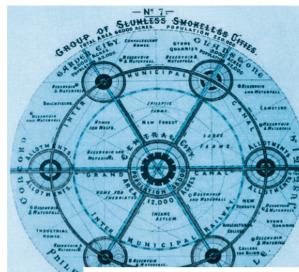
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must be called hers. Orlando's adventure is to challenge the collective origin of intellectual nature. In doing so, Orlando becomes neither an authoritarian functionary, nor a restless activist, nor a comfortable member of a bourgeoisie, but a citizen of the digital age, a Quantum Citizen. This is not a book as you might expect. It doesn't offer a theory about cities; rather it speaks of any theory. It is not engaged in solving problems, but it is outraged at stupidity, at the oppressive and anonymous demand that any solid formulation of a problem should be simple. And above

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MASTERING THE GENERIC

ORLANDO IN THE CITIES PROLOGUE Preamble Orlando in Alexandria

- I. WELCOME TO A CITY Orlando in Florence FAMOUS TRAVELERS WHY AM I ENTERING A CITY WALKING AROUND MEETING FRIENDS MAKING SOME MONEY WHAT TO EAT? HANGING AROUND GETTING ANGRY?
- II. WE ARE THE WORLD Orlando in London KNOW EVERYTHING BEING EMPATHIC BEING ENGAGED BEING IN DANGER BEING SAFE IT'S MY GOOD RIGHT
- **III. PARADE OF MASTERPIECES** Orlando in Paris
- IV. MANNER Orlando in Vienna DIONYSUS HERMES HFRA CHIRON ATHENA
- EPILOGUE Orlando in New York Coda

LUDGER HOVESTADT VERA BÜHLMANN DIANA ALVAREZ-MARIN MIRO ROMAN SEBASTIAN MICHAEL

APPLIED VIRTUALITY BOOK SERIES







QUAN TUM CITY

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Α QUAN TUM CITY

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Introduction

The masterwork [chef d'oeuvre] is unknown, only the work [oeuvre] is known and knowable. The master [chef] is the head, the capital, the reserves, the stock, the source, the beginning, the abundance and is in the intermediate interstices among the manifestations of the work. No one produces a work if he doesn't work in this continuous flow whence sometimes comes a form. One must swim in language, dive in as if lost, for a weighty poem or argument to arise. The work is made of forms, the masterpiece is the unformed fount of forms; the work is made of time, the masterpiece is the source of time; the work is in tune, the masterwork shakes with noises. Michel Serres¹

We know of so many books about the city, in so many veins: engaged, theoretical, demonic, utopian, fictitious, idealistic, dystopian, green, self-reverential, misanthropic... Our book is none of these. The only thing our book has in common with all of them is a fascination with The City itself. But we are convinced that each era-including our own-has to reinvent its City. Our relation to The City is never immediate, it depends upon the indefinite article 'a' and a characterization of this indefiniteness. The essence of The City does not resolve itself in urbanism. Cities embody political and economic values and thus-albeit never immediately or directly-also the spiritual values of our cultural identities. Urbanism, by contrast, turns into something akin to a landscape—an increasingly global landscape which doesn't settle around different ecological compartments where correspondingly it articulates itself according to relevant climates, but arranges itself in such a way that everything circulates within it, creating a dislocated, over-powerful, faceless centre: what some people have called a lone singularity. Urbanism proclaims itself in terms such as 'green city' and 'urban farming', promising a satiate land of plenty in return for geo-engineering. Sustainability is to become the uniform characteristic of everything urban. A paradise. Globally adjustable, tuned to the given parameters, free of any particular quality, uneventful and lasting.

This book seeks to invert the perspective and to learn to see, instead of an empty centre, a centred void. Because what are these cities? Once we spend some time reading and travelling, we are surprised to realise; cities are—and have always been—places where the gods reside. Where the infinite manifests itself, where the immeasurable finds hospitality. Where there is opportunity and the spirit for comedy and tragedy. Today we don't want to hear this any more. It's uncomfortable. It challenges us. Because: cities welcome you—as long as you follow their rules. The City does not express itself by mimicking the continuous cycles of nature. It pronounces its own laws mediately, in articles and paragraphs. Discretion is its principle—if only to preserve a kind of natural continuity that can always make room for the immense. It is

not necessarily benign. Cities transcend the familiar rhythms of the countryside. They are neither conservative nor modern-rather: they are both. They are reasonable and unreasonable, they squander that of which they wish to have plenty. It is a generosity of this daring and speculative kind that they preserve for their own sufficiency. The reality of The City is never just factual. Nor is it ever just fictitious. In a city, nobody can know what the next steps are in relation to what is happening. Instead, these steps have to be learnt and fought four: gained. Each time. Only thus can cities and therefore also the country be cultivated. Cities are the embodiment of our cultures.

And so we look around and we are outraged: about the cultural angst, about the theoretical foreshortenings and the economic needs that are being talked up in despotic tones. About the anonymous demand that ignorance be credited with innocence and expertise be liberated from responsibility. About the contempt for intellect and the absence of any celebration and appreciation of intellect, by and large, in our settings of urban convenience. About the power we give to machines and about simplistically assembled statistics: about the factual, the suggestive, the persuasive. About the lack of research, in favour of development.

At the same time though this book is fascinated by a new world that opens up to us through our technologies, and therefore our skill and, in tandem with these, through globalisation. It is fascinated by the breathtaking speed with which our planet is being urbanised; by the possibilities and freedoms that now, as a result, become available to so many more people than ever before: being healthy, growing old, not having to work too hard, being allowed to learn, to travel, having a say...

We do not believe that Cityness-and with it an indeterminate political, economic and spiritual life-is constituted in the flagging up of injustices, in identifying problems, proposing solutions and implementing optimisations. All these are part of an urbanisation that hopefully makes good and rapid progress. Cityness factors in a development which Rem Koolhaas-with sarcasm or humour?-characterises as the interplay of a generic city and a junk space. In doing so he formulates in an overdrawn figure: one can't develop a city by improving it. To us, this sounds just like quantum physics: neither particle nor wave, or rather both. It, more than anything, demonstrates that measurableness, and everything we associate with it, has to be considered an intellectual achievement. Quantum physics shows us that we create our reality in the way we see and measure it. The urban is systematic and balanced, however complexly it might be engineered. But our cities are architectonic. They do not take measures for granted, they challenge them by re-articulating their units, and the magnitudes those units support.

Thus we have put together our anthology, for which we have jauntily and perhaps also somewhat unashamedly picked from the richnesses of our world. We avoid clichés or drastic imagery, we bypass the new or unfamiliar. The book has no concern with completion. It postulates no theory and it proclaims no truth. It is not instrument to everybody's fear. It does not aim to convince, to teach or to persuade. It seeks no following. It's not economical.

This anthology is a declaration of love to thought and the dignity of thinking. It honours the fount, the well of thought that is universal in nature, free of ownership and privileges; thought that belongs to the Earth. It hails both practical and theoretical mastery. It responds to how their challenges do not cease to address us. It maintains that we can learn to understand the forms their values take-by measuring up to them. This book is open, curious, disturbed, outraged, fascinated. It knows a lot, experiences a lot. It is like a citizen of our digital world-a sheaf of intelligible probability and delicate sensitivity, a quantum of City.

The book came about in 2013–2014 during our research residence at the Future Cities Laboratory of the National University of Singapore and the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology (Eidgenössiche Technische Hochschule, ETH) Zürich. Architects and PhD students Diana Alvarez-Marin and Miro Roman collated the majority of the book's contents. The character and narrative of Orlando was developed and set down by writer and filmmaker Sebastian Michael. Our most heartfelt thanks for their fruitful labours towards the realisation of this book.

Ludger Hovestadt, Vera Bühlmann; Zürich, February 2015

Editorial Note on Text

The texts cited in this book are of the widest variety and consequently stem from a vast array of different sources. In each case, the source is given at the end of the corresponding excerpt, often as a link or web address. Where that is the case, the link will have been active at the time this book was assembled, but obviously no guarantee can be given that this remains so. Faced with so many styles, periods and writings addressed to such diverse original audiences, one of our chief concerns was to honour and respect the authors' individual (or, in some cases, collective) voices, while at the same time presenting the material in a way that is kind enough on the eye and makes for a coherent, if multifarious, reading experience.

To this end, we have taken what one might term a 'soft' editorial approach: We have left spelling and grammar mostly intact, especially where it is clear that the author has made some stylistic choices, or where in the course of publication history a text has acquired a generally accepted, now effectively standard form. The latter applies particularly, of course, to the Parade of Masterpieces section, which, by definition, contains mostly texts of this precise nature.

In some of the other sections, especially Welcome to a City, we are dealing with many texts that have never before undergone any type of editorial process, and while not wanting to blunt their directness or dilute their inherent charm, some of the idiosyncrasies that on a blog or personal website are simply part of that platform's character, on the printed page and as part of a larger collection can become tiring and quite disorientating. For this reason alone, some careful emendations have been made.

In doing so, we have applied the following principles:

• Irrespective of how titles appear in the original, for the purposes of this publication we have standardised them throughout to Title Case, in which all words are capitalised except for articles, prepositions and conjunctions, unless the title is given in all capitals.

. Double dashes -- (most commonly still used today in North American writing) have been updated to long em-dashes — throughout.

• space after a full stop (...sentence.New sentence...) or two words being strung together without a space (this wordand that) have been corrected.

example, where an author uses both *I* and *i* when referring to themselves, or starts sentences sometimes with, sometimes without a capital letter, or mixes American and British or International English. emendations have been made towards the most recognisable usage already in place.

 Punctuation also has been corrected and standardised to the author's preferred convention. So, for example, if a word or phrase is opened with double guotation marks but lacks the closing pair, this will have been added in the same style, whereas if an author sometimes uses double, sometimes single quotation marks, without denoting any hierarchy, then the most prevalent style has been applied.

Except for recognisable stylistic choices, simple . spelling and grammar errors have been corrected. Typical examples, depending on context, would be: there to their; it's to its; you're to your; dependant to dependent; or, less commonly but equally obvious, for example: street baggers to street beggars; and also cases such as: he think to he thinks; and cases where a word is superfluous or used twice, such as in: ...to who you're talking to, which would be given as: ...who you're talking to (but not, incidentally, more strictly corrected as ...to whom you're talking).

 In a small number of cases where very obviously a preposition was mistaken for another (rather than a point being made), this was replaced, for example 'at' by 'to' where the verb clearly demands 'to'.

Where words have been added to make sense . of a sentence, this, in line with common practice, has been done in square brackets []. It is worth pointing out, however, that some of the texts cited already contain their own editorial emendations, similarly indicated by square brackets: the presence of these should not, therefore, be taken as a certain indication that the text was changed at the point of inclusion in this book.

. Spellings of names or specialist vocabulary have generally been left as found, except where there was either discontinuity (different types of spellings being used within the same piece-for example an author may write Cosplay sometimes with, sometimes without capital letter, in such a case the prevalent mode within the piece would be employed, whereas another author might spell the same word consistently lower case, which would therefore be left intact) or incongruence (a type of spelling that seems out of place with the rest of the piece-for example in a description of Paris where Théâtre-Français was spelt as in the French language, but without accents, these were added, whereas in a composite text, using various translations, of which some have the spellings Gorgones and Medousa, and others Gorgons and Medusa, the names will have been anglicised).

 In an exception to the above, the abbreviations Obvious formatting errors such as allowing no *am/pm* and *mm/cm* have been standardised to lower case throughout.

• Where an author has clearly made a decision on, or where publishing history indicates as accepted, a Where required, conventions have been stand- particular spelling or convention, this was of course ardised to the one most prevalent within a text. For retained. A typical example of this might be T. S. Eliot's Waste Land, which consistently renders HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME without any punctuation/apostrophe.

• Elisions are generally marked (...) for paragraphs or larger sections of text, and ... for shorter sections within a paragraph or sentence. Note, though, that here too some of the cited texts already contain their own elisions, which may follow slightly different rules and may on occasion use, for example, square brackets [...] or similar.

Certain types of text, specifically screenplays, as well as some song lyrics and poems, ordinarily reguire, or have originally been published with, centred formatting. A design decision has been taken, in our case, to render all texts either fully justified or aligned to the left margin. This will, in some cases, lead to an unorthodox appearance and possibly in one or two cases also to some inauthentic line breaks. For these we apologise.

 We have omitted some references that appear in source texts, for example to figures, pictures, tables, other chapters or footnotes, unless the referenced content is also reproduced in this edition or otherwise accessible.

Deserving of special note are three excerpts:

In the Kubrick/Raphael screenplay Eyes Wide Shut, Szabo says: "It was the only way they could lose their virginity's and be free to do what they wanted with other men."-This has been emended to virginities, although one hesitates to correct Stanley Kubrick, one can be deprived of it, unless illegally established especially on such a subject...

The excerpt of Macbeth, as always with William Shakespeare, presents a particular range of textual difficulties, since there are innumerable editions of this play, and none officially approved by the author. Our source is a transcript of the generally highly respected First Folio edition, but creditable editors have since suggested some significant emendations and introduced typographical conventions, which we have partly aligned ourselves with. So rather than numbering the witches 1 through 3. we have given them character names First Witch. Second Witch. Third Witch, as tends to be common practice now. While we have generally retained the early 17th century spellings, we have employed contemporary use of u and v, again as is mostly applied today in words such as: Vpon (the Heath), or Houer (through the fogge and filthie ayre), which are therefore emended to Upon and Hover, as examples. Finally, on this point, we have adopted some of the line allocations and line breaks that have been suggested by later editions, namely the New Penguin Edition of 1967, and others. A similar weight of responsibility comes with James Joyce, Ulysses: The excerpt used here is from Chapter 10. Our first source text, in common with many other viewable editions online, in the sentence:

At Bloody bridge Mr Thomas Kernan beyond the river greeted him vainly from afar has no full stop before the text continues:

Between Queen's and Whitworth bridges lord Dudley's viceregal carriages passed and were unsaluted...

But the capital B of 'Between' and syntax both suggest that there ought to be a full stop after 'afar.' Furthermore, three printed editions we consulted, namely Penguin Modern Classics 1960, Penguin Modern Classics, Corrected Text, 1986 and Oxford University Press World's Classics 1993, also, much as we propose, put a full stop there.

While this seems straightforward enough a case to resolve, it points to a particularly contemporary issue on textual integrity: it's evident that many of the source texts that one would ascribe to world literature or otherwise consider of significance have suffered corruptions through copying and pasting or, more likely, more often and more seriously, through scanning.

These involuntary falsifications often percolate and propagate themselves and can then be found in various online renditions. In some cases getting access to an authentic version is comparatively easy and involves no more than a quick search, but in others we went through a considerable number of versions before finding one that verified an original wording that makes sense.

Most of the time, the textual problems caused by scanning are relatively minor. In some cases, though, it can lead to grave misrepresentations: our initial (and referenced) source text for the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the Citizen, for example, in Article 17. has:

"Property being a sacred and inviolable right, no public necessity evidently demands it, under the condition of a just and prior indemnity."

when very clearly-and fortunately confirmed by many other available sources-it must be:

Property being a sacred and inviolable right, no one can be deprived of it, unless a legally [or: unless *legally* established public necessity evidently demands it, under the condition of a just and prior indemnity. It is fair to say that, where classic texts are concerned, most, possibly all, of the questions we have come across have been considered at length and probably answered by, and to the satisfaction of, literary experts, whereas, owing to the scope of the task in hand, we have merely tried, wherever possible, to find the most plausible and authentic rendition for inclusion here. And that means there is and remains an inescapable margin of error.

So, while the utmost care has been taken to render the texts in this book faithfully to their spirit and their authors' meaning, this is not a scholarly edition and it therefore makes no claim to textual authority, nor can it purport to provide absolute integrity, other than in our own endeavour to do all of these texts, irrespective of source and content, justice.

We sincerely hope that this anthology will give you, the reader, at whichever level and to whatever extent you engage with it, the thrill of joy, challenge and discovery that is intended.

SM, London, March 2015

A QUANTUM CITY

Orlando in the Cities

PROLOGUE

Preamble

Orlando—figment of the imagination, ideal and idol and fallible in every way conceivable but flawless in the eye of the beholder—is given to the world perfectly formed by the gods, themselves constructs of the human endeavour to conquer the unknowable and unknown.

Timeless, ageless, and deriving immense powers mostly from an indomitable spirit paired with an enquiring mind, Orlando is all human, all humanity, all humility and all pride: an articulation of the embodied consciousness we may call the experience of being alive.

Not good or bad, nor beyond the pale is Orlando, Orlando is wonder and discovery and surprise; and strife for self and self-knowledge and hunger for connections that mean something; and need for identity, desire for the loss of self and urge for survival; and yearning for the tender release that is death and fear of the violent crash into the absence of life that is dying. And aching for a place in history and undoing that history bit by bit. And invention, creation, as much as destruction. And cruelty and kindness and the duality of all things polar and their fusion. And the idea of being itself.

(Never even mind religion and statehood and status and tribe and the blood ties that bind and sin and redemption or even forgiveness.)

Orlando is all made up which is why Orlando is real, and Orlando, of course, is ancient as much as Orlando is new. Orlando is charged by the gods—subject as they are to their own whims and fancies and with wisdom endowed no more and no less than we can conceive—to embark on a quest to The City.

And so, as we go to The City, our protagonist shall be Orlando...

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Grant, Muse, that these verses may in simple truth bear witness to the man (then woman, then hermaphrodite) whom since the dawn of time the gods, and mortals too, have called Orlando: through the ages, yet un-ageing, bold, adventurous, cast of an ilk of ceaseless curiosity, journeys Orlando in the cities let this be his (her, indeed their) tale, told or sung: begin upon the seas off Egypt...

ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

Behold how through the haze on the horizon shimmer turrets white, gold and pale ochre; Lighthouse, Fortress, Temple and Museum: new-built Alexandria, Great Alexander's monument to his own glory, yes, but more the lasting glory of mankind: trade, commerce, the exchange of stuffs and wares; and above all pursuit of knowledge, learning and ideas.

But a slither in the distance is the coast as on a steady breeze the wide-hulled ship sails south south-east; a friendly school of dolphins playing escort, crackling joyful greetings to her precious passenger: Orlando. Never has his heart yet beaten faster, have his eyes gazed harder at the glorious sight, his nostrils smelt the scent of sea salt keener, his hands, fine-fingered, tighter clasped a rope, nor have his curls danced lighter, has his skin more giddy felt the air's caress than now with the approaching prospect of the city: planned, built and peopled surely to perfection, jewel of Greek provenance on Egypt's soil, in Hellas' crown its youngest, finest pearl.

The ship glides into harbour with the sun low in the orange-purple sky, Orlando poised to jump ashore, eager to gather what he may: symbols, writings, artefacts, medallions, coins; anything portable, anything proof, if such exists, of what, if anything, makes cities good, for thus the mighty gods themselves have set his task. No task, no challenge, such as this could be accepted lightly, and nor could it fail to fuel zeal in someone like Orlando: he is to travel Greece in search of proof to settle a dispute which, days ago, broke out between the gods. (That he should now be just about to land in Egypt is, in turn, their doing, but of that twist more anon: we mortals are but playthings of the gods!)

On that day, Mount Olympos was aflare with fury: Hera, in a huff over some minor matter had admonished fair Athena, she quipped back, and before long an argument, involving several other gods, ensued, which rapidly grew loud and would, no doubt, have turned tumultuous too if thunderous Zeus had deigned to get involved; but he did not. (At least not while he tried to have a nap...)

