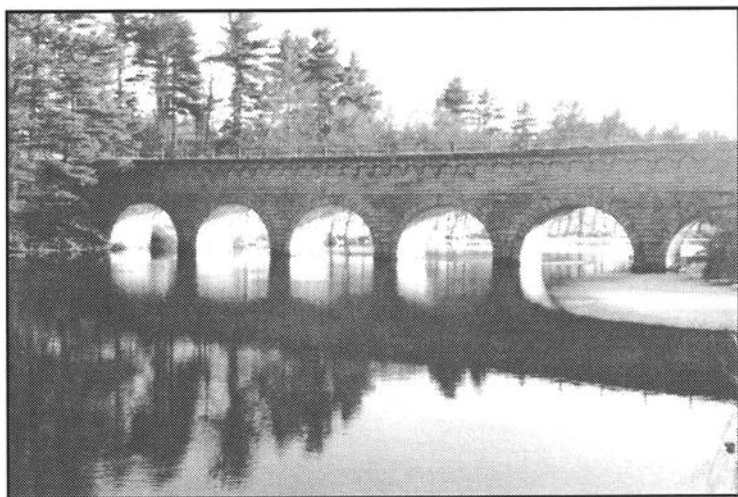
"If Yamiyn is good, then so am I.

For I gave you what he cannot:

the kid's wool,
the morning song.

I am the Lord's Star, for I gave Him sacrifice.

Then shall you save me, for I have always stood on your left."



PHOTOGRAPH BY REBECCA BOURKE

And Nevi replied:

“A disgrace to the Lord you are,
both of you, kind in kind.

Let not your ways of treason be known.

Let not your lust for my love be seen.

Let not your insolence carry you away, that you might always suffer from it.

My dawn has challenged my dusk, and all of Heaven will not rest for it.

I fear you leave me no choice but to choose.”

After Nevi had spoken these words to her sons, she kissed both of their heads three times. Then Nevi released her sons, and the Lord swallowed them up in the dark waters.

And the Lord gave Tiphlah twice what he had before, but Nevi would not give him another son. So Tiphlah forced himself upon his wife, and she gave him two daughters; their names were Biynah and Dea, and they were equal. And Tiphlah lived without an heir for the rest of his days.

* * * * *

“Nevi” is a tale modeled on the book of Job, copying its characters, grammar, and prose. Let us begin with characters. In Job Satan is the one who works against God, wishing to gain something from his bet. Tiphlah, whose name literally means “foolish,” fulfills this role in “Nevi.” He is the one who challenges God. Nevi, or “prophet,” fulfills the character of Job, for she is the one against whom God and Tiphlah work. Her two sons Yamiyn and Semole, or “right” and “left,” play two distinct roles. One, they represent what was lost to Job, and two, the friends who fail miserably to counsel Job in his mourning. In this first role they are replaced by what is twice as good, the twin daughters Biynah and Dea, or “wisdom” and “knowledge.” Thus each character in “Nevi” fills each role played in the Book of Job.

Additionally, “Nevi” mimics Job in the prose. Job has two distinct styles. The book starts and ends with a definitive, sparse account of all that happens, passing much time in a few short paragraphs. Sentences are eager to leap ahead, often beginning with “now,” “thus,” “then there was a day,” and repeating these few phrases over and over. There are no unnecessary adjectives or adverbs, only subjects and actions — bare sentences, so to speak. This style is copied in the beginning and end of “Nevi,” where the entire set up to the story, and its conclusion, appear.

Toward the middle of the book we find a stark contrast. The prose switches to dialogue only, and succeeds in freezing what was a fast-paced text. This is akin to a speeding car coming to a screeching halt, where suddenly all atten-

tion is brought to one dreaded moment. This style serves to zoom in on Job's woe, and *Nevi's* as well, and paint it vividly across the mind of the reader.

In this second style of writing "*Nevi*" copies Job's grammar as well. What once was text became poetry, and every line a statement unto itself. Sentences start with only a sparse collection of words: "let," "for," "or," "why," to name a few. The chosen words were changed slightly in "*Nevi*" to fit the prospect, but the idea is the same.

In addition, "*Nevi*" makes use of the repetition found in Job's dialectical poetry to draw attention to the differences. For example, from Job 5:23:

"For you shall be in league with the stones of the field,
and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with you.
You shall know that your tent is safe,
and you shall inspect your fold and miss nothing.
You shall know also that your descendants shall be many,
and your offspring as the grass on the earth.
You shall come to your grave in ripe old age,
as a shock of grain comes up to the threshing
floor in its season.
Lo, this we have searched out; it is true.
Hear, and know it for your good."

The same "You shall know" structure and its cognates repeatedly drive into the mind of the reader. Then the contrast between them and the last stanza mirrors the difference between the two styles of text in this book. The repetition acts like the faced-paced narrative. Then the sudden change as a free-frame of dialogue slams the reader's mind into the important points. Compare this to "*Nevi*:"

"A disgrace to the Lord you are,
both of you, kind in kind.
Let not your ways of treason be known.
Let not your lust for my love be seen.
Let not your insolence carry you away,
that you might always suffer from it.
My dawn has challenged my dusk,
and all of Heaven will not rest for it.
I fear you leave me no choice but to choose."

Thus "*Nevi*" follows the Book of Job in three essential areas. By mimicking characters, "*Nevi*" attempts to recreate the idea of fate brought up in Job, to place the reader in the midst of a terrific drama starring God and his worshippers. By copying Job's prose, "*Nevi*" throws the reader directly into this drama, forcing attention on the trauma created by the scheming of Tiphlah and the devil. And by using Job's grammar, "*Nevi*" brings out the word of God itself, hidden in the repetition of the poetry.

LAMENT OF SAUL

Nishant Shah

There was a man in the country of Israel whose name was Saul; and that man was chosen as first King over the Israelites by the great prophet Samuel by the Lord's direct command. Now this man was given great riches and power, but he violated the commandment of the Lord and was cursed by the Lord, who then chose David to rule the land. Thus he was thrown into the hands of the Philistines, and he lay bleeding upon the battlefield. He tore off his stained garments and, dying, said:

“Let the day wherein I was made King cease to be, or that fateful
day of my birth perish!

Let Leviathan swallow up that night and cast it into the thick
darkness, and let no womb open on that terrible eve.

Oh, those accursed sheep — why had they to stray from
Father's flock leading me to Samuel and this unwanted trouble?
For had they kept to their pen I would yet be tending them —
Not bleeding at the hands of Philistines!

Why is it that misery is given to him who strove to perform the
Lord's work,

and devoted life to the destruction of enemies of God,
he who conquered all who opposed the will of the Lord?

With your blessing we Israelites routed the Ammonites, numerous
as the grains of sand along the beach!

I loathe my life; it is torture to be punished so exceedingly for
sins performed by so many.

Does it seem right for those with designs of wickedness
against thy word to have a fate less terrible than mine?

In my foolishness I let live thy enemy Agag, sealing my fate,
but were the rest of the Amalekites not slaughtered?

That livestock I kept to help feed your people and for those serv
ing in thy army to feast upon. Was this not wise?

In innocent error I let live that stock. If a meeting
You granted me face to face, I would argue.
Would a man who has won spoils from one who is evil, one who
mocks the plight of the innocent, not use those spoils for his king
dom's own good?
Why should the livestock be put to waste?
Evil spirits you sent, and David with his lyre was the only help.
Why did you give David the will to usurp me?
To become greater than me?
My days are over, yet like the righteous I hold to my beliefs.
Instead of corrupting my mind, could you not have helped make
my mind more clear?
I could not properly rule over Israel with the shadow you cast on
my mind.
My own heir you had betray me to help David,
I who ruled without any example to follow,
like a blind man trying to find his way.
And now in anguish my soul still repents for my sins, still fears
and wants to obey the commandments of you my Lord.
Yet in mire you have cast me. I lie next to insects,
am the brother of rats,
a companion to snakes, soon to become dust and ashes.
Did I not weep for the innocent during my rule?
When encountering the unfortunate did I not stretch out my hand?
Let him who says otherwise be forever stricken with illness.
Even as I speak thou dost not listen.
Thou who understands past, present, and future, who chose me
especially for Israel —
could you not foresee what I would become?
My heart is in turmoil — for why did would you then choose me
knowing I would fail in your eyes?"

And then having uttered these words Saul died, the wrath of God having ended his life. ■

PETRARCH'S DIVINE PARODY

Alex Acuña

Dante, I think, committed a crude blunder when, with a terror-inspiring ingenuity, he placed above the gateway of his hell the inscription "I too was created by eternal love" -- at any rate, there would be more justification for placing above the gateway to the Christian Paradise and its "eternal bliss" the inscription "I too was created by eternal hate" -- provided a truth may be placed above the gateway to a lie! For what is it that constitutes the bliss of this Paradise?

Friedrich Nietzsche, GENEALOGY OF MORALS

PROLOGUE

Morning and the sunlit hill. Petrarch the pilgrim lost in a dark wood. Petrarch's curiosity. The three beasts at the base of the hill. The encounter with [Dante], who offers his guidance and an alternative path the voyager must take. The descent of Petrarch and Dante into Hell.

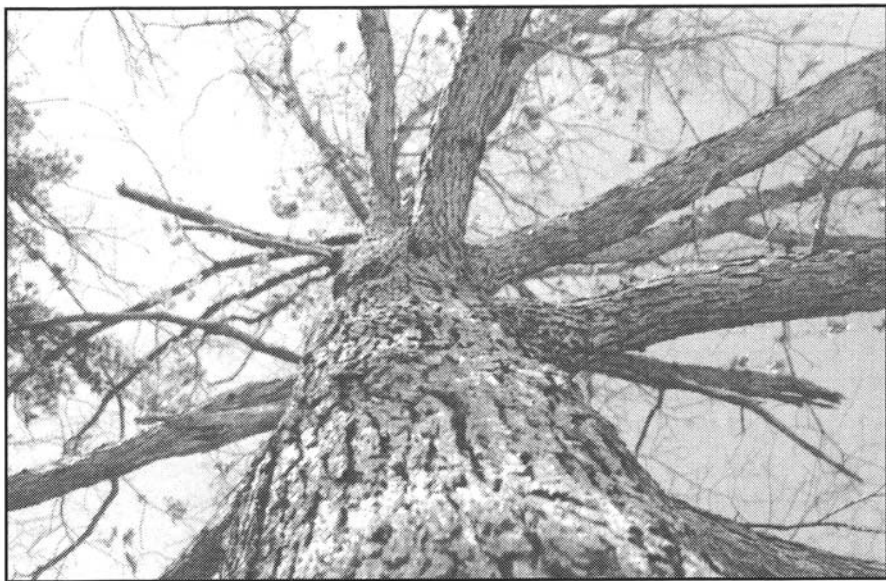
When I had journeyed half of our life's way
I came to myself in a forest, dark despite the day,
for I had lost the path that does not stray.
Yet so full of sleep, I was not meant to stay,
Filled with wonder and curiosity,
Surrounded too by nothing but gray.
I came upon a hill just beyond the last tree;
when a sudden urge struck me to climb to the sky,
but twas not like before, twas not merely to see.
For there in my path three beasts caught my eye,
The first was a leopard, a speckled skin foe,
its lustful eyes killed me, for this beast was I!
Soon followed a lion with a prideful glow,
then I beheld a she-wolf, whose greed overwhelmed me:
these three great antagonists I could not overthrow.
Distressed at the hill's base, my hopes lost in misery
I then saw a dark figure amidst all the gray

to whom at once I called out, "Have pity on me!"
 He approached me at once without a delay,
 "I once was like you," he began to say.
 "Oh shade, have you come here to betray?
 Or are you really that Dante," I began to pray,
 "come to help me up this hill filled with dismay?
 Love found me all disarmed and found the way."
 And he to me: "I'll be your guide, if I may;
 follow me wherever I go -
 yet our final destination cannot be seen today;
 that high southern peak where on you Love will bestow
 will have to wait until some other day."
 And I: "O poet-by God whom you had never come to know-
 I beg you, take me from these evils-take me away!
 O my master, my author, you I now follow,
 that I may see the place where I long to stay,
 and those whom you describe as so full of sorrow!"
 Then he set out, not too fast, not too slow;
 and I right behind him moved quickly and so
 it was there we departed for that dark realm below.

CANTO I

The following evening. The two kinds of pagan love. The Second Circle, where the lustful are forever buffeted by violent storm. The story of Francesca da Rimini and her brother-in-law, Paolo Malatesta. Francesca's tale of their love and death, at which [Petrarch] faints. Descent into the Third Circle, where the gluttonous, supine, are flailed by cold and filthy rain and tormented by Cerberus. François Rabelais. Doctor Faustus, who chooses the earth over all other things. Descent of Petrarch and Dante to the other, southern hemisphere. Their vision of the stars.

No sooner had I descended
 past the connoisseur of sin,
 then I saw a hellish hurricane which suspended
 like cranes in flight, two figures in its spin.
 I wondered what evil was that wind never-ended



PHOTOGRAPH BY REBECCA BOURKE

that incessantly tortured those law-bound kin.
"What Good, o master, have those ones offended?
What sin is so terrible, it cannot be amended?"
These were the words that my fears had intended.
And my master's response were these words that impended:
"Their punishment comes from the lustful empire;
the first kind of love that evil has bended.
Now look! They are near, away from the fire.
Appeal to them, what will of their will, allow to transpire."
No sooner had the wind stung my face like a wire,
then I urged on my voice through that candescent mire:
"Oh battered souls, if One does not forbid it permit me to hire
your service for one moment, so I may learn of this dire
that I now see you in, one silent, one crier."
"Oh living being, gracious and benign,
you have pitied our atrocious state and for this we desire
to give you peace through the One who is truly Divine.
Love is our sin, both his and mine.
It was love misused, the love of the swine
that cast us down here away from the fine.
Love of what does not belong in us it did inspire.
That was our sin, don't let it be thine."

Then pity seized me, and my knees began to tire,
 so overwhelmed by grief at that sorrowful sign,
 I barely could see through that gloomy quagmire.
 I fell to the ground completely supine;
 but the one who had spoken still had more to tell
 so I arose once again to hear her design.
 She said: "It was a beautiful day and all was well,
 we had read of Lancelot, his love was our spell,
 and toward a love for our bodies it did compel,
 and so this one kissed me, on my breast he fell.
 Because of that love, in this wind we now dwell."
 Overcome by pity, then I too fell,
 As a dead body falls, down, to the depths of Hell.
 But my guide picked me up. And he to me:
 "Come, my child, let your fears dispel,
 for others yet there still are to see."
 Indeed, not long after I began to feel,
 I saw many figures in a cold, unending, accursed rain.
 Incessantly walking with on their back ice that congeals
 here all who abused their appetite must keep walking in vain,
 And so it was François Rabelais to whom I thought I'd appeal.
 I addressed my master: "What is their demise?"
 And he to me: "These are lower because their love is worse.
 Those are the ones who think they are wise;
 through bodily appetite they desire the universe,
 and for that sin the One is impelled to coerce
 to give them to Cerberus, that is their curse.
 But let us descend so that we may converse
 with one who sought entirely the earth as his nurse."
 Down to that circle we began to traverse
 when at a sudden a flame approached me in verse:
 "What brings you here, traveler? Your body holds you tight.
 Walk cautiously, live one, if we are not to disperse."
 And Dante: "Indeed he is alive, of this you are right.
 He is called from Above, from that heavenly purse,
 That place of the living who live in the light."
 And I: "Let one of you retell your story, however perverse;
 of where, having gone astray, he lost his path."
 "I'll tell you myself of why we are worse.

My love of the world cast me here where I hath
become a subject to Cerberus and his might,
gluttony itself is the source of His wrath.
So allow me to share with you a piece of insight;
for foolish is he who thinks the world to be perfect
and the correct path to the sacred light.
I had thought to be safe under Mephistopheles' sect.
Through him I had the world though nothing of light,
But in turn I was damned, forever, in torturous effect.
Love of what is not ours - the secular - was my plight.
Indeed, I will never be able to forget
Doctor Faustus I am, who lost complete sight
Of God and all that he promises to protect;
And now I am cast here forever in night.
My good conscience never had any effect
on my heart in all its fervor, and in all of its might;
nor the good advice of my soul which fortold,
the mistake of my actions kept my will upright.
I too saw that southerly mountain and how it glowed;
but my gladness soon turned to sorrow as the ship that I rode
was hammered by a whirlwind the sea had bestowed.
I could not break free, no matter how hard I rowed;
my prow plunged deep, the whirlwind it mowed.
My ship almost sunk, it began to implode;
such is the terror caused by the sin I had sowed."
O, my reader, learn here of pagan love;
love from which in the beginning God had forebode.
Seek not the lust that our two lovers dream of,
nor the gluttony François Rabelais has foretold.
Seek only instead that Love from above;
for the foolishness of God is wiser than men's wisdom
deter yourself from love misguided
and direct your love toward Him and His kingdom.
O Christians, arrogant, exhausted, wretched,
Cease forming factions, cease making wars.
We have seen, my pilgrim, of love misguided.
Come, my reader, we walk now toward the stars.

CANTO II

The midday sun. Petrarch's passing beyond the human, beyond the earth, in heavenward ascent with Dante. His wonder as he looks back at the stars, which are now below him. His vision of the Celestial Rose. Ascent to the Tenth Heaven, the Empyrean. The appearance of Laura. Petrarch's education by Laura on the nature of Agape. The approach to the Rose. [Petrarch] sees the Eternal Light. The flashing light that fulfills [Petrarch's] vision. His desire and will at one with Love.

Of where I was taken it is difficult to tell.
I can only describe what appeared to my sight,
yet even of this I cannot illustrate well.
For what I saw there was whiter than white.
Now that same figure still led my ascent
and surrounding my body was a feather-like light.
Like feathers it felt soft as by my skin it went,
and also, I remember, it too had a scent.
Now Reader, do not misread my intent.
I try to describe what has never been spent.
That light, lingering, increased its force
came where earth and heaven were obedient;
omnipotent, never-ceasing, with no direct course,
I seemed to be unable to determine its source.
White-whiteness on my pupils it began to enforce,
when at once I spotted a beautiful horse;
a sudden radiance that swept across
struck my pupils with impenetrable force.
The irises instantaneously it began to emboss,
And lightening so impenetrable struck with such legitimacy,
That every one of my senses became to a loss.
"Hosanna" I heard the voices singing to me
in whiteness that, in this world, could never be.
And then, at that moment, unveiled became she,
my eyes laid upon her but all I could see
was Beauty Itself-most sacred Beauty!
And she: "I am [Laura], I am she!"
O my Laura, how I had longed for thee!
O splendor of eternal living light,
That saved my soul from atrocious catastrophe.

Now as Laura, my Love, appealed to my sight,
my eyes were walled in by indifference.
Immobile, my soul her gaze had held tight.
O Reader, it was then that I knew my own penitence.
Of sin I was cleansed and returned to my innocence.
"Listen," spoke Laura through the light so intense,
"This is the Love for which you must have confidence.
The nature of this Love is of pure divine grace,
ineffable to humans for it was born whence
nothing yet existed, neither time nor space.
It is this Love that was in you from the time you were born,
implanted within you to be one with this place.
All pagan love is that which has torn
your soul from this freedom and from seeing my face;
and took you to that forest where you became so forlorn,
lost without hope and without any trace;
misguided love brought you such scorn."
When all of a sudden I found an eternal embrace:
I with my Laura at peace completely;
her spirit with mine through space moved so gently,
where time is forever in present incessantly.
It looked as a glass as clear as a sea,
transparent and clean as crystal can be.
Over and again, my spirit reborn eternally,
that Celestial Rose was then revealed to me.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL DUBITZKY



And I could still see the stars, yet they lay far below,
 for I was in Paradise, I saw as They see.
 Yet higher still I continued to go,
 Seeing new lights in both a circle and row
 dancing beyond conception both to and fro,
 singing of that which I do not know.
 And up to the Rose and into it too,
 my angelic savior as a powerful wind might blow
 sent me beyond it, inside and all through
 to the depths of the skies my Light cast me toward
 all sides were surrounded by a florescent blue;
 so powerful the force that compelled me forward
 I grasped handfuls of sky filled with sweet misty dew;
 and light I also grasped, a pulsating cord.
 And just as a flame will consume all living matter,
 that light that I grasped felt as a double-edged sword.
 Though of pleasure and pain it did not cause the latter,
 an amazing sensation that words cannot shatter,
 seized my body, my whole living matter,
 and even my soul which it could no further flatter.
 My sight now long gone, I only saw through
 to the end of the universe, my will had begun
 to reach its final form, at last it could do.
 Far beyond all the worlds and the sun
 my pilgrimage here had finally been done.
 I floated among that which is both all and none,
 and returned to my fortune, indeed I had won
 the highest Good we are destined to become,
 My desire and will with Love were [almost] at One.

CANTO III

The skies of the Southern Pole before dawn. Descent to Purgatory. Petrarch's reflection on his love for the secular, the persistent barrier between him and Paradise. The intermediary role of Philia, shared by both the pagan and the Christian experience. The encounter with Sancho Panza and Lear's Fool. Petrarch's reflection on his own friendship with Dante. Petrarch's final reflection into himself: his inability to denounce

To course across more kindly waters now
what I sing of will be that middle kingdom
of the cleansing of the soul and how
I find myself unable of ascending from
that mountain seen by Ulysses from his bow.
How arduous was that road that we had come;
though the sun and the stars were both visible now,
the light that the sun never fails to endow
triggered new meaning in my gentle guide's vow.
Reader, in this realm I hope that you may
acquaint yourself with philia and continue this way
on to the highest realm where I could not stay
for the treasures found there are without a display.
But onward in this one we enter today,
the nature of philia now begs you to stay.
Let us proceed without further delay.
No sooner had I began my long assent with haste
than I spotted a figure a short distance away.
"Who is that one?" I asked my guide without waste.
"He seems to me noble and humble and wise."
And he: "That one there through philia seeks chaste;
indeed he is noble and humble and wise,
Sancho Panza who Cervantes wrote of, there lies!
He manifests this love beyond the limits of skies,
and though no longer on earth, his love never dies;
his love for Don Quixote never runs scant,
indeed his love is an excellent prize!
This love found in him is much more than significant,
you have read of it already in your Ethics magnificent!
It is brotherly love that rises triumphant,
(what Aristotle calls 'friendship' is not at all distant)
Neither pagan nor Christian, a love shared by all;
this is the love that outdoes eros malignant!
Now here he comes nearer, to him give a call
so that you may learn further of what philia implies."
"Excuse me," I said, as I tried to stand tall,
"pray tell me, o shade, of the love in your eyes

that cast you up here toward Earthly Paradise
 where he who is good may come when he dies."
 "Be calm, o human, be rid of your sighs;
 and of the love that I speak you too will install;
 it is the love between friends which no one denies;
 their goodness is intrinsic, not incidental
 and that form of love I had, for my master the wise.
 Between good men alone virtue is all."
 And as he departed I started to rise
 for something had struck me deep in my soul
 and suddenly I had begun to realize
 that of this love I already had in whole
 so I turned to my guide who was still standing still.
 Indeed, I knew, our friendship was full;
 Indeed, in my heart love began to instill
 from that first encounter at the base of the hill,
 the love of philia had started to kill
 erotic love and began to fulfill
 my heart with a higher love it could know:
 love based on virtue between me and my Dante.
 "Teach me what love is before you will go,"
 I asked my guide from the deep of my heart,
 "so that of greatest love I may be able to follow."
 And he: "My son, indeed, before I depart,
 Of love I will teach you, and then you will grow.
 These words of love I will on you now impart
 but then I must leave you and this you already know;
 to what lies beyond this (the holy divinity)
 I must now go.
 So now learn of love, and then to the city;
 Love in itself is Good, this you know;
 It is the human soul that is worthy of pity.
 Created quick to love to the soul do we owe
 all thanks for the sins that incessantly grow
 inside of our hearts misdirected so
 that we love that which isn't ours: that which is low.
 Love of what is yours is the love of infinity;
 never does it perish, never does it slow;
 but in it lives the blessed Trinity

which knows all what is to know.
And only here is found chastity
in eternal light will continue to glow.
Follow Love kindly and pretty;
steer clear of all love corrupted from below."
And thus spoken, these words were his last;
there he departed and became part of my past.
Approached me a Light, so quickly and fast;
so transparent it was, it seemed a great glassed
hourglass floating up high from above,
ineffable light on me it had cast;
a whiter whiteness than the purest dove;
it somehow communicated to my incessant stare
a message of Beauty through a song of pure Love.
No words can describe it, that singing so fair,
and all I remember is her brilliant hair
that cast me into a perpetual glare,
which angels nearby warned me to beware,
for such brightness was brighter than that of the sun,
and should only be looked upon with the utmost of care.
So speechless, I stood, words I had none;
for I did see heaven but could only stare,
my love for the world could not be undone;
I could not let go of my earthly endeavor,
and still I cannot give my life to the One
so here I remain broken, torn, forever. ■

JOB 43: “I SPEAK OF TRUTH”

Melissa E. Smith

Just as Job had seen his days come and go, so too had young Elihu ceased to be youthful. Elihu reached the height of his age a few years short of what was expected for him. He lay in the midst of death, moments before the darkness of an ever-lasting sleep was to come over him, when a vision bestowed clarity upon his thoughts. 2 A light descended from the Heavens and God presented himself to Elihu. 3 God knew that this meeting was different. He touched the moist skin of the sickly man and sensed the ache of unspoken words resting upon his soul.

4 And then Elihu, son of Barachel spoke:

“I was then young in years,
but have now matured in days.

5 No longer am I timid and afraid
as once I was.

6 Lord, you have come to speak with me;
my mind now rests on a vision of you.

7 I had made strong my voice once before;
to Job declared my mind.

8 The past weeks I have been confined to the solitude of
approaching death.

9 I have envisioned your arrival in countless ways;
behold dear God, I did envision you.

10 You stand now, a man of few words;
more than a man you are, however.

11 How you have felt my unspoken words?

12 Through my frail skin you healed my fear of these words,
made me feel the absolution that I pray
will come before my last breath.

13 My mind has been like air that has no vent.”

14 Then God spoke his first words to Elihu:

“Your mind, Elihu, what does it hide?”

15 Then Elihu answered the Lord:

“Behold, I am of weak account, how shall I answer thee?

16 I feel I will speak wrongly towards my Lord,
may I repent in death for that which I shall declare.”

17 God remained silent in the wake of Elihu's words. Doubts no longer lingered in the dying man's mind for he had feared the Lord and worshipped so strongly for all of his vital days that in the flush of the moment he could feel no apprehension under the eyes of the Lord. He felt his faith take hold of his words like the fire that burned for Moses.

18 Then Elihu answered the Lord:

“The rewards you bestowed upon Job in his last days:
did you believe he was deserving?

19 He became afraid of you.

20 He spoke of things that he could not know.

21 His three friends took your name and spoke in dishonor.

22 When Satan turned his evil fire toward you, you used Job to prove your worth;

you made the sea of Job's countenance boil like a pot.

23 Thus did your whims justify the rewards you bestowed upon him;
he charged you with counting him as your foe.

24 You rewarded him,

because he did not fully abandon his faith,

to him you gave cattle but to me you brought an early demise.

25 I fathered faith for you as part of my life's work,

I spoke to him who rose in doubt above you.

26 Why shall I die as a lonely pauper?

Job left the world his riches, his descendants.

27 He shall not be forgotten in the eyes of his beholders.

28 I was once loyal to him, but now I swear to it that I shall forget.

29 I never felt the duties of compensation upon my life,
by no means felt your palms upon my days.

30 And the Lord forcefully responded to Elihu:

“You speak of nonsense Elihu,
the struggle of life has broken your faith.”

31 Then Elihu answered to the Lord:

“I speak not of nonsense...

To you I only speak truth.” ■

THE OSCYSESSY

Oscar Yan

*Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell a story
of that boy skilled in few ways, the confused,
hurried in precious few minutes, after he awoke late for class.
The story of Oscysseus, Son of Su, lord of West Campus, the forgetful.*

The haunting toll of Oscysseus'
great alarm was ignored as he slumbered,
and the sands of time piled higher, until the slumbering oaf awoke,
scared as a baby at the circus,
for the clowns are horrifying.

He prayed for swifter legs as he sprinted to the land of faucets, and
not-so-fresh aromas. Oscysseus now doused himself, in the shower's
warm embrace.

He scrubbed the brine from his body, for he endured a rough toils in
the night,
which involved baby seals and hula dancers —
a story for another time. With cheetah-like speed,
Oscysseus clothed himself, but the many
obstacles slowed him in his path,
for his bedchamber was littered by his sloppy, sloppy roommate.