The quarrel soon abated and the gods, four of them left, Apollo and sweet Eros besides Hera and Athena, now discussed, rather than argued, which of the great cities each patroned merited the epithet of 'perfect' or 'complete' or, by deduction, 'unimprovable'; what Thomas More, much later, failed to call 'Eutopia': a good place, where naught is amiss; to Mount Olymp itself for mortals an equivalent. Each god extolled their city's virtues: queen Hera spoke of Argos, Perseus' birthplace, and its 21

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gentle, peaceful people whose pristine and modest dwellings cluster at the foot of the magnificent acropolis, harmonious, exquisitely arranged and amply furnished with necessities from mountains. fields and sea: what more could from a city mortal souls desire? "What more?" incensed, cried Ares, god of war, and entered straight a plea for Sparta, home of warriors. "No gardens, no fine buildings, no temple of great note: these are peripherals! Sparta, more than any place, has discipline, valour and strength: the art of the Agoge!" Apollo was appalled: "What Spartans do in their Laconic ways is the antithesis of art and culture: how can you begin to think of 'city' and not think its streets, its courts, its alleyways, its amphitheatre, its games; not think its dramas and its comedies, its music, poetry; and to protect it all a sturdy wall with seven gates: think 'city' then, think Thebes: that is a place fit for the gods to dwell."

Athena sat in silence for a while. Then she stood, calm, gracefully and in a quiet, gentle voice declared: "You make me laugh." A pleasant titter rippled from her lips and down towards the earth as a soft whiff of fragrant mountain air that freshens the stale heat of noon; but this was followed by a frowna measured mien of mild concern betokening a worry for her fellow gods: "But please be serious: a city perfect in both shape and population; ideally positioned, with monuments that will be celebrated for as long as humans live and far beyond; in art, in sculpture, in democracy and in philosophy, in military strength and in the soft delights of love, be they

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in passion felt or quietly in friendship kept; a city where the merchants and the warriors, the scholars and the politicians and the poets and the athletes and the women and the slaves all thrive, each in their rightful way, in harmony: that is a city worthy of a goddess' name; a name which I, Athena, lend with pride and joy most willingly to Athens, in this noble world of cities, queen." With that she sat and silence settled over Mount Olympos once again.

But for a short while, to be sure: for a hiatus barely long enough for all the gods to catch their breath, before, aroused from blissful midday slumber, thundered Zeus: "What is it with you children, wife, wherefore this waffle?" The gods explained. Upon which Hermes, drawn into the hall by all the noise and Zeus's roar offered a way to solve the matter, once, if not perhaps for all... - "Why not," swift-witted and wing-footed Hermes made propose, "dispatch into the world in search of evidence a mortal who has never been to any city and has never seen its sights or heard its sounds nor yet inhaled its fragrances nor met its people, who has lived in plain simplicity upon a hill, and yet whose spirit, mind and soul are lively, quick and eager; who may learn and then impart to you such wisdom as he finds; whose unencumbered, fresh and hungry heart, in short, will, without prejudice, present to you the perfect city on a plate."

There was another stillness in the hall, until: "Whom do you have in mind?" Athena asked, and not without some slight suspicion, knowing the wily ways of her half-brother well, who with a winsome smile replied: "Orlando." Orlando in Alexandria

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ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

"He in Crete?" There was, in all of Greece, but one Orlando: Hera's question was superfluous; Orlando (he in Crete) was well known to the gods for was he not — no god or mortal could be sure the offspring of Dionysus and a young shepherdess? What could be known for certain was that he'd been found, and taken in and cared for by the man he called his father and his buxom wife, and that of all the boys (six brothers and three sisters in their brood) Orlando was by far the fairest and most gentle, most refined, most clever and most curious, though also, if here truth be told and so it be, when tending sheep the laziest. So prone to getting lost in thought and in the process losing some of, or — on one occasion — all, his father's sheep was young Orlando that his father (and his brothers, though less kindly, too) indulged the boy, allowing him to mainly lie among the olive groves or vineyards and compose sweet songs and poems that he would perform at early even time for their diversion. All the gods, including Thunderthrower Zeus, were smitten with Orlando and would make small gestures of affection secretly devised to favour him among his village clan, and none therefore were doubtful now that Hermes too had deigned to pluck the youth from his obscurity to feed (and still) a lingering desire, but the gods, as is their wont, will make allowance for such feeblenesses as among them they are only too familiar with, and so none hesitated nor did anyone object, but readily did they endorse the stratagem wing-sandalled Hermes had devised, and swiftly now indeed did Hermes swoop to Crete to find Orlando on the hillside underneath his favourite olive tree, as usual, sound asleep.

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Alighting by Orlando's feet, the messenger did pause and gaze, enchanted, at this face that, carefree in repose, and, with the speckled sunshine through the leaves playing an undulating patterned game of light and shadow on his cheeks, seemed made of nacre, marvellous and fragile and mysteriously soft yet to the touch, and on Orlando's forehead Hermes laid his wand to gently waken him. This did not work: too deep in slumber had Orlando sunk; lost, dreaming of a lover's warm embrace, in tender fantasies, which partly now came true as Hermes cupped his hand around his neck and drew him near to kiss him on his lips, which brought Orlando back from dreamland in a flash.

"I have," spoke Hermes, as they both reclined (following a short, impassioned tussle that was certainly no dream, Orlando thought, and yet too dreamlike to be taken guite as real) "a task for you, which we, the gods, are certain you, Orlando, are ideally placed to make your own." Orlando, still aglow, glanced as if through the messenger god's face and, mesmerised, replied, "I will." — "You have not heard yet what it is." "I will do anything you, in the name of gods or mortals or such creatures as you may invoke, command me to." — "But I do not command," protested Hermes, "I invite you, if you choose, to acquiesce." — "I acquiesce wholeheartedly!" exclaimed Orlando, flung his arms around the god once more and kissed him many dozen times: "What is it you would have me do?" — Hermes demurred: "It is not me that you will please, nor shall I be recipient of your service: but the gods on whose behalf I speak, bid you set forth and journey to the cities of our lands to find what makes the fairest fair, the strongest strong, the most agreeable and pleasant so, and bring back evidence that may, at last, settle the question vexing them: who holds as patron the epitome of cities."

At this he rose and, looking deep into Orlando's eyes, gave him one more kiss on the lips and, "you will have guidance, counsel and good speed," he said, before he took his air-bound leave. Orlando, in a daze, sighed, "well, I may, if all this is to come to pass, make my way down from this hill now to Heraklion, where cousin Lefteris' friend's father owns a ship that sets off frequently from Crete to Athens: the only other place of which I know they call it 'polis'; thence, I have no doubt I shall find other 'poleis' that serve to prove or disprove any argument the gods dispute and if it pleases Hermes that I please them so, it pleases me to be their eyes and ears and gatherer of evidence (if such exists)." And without bye or leave or much ado thus did Orlando; which is how it came to pass that within days he found himself at sea, embarked upon a voyage of discovery to Athens. Athens. Not Alexandria.

Earth-shaker and god of the seas Poseidon, reeling from his loss of Athens to Athena (though many centuries by now had passed), acquainted by Nerites of Athena's boast, and young Orlando's quest and voyage thither, threw his trident in a rage down to the ground and caused the sea off Milos to rebel and swell three fathoms high, letting the skipper of Orlando's ship fear for his and his cargo's life and sail as safely as he could around the island, then between Milos and Sifnos bear due east, 27

where gusts inflated by Poseidon's ire propelled them further down and further still: no end in sight there seemed, for day and night and day again, and night, until, at last, with the sun rising for the third time since they'd spotted land, some calmer waters gave the fragile vessel a long longed-for welcome to plain sailing and respite. Orlando, who had never been at sea, had turned in hue as pale as the thin hazy clouds that lingered in the distance between sea and sky, and with supplies of food and wine now far too low to risk returning to their erstwhile course the skipper offered an alternative as thrilling, he assured his fare, as Athens: throbbing, thrusting, thriving Alexandria.

Orlando did not mind. Out on the deck again and gently rocking on the soothing waves he reasoned that a detour of this kind was, like as not, the gods' intent, and who, he thought, was he to ponder on their will. "The gods," Orlando mused, but to himself, "in Alexandria will make it known to me what in their name I might be doing there," and off he dozed. — The gods were not so sure. For Alexandria was new. And none of them did know it well, nor had the citizens of Alexandria cared to call upon a deity as their patron (yet), their sole intent, it seemed, was at this point to grow, and grow their city did: with every day more people came to stay, eager to build and keen to trade, prepared to dare, to put at stake their livelihood, indeed their dreamed-of future in the new place named after the emperor who brought the world he made his own to them. And did it come: from far afield as China.

28

India and Arabia did wares arrive: spices, gems, dried herbs and fruits, and ivory, skins and silks and drapes and rugs and mosaics and plants and medicines and, prized above all: knowledge. Knowledge as had not been known before: not only were new thoughts here thought—new ways of thinking thoughts, ideas of what ideas might be and records of such thoughts as had been thought now found their home in Alexandria: a hub of trade and commerce that became a haven for enguiry and reason.

ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

Orlando, who had never been to school, but whose bright mind was ready soon to burst with curiosity, had scarce set foot on firm Egyptian soil before he found himself in the Mouseion's hallowed halls where not the gods but all the muses were revered, and within days illiterate country boy of yore, Orlando had found a teacher like none other in Euclid and formed a college with some peers who much like he had never once before soaked so in knowledge; Orlando felt his mission was already done. Here, surely, was the city of all cities a place where people relished everything! What multitudes he witnessed coming, going sometimes standing in a spot, in conversation, and what conversations he so overheard and soon felt bold enough to have himself: he would, thought young Orlando, simply stay here for some time and learn and practice what he learnt and then return and take with him some papyrus and write down - soon he would be able to! everything he'd seen and heard and done. Beyond that, he was now convinced, need be no search: perfect, indeed, was Alexandria.

At this point, Chronos entered in the fray. Chronos has no time for trivial pursuits such as the games his fellow deities enjoy to play so frequently on humans; he has no need for tributes and vain offerings, for temples or for shrines, or cities given to his name; Chronos is the god of time, and time is endless for as long as there is time; and there is nothing anyone can do to hasten or to slow time in its pace, and Chronos knows that every moment present next becomes a moment past, and that the past is but a future presently unmade by time, and time itself is but the way we witness our decay, to be reshaped as something else or maybe something similar, in constant cycles, ever-growing, ever more enlarged, until time ceases to exist and we are gone. Love may not be time's fool, but time is no-one's fool and, irked by the bickering of his cousin gods, Chronos decided here to intervene. "Minions," he cried, mostly to himself, for they, as usual, cared not and paid no heed to him, "what is perfection in the now when time yet writes the histories, yet moves the skies, yet makes a future certain though it be unknown, yet turns each fleeting moment to a lasting past, each monument to rubble, every pantheon to dust: speak you of the city of all cities and think not of time and cities yet to come? Oh vanity, oh unsupportable conceit! You may be gods and think yourselves beyond the ravages and promises of time, but what you speak of is not so: your witness shall bear witness to this too and travel far beyond the realms alone of land and sea," and for his purpose called upon swift Hermes, just as the other gods had done before.

29

30

He to Orlando and with Hypnos' help (the limitations of his own caduceus known) sent him to gentle sleep, but not before reminding him that time was short (the opposite would prove the case, but this Hermes did not relay) and coaxing him, with promises of wonders, wisdoms and of winsome folk more worthy of his admiration than what he found here, upon a merchant vessel, large and tall.

And thus Orlando, worldly now, acquainted with philosophy and algebra, and art and poetry and history; conversant in both Greek and Latin, and in Arabic: a young man now of learning and some wealth (Tyche, unsurpringly, had smiled on him) did sail across the sea of Mid-Terrania bound, in deepest slumber, for Byzantium.

(This time, none other than Dionysus, god of ritual and fertility, religious ecstasy, the theatre, harvest, winemaking and indeed of wine, in all its wondrous workings was to blame if 'blame' can be a word employed to name the impact of the gods on our fate that the strong ship in which Orlando sailed did veer off course again and make headway elsewhere: the seas were calm, the winds unfurious but fair; it was the captain at the helm who savoured all the pleasures that Orlando's rumoured father stood for just too much to keep a steady hand and soon landed, haphazardly, in Italy...)

35-48 ← Orlando in Florence

COME CITY

Orlando in Florence

When in the twilight of an autumn morning, Slumped on the benches of a horse-drawn coach, Inside my heart each mile of distance scorning,

I weary from my travels did approach The city they had praised in songs euphoric — Which fear and doubt let on my mind encroach,

As I could not imagine their rhetoric: A city so magnificent and grand, Her classic styles, Corinthian and Doric,

Her marbles sculpted by great master hand — I raised my head and saw how yonder place, Embedded in the hills rose from the land

In harmony and with the utmost grace, Blood new refreshed rushed from my happy heart And joy re-found wrote laugh lines on my face.

Once more with thrill tingled my every part, As it had done when centuries ago I first encountered Alexandria's art;

But even those who had described her so, Since on Italian shores my foot I set, Could not upon her so much worth bestow

As did her splendour on her own beget: This Florence was indeed of all the gems Most precious in the city-carcanet.

Now knew I whence anticipation stems!

But even so was I not well prepared For the exquisite Heaven through whose gate 37

Our humble carriage passed, where I but stared

And breathless, toneless, voiceless thanked my fate For taking me to such a place as this, And took my leave now from my travel mate,

Who had, together with a friend of his Since Empoli been at my side and talked Of Florence and the now impending bliss.

Now was I on my own again and walked Towards the Duomo and its Piazza, where Men with the air of great importance stalked

Among the people who would gather there To worship their one god and to behold The beauty of the buildings in the square.

I could no longer blame the ones who'd told Me of these things in hyperbolic praise, Nor can a man of mind and reason scold

The fathers of this city if they raise Their heads with pride when thus about they go: There is no simple, modest turn of phrase

Encompasses the wonders here on show.

I knew within an hour of my stay That thus the perfect city must be built And nothing hence would from this place me sway.

Nor would I be restrained by fear or guilt: I would procure plans, drawings, models, maps, Beg, blag, cajole, steal, rob, charm, what thou wilt, Then take them back to Hermes and perhaps Produce some writings of mine own to stress That though there may have been in time a lapse

This treasure, this discovery will redress Whatever failing any god may find In any of their cities and impress

Upon them the ingeniousness of mind That here was on display, alive, at work, Unparalleled in spirit, skill and kind.

Therefore by the Palazzo did I lurk, Where those high men had gone with purposed stride, Thus leading me by fortune-fated quirk

Where power and the powerful reside, And not for long did I there have to wait Until among some townsfolk I could hide

And slip into the den of this proud lion straight, In search of any library or vault As I in Alexandria had seen of late,

Wherefrom I was convinced I could not fault But bring sequestered on me in some way A multitude of objects to exalt

(And if by stealth) the Florentine array.

A council on that day had been convened At which the Elders and the Great and Good Debated where in preference they deemed

In an ideal case a new statue stood. Hewn from a local marble seventeen feet high, 39

And of commensurately heavy weight, it would

Be nigh impossible to lift, or try— With pulleys, ropes, contraptions or machines, As ordinarily one would—to fly

And raise the object above ground; such means Were all discussed, examined and dismissed: "If it into the wall bumps or careens,

Or falls or tilts or, once up there, should list And drop, then will this masterpiece be lost: The only way that it securely may exist

Is on the ground, and at much lower cost!" Thus went the argument both to and fro, As councillors and dignitaries crossed

Their words, that it was thus, and thus not so: "The statue was conceived to tower high above by Master Michelangelo!"

"That may be so," a bearded man would sigh, "But it will not withstand the heavy strain. This marble will not keep, again say I:

We need to shelter it from hail and rain." And back and forth until it was agreed The protestations were to be in vain:

This David, as they called him, was indeed To stand within the Piazza on the ground, Where children and old women pigeons feed,

By the Palazzo's entrance, firm and sound.

The council now arose and from his chair The bearded man, a twinkle in his eye, Gave me a wink, I could in turn but stare

As he deliberately passed me by; I had behind a drape thought me unseen And, now discovered, wondered how and why

The old man, having found me, did not mean To apprehend or even question me; Yet from his gentle mischief did I glean

A call to follow him, and quickly he Into an antechamber peeled away, So only I from where I stood could see.

I made to join with him without delay, And by some secret shortcut doors and stairs He through a warren led our getaway,

Along the corridors where the affairs Of state in reverent silence were pursued, Midst grandeur to which none I knew compares,

And up a narrow staircase where we viewed, From high upon a shallow balcony, Which from the graceful tower did protrude,

The glory of the city's tapestry. Here did he speak at last: "Welcome to Florence! Who are you? And why so stealthily

Do you your presence here with us commence? You obviously hail from foreign lands: What brings you here and why this shy pretence?"

I felt a tremble through me, as my hands Began to shake, and mumbled, ill at ease: 41

"I am Orlando, my mind understands

No more than my heart knows why the gods please To send me here, yet have I but one quest: To find the perfect cities and in these

To gather evidence; and with my best Intentions, though my means must be judged ill, Sought from this building lasting proof to wrest."

The old man laughed and did not stop until His breath ran out and even then he grinned, Then chuckled, then guffawed out loud, but still

Spoke not, till, mocking, he intoned: "You sinned Unpardonably!" Then he burst out once again And teased me further: "We are most chagrined."

Now was I perplexed, and it was then That someone else out on the terrace crept: The quietest, most serious of men,

Who had in council his own counsel kept; He gave me a suspicious smile and said: "Don Leonardo, it is time you stepped

Down and rejoined the others who are led To banquet by the Cardinal; his Grace Is troubled that you from his party fled."

"Don Niccolò," the old man with grave face Replied, "I follow; and I bring this lad Whom as a guest I heartily embrace."

And like a friend of many years who had Been absent and now happily returned, He introduced me, saying: "We are glad To have Orlando who has lately learned Of our city and who comes to seek The very truth for which our own hearts burned.

As you can tell at once: Orlando's Greek."

It was not long before I was installed As an assistant, model, help and friend At this da Vinci's, Leonardo called,

And by and by I tried to comprehend How one mind of such genius as his Can every thing he wants his passion lend.

And yet in Florence there was more than this: In every church, in every other square, In workshops, studios, academies

Did artists their identity declare And unmistakably impress upon the world Works that their signature alone could bear.

All this was new: what here so fast unfurled Was a fresh way of thinking yet again, As if the minds like petals had been curled

In tiny cusps through long dark night, but when The morning sun awakes them from their sleep, These dazzling flowers in their beauty then

Begin to blossom for the world to keep The fruit that follows at the harvest time, And summer has returned to winter deep.

Here did the bells of reason newly chime, Here did enquiry into truth abide, 43

And truth itself was given a new rhyme.

Though men like Leonardo still must hide Some of their studies in the cloak of night, Their curiosity broke open wide

The pyxis that kept knowledge from their sight And put it into the realm of men, To be examined in the clearest light.

Now for the first time did I see the ken Of simple but compelling human form Delighted in and on display again,

Since it in Ancient Greece had been the norm: But now perspective and anatomy And a view of the Cosmos built a storm

That changed art, science and astronomy In the most powerful, enduring way; Geography, too, and philosophy

Spoke in a new voice with new things to say. But nothing, not even da Vinci's hand So absolutely took my breath away

As when at last I in the square saw stand That David by young Michelangelo: Never before had anything so grand

So unbelievably alive and so Exquisite in shape, texture, poise and grace On this wide world been made and put on show:

Even the art I had seen face to face In Alexandria, or in Heraklion Could not match this, although this showed its trace Back to the Greek Antique, whose pantheon Had to innumerable works of art Been inspiration, muse and champion:

Now did the Florentines usurp their part.