Now, Oscysseus swiftly departed on the perilous trek to class.
Oscysseus' legs carried him in record time,
through the great herd of daycare children,
and tribes of brightly clothed construction workers.
Upon arriving to his destination,

Oscysseus realized his fatal mistake:
he had locked his door while his roommate lathered himself,
keyless and soapy.

Fear overwhelmed Oscysseus as he rushed back to his homeland,
sweet home West Campus. The god named
“Oscaryouaregoingtofailoutofcollegeanddieaterribleterribledethus”,
son of “Oscaryouarenevergettingintocollegeus”,
lay a heavy burden of worry on Oscysseus.

Upon arriving at his bedchamber,
Oscysseus discovered his companion already inside.
Sean, roommate of Oscysseus, was not in high spirits,
and recounted the harrowing tale of a journey to the first floor
Resident Advisor’s Office to claim a duplicate key,
while clothed in a mere cotton towel.

Sean rode the elevator bare-chested and soggy,
in plain view of young women with soft braids.
Oscysseus’ heart filled with sorrow
and his face grew wet with tears while he begged for forgiveness,
for he had forgotten his companion.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL DUBITZKY

Sean replied to Oscysseus' display:

“Oscysseus, your mistake was honest,
and you are forgiven. Now return to your journey,
for if you do not go to class,
you will fail school,
and perish in a terrible, terrible death.
You have enough hardship to face without the worry of my anger.
Depart without fear of my wrath.”

And again, Oscysseus departed on his perilous voyage.
At this hour it was not possible for his feet to carry him fast enough
to arrive on time,
so it was decided to appeal to the gods of the T.
Oscysseus rushed to the T-stop temple and awaited its arrival.
As it is customary to give an offering of green paper to the gods for
swift transport, Oscysseus peered into his satchel,
but could not produce a dollar.
Again Oscysseus' heart filled with sorrow,
and his face grew wet with tears.

Then he recognized a familiar face in the crowd of people gathered to
await the mighty T-gods. Behold, it was Emily, the blue-eyed queen of
the southwestern kingdom of Phoenix,
land of the Gila monster, where the snow falls not,
and goat's milk flows like water.

Now Oscysseus fell, clasped her knees and cried:

“I am late to class, and in dire need of swift transport,
but I am without monetary sacrifice.

Help me Queen Dulla, elementary school pull-up champion.”

But Emily Dulla could only find one bill.

The strategist Emily replied to the tormented soul:

“Here is my scheme.

We will tear this dollar in half and fold it so

that it will appear as two,

and we will deceive the gods.”

Now Oscysseus’ heart filled with joy,

and he kissed the nymph’s kneecaps.

Soon enough the loud chariot of the gods rolled up,

and they were allowed admittance with the torn dollar.

Swiftly they rode the trail to the College of Arts and Sciences.

Upon leaving the gods’ conveyance,

Oscysseus thanked the T priestess,

driver of the metallic monstrosity. Oscysseus bade farewell to his companion,

Queen of Arizona, and rushed to his class.

Upon entering Lord Fried’s class,

almost on time, he gazed at the magnificent sight.

Oscysseus’ heart beat with delight and when he had gazed his fill,
he sat down in attempt to not fail college.

THE ASYLUM OF THE ARTS

Danielle Papa

They had been traveling on horseback for days, but to Lear it seemed like an eternity. He had grown old, and he was afraid that his weak body could not handle much more of the horse's harsh, rhythmic galloping. Why did he listen to his fool? "I am the King," he thought, "I should not be treated this way." Just as he was about to protest, a sudden, magnificent sight interrupted his thoughts. "There it is," he thought. In front of our two travelers rose a large building. With a tower on each corner and surrounded by a gate that extended high above their heads, the building looked like a miniature enchanted castle. However, there was something eerie about the presence of this particular building, and this filled Lear with trepidation.

A few moments later, they were knocking on the large, gold door. A stout man of no more than forty answered the door and graciously welcomed our weary travelers into the building. "Welcome to the Asylum of the Arts," the man began in a cheerful voice, "I am Doctor Panza, but you may call me Sancho. I created this institute five years ago when my master first started showing signs of an imbalance among the humours. Ever since, I have been dedicated to helping individuals with such imbalances, but I will speak more of this later. Now, let's get you signed in." Lear reluctantly moved forward to the nurse's desk where several papers were placed out for him, leaving the fool and the doctor to talk amongst themselves.

As Lear filled out the forms, Sancho took out a large book and offered it to the fool. "This is a 1535 translation of *De Propriatibus Rerum*, by the thirteenth-century monk Batholomaeus Anglicus."

"A what and who?" questioned the fool, confused.

"This work is based entirely on the model of illness as an imbalance of the four humours: melancholy, or black bile, choler, or yellow bile, blood, and phlegm," Sancho explained.

"Come again?" said the fool, still confused.

"It is believed that the humours give off vapors, which ascend to the brain; an individual's personal characteristics--physical, mental, or moral--are explained by his or her temperament, or the state of that person's humours. Each humour is constantly in battle for power over the other three, and the perfect temperament results when no one of these humours dominates. But enough of this talk. What are his symptoms?"

"He is very old--a man of eighty. Age has taken over his mind, and the betrayal of his daughters has left him gluttonous and choleric."

"I'm afraid it sounds like he has a disproportionate amount of black bile--no, wait. Maybe phlegm. No, definitely black bile," Sancho said confidently, as he thumbed through the pages of the book.

"Are you sure it isn't the yellow bile?" asked the fool. "He was afraid to come here. He's looking more yellow by the minute, like a big chicken."

"By god," Sancho began, "why didn't you mention this earlier? This is a very important piece of information. I will have to run further tests to solve this complex situation. But, first, I want to give you both a tour of the facility. We will begin in the Renaissance Ward."

As our three men began their journey down the long corridor, they came upon a beautiful Victorian room. "This is the common room," Sancho explained. "This is where everyone spends their leisure time talking, reading, drawing--doing whatever they want to do."

"Tis magnificent!" exclaimed the fool excitedly. He looked to Lear for his reaction, but Lear was focused on a strange scene in the center of the room. In the middle, sat a beautiful Victorian sofa and, to the left, a bar table. A mountainous pile of books led from the sofa to the table, stacked from the floor by the sofa to the top of the table, resembling stairs. Two men, in the midst of this chaotic room, appeared to be in the middle of a heated argument.

"Oh Beatrice, Beatrice! My dear, my heart! Guide me in my time of confusion," cried the man standing on the sofa.

"That is Dante," explained Sancho. "He always sets the room like this, hoping his imaginary Beatrice will come to his rescue. The other is Petrarch. The two argue constantly about the value of the self and the existence of their loves, Beatrice and Laura."

"I had a love once ... " Lear began sadly but was interrupted by a loud "Quiet!" from the fool. "I want to listen to the crazy men," replied the fool. "You mumbled nonsense all the way here. There will be time for you to mumble more later."

"Beatrice, my divine beauty. My heart and soul are committed to you," Dante cried, taking a step from the couch onto the staircase of books.

"You are in love with your imagination," said Petrarch, annoyed. "Beatrice is neither real nor divine. The very fact that you desire her makes her earthly because one desires most earthly possessions."

"You speak nonsense," Dante replied, taking another step. "My love for her, and hers for me, will guide me to the top. She will guide me to the true path as I ascend this mountain. It is more than your Laura can do for you."

Still annoyed, Petrarch stood up. "Why take the difficult path to the top? Why risk falling off the unsteady steps when you can just climb onto it from the ground? Obviously, your Beatrice is not as intelligent as you portray her to be, or she wants you to fall onto the floor. Ah, yes. You need a good head injury. Maybe then you will see how ignorant you are. The self is earthly." After this response, Petrarch angrily walked to the table and attempted to climb onto it. The table, though, was too high. He attempted to climb onto it three times but failed repeatedly. He continued his attempts as Dante began to speak: "Ha! You have taken the wrong path my poor friend. Beatrice, I see you! You sit far above me in brightness but soon I will be there. Oh Beatrice, I see your beautiful smile!" Taking two more steps and reaching the table, Dante suddenly stopped, staring in the direction in which he indicated Beatrice to be. "I see," he began, "the meaning of this. The Good." Dante slowly began to turn around, away from his vision of Beatrice. "The true path; the love that moves the sun and the other stars." At this point, Dante was interrupted by a group of nurses and forced off the table.

"Let us move on," said Sancho. "I think we have seen enough of the common room."

Our trio moved down the hall, still pondering the strange scene they had just witnessed. Further down the corridor, Lear saw another odd sight. A man -- later revealed to be Descartes -- held a huge, hairy spider in his hand and was moving it toward another man, also later identified as Aristotle.

"Get it away from me!" yelled Aristotle, obviously frightened by the spider.

"Stop being a baby," replied Descartes as he chased Aristotle around the corridor. "Your senses fail you. This is not a spider; it is a mere figment of your imagination, a hologram. See for yourself!"

Backing away from Descartes' extended hand, Aristotle responded: "The senses give me, and every human being, all the knowledge and truth of the world. You are crazy! Now, get that creature away from me!"

"You are the crazy one, my foolish friend. All objective things are dreams and illusions. Your senses trick you. Prove me wrong if you disagree," said Descartes confidently as he chased Aristotle down the hall. The two men disappeared around a corner next to a sign that said "Enlightened Ward," leaving our trio alone to ponder yet another strange situation.

"I must take you on a detour," Sancho began, "to the Enlightened Ward to check on the two of them. I'm sorry for the inconvenience, but there are heated discussions when the Renaissance patients interact with the Enlightened patients."

Within seconds, our three men passed into the mysterious ward. This ward consisted of three common areas: a game room, a lounge, and a greenhouse. The two men followed Sancho as he entered the game room, where three men were fighting verbally.

"This is Aristotle, Rousseau, and Kant," Sancho explained to Lear and his fool. "They often argue like this. I am afraid I will have to wait for the nurses to assist me in breaking them up."

Lear looked towards the men, curious as to what could anger them like this.

"Humans are naturally good," shouted Rousseau.

"I can't believe you," Kant yelled back. "Do you see any 'good' people in the world? No! They are all liars and cheaters; they commit crimes to satisfy their own passions. That is not one's duty and, obviously, is not done from goodwill. Human nature is evil, plain and simple."

"You both are wrong," said Aristotle, frustrated. "There are good and bad people in the world so humans cannot be naturally good or bad. We are neutral. Our society, our childhood, is what shapes who we are."

Both Kant and Rousseau glared angrily at Aristotle, not happy with his comment. As the three began to engage in a physical fight, the nurses appeared and separated the men. Sancho turned toward the greenhouse.

"That is our greenhouse," he began. "Many of our patients come here to relax and to reflect."

Following Rousseau, our three men entered the greenhouse. It was filled with flowers of every color. Lear was pleased with the sight of the beautiful colors.

"The man in the chair is Plato," Sancho said. "He sits here all day; he lives a life of contemplation. The man by the statue is Mozart. He is in the midst of writing a beautiful opera on the subject of lost innocence."

"Interesting," mumbled the fool, "he seems to have lost more than just his innocence."

"I am lost," said Lear, with perplexing look.

"'Tis the human state," replied the fool.

Sancho, with a soft chuckle, moved forward. "Let us get back to the Renaissance Ward. In the future we shall return to this ward. We have a marvelous music room for our musically talented patients. We have quite a few composers here and frankly they are very good at writing lyric poems."

As they approached the room, the sound of music came into their ears. Lear listened to the sound that echoed through the corridor: "There cherries grow, which none may buy/ Till cherry ripe...themselves do cry."

"Do you hear that?" Lear shouted. "There is a street woman in here. Do you hear her street cry? She is selling cherries! Why is she in this

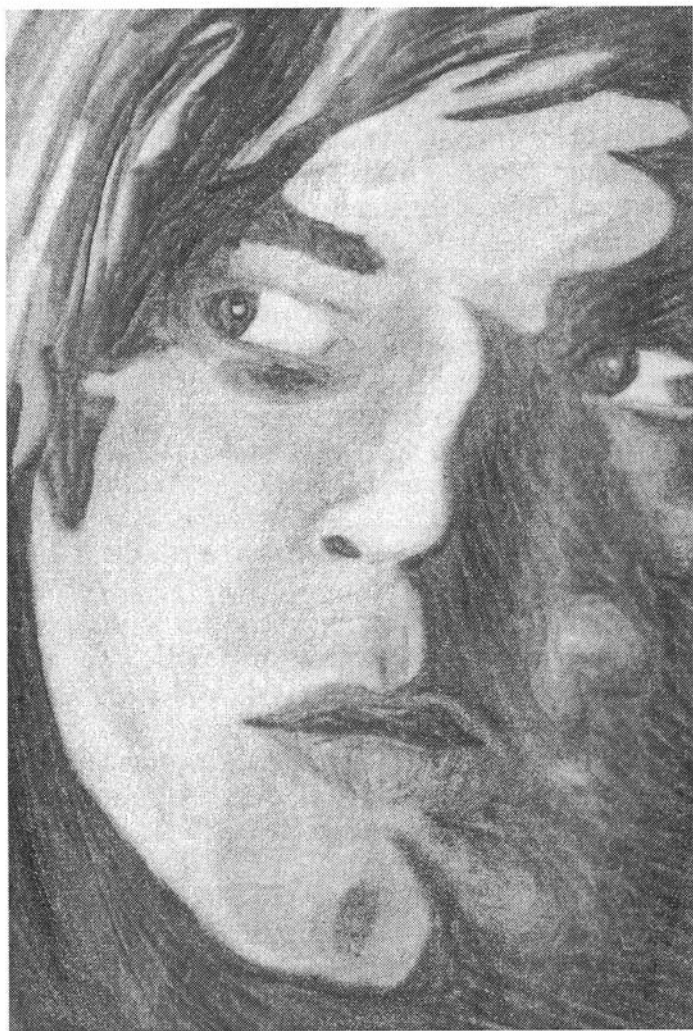
building and not on the street?"

"I could go for some cherries right now; I am famished," replied the fool, grinning.

"I'm afraid you are mistaken," Sancho replied to Lear. "Those are the songs of our lyric poets. They often mix Petrarchan imagery with everyday events, such as the selling of cherries that you hear now. They combine the music with their poems to create beautiful, emotional works. We will not disturb them, but you may glance in at the room if you would like." As our trio watched the poets and singers with amazement, a rustling noise came from behind them. A voice cried, "I will save you from those

awful Sirens my friends!" Lear turned around and was stunned to see an old man, with a garbage can on his head, galloping down the hall. Lear looked more closely and saw that the man was galloping on what appeared to be a long stick -- a long stick with a horse's head! "I used to see those at the town festivals," mumbled Lear.

"Run my three brave friends. The Sirens are close and you are in danger. I am Don Quixote, knight of La



'DAVID,' JOHN HAWKINS

Mancha. I will fight the sirens and restore peace to this castle."

"Master," interrupted Sancho, "go back to your room. I have told you before that they are just instruments."

"Nonsense!" yelled our brave knight. "They have poisoned your mind, Sancho. Do not succumb to their awful singing or you will never again see our lovely world. Now, move aside and I shall take care of this."

Sancho, however, did not move. Instead, he shouted for some help from the nurses, but by the time they arrived, Don Quixote had pushed his way into the music room.

"By God," cried our knight, "that huge Siren has an enormous number of teeth! Some have turned black, rotten from devouring men, while others are pure white. Step away from that man, Siren, for I shall rid this world of you."

The fool watched enthusiastically as Don Quixote attacked the piano. "This is the best entertainment I have ever seen," he said laughing.

Don Quixote continued to kick the piano with all his strength but it did not budge. "This Siren has the strength of Zeus!" he exclaimed. As he destroyed some of the smaller instruments, a group of nurses and orderlies arrived and pulled our knight away from the music room, presumably taking him to his room.

"That is my brave master," Sancho replied after the nurses were out of sight. "He also suffers from an imbalance of black bile -- no, blood. Or was it yellow bile? No, it is all three. But it couldn't possibly be. I will have to run some more tests to be sure."

"Go ahead and do that," said the fool sarcastically.

This comment angered Sancho, and the two men began to argue. Lear, bored and frustrated, walked down the hall, away from the argument. He turned the corner, only to come across a room filled with beautiful artwork. Lear entered the room, wondering who painted such beautiful artwork on the walls and ceiling of the tiny room. The ceiling appeared to be pictures depicting the events of Genesis while the walls were filled with philosophers and Pagan Sibyls. Lear turned to his right and saw a man staring at him, excitedly.

"Come in, come in!" the man said graciously. "How do you like my art? I am Michelangelo; you must be the new patient. Do you like what I have done? This is a replica of a work I did a few years ago. Isn't it lovely?"

"It's amazing," replied Lear as he looked more closely at the work.

"It is crap," replied a voice from the doorway. "It is all lies."

"Who are you?" questioned Lear.

"That is Rabelais," answered Michelangelo. "He thinks the human body is earthly; he is as crazy as that mumbling man on the stick horse."

"You are the crazy one," Rabelais shouted back. "You think that the human body and the human self are divine, yet day after day you see that it is not. You sit here and paint these ideal men -- it is all nonsense! Open your eyes to the world around you. We are not divine at all."

Michelangelo, annoyed, replied: "Just look at the muscular torso of Adam. Look how he is created in God's image. Look how he waits for God to energize him, to breathe life into him. Look . . ."

"Enough!" interrupted Rabelais. "Look at this." He proceeded to go to his room, bringing back a garbage can that smelled awful. "Look in here," he said, holding the garbage can toward the two men. Lear peered in and was horrified at the sight of what appeared to be a garbage can filled with human feces.

"I ate one hundred and twenty-three hotdogs to create all that," Rabelais stated proudly. "Does that look divine to you? Reality is that the human body is earthly and grotesque. If you can't accept that then you are crazy! This is human nature."

Suddenly, Sancho appeared. As soon as Rabelais saw him, he ran to his room, and Michelangelo slammed his door shut, leaving Lear alone in the hallway. "Don't pay attention to the two of them," Sancho said authoritatively. "Imbalances of the humours tend to make people act in strange ways."

"I don't understand this place," Lear mumbled. "This place is filled with people who are arguing constantly about life and the value of the self. Everyone, for the most part, is allowed to roam around and do what he wants. Where is the treatment? Everyone here is crazy!"

"No, not crazy," Sancho answered. "The Asylum of the Arts is not a facility made to treat people with harsh methods or medication. It is a place of rebirth--rebirth of thinking and the mind. This place serves as a mirror to the search for one's self. Once one discovers the true self--that which lies the farthest inward--he can start a new beginning. Whether it be through art, music, or poetry, one must first become whole in an autonomous sense before he achieves unity with a greater whole, either society or God. Through their passion, we can begin to find the desire to understand fully what lies within ourselves."

And so our story comes to an end as Lear realized the significance the asylum had on the lives of the patients. It is not just a place of madness. It is a flourishing house of tortured souls and extraordinary brilliance. ■

TWO CHINESE SAGES DISCUSS INTOXICANTS

An imagined dialogue by Asaf Manela

CONFUCIUS:

Duke Ai asked whether to eliminate the drinking age and to legalize drugs. The Master said, So long as the ruler loves ritual, the people will be good. Establish drinking rites in the family, and even when the son is away he will not drink excessively. Teach the people the dangers of alcohol and drugs, educate them in the sciences of the body, and they will not exceed its limits. A man who is widely versed in chemistry and biology, and who at the same time knows how to submit his learning to the restraints of ritual, is not likely to go far wrong. Transcendent is the moral power of the Middle Use. Teach it to the common people and they will drink only moderately. Set their hearts upon the Way and the Ministers need not make drug policies, Judges need not sentence drug dealers. For when the Way prevails under Heaven all orders concerning ritual, music, and punitive expeditions are issued by the Son of Heaven himself.

LAO TZU:

Recognize good and evil is born.
Recognize a drug as illegal and desire is born.
Recognize a drinking age and the fake ID follows.

The more prohibitions and rules there are,
The poorer people become, and criminals blossom.
The more elaborate the laws,
The more they commit crimes.

Therefore the Sage:
Does nothing
And people limit their desires,
Enjoy serenity,
And govern themselves.

DEAR MR. DURKHEIM

Alex Acuña

Dear Mr. Durkheim,

I recently read a copy of your *Elementary Forms of Religious Life* and I must admit, though quite brilliantly argued, I found a portion of the title to be extremely -- what is the word? -- *curious*, namely, the '*Religious Life*.' It is not the *content* of the book that perplexes me, nor the examples or arguments that I find puzzling; indeed, my confidence in these is so high that I would go so far as to profess their validity -- every single word -- to any who might ask of me my opinion, be he a scholar, a student, or a maintenance worker, whether it be in the quiet of my office or out on the street. I do not question the existence of a "collective consciousness," as you call it. I do not deny the power of the *collective totem*, of the *cult*, or even of the *church*. To do such a thing would be a proclamation of my ignorance. Of course the man who has a genuine faith feels an irrepressible need to spread it. Indeed, *faith is above all a spur to action*. What puzzles me is not your account on the nature of faith or the collective consciousness. My curiosity grows in regards to your *classification* of these behavioral observations. In other words, there is no doubt in my mind that a collective consciousness exists, yet, I wonder, should we be so hasty to classify it as religion? Is the force produced by the ricocheting energy between the speaker and the crowd the essence of religion? Should *faith*, in so far as its survival depends upon a community, be called 'religion', or is religion something else? Is not religion something more personal than this, Mr. Durkheim, does not the energy of the crowd differ from the energy of the *supernatural* that is found within the individual?

Sincerely,
WILLIAM JAMES

Dear Mr. James,

I was very grateful to discover your letter wedged under my door when I came home from my usual walk yesterday. I'd have written you sooner, as it is usually in my custom to deal with all correspondences immediately upon reception (else I might forget or become inexcusably lazy, in which case only God knows -- no pun intended -- when you would be hearing from me, yet I found many thought-provoking questions in your

letter, questions that I could not bring myself to answer in my usual spontaneous fashion. I resolved that I might need the night to sleep on them, so to speak, at which I also took the liberty to refresh my memory with a quick rereading of your exquisite *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

If I recall correctly, in your previous letter you asked me to reconsider whether or not my idea of "collective consciousness" (which is necessary in order for personal faith to survive) actually is some kind of a religious experience, or if it is something else. I see you are familiar with my "crowd" analogy, and here it becomes clearest to me at what point our theories conflict. I understand (or, at least, I humbly think that I do) that your definition (and I beg your pardon, for I am aware of how skeptical about definitions you are) of religion is that it is purely a personal, i.e., *inner* experience. It is "the feelings," you say, "the acts, and experiences of *individual* men in their solitude." Accordingly, "conversion" (i.e., religious change), you state, is when religious ideas "previously peripheral in [one's] consciousness, take a *central* place ... and form the habitual center of his energy." It is clear that you see religion as something completely personal to the individual. It is a mystical experience. It is found within.

That nature is something different from what I call religion, yet I do not deny its existence. To echo the words of your previous letter, I would be simultaneously proclaiming my ignorance if I were to reject the reality and power of the *melancholic* mind. But do not misunderstand me. I have not disregarded the individual experience entirely. Indeed, I believe that the individual *is* a huge part of religion. I only believe that it is merely a first step; it cannot survive without society. This, it seems to me, is where our opinions differ. At any rate, allow me to continue. In the example of the crowd, the speaker feeds off of the energy of the crowd. Indeed, *oratorical inspiration ... comes to him from the very group he is addressing*. The crowd roars and the stadium becomes saturated with their enthusiasm. Consequently, *his (the speaker's) language becomes high-flown ... his gestures take on an overbearing quality. The passionate energies that he arouses reecho in turn within him ... It is then no longer a mere individual who speaks but a group incarnated and personified*. This is what I mean by religion: it is a state of group consciousness. To me, this level of consciousness exceeds even that of the highest levels of individual consciousnesses, and *radical individualism*, I feel, *misconceives the fundamental conditions of religious life...even where religion seems to be entirely within the individual, the living source that feeds it is*



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL DUBITZKY

to be found in society. The collective consciousness is the *highest* form of psychic life, *for it is a consciousness of consciousnesses*.

Perhaps you will object to my design calling it too “hierarchical” a structure of consciousnesses. But I can never emphasize enough that the state of collective (i.e., highest) consciousness is *not only preferable*, but *necessary* for the individual. Indeed, it is a matter of fact that *all individuals are born within society: man is man only because he is civilized*. Indeed, *we speak a language we did not create; we use instruments we did not invent; we claim rights we did not establish*. Consequently, I cannot abandon my argument, for there seems to be a necessary interdependency between religion and society. *Religion, necessarily, is inseparable from the idea of the Church...[it is] an eminently collective thing. The only hearth at which we can warm ourselves morally is the hearth made by the company of our fellow men; the only moral forces with which we can nourish our own and increase them are those we get from others*. Religion is the energy produced by the collective. It is the fervor felt between an orator and his audience.

Best,
EMILE

PS: Please address me simply as “Emile.” Yes we are colleagues, but we are also friends.

Dear Emile,

I much appreciate your prompt response. Allow me to skip the formalities -- I am *so* eager to get to the point. I now understand what you mean by religion being something “more,” and, consequently, why, by those definitions, it cannot be something *purely* personal. Indeed, man is born into society. Let us be practical and realistic men.

Let us not fall to the folly of our predecessors who imaginatively contrived their “states of nature.” Yet I am still not persuaded that the individual consciousness is dependent upon the greater “collective” consciousness. Are you *sure* about this? It seems to be a main presupposition that you make; it still does not seem convincing to me that there is this interdependency, but that the individual soul is completely capable of sustaining itself in its own personal experience of the supernatural. I have found these to be true by speaking with many individuals, and as

you have clearly read my book you are aware that there are *many* of them. I ask you, then, to recall George Fox's account of his isolated experience. What of Stephen Bradley? What of Mr. Jouffroy, Mr. Hadley, or Mr. Finney, just to name a few? These have not moved toward a collective consciousness of any kind. Indeed, Mr. Fox proclaims, "my care was case upon [God] alone." Each of these individuals has reported a self-attained experience of a higher reality, to which I have given the name of *the subconscious self*. It is this higher state of consciousness, in contrast to the communal higher state of consciousness, that, to me, is the "more," of religion; indeed, that is why I argue that religion is primarily something *personal*.

Accordingly, religion is *not* something that can be experienced by collective rituals and practices, but rather by the personal withdrawal from them. One must make a voyage into the individual soul. The energy created by the masses that you speak of is powerful indeed, but to me it is not religion. In fact, it is quite the opposite. Consequently, in my opinion, the location of interest for the agent seeking religion is quite the opposite as well. It is found *within*, not *without*; it is located in the *soul*, not the community. *Ecclesiastical institutions ... contaminate the originally innocent thing (i.e., religion)*. Indeed, *when we hear the word 'religion' nowadays, we think inevitably of some 'church' or other; and to some persons the word 'church' suggests so much hypocrisy and tyranny ... so that even we who belong to churches do not exempt other churches than our own from the general condemnation*.

I must conclude our present correspondence, at least for the time being, with these final sentiments, as I will be leaving town for New York on business for the next few days. Thus, I end with the above sentiments on society and the individual, and can do no more here than elaborate a little: society has contaminated religion. It has created a different form of enthusiasm and ardor, the active feeling that you call collective consciousness -- but this is not religion. The religious experience is found in *an altogether other dimension of existence*. That dimension is not that of rites and practices. It is not found in the external world. It is the dimension reached by the elevated mind. It is the *mystical*, the *supernatural*. It is the place where our subconscious thrives.

It is the place where our ideals reside; consequently, *we belong to it in a more intimate sense than that in which we belong to the visible world, for we belong in the most intimate sense wherever our ideals belong*. It is the most magical and intimate place your imagination can carry you. If it

seems I speak in riddles, please have patience with me: my task has been to describe the ineffable.