In politics too were there shifting sands: Florence was not a quiet, peaceful town, Nor were the neighbour cities, states and lands

United under one commanding crown. As a republic Florence long had thrived And lately lifted from Piero the gown

Of a de-facto ruler that derived From centuries of influence and might On which his clan, the Medici, survived.

Now ousted and in exile out of sight, Piero lo Sfortunato was he called; But there was one man who from Piero's plight

Took inspiration and in secret scrawled Down everything he heard said, or saw done And later wrote a work that both appalled

And thrilled in equal measure anyone Who read it, because here was put in print Advice on power, and how power's won

Not by divine authority or dint Of moral rectitude, or even force, But by the devilishly cunning glint

Of dry intelligence and a divorce From sentimental values, bad or good, 45

And cold manoeuvring without remorse

Against whomever in the way of power stood.

I had met him on the day I first arrived, When down from the Palazzo's tower he Had summoned Leonardo and contrived

That at the banquet he sat next to me, Where, charming and intelligent, he sought To understand from me what strategy

I was employing, and what spark of thought Had got me to the heart of his domain, When others' efforts never came to aught.

(His questioning to me did seem in vain, As to the gods beholden I still felt And therefore could not argue or explain.)

Since then I at da Vinci's house had dwelt, And he on several occasions drew Some sketches of me where I stood or knelt,

Or lay or jumped or sometimes even flew, In an imaginary flying thing, That he, nor I, nor no-one else yet knew

Would ever to the world much purpose bring; And so my face in drawings did occur That to attention among those might spring

Who to da Vinci's labours would defer, And soon one lady's lover did request That for a portrait it was I not her Who to the master lent my face and chest, And so protect his anonymity While giving him, "in all the world the best

Of likenesses and some proximity To her own features, though the artist would Imbue his work with femininity."

So he declared, and so da Vinci could Not but obey, for he was high of rank, And so it was that I of womanhood

Became an icon, and I him must thank That now a thought began to germinate From which my mind new inspiration drank,

Wherefore a knowing smile would permeate The many drawings Leonardo made From which the lady's painting to create.

Thus months passed, and the year began to fade.

I soon sensed time was nearing that I bade My host and also mentor now farewell And, knowing he would find another aid,

Of my intention started out to tell, Upon which Leonardo sat me down And from a chest whose treasures I knew well

Removed a book, some scrolls, and with a frown Reminded me of what I had declared That day when I had first arrived in town:

"You came to us unspoilt, unwise, unscared, And you delighted me with your bold youth; 47

And what you lacked for being unprepared,

You made up with your fond desire for truth. So if you go, take from me these three things That will assist you in your future sleuth:

This is a book, a Letter, and it brings News from a New World, newly told of late By a man born in Florence whose name rings

Across the world, and it will resonate Beyond our days: Amerigo Vespucci. Mark that the impact of his work is great

In exploration and cartography, Therefore read this and take this map with you, And these sheets of our own topography.

Take drawings of our buildings, yes, but do Not think that here is where the city ends: With us modernity begins and through

People like him, and you, the road that bends Beyond our own horizon has a goal— Not to be reached; but as your own way wends

Into the future, drawing from the soul Of every age that you are party to, You by degrees can make your story whole,

Which is the best thing anyone can do."

This said, he guided me across the floor, My few belongings and his timeless gift Came in a leather bag and at the door His boy, Salai, now offered me a lift, "At least as far as to the city gate," And with a firm embrace we parted swift.

While Salai drove, my mind did ruminate Upon these men, these works, this panoply Of genius: how it did celebrate

The human spirit, how the canopy Of heaven in this city was a tent In which to house all of humanity.

Then, at the city limit, where I sent Il Salaino back to the great man, I still had on my face that smile and went

Along the road towards where it began Back to Livorno and its port, but lo!, A carriage stopped and offered me Milan,

Wherefore Milan was where I thought to go.



WELCOME TO A CITY

HERODOTUS

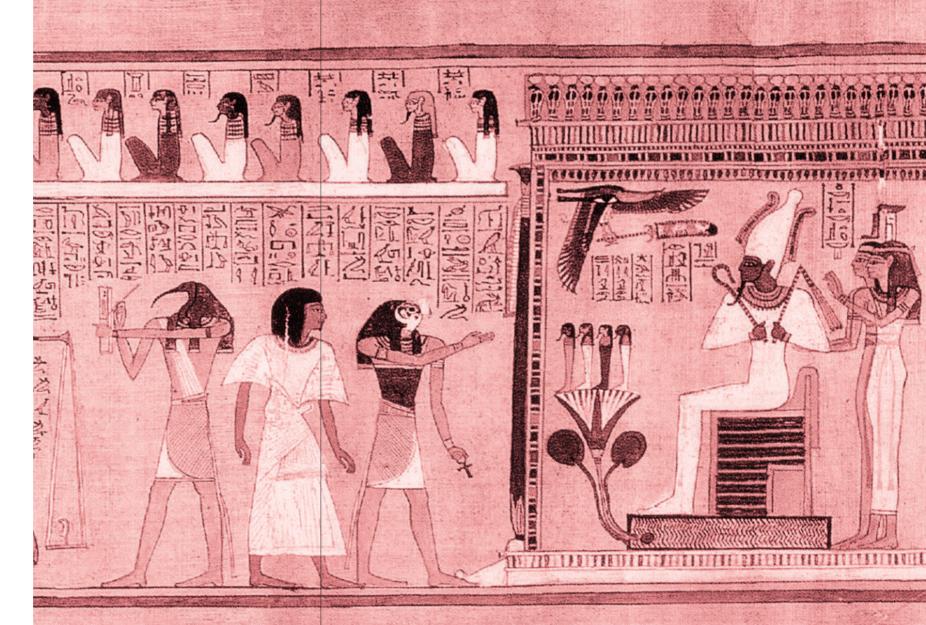
Euterpe 440 BCE 140 ← Concerning Egypt itself I shall extend my remarks to a great length, because there is no country that possesses so many wonders, nor any that has such a number of works which defy description. Not only is the climate different from that of the rest of the world, and the rivers unlike any other rivers, but the

people also, in most of their manners and customs,

WELCOME TO A CITY

exactly reverse the common practice of mankind. The women attend the markets and trade, while the men sit at home at the loom; and here, while the rest of the world works the woof up the warp, the Egyptians work it down; the women likewise carry burthens upon their shoulders, while the men carry them upon their heads.

140–150 FA MOUS TRA VELERS



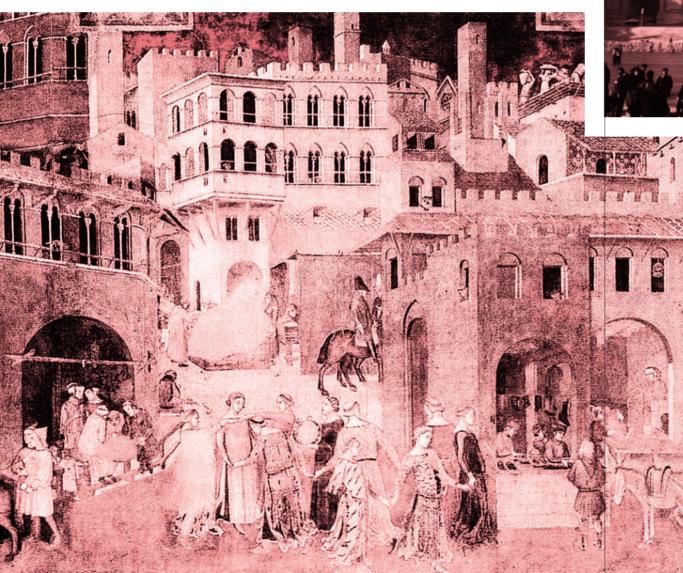
WELCOME TO A CITY

141 I visited the capital of the kingdom, Paris, which claims Julius Caesar as its ing the town as did Apuleius when he wandered about Hypata in Thessaly. I spent no little time there, But it is a long story, and not suited for a letter, and in open-mouthed wonder; and I was so full of interest and eagerness to know the truth about what I

← To revert to my travels in France.— had heard of the place that when daylight failed me I even prolonged my investigations into the night. After loitering about for a long time, gaping at the founder. I must have felt much the same upon enter- sights, I at last satisfied myself that I had discovered the point where truth left off and fiction began. I must wait until I see you and can rehearse my experiences at length.

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

An Excursion to Paris, the Netherlands, and the Rhine 1359





JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE Italian Journey 1786–1788

> ← Then we went into the Sistine 142 Chapel, where the light on the frescoes was at its best. Looking at these marvellous works of Michelangelo's, our admiration was divided between the Last Judgment and the various paintings on the ceiling. The selfassurance, the virility, the grandeur of conception of this master defy expression. After we had looked at everything over and over again, we left the chapel and entered St. Peter's. Thanks to the brilliant sunshine outside, every part of the church was visible. Since we were determined to enjoy its magnitude and splendour, we did not, this time, allow our overfastidious taste to put us off and abstained from carping criticism. We enjoyed everything that was enjoyable.

144 ← It wors

← It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness,

it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

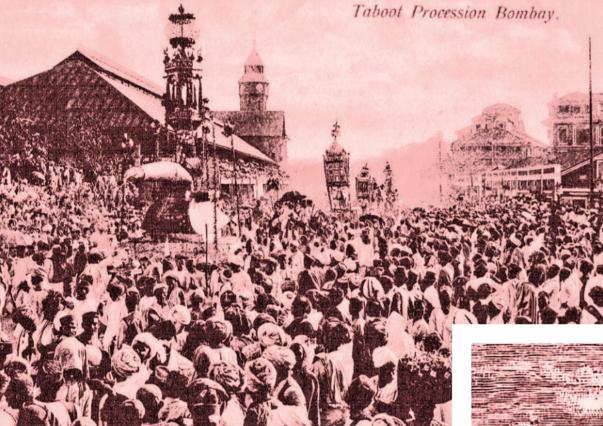
CHARLES DICKENS A Tale of Two Cities 1859

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, AIMÉ BONPLAND Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of America 1799–1804

143 ← The inhabitants of Caracas complain of having several seasons in one and the same day; and of the rapid change from one season to another. In the month of January, for instance, a night, of which the mean temperature is 16 degrees, is sometimes followed by a day when the thermometer during eight successive hours keeps above 22 degrees in the shade. In the same day, we may find the temperature of 24 and 18 degrees.



WELCOME TO A CITY



MARK TWAIN Following the Equator: A Journey Around the World 1897

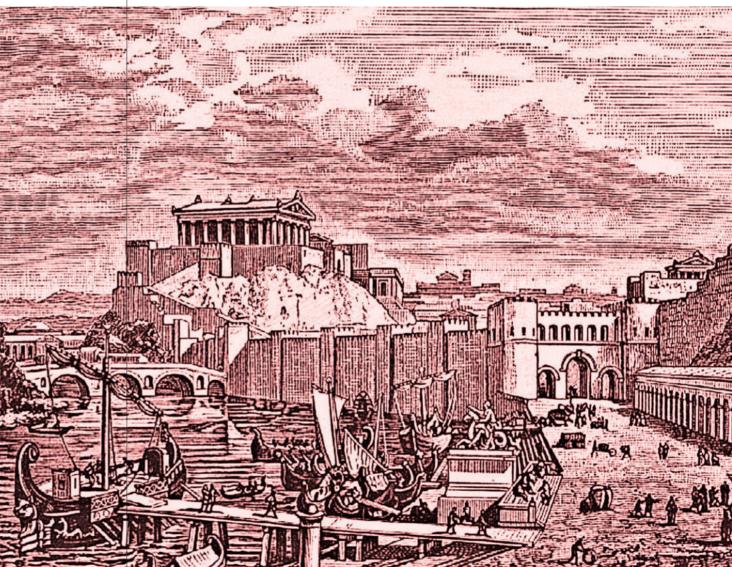
← What a spectacle the railway 145 station was, at train-time! It was a very large station, yet when we arrived it seemed as if the whole world was present-half of it inside, the other half outside, and both halves, bearing mountainous head-loads of bedding and other freight, trying simultaneously to pass each other, in opposing floods, in one narrow door. These opposing floods were patient, gentle, long-suffering natives, with whites scattered among them at rare intervals; and wherever a white man's native servant appeared, that native seemed to have put aside his natural gentleness for the time and invested himself with the white man's privilege of making a way for himself by promptly shoving all intervening black things out of it. In these exhibitions of authority Satan was scandalous. He was probably a Thug in one of his former incarnations.

WELCOME TO A CITY

Famous Travelers 57

146 ← Through such impressions one gathers oneself, wins oneself back from the exacting multiplicity, which speaks and chatters there (and how talkative it is!), and one slowly learns to recognize the very few Things in which something eternal endures that one can love and something solitary that one can gently take part in.

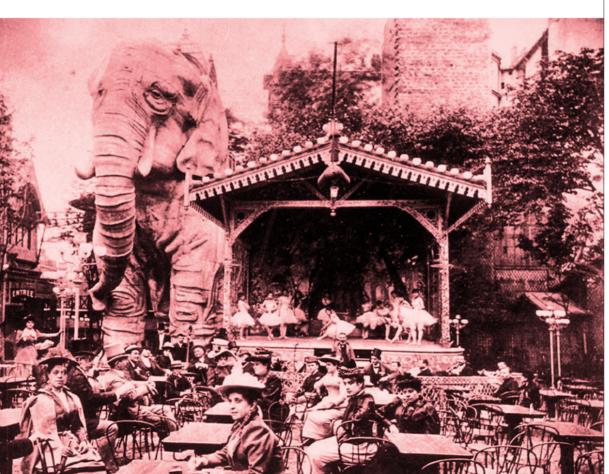
RAINER MARIA RILKE Letters to a Young Poet 1903

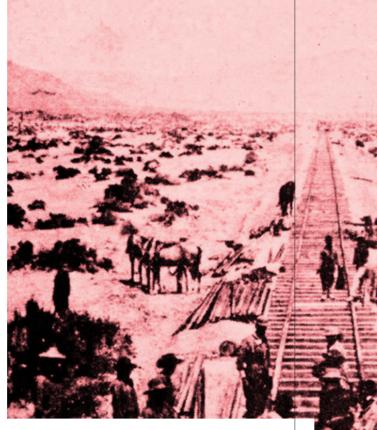


58 Famous Travelers

147 ← On Grattan bridge Lenehan and M'Coy, taking leave of each other, watched the carriages go by. Passing by Roger Greene's office and Dollard's big red printinghouse Gerty MacDowell, carrying the Catesby's cork lino letters for her father who was laid up, knew by the style it was the lord and lady lieutenant but she couldn't see what Her Excellency had on because the tram and Spring's big yellow furniture van had to stop in front of her on account of its being the lord lieutenant.

JAMES JOYCE Ulysses 1922







ITALO CALVINO Invisible Cities 1972 148

← Abandoned before or after it was inhabited, Armilla cannot be called deserted. At any hour, raising your eyes

among the pipes, you are likely to glimpse a young woman, or many young women, slender, not tall of stature, luxuriating in the bathtubs or arching their backs under the showers suspended in the void, washing or drying or perfuming themselves, or combing their long hair at a mirror. In the sun, the threads of water fanning from the showers glisten, the jets of the taps, the spurts, the splashes, the sponges' suds.

WELCOME TO A CITY

149

← You expect the city of Al Capone but what you find are pleasant boulevards coursing up and down

between the neoclassical buildings of the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition. The novels you read in school described Chicago's slaughterhouses; instead, you see awe-inspiring skyscrapers. The city center unfolds, an architectural miracle that is to twentieth-century urban planning what Venice must have been in the fifteenth century. You were thinking of a land-locked city plumped down in the American heartland, but instead you find yourself in a maritime metropolis. To an Italian, the word lake evokes mountain pools or the ponds of Roman castles; a fair-sized lake, for example, would be Italy's Lake Garda or Switzerland's Lake Zurich.

MARCO D'ERAMO

The Pig and the Skyscraper: Chicago: A History of Our Future 1999

REM KOOLHAAS Delirious New York: A Retroactive Manifesto for Manhattan 1978

148 ← Toward 1890, the introduction of electricity makes it possible to create a second daytime. Bright lights are placed at regular intervals along the surf line, so that now the sea can be enjoyed on a truly metropolitan shift-system, giving those unable to reach the water in the daytime a man-made, 12-hour extension.

What is unique in Coney Island—and this syndrome of the Irresistible Synthetic prefigures later events in Manhattan—is that this false daytime is not regarded as second-rate. Its very artificiality becomes an attraction: "Electric Bathing."

WELCOME TO A CITY





151-162

WHY

AMI

ENTER

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CITY

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WELCOME TO A CITY

WELCOME TO A CITY

← When I went to college I changed 151

my major about 6 times. With jobs, I have been hopping around a lot.

Whenever I start something new, I really get excited but after a while I lose interest, I get bored and look for something new.

The same goes for my hobbies. Therefore, I am like [a] jack of all trades, I know a little bit of everything but nothing in depth. I wish I knew what to do, it is very frustrating. I start but never finish. A lot of time, energy and money goes to waste. Right now, I am struggling financially because of that.



GOT BORED? Why Do I Get Bored so Quickly? whitelight 2006

+ Then, I will attend to some personal goals which can be summarized thusly; well-being, fluency, creative development, travel, and experience. I have already found some pools where I might swim and some yoga studios I might try, in the event that I feel energized by all the fresh fruit and vegetable juice. I will study Portuguese and counteract the brainstrain with writing my travel stories and submitting them to publishers. (Hey, why not?)

JUST A TRIP? Live the Life You Want to Live Jenjinha 2008



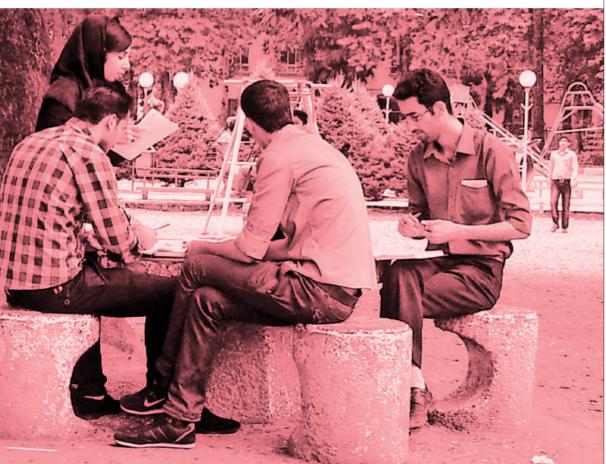


GOT A SCOOTER? The Truth about Driving a Scooter in Taiwan Bamboo Butterfly 2013

← I'll never forget the scenery, the towns, the people I passed along the way. It wasn't long before I became

one of those people driving about with strange cargo. Or weaving between the cars. The ironic thing is that after living in the country for a while, you begin to see that there's a flow to the system. The people make it work. As crazy as it seems, I felt safer driving in Taiwan than I have back home in the Chicago suburbs. There's a synchronized dance at work behind the chaos. + One sat in my room with a beer and "The Phenomenology of Spirit," reading out a sentence at a time and stopping to ask, "All right, what did that mean?" The gravity of the whole thing would have been laughable if it hadn't been so much fun, and if it hadn't been such a gift to find my tribe. In retrospect, I was a sad little boy and a standard-issue, shiftless, egotistical, dejected teenager. Everything was going to hell, and then these strangers let me come to their school and showed me how to read. All things considered, every year since has been a more intense and enigmatic joy.

LEARNED TO READ? Where I Learned to Read Salvatore Scibona 2011





MET ANYONE? Having Coffee in Croatia or Idemo na Kavu Cody 2013

> 154 ← I dran in about

← I drank my first coffee in Croatia in about 5 minutes. Then I looked around and saw everybody else had

full cups and I thought: Oh boy, we are going to be here a while. Remember having coffee is not actually about the coffee, it's about the socializing. So you can see why Starbucks is reluctant to open a store in Croatia.

It seems its entire business model is getting as many people to drink as much coffee as possible, as fast as possible. For all the people occupying their tables alone there are probably just as many people coming and going with huge amounts of coffee. They are probably not ready for the bulk of their Croatian customers to sit over AN espresso with milk for two hours.

156 ← But of course, at the end of filming we all got together to capture the day's filming and the team behind

day's filming, and the team behind the shoot. And special thanks to our young Cosplayers, who spent an hour with us showing us a unique aspect of life in Tokyo... and what a good looking team! There's Vinny, the Executive Producer wedged in there, as well as Nick... I had to take the picture... Of course, later that night Alex went out with her friend Rachel Irving for more Cosplay adventures like I said, Alex embraced all that Tokyo had to offer!

TO SHOW UP? Alex Sim-Wise Goes Cosplay! johnrieber 2012





BOUGHT ANYTHING? Corner Store Consumption Zach Hyman 2013

155 ← "One bite, one gulp"—White bread and milk for breakfast on the go

When the store began stocking this food product several years ago, they decided to do so primarily because they had been exposed to the stereotype that "foreigners prefer eating bread over noodles", and hoped to attract them. Initially it was indeed primarily foreigners who bought it, "particularly Koreans" the owner said. Then, gradually, the owner witnessed a change, and before long there were just as many Chinese buying bread as there were foreigners.

156 ← So today when I saw one small envelope from 4Culture in my mailbox, I said to my fiancé, "looks like I didn't get the grant."

Imagine my surprise when I opened the envelope and the first words I saw were: "It is our great pleasure to inform you that your 2009 Individual Artist Project to 4Culture has been recommended for an award"!

Out of a record 391 applications, mine was one of 94 that were accepted. The letter went on to say:

ON WORK? Amazing News! Jason 2009





TO LEARN? A Day at Udacity: Andy Andy Brown 2013

157

← That's why I love working here. Every day I get to work with brilliant, passionate people to help solve what

is, to me, the world's biggest unsolved problem: education. And in doing so, we're encountering all sorts of new, fascinating problems along the way. Problems in pedagogy, curricula, logistics, engineering, design... even cinematography. I generally focus on the pedagogy problems, but they're all interesting. And unlike the circle, they don't seem to have simple solutions.



FOR CULTURE?

Tending the Spirit: An Interview with Master Ransui Yakata of the International **Chinese Calligraphy and Ink Painting Society** Steven Anderson 2013

← Next, he draws the center of the 158 flower petal.

With the side of his brush he begins to draw something beneath the flower.

He boldly draws these one by one. "One must never hesitate," he tells me.

The whole body of the flower begins to come into view. In sumi-e the line is also life. Although it's the case that one can't help but draw lines in both good and bad compositions, drawing a beautiful line is very important.

WELCOME TO A CITY

← The problem with my politically 159 is no emotion, no action, no spice. In fact it is so bland, its only positive aspect is that it's

with political correctness—acceptable to all (not

just genders, ages, races, weights, heights, physical correct novel is that it is boring. There and mental health states, belief systems, people who prefer fuchsia to orange, smokers and nonsmokers...) but relative to none—and no one would mercifully short. If I were to lengthen it, I could fill it have the slightest interest, except to use it as a target of ridicule.

FOR POLITICS?

The Problem with a Politically Correct Novel Is That It's Boring, Which Offends Me 2013



74 Why Am I Entering a City

WELCOME TO A CITY

your otherwise manly chest? Almost definitely not.

That, my friend, is what separates me, you and the rest

of the world's male population from Brian Zembic. In

boob job just so he could win a wager with a friend.

1986, the Canadian professional gambler got a

159 ← What would you do for \$100,000? Would you go to work naked? Possibly. Let a stranger have sex with your partner? Maybe. How about have a pair of soft, womanly 38C-sized silicone breasts implanted in

TO GAMBLE?

Brian Zembic: Thanks for the Mammaries Matt Weiner 2013





TO TRADE? One Red Paperclip Kyle MacDonald 2005

160

← You ever hear the story about a guy who traded a red paperclip for a house? Well, I'm that guy.

Hi. My name is Kyle. I grew up in Belcarra, near Vancouver.

I'm really into projects.

Usually fun things that take on an obsessive element to some degree. Most noteworthy of these projects was the time I started with a red paperclip and traded it for bigger and better things until I wound up with a house. You may have heard about this already. In this paragraph perhaps!

WELCOME TO A CITY

← It requires a certain mindset to 161 come to this spa. Most of the people here are local, but in the last 20 years mass media have increasingly promoted sinking in the mud and lying in the salt pools as having 'magical' healing properties, and now more and

more tourists visit the pools which are right next to

the salt mine. Everyone is equal under the sun while

coated with mud. As in many other places, a society forms by the regulars and passersby, but everyone greets each other with 'Good day!', conversation springs up from everywhere, there are people from all sorts of backgrounds here: architects, bishops, store owners, retirees, everyone is chatting as they wait for the mud to dry out and then take a dip in the nearby sea.

FOR MEDICINE?

The Black and the Salty People Antoni Georgiev 2012

162 - 185WALK ING AROUND PEOPLE



+ This morning I met Roman who is originally from the Philippines. Growing up he enjoyed to dance and throughout the family Roman was well know as a good dancer. Getting older, he was introduced to many different types of dance; his favourites being Latin, Salsa and Philippine Folk. After secondary school, Roman studied [as] a Bachelor of Secondary Education, and then he went on [to] teach Physical Education in schools across the Philippines. The job enabled him to indulge in his passion for dance, and he began choreographing and teaching dance in schools.

PEOPLE. FACES 365 Days of People Chelsea Waring 2013/2014





PEOPLE. KIDS What Happens When I Draw from My Toddler's Imagination Chris Cook 2013

164 ← So I co toward ha

← So I consider coloring a first step toward hanging back and a fairly safe trial ground to let my daughter work

as she sees fit with minimal interference from her father. Since I've become more conscious of my tendency to let my daughter explore things on her own—and sometimes fail doing so—she and I have developed quite a portfolio together. They're not all award-winners—mine aren't, anyway, but I'd pay millions for hers—but I have a few favorites that I'd like to share. So without further ado, I present several of the greatest works of art in the history of the world. Or at least that's how my daughter and I see it.



167 school bus driver is the stories I hear from my own children. You see, I am not a regular school bus driver; I am a substitute school bus driver. I have been told they get no respect. The drivers with the regular routes run their busses as if they were their own little kingdoms. They have

← The scariest part of becoming a

to. Everyone reading this knows what can happen on a bus if there aren't rules that are enforced. When a substitute takes one of these routes for a day many of the kids see an easy mark. The government has fallen and they want to see what they can do with the resulting power vacuum. My daughter told me that one substitute just turns up the radio and lets the kids go crazy while he hurries to each of the stops and the final prize of an empty bus.

PEOPLE. PROUD The Few; The Proud; The Substitute School Bus Driver Tory C Anderson . 2012

PEOPLE. LANGUAGE Big in Japan: A Cellphone Novel for You, the Reader / Sky of Love Ben Dooley and Mika

← SKY OF LOVE 165PROLOGUE If I hadn't met you that day... I don't think I would have Felt this bitterness. This pain. This sadness. Cried this much. But. If I hadn't met you...

This happiness. This joy. This love.



80 Walking Around

WELCOME TO A CITY



168 ← I had expected to find the experience grotesque but, instead, I was moved by their faith and found the piercings to be less about bodily mutilation and more just the outward display of their devotion. Alicia and I are planning on going back next year but on our own. I would like to have more time at the temple to watch the preparations and am even considering walking the 4.5 km route to the final temple as we saw many westerners do this year.

PEOPLE. SCARY Thaipusam: an Unforgettable Experience niki 2012





PEOPLE. MASTER Jiro Dreams of Sushi David Gel 2012

169 ← What defines "deliciousness"? Taste is tough to explain, isn't it? I would see ideas in dreams. My mind was bursting with ideas. I would wake up in the middle of the night. In dreams I would have visions of sushi.

the club was on the phone to the duty manager and

"That's how the open spot went!" That was the last

just held up the phone to the crowd and said:

chanting: "We want Ed!" Meanwhile the owner of \leftarrow I would love to go back and relive 170this one amazing night at Camden Jongleurs in 1994. If you were making he asked how the open spot went. The duty manager a teen film about a guy who dreamt about being a stand-up, it would be the final scene. I went on in the open spot so no-one knew who I was. I absoluteopen spot I ever did. ly tore it up. I came off the stage and they were all

PEOPLE. ENTERTAINER

Ed Byrne Interview: "I Gradually Learned the Ways of Humans" Jane Graham 2013



PEOPLE. YOUNG Freedom Adele 2012

17

← I'm free guys! I literally skipped out of the exam room when I headed off to the shops with my boyfriend and

it's just great to be eating good food, writing again and also browsing and buying some of the most coveted clothes from Etsy! All will be revealed in due time, but for the moment I have a small army of eye candy images to show off, feelings to get off my chest and opinions to properly voice. My exciting peers are going to the After Exam Party whereas I am sitting with my feet under some cozy blankets and am scheming up a blogging binge, and I can still say with confidence that I am having a great time at home. I've always been a little strange though-a hermit and a recluse even when I was a kid, which is a bit of a problem considering you're meant to socialize at that age.

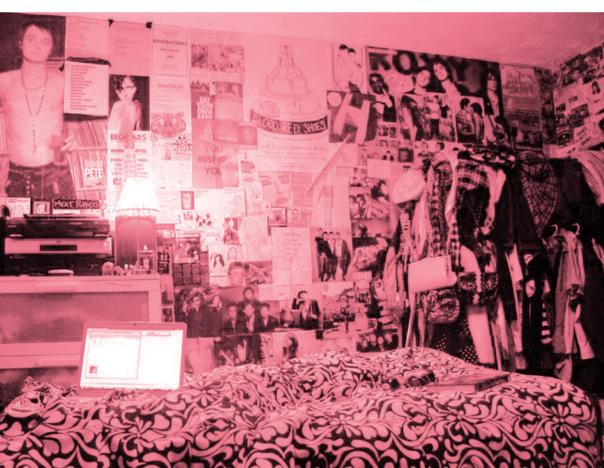
PLACES

172 ← "My special place is my bedroom, so I can spend time alone by myself and reflect on my life and dreams." "The skate park because there's always something good happening."

"In Australia (anywhere) where the Aussie spirit is overwhelming—where being a 'mate' and a 'sport' are taken for granted because it's no big deal to do things for others."



PLACES. SPECIAL My Special Place Is...



PLACES. MOVIE Behind the Movies Catie 2010

+ Film is such a huge part of my life. I love watching movies of all genres, but watching the movies is not always the most important aspect to me. Exploring movie locations and sets, knowing about actors and

actresses, and learning more about a film than just what you get from watching it, are all my favorite parts of the film industry. So when visiting several new cities and countries, I've gotten to visit so many new movie scene locations.

WELCOME TO A CITY

176 ← WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT I'm going to picnic in every park in New York City until I'm done. Follow along! For the most part I'll be skipping playgrounds, community gardens, dog runs, ball fields, cemeteries, and other similar parkish but not quite parky places. That still leaves hundreds of city, state, and national parks in NYC! If you would like to join me on a picnic, let me know which park you'd choose and whenish at

APicnicInEveryPark at gmail.

PLACES. PARK A Picnic in Every Park 2013



PLACES. SCHOOL

Things about Japanese Kindergarten (Preschool?) That Have Stunned Me as a Chinese Mother maxiewawa 2010

174 ← 8. EDUCATION: ALL "SMILES" AND "THANK YOU" In this kindergarten, it seems like they

don't care at all about the children's intellectual education. They don't have textbooks, just a new sketchbook every month. In the school's education plan, there aren't any subjects like mathematics, kana, art, or music. Don't even ask about English or the International Math Olympiad. They don't learn roller skating or swimming.

When you ask what they teach, you'd never guess what the answer is: "We teach the children to be all smiles!"

In Japan, no matter where you are, or who you're talking to, "being all smiles" is most important. Any girl who is "all smiles" is most beautiful. What else do they teach?—They teach children to "say thank you". 1777 ← At last count, I am following 16 buildings on Twitter. Sixteen! How did this happen? Buildings didn't use to be something I had to worry about the interior thoughts and feelings of; I was more concerned with, well, their general interiors. Now it seems like every block of flats and its stairwell has an opinion on he latest celebrity divorce, the situation in the Middle East and whether the Olympics is a good thing for Britain or not.

From what I can tell of the Shard's Twitter feed, for example, he (for something so enormously phallic must be a he) is very keen on photography, and the architecture and writing of Jean Nouvel. The Southbank Centre's Singing Lift is a big fan of the arts (this is presumably why it applied for the job in the first place), and has sadly been under the weather this week with a nasty bout of 'silencing lift pox'.

PLACES. BUILDINGS

Battle of the Buildings: If These Walls Could Talk... Nat Guest 2012



PLACES. STREET Adrift in Tokyo Genkinahito 2012

177

← Adrift in Tokyo is one of those films where the title says it all. Fumiya and Fukuhara are adrift in a road movie

without the road, the two travelling along the streets of Tokyo discovering things about themselves, the city and others.

The setting is a Tokyo that is both familiar and unfamiliar and full of diversity. You feel drawn into the walk as you witness a heady mix of warm and natural spaces, small cosy restaurants and home settings and neon lit night time scenes. It is an exploration of sprawl but not in the pejorative sense, because the film gives mystery and depth to the urban surroundings, which paints a picture of a city full of life.





PLACES. SHOW (Politely) Gatecrashing a Wedding in Montenegro Pegs on the Line 2013

178 ← It started in the groom's bedroom. His family and friends were dancing around the room, while one man, the designated flag bearer, waved [a] pole with a Montenegrin flag and a towel tied to the end. The flag bearer is usually a distant cousin from the father's side and sharing the same last name as the groom. It's a prestigious position and one carried out with pride. He led the dancing guests through the house before everybody made their way in convoy to the bride's house. Each car had a towel attached to the bonnet to indicate it is part of the wedding procession. Walking Around 93

THINGS

← But I leave him to his unrighteous communings. He is one of those people who have what I may call an

umbrella conscience. You know the sort of person I mean. He would never put his hand in another's pocket, or forge a cheque or rob a till-not even if he had the chance. But he will swap umbrellas, or forget to return a book, or take a rise out of the railway company. In fact he is a thoroughly honest man who allows his honesty the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps he takes your umbrella at random from the barber's stand. He knows he can't get a worse one than his own. He may get a better. He doesn't look at it very closely until he is well on his way. Then, "Dear me! I've taken the wrong umbrella," he says, with an air of surprise, for he likes really to feel that he has made a mistake. "Ah, well, it's no use going back now. He'd be gone. And I've left him mine!"

THINGS. PRACTICAL On Umbrella Morals

Alpha of the Plough (Alfred George Gardiner)

1916



180 ←#948 THE MAN COUCH The Man Couch is any couch conveniently located near the change rooms in a women's clothing store.

You can tell which one's The Man Couch, because it's generally covered in man. Most are either textmessaging, napping illegally, or staring straight ahead, jaws dropped, pupils dilated, and completely zoned out, their arms full of purses and plastic bags from other stores.

Now, The Man Couch really is good for everybody: For women, it gives them a convenient place to find their male shopping companion. There they are, right outside the change room!

THINGS. AWESOME 1000 Awesome Things Neil Pasricha 2008





THINGS. HIDDEN Is That an Ice Cream Truck? Ava Apollo 2010

182 ← Yes, the garbage truck plays monotone children's tunes. It does this because in Taiwan, there

are certain days the trash man comes around, and you had better be ready for him with everything sorted and ready to go. One can't simply jumble everything

together. Everything must be sorted, with foods, recyclables, and all else in separate, paid bags bought from 7–11 (which serves as the trash bill). Masses of people congregate on trash night waiting to hear this tune, so that they can give their trash to the trash man, and then go on their merry ways.

← The Taxi Uncle is notorious for 183 cutting lanes without signalling, violent braking at the road shoulder to pick up / drop off passengers, reckless driving, changing shifts, lurking around during the hours of 11 onwards and refusing flag-down so that they can charge you for midnight surcharge... the list of Taxi Uncle transgressions is long. Just ask anyone. Like my mom. But sometimes when you hear them out, and sit in their taxi driver seat, the world takes on a different colour. They tell you about lost jobs, abusive customers, high taxi rental rates (it's a daily rental rate here in Singapore)... and you start to empathize and commiserate. So they aren't all bad, really.

> THINGS. MOVING Tales from the Taxi Uncle Taxi Uncle 2012





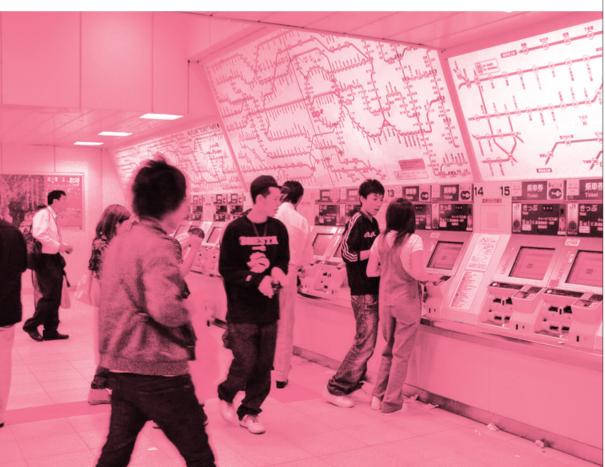
THINGS. HELPFUL Jesus Drinks a 40 Oz. Korpics 2011

184 ^{← I} igno

← I understood. Nobody likes to be ignored or marginalized, to feel insignificant or unheard, and as much

as I sympathized with his situation, I quickly realized that this man wasn't Jesus. Just a dude with dirty dreadlocks and a slightly odd take on life. Maybe I wanted him to be Jesus, because honestly how cool would that be to ride the 5:25 with Jesus. Or maybe he liked being Jesus and we were each feeding off of each other's needs at this particular time in this particular place. Either way, I knew it had to end. My stop was coming up and I felt the need to right the world and put it back on its normal axis. 184 ← Employee: "Technically, sir, I have to instruct you to let the airline employees deal with the other passengers." *pauses* "That said, I've booked you an exit row window seat for all of your remaining flights at no additional charge, and please accept these vouchers for meals valid today at any of the airports on your itinerary, in addition to the credit for a round trip ticket we had already mentioned. Here is your new boarding pass, and your new flight departs from [gate] at [time]."

THINGS. ANNOYING Flying off the Handle Will Get You Handled





THINGS. INTIMIDATING Face-kini—Face Mask Bathing Suit 2012

185

← Dear fashionistas, this is not a congregation of superheroes, nor the Earth being attacked by aliens, nor a

Joke, so you are probably wondering, like me when I saw this picture, what is this about? Well, this is happening right now while I am writing this post in Qingdao, a city in eastern China. Also known in the West as Tsingtao, and for its beer, Qingdao is making a buzz on the internet thanks to some Chinese women and men wearing a full head mask to avoid the sun. 186-191

WELCOME TO A CITY

PLAYING GAMES

186 ← It all began on a boat. Sailor and passionate badminton player Bill Brandes was fed up of playing such a slow, wind dependent game and wanted something to be able to play on the deck of a ship.