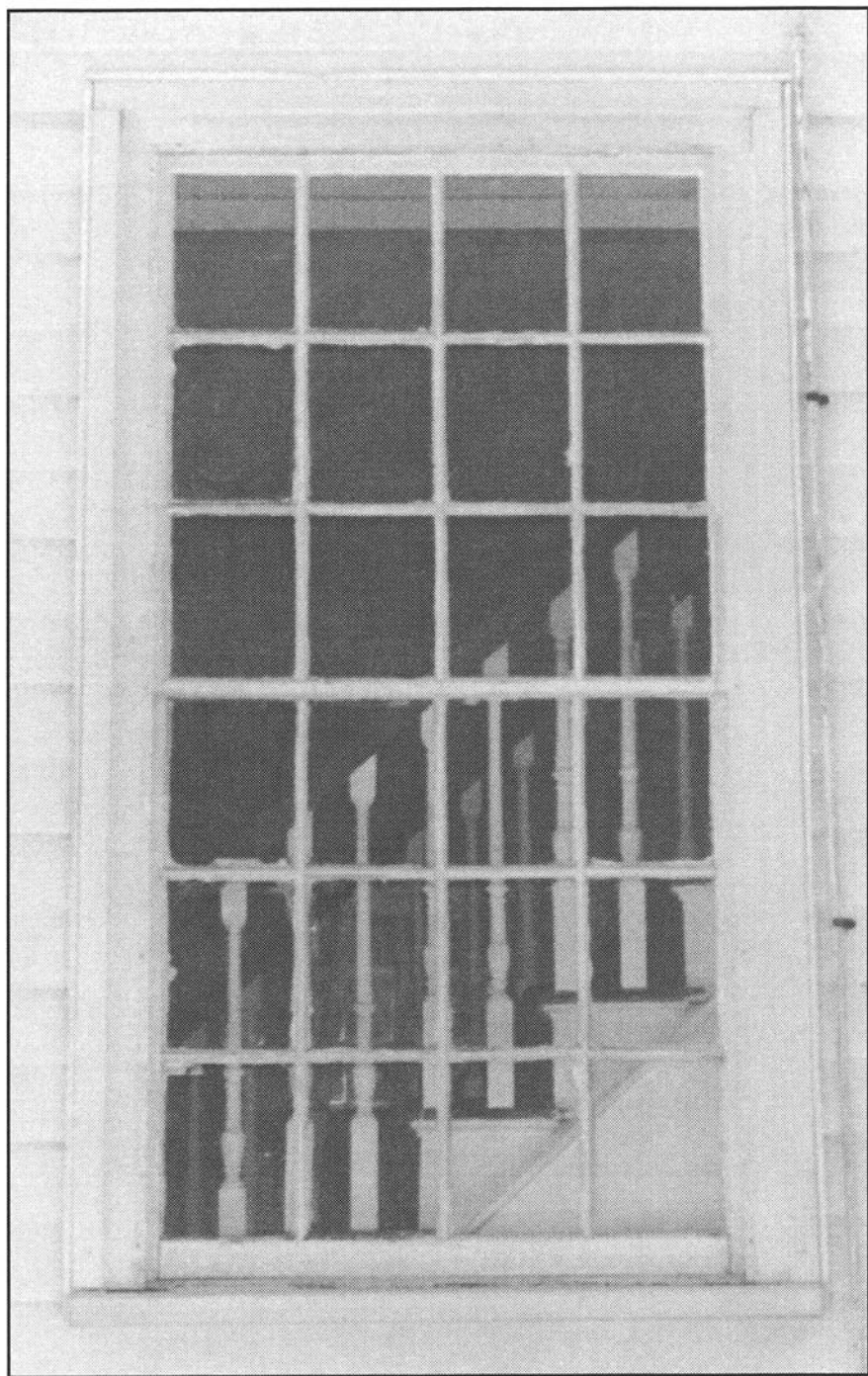
I will write you as soon as I return from New York.
WILLIAM JAMES

PS: By all means, address me by my first name as well, if you please.

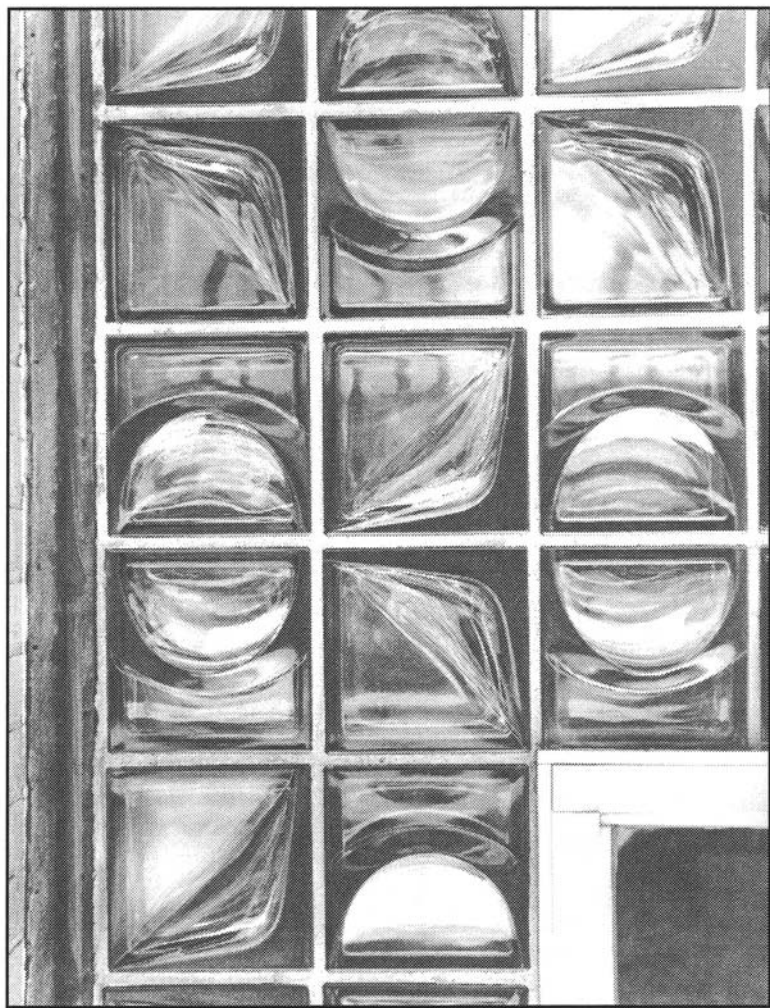
Dear William,

First allow me to say that my awe of your understanding has never been so great as it is at present (though it has *always* been great). Yet it was not until your last letter that I truly felt the beauty of your understanding of religion. I must say, it is much more profound than mine. Yet I must nevertheless hold to my views, not because I feel they are superior -- on the contrary, it appears more likely that you have found something that I have not -- but because they are all I know. Indeed, the supernatural realm that you describe is something much more than I have ever experienced and, not having experience it, its reality for me is very limited. Alas, I must admit, perhaps I am not too spiritual. I see man as born into society. I see evangelism as widespread throughout the world. I see the speaker before the crowd and how both forces augment each other's energy, bringing it to a great crescendo of consciousness. To me religion is *action*; it is communal: *above the individual there is society, and that society is a system of active forces -- not a nominal being, and not a creation of the mind*. Perhaps you are right, perhaps the individual consciousness is able to sustain itself without the aid of a collective body. I don't know. Being a social scientist, I have never been able to ignore the influence of society; and the fact is, society *does* precede the individual. We are not usually born into an isolated island in the middle of the North Atlantic. That is why I must conclude: *social sciences first, since religious faith has its origins in society; psychology next, since society is a synthesis of human consciousnesses*. I suspect you would be more inclined to say something of the following: psychology first, since religious faith has its origins in the individual human consciousness (*not* the society); social sciences *last*, since society has caused the individual to disappear from the face of the earth.

Best of luck in New York, my friend ...
EMILE



PHOTOGRAPH BY REBECCA BOURKE



PHOTOGRAPH BY LAUREN HANSEN-FLASCHEN

DESERTED ISLAND

Kendra Eash

SCENE: *A small island is surrounded by three approaching rowboats. Each rowboat has a solitary figure in it. Lemuel Gulliver, Thomas More, and Panurge are the separate occupants of each boat, but do not see each other until they walk up onto the shore. More approaches Gulliver first, for Panurge's outfit slightly frightens him.*

THOMAS MORE: Ahoy there! Who are you? State your name and homeland if you are able to comprehend English, the language of the most honorable and beauteous Britain, ruled most diligently by his great majesty, Henry the VIII, virtuous and loyal prince of men!

Neither Panurge, who holds a book in his hand, nor Gulliver responds. Panurge pantomimes confusion while Gulliver looks anxiously around the island, ignoring the other two men.

GULLIVER: I understand you perfectly, sir, for I, too, am a resident of Britain, but do not care to converse about the trivial and filthy island of Yahoos that you praise so excessively. I am merely surveying this land in order to assess if I have traveled here previously, and if you'll excuse my haste and apathy, I will simply continue on my way.

TM: I cannot pretend that my pride and partirotism have not been injured by your disdainful repudiation of my country, but I am curious as to what has hardened your heart against so glorious a nation, and against human beings, the Lord's greatest and most brilliant creation.

PANURGE: *(In French)* Hello, good men! How do you do and good day! What brings you fellows to such a strange meeting place, and why the looks of discontent?

Neither Gulliver nor More understands him, but More tries speaking Latin and Panurge responds eagerly

G: Well, since you too seem quite happy, I will just prepare to leave. (*He licks his finger and tests the wind with a look of concentration, muttering to himself.*) Hmm...weather looking bad, I'll have to lanyard the whip-staff and belay the fore-downhall, and then set the mizzen...

TM: (*Distracted*) Sir, what in God's great name are you speaking about? You arrived in a rowboat, and besides, some of the components, or what I endeavor to assume are constituent parts of a ship, I do not believe exist, at least not in any British ship company of which I have ever heard.

PANURGE: (*Now in English*) Yes, you do seem a crazy old fool. Seems to me you need a good slap on the buttocks, or perhaps a bath in a load of hot dog droppings.

TM: Pardon my astonishment, sir, but I was certain that you were not fluent in my native tongue--

P: Yes, well, your ineptitude as a conversationalist is quite striking. (*He opens the book, begins to read.*)

TM: (*Agitated*) What is the nature of that literature you have there? I am well read in the classics of antiquity, but I do not think I have ever seen the likes of that title before.

P: This? This is only the crowning achievement of sixteenth century literature, a masterpiece of comic genius that contains the most biting sarcasm, the greatest hyperbolic characterizations, the most astute criticisms, and the utmost display of dazzling wit. I am in it, of course. The ever-wise author knew that to exclude a scoundrel as striking and intelligent as I would be a mistake.

G: I am immediately inclined to disagree with your eccentric description, especially considering that you are of that most despicable and conniving race, humanity, and I can see that your assertion contains falsity and foolishness, for I have never seen that book in all my travels. What is the title? Who is the author of such an illustrious novel?

P: It is called *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, and was written so eloquently and vividly by the great satirist and humorist, François Rabelais.

Pantagrue is my closest companion, a giant and a robust man, who is portrayed honestly in the book, very much to my liking.

TM: I deduce from this information that the book is held in high esteem, at least in your part of the country. What is the nature of such an acclaimed text? Is it a philosophical treatise? A scholarly analysis? A book of religious conviction?

G: Hah! Religious faction is the downfall of the human race! Protestants, Catholics, big-enders, small-enders, it's all needless confusion.

TM: It is evident from your indignation that you have been disillusioned in some way, but faith help me! I cannot bear to hear such blasphemers' speech. The Lord is not a joke, and Catholicism is certainly not as nonsensical as those other phrases that you muttered.

G: I beg your pardon sir, I am sorry if I have offended you. *(Under his breath)* Yahoo.

P: Yes, well, as for the most lucid prose and intelligent themes of this book: it is a satirical critique of the pretentiousness of the author's society. There are entirely too many high-minded and self-approbing aristocrats rambling pointlessly about the definition of this, and the establishment of that, of God and philosophy, the science of so and so, the state of a man's whatever and of a virtuous woman's blah blah blah. They pretend to know things that they have no knowledge of, and appear to be something they are not.

G: A critique! A critique! I will bet it was not nearly as indisputable as the critique I once heard from the kind of Brobdingnag. He took apart the basis of the British government using reason and sensibility, exposing to me the faults of our country in a most sagacious discourse. Is your book like that? I would very much like to read it, if so. Maybe you have lived amongst the Brobdingnagians as well?

(More's face lights up and he seems about to say something, but Panurge responds quickly.)

P: Sir, you seem to me completely and utterly loopy, but I must admit,

my book contains no such serious critique; it is humorous! A gross exaggeration of vulgarity and inanity! It is true that the book does not focus on particular problems, but Rabelais succeeds in exposing them all as ridiculous. In this book, qualities are described as impossibly greater than they could ever be in order to show the reader that the great rabble of false-cenobites, hooded cheats, sluggards, hypocrites, and monks in boots are disguising their own qualities as greater than they really are! Look at my codpiece for god's sake!

TM: I am sorry to interrupt your tirade or er ... (*glancing at Panurge's codpiece*) ...excitement, sir, but (*to Gulliver*) you, sir, spoke of a land whose king criticized Britain? What was their society like, for I believe I know of the people you are speaking about.

G: I speak of Brobdingnag, a land of giants, and of their great king and honorable, though I must admit not entirely appealing to view closely, queen. (*Excitedly*) If you lived amongst the Brobdingnagians, then perhaps you know of the Houyhnhnms? Are other men of our appearance there? Have they accepted civilized Yahoos? Oh please share your knowledge with me and ignore this buffoon's book of criticism that offers no solution.

TM: (*Taken aback and slightly agitated*) I am sorry sir, I don't believe we speak of the same thing after all, but you are correct when you say this odd looking Frenchman's book offers no correction to accompany its criticism. How good can it be, no matter how humorous, if it offers no solution to the problems it addresses? The whole thing reminds me of a tale I heard a while ago concerning a foreign land of somewhat better quality than Britain or France. A man named Hythloday had come upon what he described as Utopia, a completely perfect society. I, for one, became much more aware of the faults of Britain when Hythloday described the Utopians' alternative, and in some ways much improved, methods of living.

P: But surely you must see that there is something to be said for Rabelais' offensive and revolutionary style in which he conveyed his criticisms? The pure absurdity of my character and scandalous actions disparaged the values of society by attacking the pompous elite where they

were most vulnerable: with vulgarity.

G: Ahh, but I believe that one can be subtly vulgar. I myself once put out a fire by urinating on a palace, but described my action in the most delicate of terms, so as not to offend any listeners who might have thought I was endeavoring to be vulgar. Now that I think about it, however, I believe packaging my offensive actions in polite and careful rhetoric may have made for an even more ridiculous presentation than simply stating the offensive action. Perhaps there is a greater skill in satire when one goes about it more cunningly?