WELCOME TO A CITY

MEET ING FRIENDS





MUSIC The Techno Parade Gerrit Wissink 2012

← I had just gotten into electronic 187 music and fully enjoyed this rowdy march that seemed like it belonged in The action then moves to clubs when night falls. Berlin or Rio. The juxtaposition of the floats against the Haussmannian buildings lining the parade route completes the surrealist experience. Get to this

event and you'll forever be a part of its fans whosorry for this-rave about it.

This year's theme, "Indepen' Dance," was chosen to celebrate the political changes sweeping the world!

WELCOME TO A CITY

18

← Students snapped. Never mind the demise of print: This tribe stands stoically entrenched in the smell of ink,

in the touch of uncoated paper. They may be reading their news and gossip online, but the Abstract is a sacred cow. It's a history of record, a proof of their achievement whose final resting place is the Avery Library, widely considered the finest architectural collection in the world—a reputation certainly not lost on the student body.

Adding insult to injury, the only printed text on the cover is: "Be More Flexible Stefan Sagmeister."

SCHOOLS

Columbia University's All-Digital GSAPP Abstract Causes Architecture Students to Revolt Karen Wong 2013





188

← As with many other cultures, inviting clients to dinner is a common habit in the Japanese working culture, and

the so-called settai, often translated as 'business entertainment', is as important as the meetings that the company executives may have with their clients in the company offices.

If communication is a powerful tool in the hands of a salesman, it is sometimes the cause of pressure and stress for those junior employees who feel obliged to accept their superiors' invitation. Male employees are more exposed to this kind of pressure as they are expected to be heavy drinkers.

DRINKING

Japan: Drinkommunication, When Drinking Alcohol Is a Social Obligation Scilla Alecci 2010

STYLE The First Signs of Spring Eric Wilson 2013

188 ← Ah, the first sunny and warm day of spring in New York. If you were out on Fifth Avenue at lunchtime, you would have seen just about everyone smiling a bit more brightly than usual.

Why, there was Eliot Spitzer, the former New York governor, in his shirtsleeves, crossing 58th Street while talking on his cellphone about a court case. And two blocks farther down was Mary McFadden, wearing a long coat and a hat of indeterminate ethnicity, out shopping for an upcoming vacation to Bhutan. Bergdorf Goodman was packed with shoppers, and so was Barneys New York.





189 cancelled, he thought he might run the course anyway, an idea reinforced by a text message from a friend suggesting the same. Svendsen launched the Run Anyway page Friday on Facebook, which has since received 2,770 likes

- When he learned the race had been and has brought together runners from around the world. His idea was simple, to run 26.2 miles in Central Park and to support the recovery effort, focusing on Staten Island. Like many others, Svendsen was signed up to run the marathon to raise money for a charity and he felt the need to finish what he started.

SPORT **Despite Cancellation, Marathon Continues** Anna Callaghan 2012





CRAFTSMANSHIP A Guided Tour of Asia's Largest Slum—Dharavi Revati and Charles from Mumbai, India 2012

← The black soil led us to the recycling 190 area, where we saw all our old things (from computers to shampoo bottles) being broken down, separated, washed, dried, crunched into pellets, coloured, and packaged for trade. All of this was done by hand. We climbed onto the rooftops, for a brilliant bird's eye view of the slum. On the roof, you could see that every ounce of space is used for storage or industry. Our friendly young guide (a slum resident himself), talked us through every bit, answering any questions we had. Giving us the pure truth. No glamorized stories. How every house had electricity, legally paid for, and how postmen managed to make deliveries, and how the entire area was under proper police jurisdiction. In the distance, we saw the clothing industry that we had passed, finally setting up shop and drying the print-dyed cloth on the terraces.

191-198

MAK ING SOME MONEY

TEACHING My Best Lesson: I Get My Psychology Students to Assess My Mental Health Natalie Minaker 2013 191

← We discuss the reasons why they found all of these signs of madness. Someone always says: "Because Miss,

you told us to look for it."

Precisely. Imagine that it wasn't just a game. Imagine that you had been labelled as a person with mental health problems. How would you ever prove otherwise? They learn a valuable lesson about labelling and it allows them to put the findings of Rosenhan's study into a context that they can understand.





MUSIC Taking It to the Streets— Busking Tips from Veteran Street Performers Michael Gallant 2011

192 ← "When I was just getting started busking, I would learn by watching jugglers and magicians in Seattle's Pike Place Market," says Greg Pattillo, a beatboxing flautist and YouTube star with two decades of busking experience under his belt. "I used to take notes on how they would get a crowd, pass a hat for tips, and so on."

Observing strategies used by experienced street performers can help you know how to adapt to any performance situation and make your own public show a success. "Do other street performers announce each song or just play straight through? Do they make eye contact with their listeners?"

WELCOME TO A CITY

194 ← Today I woke up at 5am in the morning. All trainees were to report to the building at 7:15am. I live in Central Jersey so there's at least a 1 hour 15 minute commute to Manhattan with no traffic. I felt surprisingly refreshed for having so little sleep; 5 hours versus my usual 9 to 10 hours. After putting on a \$600 Tommy Hilfiger navy pinstripe power suit and some elaborate burgundy shoes from Mezlan, I jumped into my roadster and sped to the bus station.

GAMBLING Week 1—Day 1 On Wall Street The Wall Street Broker 2009



← The first time I had ever heard of 195 an exit plan was back in the '90s when I had the only white collar college degree requiring job I have ever had. Some of the other managers were gossiping about one of the upper managers who had amassed a small personal fortune thanks to saving and prudent investing. estimated the guy was in his mid-50s. They envied him because the guy could now walk away from the bullshit. Work was a lifetime of living hell, and paradise was early retirement. I was horrified. I couldn't imagine spending a lifetime working merely in the hope of getting to a point where you didn't have to work anymore. It struck me as an empty and meaningless existence, and that is exactly what it was.

SIMPLE WORK Why It Sucks to Be White Collar Charlie





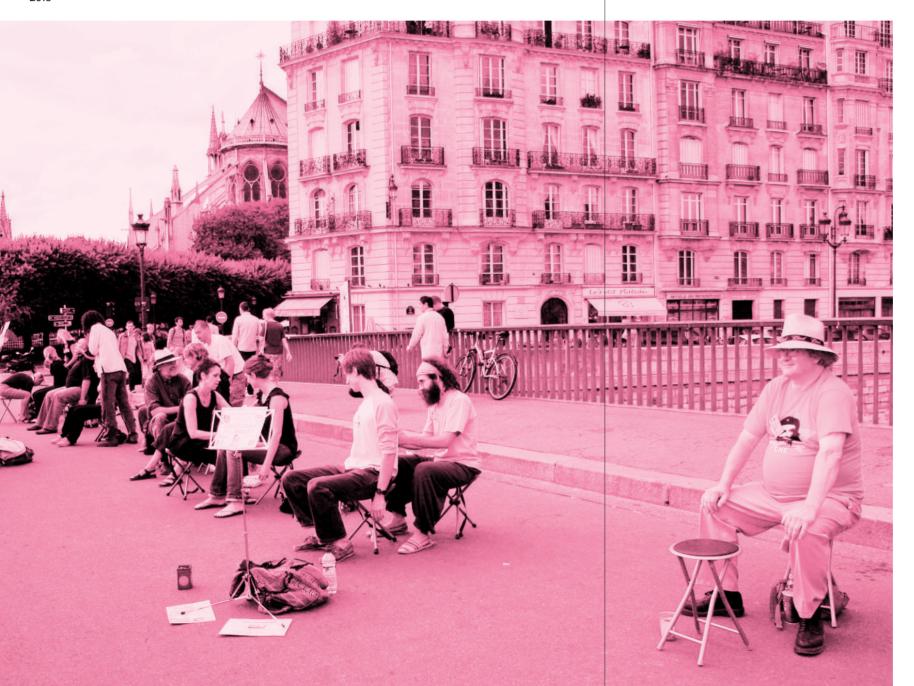
PROSTITUTION A Dinner Date with Two; Maiko and Geiko Nicole 2012

197 ← Each movement was slow and precise, each angular hand placement practiced for years before they could perform for an audience with the title of Maiko apprentice Geisha. Rolling back the sleeve of their kimono they exposed just enough wrist skin to flirt with the audience; smiling at us, playfully the Maiko continued their dance whilst the Geiko sat in the corner diligently playing the shamisen, a threestringed guitar-like instrument.

WELCOME TO A CITY

198 ← Some people don't like that much quiet and find it is more relaxing to talk during the massage. That's fine too. Some talk at the start, then become quieter as they relax. Some find it helpful to tell me about a situation in their life. Getting it out of their mind and saying it out loud helps them to sort through it or put it behind them. Since I'm not involved and don't know the details I can just listen, and I won't repeat it.

SERVICE Conversations During Your Massage Barry 2013 What to Eat? 115



199 ← In the evening, the market and restaurant gets very busy. Young and old alike come into the market to choose fish or seafood and have a wonderful and jolly fish meal with Korean rice wine (makgeolli) or soju. It is not only a tourist attraction, but local people's favourite as well. I wish Billingsgate market could adopt this for London. Why not?

SEAFOOD

A Visit to Seoul's Noryangjin Fish Market Kiejo Sarsfield 2013





RICE A Sushi Chef Must Master Rice and Knives Joe Liu 2013

199 ← LESSONS OF THE KNIFE Cut yourself a hundred times, and then you might be a chef. That's the only way for your fingers to learn how to escape the knife.

THE SECRETS OF SUSHI RICE

You have to use an excellent product. Ours is Tamaki Gold short-grain sushi rice. But then, you have to take the time to do it right. You've got to soak it in water for a minimum of five hours. If you don't, the heart of the rice will never be tender. No matter how much you cook it. 2000 ← What is a Bayram without candies! My granny used to buy chocolates filled with mint, cherries and sorts, my memory seems to fade... But what I do remember is that me and my friends used to sneak in the house when she was out and fill our pockets with these colorful candies, chocolates; with what was reserved for the guests... And so we had so many tummy aches! Sweet memories...

SWEETS Altan Şekerleme, A Sweet Sweet Bayram Tuba atana 2012



WELCOME TO A CITY



TOOLS Eat with Your Hands for a Sensuous, Intimate, Mindful Meal Anna Mindess 2012

200 ý

← There is an intimacy formed when you all eat from the same dish dipping in small pieces of bread, he explains.

"And if you find a piece of meat close to you that's especially good, you can share it with your neighbor." "Does each person take the piece of meat and bread onto their own plate?" I ask. "We don't have individual plates. We are a very collective society. But if we invite guests over who are not familiar with this way of eating, we show them how it's done."



DRINKS How to Survive Oktoberfest Nomadic Matt 2011

202

It's great to see so many people dressed up in traditional Bavarian clothes (lederhosen for guys, dirndls for girls), having a good time, celebrating, and drinking good beer. You get a lot of people chugging beer and a lot of people who fail at it... but, no matter what, there is a lot of singing. One thing that I didn't expect was that outside the beer tents, it's a carnival.

← WHAT TO EXPECT AT OKTOBERFEST

WELCOME TO A CITY

 \leftarrow I'd been interested in food and 203 more time at local greenmarkets in

the city, talking to farmers, and learning more about our messy food system. Over the years, I started experimenting with small-scale urban homesteading

and learned how to grow food and compost waste, agriculture for several years, spending and as I got more interested in that aspect of homesteading I started to consider larger-scale farming as a career opportunity. I apprenticed last season with Brooklyn Grange, and by the end of that experience there was no turning back for me.

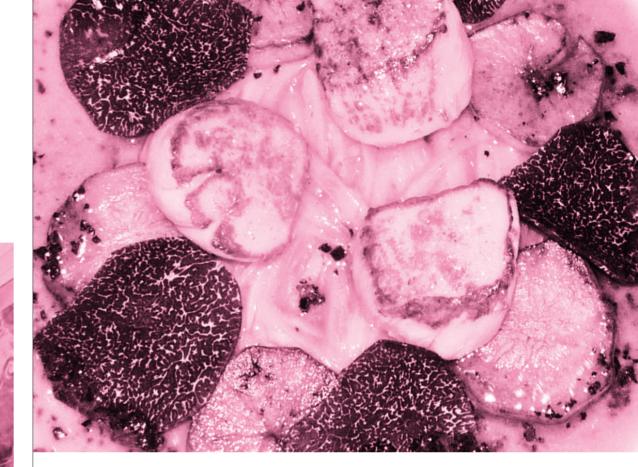
HIGH-LOW

The Farmplate Young Farmers Series: Michael Meier from Brooklyn Grange Farm Anna Villarruel on Michael Meier 2012



204 ← Feeling bold, The Astronomer and I ordered three appetizers. Our table was only designed for two, so things got a bit tight with all three appetizers arriving at once, especially with two bread plates and one butter dish already taking up space. I should have requested that the appetizers arrive in courses since we were sharing, but in restaurants this nice, waiters are usually familiar with the protocol.

WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE Maison Boulud—Beijing Cathy Nhu 2008



DISGUST Adour Alain Ducasse @ NYC Ming Emily van den Berg 2009

205 ← Shame on you Alain Ducasse. My previous two dining experiences at the Alain Ducasse restaurants in London and Paris were among the best meals I had this year. Consequently, I had intentionally been waiting for a special occasion before choosing to dine at Adour, a restaurant that I was sure would have a particularly memorable meal in store for me. And memorable it was; memorably terrible!

206–212 HANG ING

AROUND

PARK What to Do on a Date During a Lodi Garden Heritage Walk Neeraj Narayanan 2012 206 ← "Can we go to the Lodi Gardens? I could get my frisbee, and we could play," she quipped. Play with a frisbee? It is during such trying times that a man must show what he's made of, totally forget that he played pithoo

what he's made of, totally forget that he played pithoo with the kids in the neighbourhood the previous evening, channel all his suaveness and convince the other party that playing with frisbees is for little kids, bring out his sophistication and declare that they could instead play much manlier games. Like Chain-chain.



208 high-octane one, has become the new gay mecca of the Mediterranean is something of an open secret, both in the Middle East and, increasingly, outside it, too. Unfailingly

sunny and tirelessly tolerant, its energy level is at once intense and beguilingly relaxed. In the run-up to Tel Aviv's Gay Pride, which fell on June 11 this

CLUB Dispatch / Gay Tel Aviv Anthony Grant, 2010

← That Tel Aviv, not a huge city but a year, there were not one but two New York-based gay tours to Israel—Steele Travel's Milk & Honey tour and one promoted by Chelsea's own gay adultentertainment impresario Michael Lucas, whose nine-day journey covered Israel from top (the Golan Heights) to bottom (Eilat), and, like Steele's, allowed time for a foray into Tel Aviv's full-throttle after-hours gay scene.



CAFÉ An Open Letter to People in Coffee Shops in the Middle of the Day Annie Stamell 2012

← Dear People in Coffee Shops in the 209 Middle of the Day,

Hi! I have a lot of questions about you! See, like you, I am one of the people who can sometimes be found in a coffee shop in the middle of the day, and I cannot help but wonder about my cafésquatting brethren.

209 ← After about 20 minutes of selfexploration and 'seeing for ourselves,' we gathered back as a group to share the discoveries that everyone was able to make. I am always amazed at how quickly people are willing to begin sharing personal connections, and the conversation began to build. It has been almost two years, but I distinctly recall one woman who had lived in Indonesia much of her life, and she told us

several intimate stories about experiencing the strife and conflict in her home country and how that related to one of the photographs she chose (an American Civil War portrait that Yonemoto had re-staged with Southeast Asian men instead playing the roles of the soldiers). Others made connections to their own experiences during the Vietnam War, a period which Yonemoto's images specifically recall for Americans who lived through that era.

MUSEUM Move Closer: An Intimate Philosophy of Art Mike Murawski 2012





HOTEL The Stanley Hotel Ghost Tour David 2010

210

← The hotel does BIG business on the ghost tour they run, as well as a weekly Ghost Hunt they run in the

evenings on weekends. This is our tour group and you can see there were a lot of people. Our group was actually pretty small compared to some, and there were probably another seven tours running at exactly the same time as ours. I couldn't tell for sure, but the entire time we were there I was tripping over multiple tours going up the main staircase or hanging outside room 217 as we are here. After we stopped here to talk about the hauntings in room 217 where Stephen King was inspired to write The Shining, we went upstairs to the fourth floor. And that's where something... happened.

\leftarrow Firstly this cinema reeks of romance; 212

you really can't top the atmosphere of the Royal Botanical Gardens. More

importantly, preparation is the key for this one, do it properly and you can't fail. Firstly it's very popular, so make sure to buy your tickets well in advance. Once that is secured, get down to your local market or deli and go to town on gourmet cheese, meats and dips. Almost think you are going camping, you'll need a little chopping board, knives and napkins.

CINEMA Summer In Melbourne: **Top Outdoor Cinemas** John Ryan 2009

SHOP Where Should You Buy It? Try Mustafa! Daniel Accioly 2009

← If you cannot find it in Mustafa 211 Mustafa in Singapore sells everything-from clothes to electronics, jeweleries to groceries (at one point they were even selling cars). Actually, when you are in this 70,000 sq.ft, six storey shopping center, you will think that it is easier to list

what is not sold here than listing what is sold. It is Center in Singapore, it does not exist. a supply chain manager's hell but a budget shopper's heaven. When you need something and you are not sure where you can find it in Singapore, head to Mustafa, you will probably find it there. Do not worry about the time, it is open 24 hours.

WELCOME TO A CITY

213-220

GET

TING

WELCOME TO A CITY

WELCOME TO A CITY

← But not just any traffic, what I 213really, really hate is the incredibly incorrectly named entity known as

"rush-hour traffic."

Talk about your oxymorons! There is nothing remotely 'rush-like' about rushhour traffic.

In fact, there is nothing remotely like an 'hour' for rush hour traffic.

For those of you that don't know, for traffic, Toronto is the fourth-most congested region in North America, behind only Los Angeles, San Francisco and Chicago.



TIME **ANGRY?**



CHEATING

Guerrilla Road Safety Group 'Politely' Installs Illegal Bike Lane Protectors on Cherry Street Tom Fucoloro 2013

← An extremely polite group of anonymous guerrilla road safety activists armed with \$350 worth of reflective plastic pylons turned the painted Cherry Street bike lane under I-5 into a protected bike lane Monday morning. The group—calling themselves the Reasonably Polite Seattleites—wanted to make a statement about how easy and affordable it would be for the city to use the method to make bike lanes safer all over the city. To stress how polite they are, they attached them using an adhesive pad for easy removal, according to an email sent to SDOT and Seattle Bike Blog.

WELCOME TO A CITY

216 ← "More trucks are coming... fuck they keep hitting me in the face... thank God I have my goggles." "Okay time to get back in the fight." I go crazy again.

"OMG THIS IS JUST SO FUCKING AWESOME... EEEeeeeee."

"Wow this is so disgusting... but oh well I'm loving it."
12:00pm BANG "Aww the fight is over."
12:05pm "Why are people still throwing tomatoes? I'm ready to get out of here."
12:10pm "I'm gonna slow down... I see cute men everywhere. Yum..."

FOOD

My Thoughts on La Tomatina (The Good & the Bad)!!! Jaime Davila 2011



217 ← "About what?" "About how loud drag racing is." "Oh man, I'm real proud of drag racing." "No sir, not proud. Loud." "Yeah, it's loud as hell. People don't know what to expect the first time. It's a trip." I shift a little. "On the strip?" "No, it's a trip."