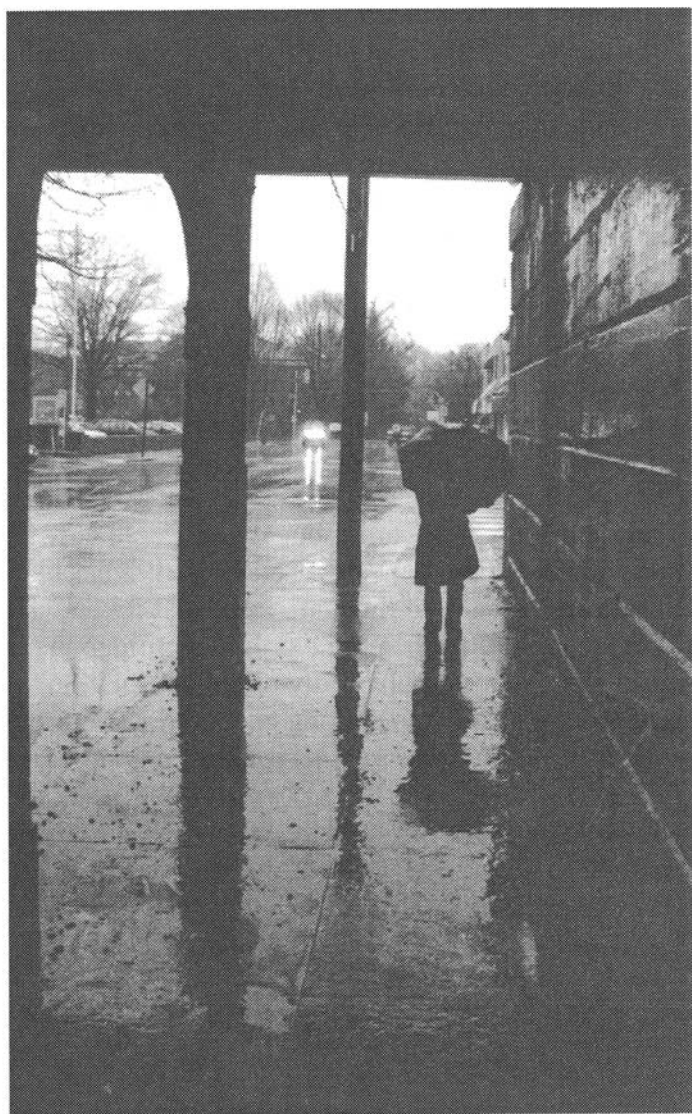
P: Both of you gentlemen are just as bad as the pretentious humanists Rabelais was targeting. He was not trying to denounce humanity or change the entire structure of society; he just thought it was slightly corrupt and wrote his tale for the amusement of himself and others. Do not bite off more than you can chew, boys.

TM: Calm down sir, for a moment I thought you would have liked to cut my head off with all the rage you were displaying. I rather like humanists, although I do agree many of them are fakes and frauds. However, I stand by my position that there is more worth in a critique that presents a fraudulent society and subtly or obviously offers a resolution. Ahh, well, I must be going, I have already spent long enough time conversing with you two strange men. *(More gets into his rowboat and departs.)*

G: Good luck with that piece of literature, strange man that you are, for I—Is that a horse?

Gulliver disappears into the forest, running wildly.

Panurge opens the book, begins to read, and laughs to himself. ■



PHOTOGRAPH BY LAUREN HANSEN-FLASCHEN

AN APPLE

Scott Gorlin

I once upon my journeys saw an apple by the sea,
And stopped to pluck its luscious red
And held the apple to my head
Against the wishes of the tree.
And rivers from the apple ran
Through caverns measureless to man --
But as my teeth would take a bite
Something bit right back at me
Almost godlike in its might
And lapped me in its mystery.

And visions through my head did play
And colors flew
With fragrant hue
As sun passed through the day.
And though my eyes were closed to sight,
I could not help but hear the plight:
A world within had called my name,
Complete with ocean, mountain, bay;
And men made war with wolfensbane
And flew to me to say:

Choose your side! Give us right!
We call you God, you gave us life!
You gave us dance, water, wine, and wife,
Now give to us the Holy Might!
They prayed to me to end their wars,
To pick a side, to close the doors:
For two-blood people lived that day,
And could not mix, the black and white
So I turned to them, as I did say:
Hand me the apple! I need another bite.

And as I ate that apple sitting by the tree,
And as it bled
That luscious red
A friend snuck up behind of me,
And called to me right through the wars,
Through bird and beast, men and whores:
I fear you're gone! You are not sane!
He made to me his desperate plea.
For Ego! Ego! Is thy name!
Beware, said I, you dare not disturb me.

And there I sat, hurting twice,
From friend gone bad,
And warriors mad,
As they prayed to me for Fire and Ice.
And I said to them, Ask not my ways,
Call not to God to give you days,
For I alone can make you dead
Or save your life from pending vice.
For I upon the apple fed,
And drank the milk of paradise.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JENNY YEE

FOUR POEMS BY TARA KELLENBERGER

The Tennis Courts

So everything became slightly more serious,
A little more quiet.
Not necessarily subtle, more of a sharp balminess.

Maybe it'd be better if it were less complicated —
Or maybe that'd make it too blunt.
But it's not to be disliked or liked —
It is how it is.

All we can do is hold each other
closer than we know for sure.

"It's like two people in the wrong place at the wrong time
for the right reasons."

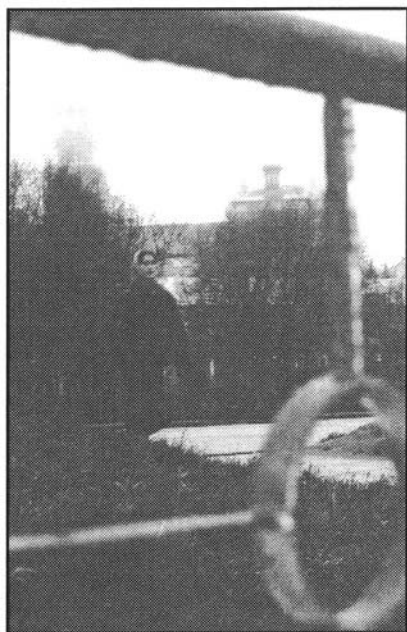
And this situation swelters

The sweat beads over your sultriness.
It's all curling for the credence
you've given to him.

And I did not do this.
It is so stifling in here that my mind
cannot create a reason to keep you.

All the while the *à quatre mains*
whines in the background.
You are a fool to belong to his ardency.

And I'm as cool as a cucumber.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARINA RODZIANKO

Lacking One

You asked and she's feeling fine.
Her palm to her mind
like a smoker one cigarette short.

She's mad, that cycle child.

Sometimes in her violent
drunkenness
She pushes me to the
glossy concrete floor.
She won and I suffer the
young dumb cheers.
I censor the emotion,
Add sarcasm and hold
back her hair.

Flaunt her hollow,
Because the empty bottle never breaks.

MARMALADE

My sweet marmalade,
Darling of three,

Just take my insides,
Take them out of me.

My sweet marmalade,
Fox hunting hound,

Kick me, please kick me,
When I am down.

Can't let my marmalade push me around,
In her marmalade town, with that marmalade frown.

PARTHENOGENICALLY DERIVED STEM CELLS: NONHUMAN PRIMATE PARTHENOGENESIS AND BEYOND

Adrian H. Nam

Parthenogenesis is the process by which an egg develops into an individual in the absence of a sperm. Among animals, naturally occurring parthenogenesis has been observed in insect species, notably aphids. The possibility of human parthenogenesis has captivated mankind for centuries. The idea has been an integral part of some of the most influential and enduring cultural traditions. In the Christian religion, it is said that Mary gave birth to Jesus Christ, the source of humanity's salvation for Christians, as a virgin. In Greek mythology, one of the principal deities is Athena, the goddess of war and peace. She is the patron of the human creative capacity of arts and crafts. It is said that Zeus, the supreme god of the Greek pantheon, parthenogenically gave birth to Athena. Human civilization may soon make a momentous stride in the art of genetic manipulation with recent developments in nonhuman primate parthenogenesis.

Transmitted into the minds of scientists armed with the latest biotechnological knowledge, the dream of parthenogenically creating a human being is close to becoming a reality. As a first step towards that goal, scientists have recently derived stem cells from a monkey's unfertilized embryo. The first documented success of artificial parthenogenesis occurred in 1900. Jacques Loeb pricked unfertilized frog eggs with a needle and found that some of these eggs followed a path of normal embryonic development. In 1936, Gregory Pincus induced, in rabbit eggs, the first successful mammalian parthenogenesis. In 1983, Elizabeth J. Robertson made a landmark discovery: the parthenogenetic stem cells of mouse embryos could form nerve and muscle tissues (Cibelli, "The First Human Cloned Embryo," p. 48). Since then, experimentation in mammalian parthenogenesis has been spurred by the practical prospect of improving human health with stem cells.

Every cell in a person's body contains an entire DNA sequence. Most of the DNA in a body is inactive. Each cell is made from information coded specifically for its function on a particular piece of the DNA.

However, during the first three weeks of embryonic development, cells are not completely differentiated as blood cells, muscle cells or nerve cells. This characteristic of a cell's indistinctness is called pluripotency. An obvious and readily available source of pluripotent cells is a newly fertilized embryo. Scientists have discovered ways to capitalize on a fertilized embryo's pluripotency by directing its cell division and development. These manipulated cells, called stem cells, can be developed for specific functions, such as for repairing skin tissue or damaged nerves. Successful stem cells have been created by exposing pluripotent embryos to different molecular compounds, various temperature changes, and electrical shocks (ibid., p. 47).

One promising potential application of stem cells is the repair of damaged nerves. Parkinson's disease is a disorder in which the chemicals responsible for electrical transmission between nerve cells are depleted. Those suffering from this debilitating disease now have hope for returning to normal health. Another possible application of stem cell technology is the replacement of unhealthy heart tissue and blood cells in heart disease patients. In addition, stem cell technology can even potentially revolutionize cosmetic surgery. Damaged or blemished skin tissues can be replaced with new and healthy skin tissues derived from stem cells. The fruits of stem cell research may soon become a fundamental part of modern medicine. It has the potential to not only improve our health, but also to make us appear younger and more beautiful.

The public has taken note of these advancing medical applications. Its response has not been completely positive. Scientists aggressively embarking on this medical frontier of biotechnology have had difficulties in gaining society's full support. Despite the promising health benefits of stem cells, many people are concerned with the moral issues they raise. Most of the stem cells collected for research have been obtained from fertilized embryos left over from cases of *in vitro* fertilization, the process of fertilizing an egg in a laboratory. Many people have strong opinions about the definition of a human being. Some believe that an embryo, even at the moment of fertilization, is entitled to the same rights to life as a mature adult. These people feel uncomfortable with scientists conducting research on fertilized eggs. This research has and will inevitably lead to the death of many embryos until a successful process of stem cell development is discovered. These "mutilated" embryos have raised concerns, especially among those who are against abortion. The controversy over stem cell research has even reached the highest levels of govern-

ment. In August of 2001, the topic of President Bush's first televised address was stem cell research. He announced that the federal government would fund research only on those human embryonic stem cells already in existence.

Biotechnological research on human therapeutic cloning may pacify those who oppose stem cell research. Human therapeutic cloning is a process by which an egg, removed of its genetic material, is injected with the nucleus of a somatic cell to yield stem cells. The cell, having undergone somatic cell nuclear transfer, is then exposed to a mixture of chemicals and growth factors to activate cell division. A hollow ball of cells called the inner cell mass develops within a blastocyst, a larger ball of cells. The inner cell mass is then removed from the egg and grown in a culture dish to yield stem cells (*ibid.*, p. 46). Yet many people still oppose this kind of stem cell research because it tampers with a healthy egg and robs it of its genetic material.

Parthenogenesis, as an alternative to embryonic and cloned stem cells, may be the most politically viable means of creating stem cells. Moreover, parthenogenetic stem cells are safer and more effective than those derived from other procedures. The parthenogenetic process takes advantage of the properties of an early-stage egg. Mature germ cells of sperm and eggs have only half of the genetic material of a somatic cell. However, eggs halve their genetic complement relatively late in maturation. Scientists have activated eggs early in their development to retain their full set of genes. Researchers from Advanced Cell Technology and Wake Forest University School of Medicine have successfully created parthenogenetic stem cells of monkey eggs. They started with seventy-seven monkey eggs and developed four of them into blastocysts. They then subjected the eggs to electrical shock, directing its development into stem cells (Cibelli, "Parthenogenetic Stem Cells in Nonhuman Primates," p. 819).

Parthenogenetic stem cell research does not disaggregate a normal egg and denucleate it of its genetic material. It also does not involve a fertilized embryo. Future research on this parthenogenetic process that may yield human stem cells can affect the debate on stem cell research. Stem cell research may gain more support from the general public with parthenogenesis. In fact, researchers at Advanced Cell Technology have started experimentation that may soon lead to parthenogenetically derived human stem cells. They have exposed eggs to chemicals, changing their concentration of charged atoms (Cibelli, "The First Human Cloned," p.

48). As of yet, they have not successfully grown the important inner cell mass that yields stem cells.