NOISE Drag Racing: The Loudest Sport Ryan McGee 2010





SPACE Tianducheng—A Small Piece of Paris, Made in China Sumitra 2013

218 ← "They should have asked the owners of the hotel and the other buildings if we agree with the idea to rebuild Hallstatt in China, and they did not." Despite all the attractions that life in Tianducheng has to offer, the truth remains that it is more of a ghost town since no one except the super-rich can afford to live there.

← "We don't understand. Why would 219 a Jew go to Yemen?" "But... I'm not Jewish." "Yeah, well. We just don't understand why would a Jew go to Yemen." Again, I showed them the photos I took in Yemen

and explained how nice the island's flora and fauna had been. That the dolphins come and hang out, even in the shallow water, and how cheap the lobsters were. I showed them the Dragonblood trees and the Bedouin family where I had to eat goat intestines. They did not seem to appreciate it as much as I had.

ADMINISTRATION

Why I Will Never, Ever, Go Back to the United States Niels Gerson Lohman 2013



TREATING OTHERS 10 of the Greatest Guerrilla Marketing Campaigns of All-Time Miss Cellania 2011

220

← "Do I have your attention now? I know all about her, you dirty, sneaky, immoral, unfaithful, poorly-endowed slimeball. Everything's caught on tape. Your (soon-

to-be-ex) wife, Emily." As you might imagine, this little love note caught the attention of a lot of people, and more than a few of them raced to the Internet to find out who Emily

was and what she had planned.

Getting Angry? 139

50-61

FA MOUS TRA VELERS

sounding-line you will bring up mud, and find yourself in eleven fathoms' water, which shows that the soil washed down by the stream extends to that distance.

CHAPTER 19

So said the oracle. Now the Nile, when it overflows, floods not only the Delta, but also the tracts of country on both sides of the stream which are thought to belong to Libya and Arabia, in some places reaching to the extent of two days' journey from its banks, in some even exceeding that distance, but in others falling short of it. Concerning the nature of the river, I was not able to gain any information either from the priests or from others. I was particularly anxious to learn from them why the Nile, at the commencement of the summer solstice, begins to rise, and continues to increase for a hundred days-and why, as soon as that number is past, it forthwith retires and contracts its stream, continuing low during the whole of the winter until the summer solstice comes round again. On none of these points could I obtain any explanation from the inhabitants, though I made every inquiry, wishing to know what was commonly reported-they could neither tell me what special virtue the Nile has which makes it so opposite in its nature to all other streams, nor why, unlike every other river, it gives forth no breezes from its surface.

CHAPTER 35

50 ← Concerning Egypt itself I shall extend my remarks to a great length, because

there is no country that possesses so many wonders, nor any that has such a number of works which defy description. Not only is the climate different from that of the rest of the world, and the rivers unlike any other rivers, but the people also, in most of their manners and customs, exactly reverse the common practice of mankind. The women attend the markets and trade, while the men sit at home at the loom; and here, while the rest of the world works the woof up the warp, the Egyptians work it down; the women likewise carry burthens upon their shoulders, while the men carry them upon their heads.

They eat their food out of doors in the streets, but retire for private purposes to their houses, giving as a reason that what is unseemly, but necessary, ought to be done in secret, but what has nothing unseemly about it, should be done openly. A woman cannot serve the priestly office, either for god or goddess, but men are priests to both; sons need not support their parents unless they choose, but daughters must, whether they choose or no.

CHAPTER 36

In other countries the priests have long hair, in Egypt their heads are shaven; elsewhere it is customary, in mourning, for near relations to cut their hair close: the Egyptians, who wear no hair at any other time, when they lose a relative, let their beards and the hair of their heads grow long. All other men pass their lives separate from animals, the Egyptians have animals always living with them; others make barley and wheat their food; it is a disgrace to do so in Egypt, where the grain they live on is spelt, which some call zea. Dough they knead with their feet: but they mix mud, and even take up dirt, with their hands. They are the only people in the world—they at least, and such as have learnt the practice from them-who use circumcision. Their men wear two garments apiece, their women but one. They put on the rings and fasten the ropes to sails inside; others put them outside. When they write or calculate, instead of going, like the Greeks, from left to right, they move their hand from right to left; and they insist, notwithstanding, that it is they who go to the right, and the Greeks who go to the left. They have two guite different kinds of writing, one of which is called sacred, the other common. SOURCE: The History of Herodotus

FRANCESCO PETRARCH An Excursion to Paris, the Netherlands, and the Rhine 1359

TO CARDINAL GIOVANNI COLONNA JUNE 21.

I have lately been travelling through France, not on business, as you know, but simply from a youthful curiosity to see the country. I finally penetrated into Germany, to the banks of the Rhine itself. I have carefully noted the customs of the people, and have been much interested in observing the characteristics of a country hitherto unknown to me, and in comparing the things I saw with those at home. While I found much to admire in both countries. I in no way regretted my Italian origin. Indeed, the more I travel, the more my admiration for Italy grows. If Plato, as he himself says, thanked the immortal gods, among other things, for making him a Greek and not a barbarian, why should not we too thank the Lord for the land of our birth, unless to be born a Greek be considered more noble than to be born an Italian. This, however, would be to assert that the slave was above his master. No Greekling, however shameless, would dare to make such a claim, if he but recollected that long before Rome was founded and had by superior strength established her sway, long before the world yet knew of the Romans, "men of the toga, lords of the earth," a beggarly fourth part of Italy, a region desert and uninhabited, was nevertheless styled by its Greek colonists "Greater Greece." If that scanty area could then be called great, how very great, how immense, must the Roman power have seemed after Corinth had fallen, after Aetolia had been devastated and Argos, Mycenae, and other cities had

been taken, after the Macedonian kings had been captured, Pyrrhus vanquished, and Thermopylae a second time drenched with Asiatic blood! Certainly no one can deny that it is a trifle more distinguished to be an Italian than a Greek. This, however, is a matter which we may perhaps take up elsewhere.

← To revert to my travels in France, — I visited the capital of the kingdom, Paris, which claims Julius Caesar as its founder.

I must have felt much the same upon entering the town as did Apuleius when he wandered about Hypata in Thessaly. I spent no little time there, in open-mouthed wonder; and I was so full of interest and eagerness to know the truth about what I had heard of the place that when daylight failed me I even prolonged my investigations into the night. After loitering about for a long time, gaping at the sights, I at last satisfied myself that I had discovered the point where truth left off and fiction began. But it is a long story, and not suited for a letter, and I must wait until I see you and can rehearse my experiences at length.

To pass over the intervening events, I also visited Ghent, which proudly claims the same illustrious founder as Paris, and I saw something of the people of Flanders and Brabant, who devote themselves to preparing and weaving wool. I also visited Liege, which is noted for its clergy, and Aix-la-Chapelle, Charles's capital, where in a marble church I saw the tomb of that great prince, which is very properly an object of veneration to the barbarian nations...

TO CARDINAL GIOVANNI COLONNA AUGUST 9.

I did not leave Aix-la-Chapelle until I had bathed in the waters, which are warm like those at Baiae. It is from them that the town is said to derive its name. I then proceeded to Cologne, which lies on the left bank of the Rhine, and is noted for its situation, its river, and its inhabitants. I was astonished to find such a degree of culture in a barbarous land. The appearance of the city, the dignity of the men, the attractiveness of the women, all surprised me. The day of my arrival happened to be the feast of St. John the Baptist. It was nearly sunset when I reached the city. On the advice of the friends whom my reputation, rather than any true merit, had won for me even there, I allowed myself to be led immediately from the inn to the river, to witness a curious sight. And I was not disappointed, for I found the river-bank lined with a multitude of remarkably comely women. Ye gods, what faces and forms! And how well attired! One whose heart was not already occupied might well have met his fate here.

I took my stand upon a little rise of ground where I could easily follow what was going on. There was a dense mass of people, but no disorder of any kind. They knelt down in quick succession on the bank, half hidden by the fragrant grass, and turning up their sleeves above the elbow they bathed their hands and white arms in the eddying stream. As they talked together, with an indescribably soft foreign murmur, I felt that I had never better appreciated Cicero's

HERODOTUS Euterpe 440 BCE

BOOK II EUTERPE CHAPTER 5

For any one who sees Egypt, without having heard a word about it before, must perceive, if he has only common powers of observation, that the Egypt to which the Greeks go in their ships is an acquired country, the gift of the river. The same is true of the land above the lake, to the distance of three days' voyage, concerning which the Egyptians say nothing, but which is exactly the same kind of country. The following is the general character of the region. In the first place, on approaching it by sea, when you are still a day's sail from the land, if you let down a we are all deaf and dumb when we have to do with an unknown tongue. I, however, had the aid of kind interpreters, for-and this was not the least surprising thing I noted there-these skies, too, give nurture to Pierian spirits. So when Juvenal wonders that Fluent Gaul has taught the British advocate, let him marvel, too, that Learned Germany many a clearvoiced bard sustained.

But, lest you should be misled by my words, I hasten to add that there are no Virgils here, although many Ovids, so that you would say that the latter author on the ceiling. The self-assurance, the virility, the was justified in his reliance upon his genius or the affection of posterity, when he placed at the end of his Metamorphoses that audacious prophecy where he ventures to claim that as far as the power of Rome shall extend, --- nay, as far as the very name of Roman shall penetrate in a conquered world,-so widely shall his works be read by enthusiastic admirers.

When anything was to be heard or said I had to rely upon my companions to furnish both ears and tongue. Not understanding the scene, and being deeply interested in it, I asked an explanation from one of my friends, employing the Virgilian lines:

... What means the crowded shore?

What seek these eager spirits?

He told me that this was an old custom among the people, and that the lower classes, especially the women, have the greatest confidence that the threatening calamities of the coming year can be washed away by bathing on this day in the river, and a happier fate be so assured. Consequently this annual ablution has always been conscientiously performed, and always will be. I smiled at this explanation, and replied, "Those who dwell by Father Rhine are fortunate indeed if he washes their misfortunes away with him: I fear that neither Po nor Tiber could ever free us of ours. You send your ills to the Britons, by the river; we would gladly ship ours off to the Africans or Illyrians." But I was given to understand that our rivers were too sluggish. There was a great laugh over this. and then, as it was getting late, we left the spot and returned home.

SOURCE: The First Modern Scholar and Man of Letters

JOHANN WOLFGANG **VON GOETHE Italian Journey** 1786-1788

ROME, NOVEMBER 22 ON THE FEAST OF ST. CECILIA I must write a few lines to keep alive the memory of this happy day or, at least, make a historical report of struments, here they perform concertos for voices:

remark, which, like the old proverb, reminds us that what I have been enjoying. The day was cloudless and warm. I went with Tischbein to the square in front of St. Peter's. We walked up and down until we felt too hot, when we sat in the shadow of the great obelisk-it was just wide enough for two-and ate some grapes we had bought nearby.

> \leftarrow Then we went into the Sistine Chapel. where the light on the frescoes was at its best. Looking at these marvellous works

of Michelangelo's, our admiration was divided between the Last Judgment and the various paintings grandeur of conception of this master defy expression. After we had looked at everything over and over again, we left the chapel and entered St. Peter's. Thanks to the brilliant sunshine outside, every part of the church was visible. Since we were determined to enjoy its magnitude and splendour, we did not, this time, allow our overfastidious taste to put us off and abstained from carping criticism. We enjoyed everything that was enjoyable.

Then we climbed up on to the roof, where one finds a miniature copy of a well-built town with houses, shops, fountains, churches (at least they looked like churches from the outside) and a large templeeverything in the open air with beautiful walks between. We went into the Cupola and looked out at the Apennines, Mount Soracte, the volcanic hills behind Tivoli, Frascati, Castel Gandolfo, the plain and the sea beyond it. Below us lay the city of Rome in all its length and breadth with its hill-perched palaces, domes, etc. Not a breath of air was stirring, and it was as hot as a greenhouse inside the copper ball. After taking in everything, we descended again and asked to have the doors opened which lead to the cornices of the dome, the tambour and the nave. One can walk all the way round and look down from this height on the whole church. As we were standing on the cornice of the tambour, far below us we could see the Pope walking to make his afternoon devotions. St. Peter's had not failed us. Then we climbed all the way down, went out into the square and had a frugal but cheerful meal at an inn nearby, after which we went on to the Church of St. Cecilia.

It would take pages to describe the decorations of this church, which was packed with people. One could not see a stone of the structure. The columns were covered with red velvet wound around with ribbons of gold lace, the capitals with embroidered velvet conforming more or less to their shape-so, too, with the cornices and pillars. All the intervening wall space was clothed in brightly coloured hangings, so that the whole church seemed to be one enormous mosaic. More than two hundred candles were burning behind and at the sides of the high altar, so that one whole wall was lined with candles, and the nave was fully illuminated. Facing the high altar, two stands, also covered with velvet, had been erected under the organ loft. The singers stood on one; the orchestra, which never stopped playing, on the other. Just as there are concertos for violins or other inone voice—the soprano, for instance—predomi- is 16 degrees, is sometimes followed by a day when nates and sings a solo while, from time to time, the choir joins in and accompanies it, always supported, of course, by the full orchestra. The effect is wonderful. All good days must come to an end and so must these notes. In the evening we got to the opera house, where *i Litiganti* was being given, but we were so sated with good things that we passed it by. SOURCE: Italian Journey

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. AIMÉ BONPLAND **Personal Narrative of Travels** to the Equinoctial Regions of America 1799-1804

CHAPTER 1.12.

WELCOME TO A CITY

General View Of The Provinces Of Venezuela. Diversity Of Their Interests. City And Valley Of Caracas. Climate. (...)

The small extent of the valley, and the proximity of the high mountains of Avila and the Silla, give a gloomy and stern character to the scenery of Caracas; particularly in that part of the year when the coolest temperature prevails, namely, in the months of November and December. The mornings are then very fine; and on a clear and serene sky we could perceive the two domes or rounded pyramids of the Silla, and the craggy ridge of the Cerro de Avila. But towards evening the atmosphere thickens: the mountains are overhung with clouds: streams of vapour cling to their evergreen slopes, and seem to divide them into zones one above another. These zones are gradually blended together; the cold air which descends from the Silla, accumulates in the valley, and condenses the light vapours into large fleecy clouds. These often descend below the Cross of La Guayra, and advance, gliding on the soil, in the direction of the Pastora of Caracas, and the adjacent guarter of Trinidad. Beneath this misty sky, I could scarcely imagine myself to be in one of the temperate valleys of the torrid zone; but rather in the north of Germany, among the pines and the larches that cover the mountains of the Hartz. (...)

It is to be regretted that this delightful climate is generally inconstant and variable.

← The inhabitants of Caracas complain 54 of having several seasons in one and the same day; and of the rapid change from one season to another. In the month of January, for instance, a night, of which the mean temperature

the thermometer during eight successive hours keeps above 22 degrees in the shade. In the same day, we may find the temperature of 24 and 18 degrees.

These variations are extremely common in our temperate climates of Europe, but in the torrid zone, Europeans themselves are so accustomed to the uniform action of exterior stimulus, that they suffer from a change of temperature of 6 degrees. At Cumana, and everywhere in the plains, the temperature from eleven in the morning to eleven at night changes only 2 or 3 degrees. Moreover, these variations act on the human frame at Caracas more violently than might be supposed from the mere indications of the thermometer. In this narrow valley the atmosphere is in some sort balanced between two winds, one blowing from the west, or the seaside, the other from the east, or the inland country. The first is known by the name of the wind of Catia, because it blows from Catia westward of Cabo Blanco through the ravine of Tipe. It is, however, only a westerly wind in appearance, and it is oftener the breeze of the east and north-east, which, rushing with extreme impetuosity, engulfs itself in the Quebrada de Tipe. Rebounding from the high mountains of Aguas Negras, this wind finds its way back to Caracas, in the direction of the hospital of the Capuchins and the Rio Caraguata. It is loaded with vapours, which it deposits as its temperature decreases, and consequently the summit of the Silla is enveloped in clouds, when the catia blows in the valley. This wind is dreaded by the inhabitants of Caracas: it causes headache in persons whose nervous system is irritable. In order to shun its effects, people sometimes shut themselves up in their houses, as they do in Italy when the sirocco is blowing. I thought I perceived, during my stay at Caracas, that the wind of Catia was purer (a little richer in oxygen) than the wind of Petare. I even imagined that its purity might explain its exciting property. The wind of Petare coming from the east and south-east, by the eastern extremity of the valley of the Guavra. brings from the mountains and the interior of the country, a drier air, which dissipates the clouds, and the summit of the Silla rises in all its beauty. SOURCE: Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of

America, During the Year 1799–1804, Volume 1

CHARLES DICKENS A Tale of Two Cities 1859

I. THE PERIOD

55 ← It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes, that things in general were settled forever.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-andtwentieth blessed birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cock-lane ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping out its messages, as the spirits of this very year last past (supernaturally deficient in originality) rapped out theirs. Mere messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects in America: which, strange to relate, have proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock-lane brood.

France, less favoured on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill, making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out with pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled down in the rain to do honour to a dirty procession of monks which passed within his view, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and Norway, there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death, already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough

that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. But that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work unceasingly, work silently, and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread: the rather, forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion that they were awake, was to be atheistical and traitorous.

In England, there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries by armed men, and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman in the dark was a City tradesman in the light, and, being recognised and challenged by his fellow-tradesman whom he stopped in his character of "the Captain," gallantly shot him through the head and rode away; the mail was waylaid by seven robbers, and the guard shot three dead, and then got shot dead himself by the other four, "in consequence of the failure of his ammunition:" after which the mail was robbed in peace; that magnificent potentate, the Lord Mayor of London, was made to stand and deliver on Turnham Green, by one highwayman, who despoiled the illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue; prisoners in London gaols fought battles with their turnkeys, and the majesty of the law fired blunderbusses in among them, loaded with rounds of shot and ball; thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at Court drawing-rooms; musketeers went into St. Giles's, to search for contraband goods, and the mob fired on the musketeers, and the musketeers fired on the mob, and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way. In the midst of them, the hangman, ever busy and ever worse than useless, was in constant requisition; now, stringing up long rows of miscellaneous criminals; now, hanging a housebreaker on Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday; now, burning people in the hand at Newgate by the dozen, and now burning pamphlets at the door of Westminster Hall; today, taking the life of an atrocious murderer, and tomorrow of a wretched pilferer who had robbed a farmer's boy of sixpence.

All these things, and a thousand like them, came to pass in and close upon the dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Environed by them, while the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded, those two of the large jaws, and those other two of the plain and the fair faces, trod with stir enough, and carried their divine rights with a high hand. Thus did the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five conduct their Greatnesses, and myriads of small creatures—the creatures of this chronicle among the rest—along the roads that lay before them. (...) WELCOME TO A CITY

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honoured and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both. "I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, fore-most of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place-then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement-and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

SOURCE: A Tale of Two Cities

MARK TWAIN Following the Equator: A Journey Around the World 1897

JANUARY 30.

← What a spectacle the railway station 6 was, at train-time! It was a very large station, yet when we arrived it seemed as if the whole world was present—half of it inside, the other half outside, and both halves, bearing mountainous head-loads of bedding and other freight, trying simultaneously to pass each other, in opposing floods, in one narrow door. These opposing floods were patient, gentle, long-suffering natives, with whites scattered among them at rare intervals: and wherever a white man's native servant appeared, that native seemed to have put aside his natural gentleness for the time and invested himself with the white man's privilege of making a way for himself by promptly shoving all intervening black things out of it. In these exhibitions of authority Satan was scandalous. He was probably a Thug in one of his former incarnations.

Inside the great station, tides upon tides of rainbowcostumed natives swept along, this way and that, in massed and bewildering confusion, eager, anxious, belated, distressed; and washed up to the long trains and flowed into them with their packs and bundles, and disappeared, followed at once by the next wash. the next wave. And here and there, in the midst of this hurly-burly, and seemingly undisturbed by it, sat great groups of natives on the bare stone floor, young, slender brown women, old, gray wrinkled women, little soft brown babies, old men, young men, boys; all poor people, but all the females among them, both big and little, bejeweled with cheap and showy noserings, toe-rings, leglets, and armlets, these things constituting all their wealth, no doubt. These silent crowds sat there with their humble bundles and baskets and small household gear about them, and patiently waited-for what? A train that was to start at some time or other during the day or night! They hadn't timed themselves well, but that was no matter-the thing had been so ordered from on high, therefore why worry? There was plenty of time, hours and hours of it, and the thing that was to happen would happen- there was no hurrying it.

The natives traveled third class, and at marvelously cheap rates. They were packed and crammed into cars that held each about fifty; and it was said that often a Brahmin of the highest caste was thus brought into personal touch, and consequent defilement, with persons of the lowest castes—no doubt a very shocking thing if a body could understand it and properly appreciate it. Yes, a Brahmin who didn't own a rupee and couldn't borrow one, might have to touch elbows with a rich hereditary lord of inferior caste, inheritor of an ancient title a couple of yards long, and he would just have to stand it; for if either of the two

WELCOME TO A CITY

was allowed to go in the cars where the sacred white people were, it probably wouldn't be the august poor Brahmin. There was an immense string of those thirdclass cars, for the natives travel by hordes; and a weary hard night of it the occupants would have, no doubt. When we reached our car, Satan and Barney had already arrived there with their train of porters carrying bedding and parasols and cigar boxes, and were at work. We named him Barney for short; we couldn't use his real name, there wasn't time.

It was a car that promised comfort; indeed, luxury. Yet the cost of it—well, economy could no further go: even in France: not even in Italy. It was built of the plainest and cheapest partially-smoothed boards. with a coating of dull paint on them, and there was nowhere a thought of decoration. The floor was bare, but would not long remain so when the dust should begin to fly. Across one end of the compartment ran a netting for the accommodation of handbaggage; at the other end was a door which would shut, upon compulsion, but wouldn't stay shut; it opened into a narrow little closet which had a washbowl in one end of it, and a place to put a towel, in case you had one with you-and you would be sure to have towels, because you buy them with the bedding, knowing that the railway doesn't furnish them. On each side of the car, and running fore and aft, was a broad leather-covered sofa to sit on in the day and sleep on at night. Over each sofa hung, by straps, a wide, flat, leather-covered shelf-to sleep on. In the daytime you can hitch it up against the wall, out of the way and then you have a big unencumbered and most comfortable room to spread out in. No car in any country is quite its equal for comfort (and privacy) I think. For usually there are but two persons in it; and even when there are four there is but little sense of impaired privacy. Our own cars at home can surpass the railway world in all details but that one: they have no cosiness; there are too many people together.

SOURCE: Following the Equator: A Journey Around the World

RAINER MARIA RILKE Letters to a Young Poet 1903

ROME OCTOBER 29, 1903 Dear Sir,

I received your letter of August 29 in Florence, and it has taken me this long two months to answer. Please forgive this tardiness, but I don't like to write letters while I am traveling because for letter-writing I need more than the most necessary tools: some silence and solitude and a not too unfamiliar hour.

We arrived in Rome about six weeks ago, at a time when it was still the empty, the hot, the notoriously feverish Rome, and this circumstance, along with other practical difficulties in finding a place to live, helped make the restlessness around us seem as if it would never end, and the unfamiliarity lay upon us with the weight of homelessness. In addition, Rome (if one has not yet become acquainted with it) makes one feel stifled with sadness for the first few days: through the gloomy and lifeless museum atmosphere that it exhales, through the abundance of its pasts, which are brought forth and laboriously held up (pasts on which a tiny present subsists), through the terrible overvaluing, sustained by scholars and philologists and imitated by the ordinary tourist in Italy, of all these disfigured and decaying Things, which, after all, are essentially nothing more than accidental remains from another time and from a life that is not and should not be ours. Finally, after weeks of daily resistance, one finds oneself somewhat composed again, even though still a bit confused, and one says to oneself: No, there is not more beauty here than in other places, and all these objects, which have been marveled at by generation after generation, mended and restored by the hands of workmen, mean nothing, are nothing, and have no heart and no value; but there is much beauty here, because every where there is much beauty. Waters infinitely full of life move along the ancient aqueducts into the great city and dance in the many city squares over white basins of stone and spread out in large, spacious pools and murmur by day and lift up their murmuring to the night, which is vast here and starry and soft with winds. And there are gardens here, unforgettable boulevards, and staircases designed by Michelangelo, staircases constructed on the pattern of downward-gliding waters and, as they descend, widely giving birth to step out of step as if it were wave out of wave.

57 ← Through such impressions one gathers oneself, wins oneself back from the exacting multiplicity, which speaks and

chatters there (and how talkative it is!), and one slowly learns to recognize the very few Things in which something eternal endures that one can love and something solitary that one can gently take part in. I am still living in the city, on the Capitol, not far from the most beautiful equestrian statue that has come down to us from Roman art—the statue of Marcus Aurelius; but in a few weeks I will move into a quiet, simple room, an old summerhouse, which lies lost deep in a large park, hidden from the city, from its noises and incidents. There I will live all winter and enjoy the great silence, from which I expect the gift of happy, work-filled hours...

From there, where I will be more at home, I will write you a longer letter, in which I will say something more about what you wrote me. Today I just need to tell you (and perhaps I am wrong not to have done this sooner) that the book you sent me (you said in your letter that it contained some works of yours) hasn't arrived. Was it sent back to you, perhaps from Worpswede? (They will not forward packages to foreign countries.) This is the most hopeful possibility, and I would be glad to have it confirmed. I do hope that the package hasn't been lost—unfortunately, the Italian mail service being what it is, that would not be anything unusual.

I would have been glad to have this book (as I am to have anything that comes from you); and any poems that have arisen in the meantime I will always (if you entrust them to me) read and read again and experience as well and as sincerely as I can. With greetings and good wishes,

Yours, Rainer Maria Rilke SOURCE: Letters to a Young Poet

JAMES JOYCE Ulysses 1922

William Humble, earl of Dudley, and lady Dudley, accompanied by lieutenantcolonel Heseltine, drove out after luncheon from the viceregal lodge. In the following carriage were the honourable Mrs Paget. Miss de Courcy and the honourable Gerald Ward A.D.C. in attendance. The cavalcade passed out by the lower gate of Phoenix park saluted by obsequious policemen and proceeded past Kingsbridge along the northern guays. The viceroy was most cordially greeted on his way through the metropolis. At Bloody bridge Mr Thomas Kernan beyond the river greeted him vainly from afar. Between Queen's and Whitworth bridges lord Dudley's viceregal carriages passed and were unsaluted by Mr Dudley White, B. L., M. A., who stood on Arran quay outside Mrs M. E. White's, the pawnbroker's, at the corner of Arran street west stroking his nose with his forefinger, undecided whether he should arrive at Phibsborough more quickly by a triple change of tram or by hailing a car or on foot through Smithfield, Constitution hill and Broadstone terminus. In the porch of Four Courts Richie Goulding with the costbag of Goulding, Collis and Ward saw him with surprise. Past Richmond bridge at the doorstep of the office of Reuben J Dodd, solicitor, agent for the Patriotic Insurance Company, an elderly female about to enter changed her plan and retracing her steps by King's windows smiled credulously on the representative of His Majesty. From its sluice in Wood quay wall under Tom Devan's office Poddle river hung out in fealty a tongue of liquid sewage. Above the crossblind of the Ormond hotel, gold by bronze, Miss Kennedy's head by Miss Douce's head watched and admired. On Ormond quay Mr Simon Dedalus, steering his way from the greenhouse for the subsheriff's office,

stood still in midstreet and brought his hat low. His Excellency graciously returned Mr Dedalus' greeting. From Cahill's corner the reverend Hugh C. Love, M.A., made obeisance unperceived, mindful of lords deputies whose hands benignant had held of yore rich advowsons.

58 ← On Grattan bridge Lenehan and M'Coy, taking leave of each other, watched the

carriages go by. Passing by Roger Greene's office and Dollard's big red printinghouse Gerty MacDowell, carrying the Catesby's cork lino letters for her father who was laid up, knew by the style it was the lord and lady lieutenant but she couldn't see what Her Excellency had on because the tram and Spring's big yellow furniture van had to stop in front of her on account of its being the lord lieutenant.

Beyond Lundy Foot's from the shaded door of Kavanagh's winerooms John Wyse Nolan smiled with unseen coldness towards the lord lieutenantgeneral and general governor of Ireland. The Right Honourable William Humble, earl of Dudley, G. C. V. O., passed Micky Anderson's all times ticking watches and Henry and James's wax smartsuited freshcheeked models, the gentleman Henry, DERNIER CRI James. Over against Dame gate Tom Rochford and Nosey Flynn watched the approach of the cavalcade. Tom Rochford, seeing the eyes of lady Dudley fixed on him, took his thumbs quickly out of the pockets of his claret waistcoat and doffed his cap to her. A charming SOUBRETTE, great Marie Kendall, with dauby cheeks and lifted skirt smiled daubily from her poster upon William Humble, earl of Dudley, and upon lieutenantcolonel H. G. Heseltine, and also upon the honourable Gerald Ward A. D. C. From the window of the D. B. C. Buck Mulligan gaily, and Haines gravely, gazed down on the viceregal equipage over the shoulders of eager guests, whose mass of forms darkened the chessboard whereon John Howard Parnell looked intently. In Fownes's street Dilly Dedalus, straining her sight upward from Chardenal's first French primer, saw sunshades spanned and wheelspokes spinning in the glare. John Henry Menton, filling the doorway of Commercial Buildings, stared from winebig oyster eyes, holding a fat gold hunter watch not looked at in his fat left hand not feeling it. Where the foreleg of King Billy's horse pawed the air Mrs Breen plucked her hastening husband back from under the hoofs of the outriders. She shouted in his ear the tidings. Understanding, he shifted his tomes to his left breast and saluted the second carriage. The honourable Gerald Ward A.D.C., agreeably surprised, made haste to reply. At Ponsonby's corner a jaded white flagon H. halted and four tallhatted white flagons halted behind him, E.L.Y'S, while outriders pranced past and carriages. Opposite Pigott's music warerooms Mr Denis J Maginni, professor of dancing &c, gaily apparelled, gravely walked, outpassed by a viceroy and unobserved. By the provost's wall came jauntily Blazes Boylan, stepping in tan shoes and socks with skyblue clocks to the refrain of MY GIRL'S

Or

"With the advent of night a fantastic city of fire suddenly rises from the ocean into the sky. Thousands of ruddy sparks alimmer in the darkness, limning in fine, sensitive outline on the black background of the sky shapely towers of miraculous castles, palaces and temples.

"Golden gossamer threads tremble in the air. They intertwine in transparent flaming patterns, which flutter and melt away, in love with their own beauty mirrored in the waters.

"Fabulous beyond conceiving, ineffably beautiful, is this fiery scintillation."

Coney Island around 1905: it is no coincidence that the countless "impressions of Coney Island"-products of a hopelessly obstinate desire to record and preserve a mirage—can all be substituted not only for each other but also for the flood of later descriptions of Manhattan. At the junction of the 19th and 20th centuries, Coney Island is the incubator for Manhattan's incipient themes and infant mythology. The strategies and mechanisms that later shape Manhattan are tested in the laboratory of Coney Island before they finally leap toward the larger island.

Coney Island is a fetal Manhattan.

STRIP

Coney Island is discovered one day before Manhattan-In 1609, by Hudson-a clitoral appendage at the mouth of New York's natural harbor, a "strip of 1999 glistening sand, with the blue waves curling over its outer edge and the marsh creeks lazily lying at its back, tufted in summer by green sedge grass, frosted in winter by the pure white snow ... " The Canarsie Indians, the original inhabitants of the peninsula, have named it Narrioch—"Place Without Shadows"—an early recognition that it is to be a stage for certain unnatural phenomena.

In 1654 the Indian Guilaouch trades the peninsula, which he claims is his, for guns, gunpowder and beads in a scaled-down version of the "sale" of Manhattan. It then assumes a long sequence of names, none of which stick until it becomes famous for the unexplained density of konijnen (Dutch for "rabbits"). Between 1600 and 1800 the actual physical shape of

Coney Island changes under the combined impact or the ponds of Roman castles; a fair-sized lake, for of human use and shifting sands, turning it, as if by design, into a miniature Manhattan.

In 1750 a canal cutting the peninsula loose from the mainland is "the last touch in fashioning what is now Coney Island ... "

(...)

ELECTRICITY

Similar adaptations follow at a constantly accelerating rate.

The inordinate number of people assembling on the inadequate acreage, ostensibly seeking confrontation with the reality of the elements (sun, wind, sand, water) demands the systematic conversion of nature into a technical service.

Since the total surface area of the beach and the

total length of surf line are finite, it follows with mathematical certainty that the hundreds of thousands of visitors will not each find a place to spread out on the sand, let alone reach the water, within a single day.

b

← Toward 1890, the introduction of electricity makes it possible to create a second davtime. Bright lights are placed

at regular intervals along the surf line, so that now the sea can be enjoyed on a truly metropolitan shift-system, giving those unable to reach the water in the daytime a man-made, 12-hour extension. What is unique in Coney Island—and this syndrome of the Irresistible Synthetic prefigures later events in Manhattan—is that this false daytime is not regarded as second-rate. Its very artificiality becomes an attraction: "Electric Bathing."

SOURCE: Delirious New York: A Retroactive Manifesto for Manhattan

MARCO D'ERAMO The Pig and the Skyscraper: **Chicago: A History of Our Future**

ARRIVAL IN CHICAGOLAND

← You expect the city of Al Capone—but what you find are pleasant boulevards coursing up and down between the neoclassical buildings of the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition. The novels you read in school described Chicago's slaughterhouses; instead, you see aweinspiring skyscrapers. The city center unfolds, an architectural miracle that is to twentieth-century urban planning what Venice must have been in the fifteenth century. You were thinking of a land-locked city plumped down in the American heartland, but instead you find yourself in a maritime metropolis. To an Italian, the word lake evokes mountain pools example, would be Italy's Lake Garda or Switzerland's Lake Zurich.

What Chicagoans refer to as Lake Michigan is what we would call a sea: its boundless expanse stretches as far as the eye can travel, covering a surface area of some 60,000 square kilometers (150 km by 400 km)roughly the size of the Adriatic Sea. Storm waves crash against the breakwaters, sending clouds of spray as far as Lakeshore Drive, which looks more like a seafront road than an urban expressway. The metropolitan area of Chicago appears to have arranged itself along Lake Michigan, a strip of almost 200 kilometers running from the state of Wisconsin (north of Illinois) south to Indiana. If Gary, Indiana, is already part of "Chicagoland," it won't be long before this immense

coastal urban sprawl subsumes Milwaukee as well.

A YORKSHIRE GIRL. Blazes Boylan presented to the leaders' skyblue frontlets and high action a skyblue tie, a widebrimmed straw hat at a rakish angle and a suit of indigo serge. His hands in his jacket pockets forgot to salute but he offered to the three ladies the bold admiration of his eyes and the red flower between his lips. As they drove along Nassau street His Excellency drew the attention of his bowing consort to the programme of music which was being discoursed in College park. SOURCE: Ulysses

ITALO CALVINO Invisible Cities 1972

THIN CITIES 3

Whether Armilla is like this because it is unfinished or because it has been demolished, whether the cause is some enchantment or only a whim, I do not know. The fact remains that it has no walls, no ceilings, no floors: it has nothing that makes it seem a city, except the water pipes that rise vertically where the houses should be and spread out horizontally where the floors should be: a forest of pipes that end in taps. showers, spouts, overflows. Against the sky a lavabo's white stands out, or a bathtub, or some other porcelain, like late fruit still hanging from the boughs. You would think the plumbers had finished their job and gone away before the bricklayers arrived; or else their hydraulic systems, indestructible, had survived a catastrophe, an earthquake, or the corrosion of termites.

← Abandoned before or after it was in-59 habited. Armilla cannot be called desert-

ed. At any hour, raising your eyes among the pipes, you are likely to glimpse a young woman, or many young women, slender, not tall of stature, luxuriating in the bathtubs or arching their backs under the showers suspended in the void, washing or drying or perfuming themselves, or combing their long hair at a mirror. In the sun, the threads of water fanning from the showers glisten, the jets of the taps, the spurts, the splashes, the sponges' suds. I have come to this explanation: the streams of water channelled in the pipes of Armilla have remained in the possession of nymphs and naiads. Accustomed to travelling along underground veins, they found it easy to enter into the new aquatic realm, to burst from multiple fountains, to find new mirrors, new games,

new ways of enjoying the water. Their invasion may

have been built by humans as a votive offering to win

the favour of the nymphs, offended at the misuse of

the waters. In any case, now they seem content, these

maidens: in the morning you hear them singing.

THIN CITIES 4

The city of Sophronia is made up of two half-cities. In one there is the great roller coaster with its steep humps, the carousel with its chain spokes, the Ferris wheel of spinning cages, the death-ride with crouching motorcyclists, the big top with the clump of trapezes hanging in the middle. The other half-city is of stone and marble and cement, with the bank, the factories, the palaces, the slaughterhouse, the school, and all the rest. One of the half-cities is permanent, the other is temporary, and when the period of its sojourn is over, they uproot it, dismantle it, and take it off, transplanting it to the vacant lots of another half-city. And so every year the day comes when the workmen remove the marble pediments, lower the stone walls, the cement pylons, take down the Ministry, the monument, the docks, the petroleum refinery, the hospital, load them on trailers, to follow from stand to stand their annual itinerary. Here remains the half-Sophronia of the shooting-galleries and the carousels, the shout suspended from the cart of the headlong roller coaster, and it begins to count the months, the days it must wait before the caravan returns and a complete life can begin again. SOURCE: Invisible Cities

REM KOOLHAAS Delirious New York: for Manhattan

THE TECHNOLOGY OF THE FANTASTIC

-Maxim Gorky, "Boredom"

What a sight the poor make in the moonlight. -James Huneker, The New Cosmopolis

-Maxim Gorky, "Boredom"

MODEL

"Now, where the waste was ... rise to the sky a thousand glittering towers and minarets, graceful, stately and imposing. The morning sun looks down on these as it might upon the magically realized dream of a poet or painter.

"At night, the radiance of the millions of electric lights which glow at every point and line and curve of the great play city's outlines lights up the sky and welcomes the home coming mariner thirty miles from the shore."

CONEY ISLAND:

The glare is everywhere, and nowhere a shadow.

Hell is very badly done.

A Retroactive Manifesto 1978

During winter, the ice of Chicago holds everything in miles to the north, south and west. The most affluent its grip: skyscrapers, parks, the endless suburbs of single-family houses. In the more exposed coastal areas, waves that normally beat against the shore appear frozen in midsurge, like a series of overlapping steps, obligue slabs of bluish slate streaked with white that veer steeply down to the lake. Off the quays, the ice has sculpted chairs for those who fish, sitting with their lines dangling into holes in the lake's surface. The authorities advise not to eat fish caught off the urban lakefront more than once a week and to steer clear of the bigger (hence older) fish that have probably eaten more than their fill in the polluted waters. Inhabitants pay no heed to such warnings, however-not surprisingly, considering that all of the city's drinking water comes from the lake.