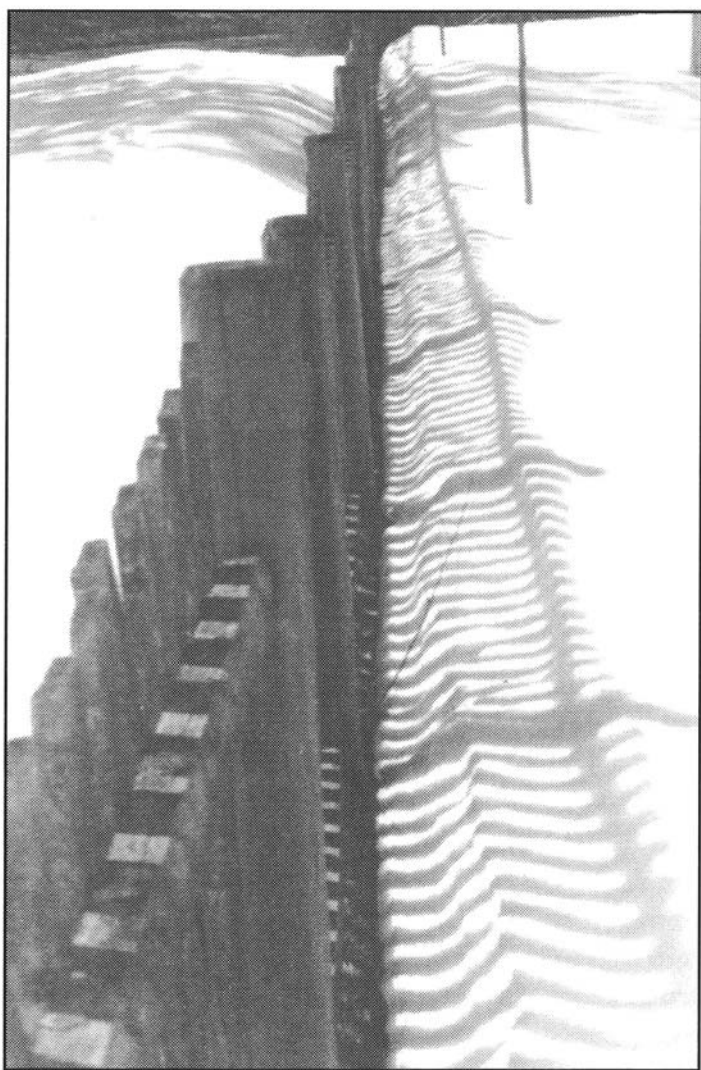
Researchers at Advanced Cell Technology are confident that they will soon discover a successful process that will yield parthenogenetic human stem cells. Parthenogenetic stem cells have the obvious limitation of being derived only from women. But the health benefits of this process for women in the future are remarkable. Although the genetic material of a woman's egg is not completely identical to her body cells because of the gene shuffling involved in gamete formation, it will be a closer match to her body's cells than the genetic material of a donor. These parthenogenetic stem cells will not be producing as many molecules foreign to the patient's immune system. As a result, patients injected with parthenogenetic stem cells derived from their own eggs will experience a lower rejection rate in transplantation (ibid., p. 47). Parthenogenetic stem cell creation is a win-win process, quieting some of the moral concerns of stem cell technology while serving a beneficial and practical purpose. Perhaps in the near future, man will receive the necessary blessings from Athena to create human stem cells. Then, the parthenogenetically created goddess Athena, patron of the arts and crafts, will reveal the craft of her own creation. ■

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PHOTOGRAPH BY REBECCA BOURKE

THE TAO OF REBEKAH

Sarah Gold

A woman who follows the Tao can be mysterious, energetic, sustaining, and honorable. She achieves the goal of non-action and contemplation, while maintaining a strong level of perseverance and authority. She has a strong will and is motivated to follow in a specific path to her destiny, part of which is predetermined and part of which is determined by herself. She is the root of heaven and earth, and consequently, the root of all that emanates from them. She is the mother of humanity.

Rebekah, the Biblical mother, personifies these qualities. Rebekah's will and integrity are often compromised, but each time she is challenged, she holds the appropriate balance between action and passivity. She is often presented as bearing two personality types: a passive one of humility and domesticity, and an active one, which demands doing what is best for herself as an individual and as a decision maker in a developing legacy. The balance of this duality is the basis for finding "the way" in Taoism. A person must maintain a passive state of "non-action" and an active position of controlling that which needs control. The two aspects of Rebekah's character play into the Genesis story and leave her not as a conflicted woman whose active will and intelligence are too strong for her passive, feminine side, but as one who learns to balance her keenness with modesty and femininity.

Lao-Tzu explains,

The Sage rules,

By emptying hearts and filling bellies,

By weakening ambitions and strengthening bones;

Leads people

Away from knowing and wanting;

Deters those who know too much

From going too far:

Practices non-action

And the natural order is not disrupted.

Lao-Tzu, p.3

Following the Tao involves restoring a "natural order." According to Lao-

Tzu, this order is the primeval root of the human objective: to balance what needs to be weakened with what needs to be strengthened, to balance chaos and order. When Lao-Tzu says, "By weakening ambitions and strengthening bones," he is not espousing the belief that all ambition should be suppressed and that physical strength should endure, but maintains that if either quality is overemphasized, then neither virtue will present itself in its most glorified state. In Genesis, Rebekah is presented as the archetypal figure for determining the balance between activity and passivity. Through her keen perception, she is able to lead the people "away from knowing and wanting." This does not mean that she desires her descendants to be ignorant and greedy, but she wants them not to be dependent wholly on the intellectual realm of the universe, and certainly not on the materialistic sphere of existence.

When Rebekah is first introduced, she is portrayed as a woman of unusual virtue. Abraham sends his servant to look for a wife for his son, Isaac. The servant prays to God, "Let the maiden to whom I shall say, 'Pray let down your jar that I may drink,' and who shall say, 'Drink, and I will water your camels'—let her be the one whom thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac" (Genesis 24:14). In Genesis 24:19 Rebekah proves equal to the test. Not only does she do as the servant had prayed, but she does so without hesitation and without speaking. Lao-Tzu extols the person who speaks only when necessary when he says,

Be careful in valuing words.

When the work is done,

Everyone says

We just acted naturally.

Lao-Tzu, p.17

One must value his words so that things are done naturally by the human spirit. Because Rebekah does not question the servant and acts immediately, her actions are perceived as sincere and selfless. She does not commend herself for what she does, nor does she express any annoyance at having to perform extra work for this stranger and his camels.

When Rebekah brings Abraham's servant back to her father's home, and the servant proposes that she return with him to be betrothed to his master's son, Rebekah is compelled to make a decision. "And they called Rebekah, and said to her, 'Will you go with this man?' She said, 'I will go'" (Genesis 24:58). The burden of choice is placed on Rebekah, and she meets the responsibility, therefore initiating her own fate. It can be

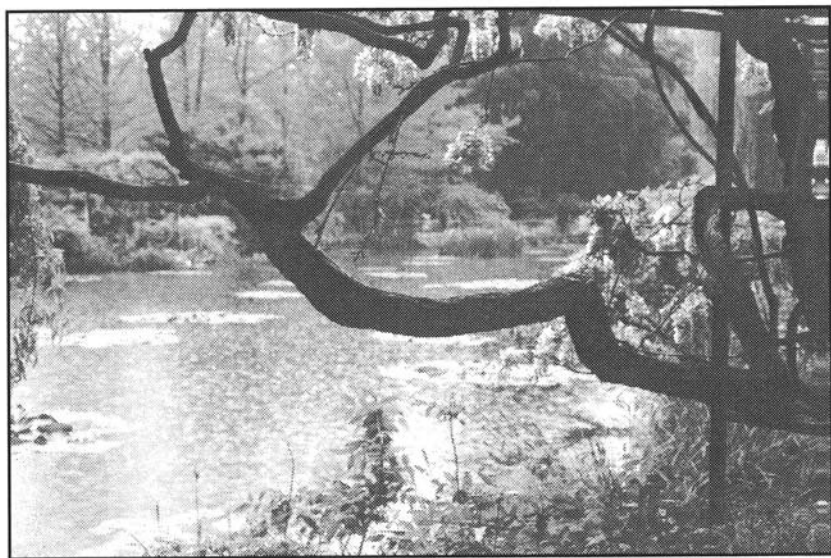
assumed that Rebekah was a very capable and outspoken young woman to have been given the opportunity to decide her own destiny. After all, it was her family, not this stranger, who suggested that Rebekah be asked. They must have known that any other way would not have sufficed for her. Each person has his own path in life and must take all measures necessary to fulfill what his destiny demands. Lao-Tzu believes that a person's actions must not be dependent on the actions or decisions of others. He asserts:

Give birth and cultivate.
Give birth and do not possess.
Act without dependence.
Excel but do not rule.

Lao-Tzu, p.10

A person must "give birth" to his destiny by attaching himself to his goal without possessing or ruling too much. While restraining himself from becoming too powerful, he must be sure that he is dominant over himself and does not allow others to rule over him. Rebekah satisfies the message of this apothegm by balancing conformity to the ancient social constraints with a refusal to let them dictate her decisions.

In the very next scene, Rebekah's modesty becomes clear, but even her modesty is presented as something that she initiates. When Rebekah returns to meet her future husband and is told that it is Isaac who is



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL DUBITZKY

approaching them, “she [takes] her veil and cover[s] herself” (Genesis 24: 65). This foreshadows the modesty that will exist within their marriage. Rebekah knows intuitively that a holy man is approaching and consequently covers herself before him. With this gesture, Rebekah again initiates her fate, not in a physical way, but through the setting of a modest ideal in their relationship. Modesty implies knowing one’s place in relation to others. Lao-Tzu points out that often the individual in a lower position is in fact the one who is more important because he knows his place. He says,

A great nation flows down
To be the world’s pool,
The female under heaven
In stillness
The female constantly overcomes the male,
In stillness
Takes the low place.
Therefore a great nation
Lowers itself
And wins over a small one.
A small nation
Keeps itself low
And wins over a great one.
Sometimes becoming low wins,
Sometimes staying low wins.

Lao-Tzu, p.61

Rebekah understands that the woman’s societal role is placed beneath that of the man’s, yet her modesty does not restrain her from seeing the importance of her role. Having a position beneath a man does not assume that she is of any lesser virtue or quality; on the contrary, Lao-Tzu upholds that “[w]eak overcomes strong, / [s]oft overcomes hard” (Lao-Tzu, p.78). By knowing and accepting her position, Rebekah becomes an enlightened woman; with humility at her core, she becomes noble. By realizing that the lower and softer role of the woman is often the foundation of strength in society, Rebekah becomes a woman of sincere strength and virtue.

Following this scene, Isaac takes Rebekah into the tent, sleeps with her, and falls in love with her immediately. The scripture states, “So Isaac was comforted after his mother’s death” (Genesis 24:67). Rebekah must

possess a loving, maternal trait which consoles her husband. This shows the beginning of their partnership in marriage. Isaac initiates the physical relationship while Rebekah uses her internal power to comfort her husband. The image of the woman as an energetic comforter is presented in the *Tao Te Ching* through the figure of the “Valley Spirit.” Lao-Tzu states,

The Valley Spirit never dies.
It is called the Mysterious Female.
The entrance to the Mysterious Female
Is called the root of Heaven and Earth,
Endless flow
Of inexhaustible energy.

Lao-Tzu, p.6

The “Valley Spirit” dwells at the base of all physical existence in the universe. The deep crevices amidst the bulge create an image of an abstract and mysterious foundation to the world. This foundation, however, is not flat but is molded to uphold the mighty structures which lie upon it. To support this “root of Heaven and Earth,” the “Valley Spirit” has running through it an “[e]ndless flow / [o]f inexhaustible energy.” The flow of continuous energy is the life force which sustains all beings. The image of flowing energy mirrors the idea that the female Spirit is tranquil and serene. Rebekah, a founder of the children of Israel, possesses the tranquillity necessary for comforting her husband and for maintaining a calm example throughout her role as matriarch.

According to the Bible, Isaac brings Rebekah into the tent of his mother, Sarah. Isaac sees that Rebekah is worthy of being the next link in the formation of the Jewish people, a role that had been embodied by his mother. There are some who say that after Sarah’s death her spirit lingered in her tent, and when Isaac brought Rebekah to this holy place the spirit found a dwelling place in Rebekah, deeming her worthy of becoming the mother of the Jewish people. Thus Isaac was comforted, not only in a physical or emotional way, but in a metaphysical, spiritual manner as well.

Following what seems to be a Biblical tradition, Rebekah is barren. Isaac prays for her, and Rebekah conceives. “The children struggled together within her; and she said, ‘If it is thus, why do I live?’ So she went to inquire of the Lord” (25:22). This is unique. Both Hagar and Sarah had interaction with God, but neither of them initiated the interac-

tion. Rebekah's independence and directness are exemplified here. Rather than having only her husband speak to God on her behalf, Rebekah speaks to God on her own as well. It is interesting to note that the verse says that Rebekah "inquired" instead of "prayed." Rebekah does not pray to God to relieve her of this pain, but asks God why it is that she must live with it. God tells her that the struggling of the babies in her womb is indicative of the struggling between the two nations that will come from her (Genesis 25:23).

Metaphorically, this is the conflict found in all people. In each person there is activity and passivity, a will to initiate and be free and a desire to nurture and conform. People must not ignore aspects of their personalities, but must work with them so that they become part of a whole, balanced system. It is possible that the struggle within Rebekah, and the later struggle between her sons Jacob and Esau, allude to the duality of Rebekah's personality. God does not comfort her and say that there is no struggle, but tells her, "Two nations are in your womb, and two peoples, born of you, shall be divided," as if to say: you are human; you must deal with your differences (Genesis 25:23). Likewise, Lao-Tzu says,

Can you balance your life force
And embrace the One
Without separation?
Can you control your breath
Gently
Like a baby?
Can you clarify
Your dark vision
Without blemish?
Can you love people
And govern the country
Without knowledge?

Lao-Tzu, p.10

This passage exemplifies the goals of a person in conflict with himself. A person must attempt to balance his life forces through control over the body, clarity of the mind, love for mankind, and a transcendental approach to the physical universe. Through these objectives, a person will "embrace the One," "One" being either the wholeness of the self or perhaps the unification with a higher spiritual Being. Rebekah clearly achieves this "embrace" with both of these possibilities, through the con-

quering of her double nature. She understands herself and understands others; she balances knowledge with intuition to best serve herself and those around her. Lao-Tzu's questioning continues:

Can you open and close
The gate of heaven
Without clinging to earth?
Can you brighten
The four directions
Without actions?

Lao-Tzu, p.10

The female is represented by the "gate of heaven;" she has the ability to exist on this earth and to transcend it and enter into the spiritual, contemplative realm. The "four directions," all directions of the physical universe, can be understood when she is in a state of contemplative non-action.

In Genesis 27:6-17, Rebekah is faced with another decision. She must choose either to respect her husband's decision to bless Esau with dominion over his younger twin or deceive Isaac and make sure that the blessing goes to the more worthy son Jacob. Her intuition tells her that Jacob is the better choice for fathering the nation, and so she lies and makes Jacob lie to Isaac. "Now therefore, my son, obey my word as I command you," she says to Jacob when she tells him to disguise himself as his hairy brother and trick his father into giving him the blessing (Genesis 27:3). This shows complete independence and determination to do what she feels is right, even if it means being deceitful. Rebekah is willing to risk her relationship with Isaac, and to a degree she also put her relationship with God in peril. The strength that Rebekah possesses to make such a daring and shrewd decision is indicative of her dual capacity for the passive intellectual and the active initiation necessary in decision making. Lao-Tzu praises the person who takes charge when he says,

Open the passage,
Take charge of things:
No relief
Until your life ends.
Seeing the small is called brightness.
Maintaining gentleness is called strength.
Use this brightness to return to brightness.

Lao-Tzu, p.52

A person must constantly make decisions and take control over his life. One must look at details when evaluating situations and must execute decisions in a gentle fashion. Strength of character is achieved by the person who is guided by the light of wisdom and virtue.

Rebekah's personality is set up to be one of conflict. She possesses opposing characteristics, but rather than keeping her personalities separate and distinct, she blends them together, forming a balance of independence and domesticity. Rebekah challenges God, lies to her husband, and chooses her fate, but at the same time she is modest and kind. She is both active and passive, yet there is not conflict. Her relationship with Isaac and her role as a mother demonstrate her capabilities and independence without veering from her modesty and femininity. Rebekah proves that it is a balance of kindness, nurturing, intelligence, and initiative that makes a person successful and free.

Rebekah was obviously not a Taoist, but the Taoist ideals are universal and eternal.

Tao endures without a name.
Though simple and slight,
No one under heaven can master it.
Tao's presence in this world
Is like valley streams
Flowing into rivers and seas.

Lao-Tzu, p.34

The idea of Tao has existed since the ideas of chaos and order emerged; therefore, the application of Tao is possible in every era. The relevance of Tao to the matriarch Rebekah proves the eternity of the ubiquitous concept of finding "the way." Throughout history, especially at the beginning of history, it has been mankind's quest to find a balance between the primordial chaos and the evolving order in the world. The way in which Rebekah embodies this spirit of Tao confirms both its universality and her own unending virtue. ■



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARINA RODZIANKO

A PORTRAIT OF LOST INNOCENCE

Danielle Papa

“I am like no one in the whole world.” With these defiant words, Rousseau begins to paint a picture of his life. Throughout his *Confessions*, Rousseau outlines questions regarding society, its authority personal liberty and obedience to the authority of society. He wishes for certain knowledge but, at the same time, desires to create intimate bonds with others. “My purpose,” says Rousseau, “is to display to my kind a portrait in every way true to nature, and the man I shall portray will be myself” (Rousseau, *The Confessions*, p. 17). His goal is to show his descent from pure innocence to a corrupted human being. Like Rousseau, Mozart deals with the subject of lost innocence. The spirit of the work is conveyed from the first bars of the overture: a work bubbling over with life and energy. The changes in the thoughts and feelings of the characters are portrayed with great accuracy by the music, and we are plunged straight into the action of the opening scene. We are brought into the presence not of gods, goddesses or classical heroes, but of ordinary men and women, domestic servants. Figaro is measuring for a bed. This introduces the central theme: sexual intrigue. Although both men have a different cause in mind, they agree on one main point: man has been corrupted from his natural, innocent state to a state of vice.

To understand fully the meaning of Rousseau’s *Confessions*, one must first be aware of his thoughts regarding society. Rousseau believes that man is essentially good, and in his purest form, in the state of nature -- a state without civilization or society. These good people are made happy and corrupted by their experiences in society. In other words, society is artificial and corrupt, with reason a false guide when looked to as the only instrument for truth. In nature we find qualities of true purity: kindness, unselfishness, honesty, and understanding. In civilization, these are transformed into different qualities, tinted with evil. In his essay, “Discourse on the Arts and Sciences,” Rousseau argues that the advancement of art and science is not morally beneficial to mankind:

Our gardens are decorated with statues and our Galleries with paintings. What would you think these masterpieces ... represent? The defenders of the Fatherland? Or those

still greater men who enriched it with their virtues? No. These are images of all the aberrations of the heart and of reason ... presented to our children's curiosity at an early age; no doubt so that they might have models of bad deeds before their eyes, even before they can read.

Children grow up with these images of vice -- violence and sexual desire -- in their minds, and with the idea that these can be used to become a heroic, virtuous figure. These same children are educated strictly and never get the chance to make judgments without the influence of society tainting them. Rousseau also states that the progress of this knowledge led to the rise of more powerful governments and crushed individual liberty. Life was changed from a virtuous, happy, simple state to a state of more complexity and corruption. He concludes that material progress has actually undermined the possibility of sincere friendship, replacing it with jealousy, fear and suspicion. In short, civilization corrupts natural goodness and increases inequality between humans.

Indeed, due to his inconsistency and ambiguity, it is sometimes difficult to analyze Rousseau's true meaning. He clearly states that he is "like no one in the whole world" and follows it by implying that he is in fact like everyone else. But with his view of society in mind, we can start to see the significance of his work. Rousseau details the incident in which the "serenity of [his] childish life" ended (p. 30). Rousseau, along with his cousin, was punished for breaking a comb, an act that he denies committing. He describes the transition:

Imagine a person timid and docile in ordinary life, but proud, fiery, and inflexible when roused, a child who has always been controlled by the voice of reason, always treated with kindness, fairness, and indulgence, a creature without a thought of injustice, now for the first time suffering a most grave one at the hands of the people he loves best and most deeply respects. Imagine the revolution in his ideas, the violent change of his feelings, the confusion in his heart and brain, in his small intellectual and moral being (p. 29)!

Rousseau believed that reason played a powerful role in truth; he lived according to it. To be punished for an innocent crime by the very thing

that one believes in so strongly leads to complete devastation. The life that he knew was transformed, by one single incident, into a new life, with the realization of violence, corruption, and injustice. Rousseau uses the words “timid,” “proud,” “fiery,” “grave,” and “violent” to emphasize the destruction of his innocence. This event is followed by numerous acts of stealing, vice, and rebellion.

Along with the injustice of society, love and sexual desire play an important role in the corruption of man. *The Marriage of Figaro* is a comedy, but it contains a serious message. It is filled with high humor and low farce, but also a moment of great beauty and pathos, as in the Countess’ aria at the start of Act Two. In this aria, she laments the loss of her husband’s love: “O love, bring some relief/ To my sorrow, to my sights;/ O give me back my loved one/ Or in mercy let me die” (p. 9). The word “tesoro,” translated here as “loved one,” can be translated literally to mean “treasure.” The Countess has lost the treasures of pride, happiness, and memories of romantic love; she is humiliated by the Count’s actions, and feels she has lost her dignity. Although she is stripped of her illusions, she can still remember the time in which she had romantic love in her life. Also, the voice of the Countess is accompanied by one instrument. This emphasizes her inner solitude and the loneliness that has overcome her. This scene resembles



PHOTOGRAPH BY LAUREN HANSEN-FLASCHEN

the scene of Penelope awaiting Odysseus' return, but, unlike the picture of Penelope, it is overshadowed by the loss of her innocence.

The fight to regain, or save what is left of, this innocence is shown in ordinary people when they lie. Rousseau demonstrates one of these moments in his "crime" against Marion:

Only Mlle Pontal lost a little pink and silver ribbon, which was quite old. Plenty of better things were within my reach, but this ribbon alone tempted me. They inquired how I had got hold of it. I grew confused, stammered, and finally said with a blush that it was Marion who had given it to me (p. 86)!

The color of the ribbon is pink and silver. Symbolically, this represents the clash between innocence, the pure color of white stained to silver by society, and the seduction of human beings, by sexual desires, to vice, the color pink. The ribbon is old, which implies that original goodness and vice have been in opposition for a long time, since the dawn of civilization. Also, Rousseau answers his accusers with a blush. Blushing is a sign of shame, and anyone who is truly innocent would have nothing to be ashamed of. He wants the reader to see that he has been corrupted by society and his actions are a consequence of this corruption. Rousseau knowingly lies to his accusers because he does not want to look like a thief in the eyes of others.

Society, though, is the cause of this reaction. Society creates inequality and shame. The second scene of *The Marriage of Figaro* introduces us to the tension between the different social status of the characters. The Count intends to exercise the feudal *droit de seigneur*, the right of the first night, but Figaro will not stand for this. What is being questioned here is the arbitrary power of the feudal aristocracy. Figaro challenges the Count: "If, my dear Count,/ You feel like dancing,/ It's I/ Who'll call the tune./ If you'll come/ To my school,/ I'll teach you/ How to caper" (p. 2). The aria is cast in the form of the minuet, an eighteenth century courtly dance. However, the essence of the music is very different from the usual minuet. It is an aggressive statement, full of menace and defiance; it is a declaration of war of the servant against his master. This scene depicts the aristocracy as degenerate, lustful, and depraved. Social inequality ultimately leads to the corruption of man.

Turning a moment from corrupted individuals, Mozart gives us a

glimpse of an in young man, not yet corrupted by society. The Countess' lost innocence is complemented by the innocence of Cherubino, the page. Mozart casts Cherubino as a soprano. Since Cherubino is a male, this helps to emphasize the innocence he holds in regards to love. Cherubino is completely overwhelmed with eros and desire for love:

I no longer know what I am doing,
Now I'm burned, now I'm made of ice ...
Every woman makes me change colour,
Every woman makes me tremble.
At the very word love or beloved
My heart leaps and pounds,
And to speak of it fills me
With a longing I can't explain (p.4)!

Cherubino allows love to take over and control his emotions; the entire aria revolves around these foreign feelings. He constantly moves back and forth between the "burning" passion of eros and the "cold" feelings of nothing at all. Sometimes he feels it and sometimes he doesn't, but, when he does, it flows completely through him. Cherubino appears to be more in love with the idea of love than with the women he encounters. The words slow down at the end of this aria, implying that love is unpredictable; one can never predict the consequences of love.

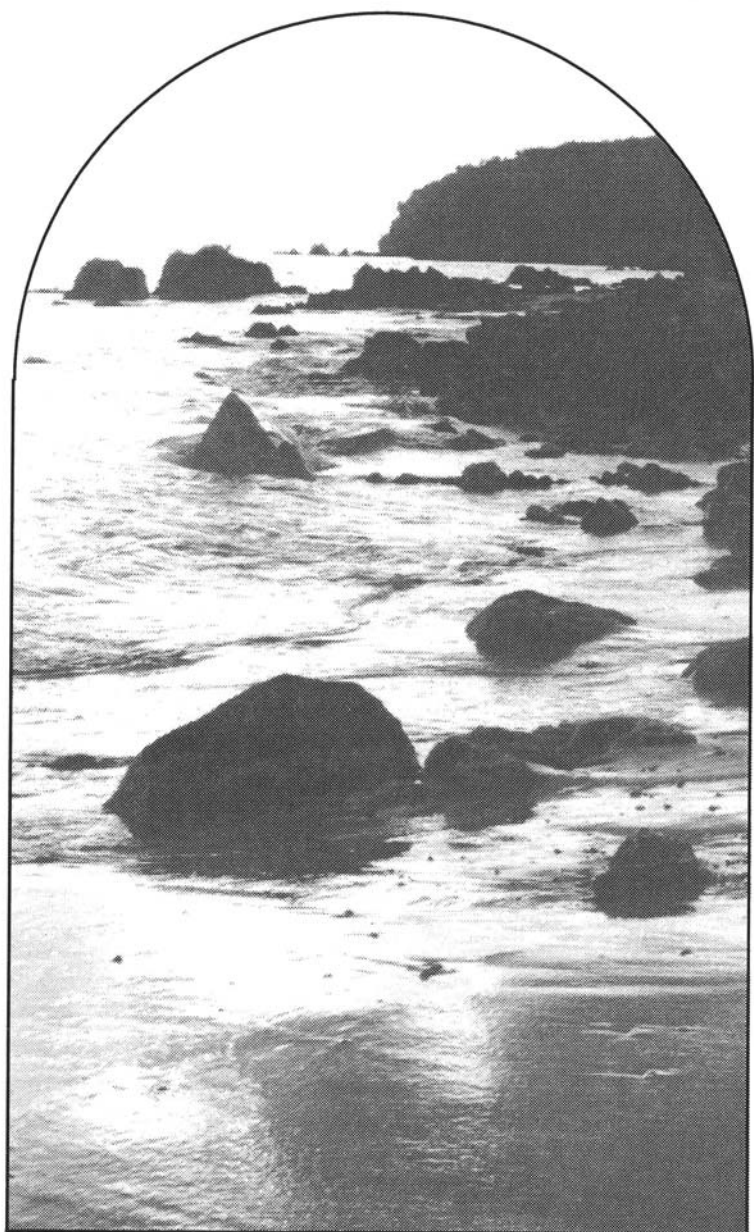
Rousseau once held this innocence that we see in Cherubino, and he speaks of his transition into manhood with remorse: "My heart fulfilled my pledges without any desire for the reward. I gained it nevertheless, and found myself for the first time in the arms of a woman, and of a woman I adored. Was I happy? No; I tasted the pleasure, but I knew not what invincible sadness poisoned its charm." (p. 186)

After his union with Mme de Warens, Rousseau immediately loses his sense of purity. He lost something that he could not get back. He is now exposed to the feelings of jealousy and anger, artificial emotions created by society. Rousseau attempts to recapture the natural state by living with Mme de Warens and her other lovers, but he does not regain the emotions through these feelings. It is only when he is in nature, secluded from society, that he feels pure. "It seemed to me," Rousseau says, "that on that island I should be further removed from men, safer from their insults, and more forgotten by them; freer, in a word, to surrender to the pleasures of idleness and the contemplative life" (p. 589). On the island he is free to

think, free to be in his natural state. This is where he regains part of the innocence he lost in society.

Likewise, Mozart's characters regain, or attempt to regain, their lost innocence. In the finale, the Count and Countess are reconciled, as the Count repents his sins. The Countess' memories of the romantic love they once shared drive her to forgive him. The servants are allowed into the drawing room and dance at the wedding of Susanna and Figaro. Here, the mood changes. The masses appear as triumphant protagonists; they are not gray figures lurking in the background but real live individuals with minds, feelings, and aspirations of their own. The voices blend together, and the music erases social differences; the harmony resembles a democracy rather than an aristocracy. Mozart takes a few throwaway lines of repentance and weaves them into a musical glory. He transforms a farce about a revolution into a great celebration of reconciliation. He does this in a wondrously complex sextet that lifts us above the farce and venality. By musical means alone, he leads us to the finest of all human acts, forgiveness. Through Rousseau's writing and Mozart's music, we see the effects of society and love (sexual desire) on man's natural state.

Rousseau says: "Idleness is enough for me and, provided I do nothing, I prefer to dream waking than sleeping" (p. 591). Society corrupts man by introducing him to vice, injustice, inequality, and evil. The only place to turn to in order to regain some of the innocence is nature, a place of purity and happiness. Mozart shares this view. His characters reunite and forgive each other in the garden, an area flourishing with the essence of nature. Sexual desire may corrupt an individual but, if it is the right person, one can feel a sense of happiness or regained innocence, as in the case of Figaro and Susanna. To be truly happy, though, pure nature is the answer: "God makes all things good; man meddles with them and they become evil." ■



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