More than any other maritime city, Chicago finds itself blasted by winds; its nickname, the Windy City, finds its way even onto the sides of school buses. Pedestrians brace themselves against gusts that are violent enough to uproot traffic lights. The TV weather forecaster gives two temperatures: one for the air and the other for the wind (a bit like giving summertime temperatures for under the sun and in the shade). While the air temperature might be ten below, the corresponding windchill could drop to as low as minus thirty. Glacial winds arrive from the Northwest, from Alaska and the Arctic, sweeping across the great Canadian plain to descend upon Chicago. With winds and winters like these, the city's elevated urban transit system is left exposed to icy blasts. Those who use it do so at their peril. Here, as elsewhere in the United States, you are punished for not usingor for not having—a car.

By the time spring comes, the sidewalks are already littered with cafe tables. With the slightest hint of warm weather, out come the bathing suits and halter tops. In summer, city dwellers descend in droves on the beaches, as on the great European lidos-Glifada in Greece or San Sebastian in Spain. Many of them go in for a dip. In 1919, the first great urban race riot broke out on the beach, when a young Black man was killed for having swum beyond the invisible waterline that separated Black bathers from whites. During summers, the lakeside parks come to life, playing host to blues festivals, open-air concerts, barbecues, picnics, improvised volleyball games, evening promenades and cruising. On weekends, the lake's pale blue swath is dotted with a myriad of white sails. It is this sea that makes the social geography of Chicago so anomalous. In other cities of the interior United States, such as St. Louis, the wealthy tend to inhabit the west side, where fresh winds ensure a ready supply of pure air, while the poor are shoved to the polluted eastern zones, where the air arrives fully "processed" by the combined forces of industrial and human contact. (In London and Paris, too, the haute bourgeoisie have tended to settle in the west, leaving the east to the working classes.) In Chicago, the sea of Lake Michigan instead creates an insuperable barrier to the east, while the land stretches out flat as a pool table for hundreds of

guarter of the city thus lies along the shores of the lake, with the dividing line running north to south rather than east to west as in other cities. SOURCE: The Pig and the Skyscraper: Chicago: A History of Our Future

62-76 **WHY AMI ENTER** ING CITY

but nothing in depth. I wish I knew what to do, it is very frustrating. I start but never finish. A lot of time. energy and money goes to waste. Right now, I am struggling financially because of that. Please let me know what I should do? Thanks

SOURCE: http://forums.mvlifecoach.com/post/ why-do-i-get-bored-so-quickly-980383

SweetMutt 02.07.2011

Anyone ever picked up and moved to a new city? I'm kind of over my current city. Moved here mostly out of convenience, but also thought I would love it and just don't. Not a lot of riding opportunity within reasonable distance of where I work, hate the weather, have some family but not a ton of good friends here... basically not seeing a lot of reasons to hang around. Job is OK, but I could definitely be ready for something new.

So, anyone ever just picked up and moved? I'm trying to figure out how to do the job hunt-do I move first with a financial cushion, then find something? Do I find a job first, then go? It would most likely be further than a day's driving, so in-person interviews could be tricky.

Any tips? Advice (for or against the move)? Cautionary tales?

SOURCE: http://www.chronofhorse.com/forum/showthread. php?311072-Anyone-ever-picked-up-and-moved-to-a-new-city

GOT BORED? Why Do I Get Bored so Quickly? Whv? whitelight

13.03.2006

Hi, I recently became familiar with [the] 16 personality type system and I just found out I am an INTP and that explains a major problem I have been having.

← When I went to college I changed my 62 major about 6 times. With jobs, I have

been hopping around a lot. Whenever I start something new, I really get excited but after a while I lose interest, I get bored and look for something new.

The same goes for my hobbies. Therefore, I am like [a] jack of all trades, I know a little bit of everything

JUST A TRIP? Live the Life You Want to Live Jenjinha 25.03.2008

Yep, I'm moving to Brazil. Because the older I get, the more resolutely I believe in owning my choices. Where?

A more literal translation would be "joyous port," but I prefer to call it "Port Happy". What will I do there?

First things first: Nothing.

← Then, I will attend to some personal goals which can be summarized thusly:

well-being, fluency, creative development, travel, and experience. I have already found some pools where I might swim and some yoga studios I might try, in the event that I feel energized by all the fresh fruit and vegetable juice.

65

I will study Portuguese and counteract the brain-strain with writing my travel stories and submitting them to publishers. (Hey, why not?)

I will find (in no particular order) someone to help me refine my "Gaúches" (local dialect), someone to help me learn the culture via its nightlife, someone that knows the top three coffee spots in the city, and someone that likes to talk about life in metaphysical terms

In what I will try to make the last exhibition of my all-too-American tendency to hyper-plan, I already booked accommodation during the international hot air balloon festival in Torres at the end of April. (In my defense, it's a big event and a holiday weekend, so I figured erring on the side of caution one last time was forgivable.)

I'd like to work in a few budget-conscious day/weekend trips around the gaúcho countryside, and, in a few months, I'd love to meet up with friends Lucas, Platini, Carol, Michele and Eliseu in Rio.

Hopefully in about six months I'll manage to cook up some sort of employment, even better if it's something I enjoy.

In a year... who knows, really.

A few (of many) things I know I won't miss are carpal tunnel, my alarm clock, and harsh winters.

A few (of many) things I know I will miss are winechats with my friends, my grandmother, and The Dunes.

There will be things I will love, for a while at least, like walking for miles with no destination and no deadline: greens, citrus, "a la minuta," and agua de coco: and watching futebol (soccer) all the time.

There, too, will be things that I'll find more difficult to adapt to, like a higher crime rate, bureaucracy, and adjusting to a more macho culture.

I have a place to stay while I try to obtain an apartment and a bank account, neither of which will be as easy and clear-cut as I am accustomed to. And although I initially plan to spend a little time alone, finding my new self. I have preemptively opened some channels that should make communication easier (and cheaper) down the road. One is this site, which will not only serve to increase my readership potential, but will also allow you to visit at will or create email alerts when new material is posted (instructions will follow at a later date). Another is a Skypeln number for the United States. That means you can dial 867-5309 from your landline or cell phone and reach me on my laptop or on my mobile (eventually) for the same tolls you would normally pay to dial a 312 area code. My Skype account also provides free voice or video chat with one or more people via the internet. To set yourself up for this service, visit the link below and create a free account, then add "LoquinhaGauchinha" as a contact. Incidentally, my 773 number has been disconnected effective today. My trusty hotmail remains, faithfully checked, while messages sent to my newer gmail account will find me too (I created the latter because of its capability to manage my "subscriber list").

Ok. Deep breath. I've got a plane to catch.

In closing (or shall I say opening). I will leave you with this. While searching for accomodation in Torres. I caught an ad for a pousada (inn) that invites the reader to "Venha fazer NADA!!!" It means, "come do nothing!" Ahhhh, sounds perfect. Wishing good dreams for all,

SOURCE: www.mylifeinhavaianas.blogspot.sg/2008/02/ live-life-you-want-to-live.html

IG

GOT A SCOOTER? The Truth about Driving a Scooter in Taiwan Bamboo Butterfly 02.07.2013

The most popular mode of transportation on the island is scooter, most likely due to the fact that the country is densely populated and the roads are already clogged to the brim with cars. On any given morning in locales around Taiwan, hordes of scooterists descend on the cities, weaving in and out of traffic and driving other motorists, especially taxi drivers, to the point of madness. Even in Puli, a small mountain city with a population of a mere 80,000 people, scooters remain the kings of the road.

Nothing, and I mean nothing, is exempt from being carted around on a scooter. During the time I spent in the country some of the strange scooter sights I witnessed included a couple driving with a fullgrown pig sitting upright in the middle of the seat, the woman lovingly patting its head; a woman driving with two gigantic sheepdogs stacked on top of each other; numerous babies standing up on mommy or daddy's lap sans helmet, families of five or more heading out for a joyride on a 100cc; people carrying all means of furniture; barefooted and helmetless drivers (esp. in the countryside), and people sitting on bamboo chairs on top of their vehicles, just to name a few.

After about 6 months in Taiwan, I finally got up the nerve to get on the scooter I'd bought several months earlier. The scooter I was terrified of driving. Living in Hsinchu at that time, it wasn't exactly the best place to learn how to drive. I'd practice at night, mostly around 2 in the morning, when I'd be least likely to run over a helpless pedestrian. Or get stopped by a police officer. My brother came to visit that first spring and we completed a scooter trip around Taroko Gorge. After that adventurous experience, I felt much more confident on the road. My second year in Taiwan, I bought a new scooter in Hsincu (a city in Northwestern Taiwan) and drove it back to Puli (my new home in Central Taiwan) at 4 in the morning. The

journey was supposed to take seven hours but I got my eyes over the pages of library books: "Out of Afhome in five and a half. I'll never forget that trip, my experience with the Hsinchu police department (trying to ask for directions in Chinese while they kept saying "crazy foreigner" because even most locals wouldn't drive a scooter that far), how it felt to have nothing more to go by than [a] map written in Chinese, the cool damp mountain wind at my back, lashing against my face, as I journeyed along a mysterious winding road into the great unknown.

 \leftarrow I'll never forget the scenery, the towns, the people I passed along the way. It

wasn't long before I became one of those people driving about with strange cargo. Or weaving between the cars. The ironic thing is that after living in the country for a while, you begin to see that there's a flow to the system. The people make it work. As crazy as it seems, I felt safer driving in Taiwan than I have back home in the Chicago suburbs. There's a synchronized dance at work behind the chaos. And a wild, fulfilling freedom that belongs only to Taiwan.

SOURCE: http://bamboobutterfly.com/ the-truth-about-driving-a-scooter-in-taiwan

LEARNED TO READ? Where I Learned to Read Salvatore Scibona 13.06.2011

I did my best to flunk out of high school. I failed English literature, American literature, Spanish, precalculus, chemistry, physics, Once, in a fit of melancholic vanity, I burned my report card in the sink of the KFC where I worked scraping carbonized grease from the pressure cookers. I loved that job the way a dog loves a carcass in a ditch. I came home stinking of it. It was a prudent first career in that I wanted with certainty only one thing, to get out of Ohio, and the Colonel might hire me anywhere in the world. The starting wage was \$3.85 an hour. I was saving for the future. But wasn't it far-fetched, this notion of a future, when I could hardly get through eleventh grade? I always showed up at that job; why couldn't I show up at the desk in my room and write a C-minus summary of the life of Woodrow Wilson? The television stayed on day and night, singing like a Siren in the crowded house. "Come sit by me and die a little," it said.

I didn't know what I was doing or what I believed in. except the United States of America and the Cleveland Browns. Sometimes, to break my addiction to the tube, I spent the night in a derelict shed with mushrooms growing from the rafter boards. Backyard rehab. I used to read in there, or, anyway, swing

rica" (the girl I was in love with loved the movie); Donald Trump's autobiography; Kierkegaard; "Leaves of Grass": a book about how to make a robot from an eight-track player. As long as nobody had assigned the book, I could stick with it. I didn't know what I was reading. I didn't really know how to read. Reading messed with my brain in an unaccountable way. It made me happy; or something. I copied out the first paragraph of Annie Dillard's "An American Childhood" on my bedroom's dormer wall. The book was a present from an ace teacher, a literary evangelist in classy shoes, who also flunked me, of course, with good reason. Even to myself I was a lost cause.

Early senior year, a girl in homeroom passed me a brochure that a college had sent her. The college's curriculum was an outrage. No electives. Not a single book in the seminar list by a living author. However, no tests. No grades, unless you asked to see them. No textbooks—I was confused. In place of an astronomy manual, you would read Copernicus. No books about Aristotle, just Aristotle. Like, you would read book-books. The Great Books, so called, though I had never heard of most of them. It was akin to taking holy orders, but the school-St. John's College-had been secular for three hundred years. In place of praying, you read. My loneliness was toxic: the future was coleslaw, mop water; the college stood on a desert mountain slope in Santa Fe, New Mexico, fifteen hundred miles from home; I could never get into such a school; my parents couldn't pay a dollar. And I loved this whole perverse and beautiful idea. I would scrap everything (or so I usefully believed) and go to that place and ask them to let me in. It felt like a vocation. It was a vocation. Reader, I married it.

The summer before I started, the dean had the arriving students read the Iliad and memorize the Greek alphabet. A year before, I had not known that ancient Greek still existed. I had assumed that all we knew of the Greeks was hearsay. The other students came from Louisiana, Alaska, Malaysia. I could not recognize any of the splintery plant life here. After Greek, we would learn to read French. A teacher, a softspoken giant from Colorado in a yarmulke and a worn wool jacket, pointed to a figure in a differential equation from Newton's "Principia" and said, "This is where our upper-middle-class prejudices about time and space begin to break down."

Loans. Grants from the college and the government. Jobs from asbestos remover to library clerk. I carried bricks and mortar to rooftops during the summers, but if I hadn't made time to read the night before, my legs wore out by noon. Even my body needed to read.

By senior year at St. John's, we were reading Einstein in math. Darwin in lab. Baudelaire in French tutorial, Hegel in seminar. Seminar met twice a week for four years: eight o'clock to ten at night or later, all students addressed by surname. On weekends, I hung out with my friends. The surprise, the wild luck: I had friends.

66 ← One sat in my room with a beer and "The Phenomenology of Spirit," reading out a sentence at a time and stopping to ask, "All right, what did that mean?" The gravity of the whole thing would have been laughable if it hadn't been so much fun, and if it hadn't been such a gift to find my tribe. In retrospect, I was a sad little boy and a standard-issue, shiftless, egotistical, dejected teenager. Everything was going to hell, and then these strangers let me come to their school and showed me how to read. All things considered, every year since has been a more intense and enigmatic iov.

SOURCE: http://www.newyorker.com/reporting/2011/06/13/ 110613fa_fact_scibona

MET ANYONE? Having Coffee in Croatia or Idemo na Kavu Cody 05.03.2013

The opening of the first Starbucks in Croatia has been delayed... INDEFINITELY! Wha? Huh? But, Croatians love coffee! Here's some empirics. According to a 2009 survey on tportal.hr Croatians annually drink 5 kg of coffee per person, that's 22,500 tons of coffee per year, and they spend 2.25 million hours having coffee each year, that's half an hour a day per person. Within a five minute walk from my apartment there are nine cafés, and I don't even live in the center of the city. If I extend it to a 7–10 minute walk we balloon to 22 cafés (and that's just counting off of the top of my head).

Croatians love coffee, but more than that coffee in Croatia is where everything gets done. It's where friends meet, where deals are made, it's how favors are asked, it's how people are hired, fired, introduced, married, divorced, everything. Everything involves coffee. Even when it doesn't. Invited to someone's house for dinner? Bring coffee!!!

BUT, having coffee in Croatia is very different than in the US. As you might have guessed, coffee in Croatia is a social function. In the US, coffee is less about being social than it is about having a boost to work harder. Let's look at some examples.

This is your typical café in the heart of Zagreb. Notice all the tables are occupied by more than one person and they all look like they are talking to each other. Not just sitting and playing with their smart phones, but talking, conversing, sharing in the company of friends, hangin'.

After living in Croatia for some time I've learned that coffee for Americans is about the same as gasoline

for cars. We drink it so we can get going and keep going. Just look at the amounts it comes in. 12, 16, 20, 31 ounces (354 ml, 473 ml, .59, and .91 liters! Almost a liter of coffee!!) We also like to put lids on our coffee so we can go back to work, walk or jog while drinking our coffee (jog while drinking coffee? Yes). This is a cup of coffee. But I should tell you that this cup actually has more coffee in it than it appears. Not really, it has a very, very small amount of coffee in it, but in the hands of a Croatian it's magic. Nearly endless. A Croatian can make this coffee last for two, maybe even three hours. THAT'S HOW LONG PEO-PLE HERE HAVE COFFEE!

67 ← I drank my first coffee in Croatia in about 5 minutes. Then I looked around

and saw everybody else had full cups and I thought: Oh boy, we are going to be here a while. Remember having coffee is not actually about the coffee, it's about the socializing. So you can see why Starbucks is reluctant to open a store in Croatia. It seems its entire business model is getting as many people to drink as much coffee as possible, as fast as possible. For all the people occupying their tables alone there are probably just as many people coming and going with huge amounts of coffee. They are probably not ready for the bulk of their Croatian customers to sit over AN espresso with milk for two hours.

Here are some other things to consider as well. Few cafés in Croatia sell food (this could help or hinder Starbucks, since it's not normal to have a coffee and eat something). Another thing is that coffee and cigarettes go together in Croatia like peanut butter and chocolate in America. To open a strictly non-smoking café could also be a disadvantage to a company like Starbucks.

Having coffee in Croatia is one of those things that sets the country apart from everywhere else l've ever lived. It's also one of the most enjoyable aspects of living here. Not just having coffee yourself, but seeing people having coffee is even a pleasure. On a January evening the winter gloom is only illuminated by the bright lights of the city's innumerable cafés. You pass them in the cold, but inside you see they are warm, inviting, filled with life, men and women, young and old, gathered two to four to a table talking, laughing; you feel that the city is alive, and walking past each bright café you long to be a part of it. And this feeling stays with you, tugging at you, tempting to pull you into the nearest café. Until finally a friend calls you and says: Idemo na kavu. And like it was the greatest thing in the world, you say Da. SOURCE: http://zablogreb.blogspot.sg/2013/01/

having-coffee-in-croatia-or-idemo-na.html

BOUGHT ANYTHING? Corner Store Consumption Zach Hyman 09.04.2013

WELCOME TO A CITY

#1: "WHITE BREAD" MOBILE BREAKFAST Location: near the entrance to Chongqing University, Chongqing

Top-selling product: Taoli brand "Chunshu" packaged toast

68 ← "One bite, one gulp"—White bread and milk for breakfast on the go

When the store began stocking this food product several years ago, they decided to do so primarily because they had been exposed to the stereotype that "foreigners prefer eating bread over noodles", and hoped to attract them. Initially it was indeed primarily foreigners who bought it, "particularly Koreans" the owner said. Then, gradually, the owner witnessed a change, and before long there were just as many Chinese buying bread as there were foreigners.

Though seemingly designed to be prepared in a toaster, the bread is not consumed by most of the store's Chinese customers (that is, university students) in this way. Most purchase it in the morning on their way into campus for class, and eat it by holding the package of (untoasted) bread in one hand and a carton of milk in the other hand. The owner termed this style "one bite, one gulp" or, washing down each bite of toast with a swig of milk. The owner said that she thought it had mostly to do with their lack of time to sit down and enjoy a lengthy breakfast as they rush to class.

#2: SLICED FRUIT IN SYRUP WITH REUSABLE JAR

Location: Long-distance bus station in Chongqing Top-selling product: Huanlejia sliced fruit in syrup

Sliced fruit in syrup in a very useful jar

"I can't speak for 'most popular'-all of the things I sell here are popular," the owner of this store conceded, "but one very common choice is this [Huanlejia brand] sliced fruit in syrup." He grabbed a jar each of pineapple and peach and placed them on the counter. It wasn't immediately apparent why travelers are so fond of it, as consuming it required utensils and would naturally be easier while not riding a form of transportation prone to unpredictable bumps, stops, and starts such as trains and buses. Yet the owner revealed that its popularity didn't have as much to do with the contents of the container as with the container itself. Around the lip of the glass jar is a plastic ring with a loop attached for simple carriage. "When people finish the fruit, they reuse the jar by filling it up with water or tea and carrying it with them on their trip, or they give it as a gift to whomever they are traveling to see."

#3: LUNCH AND CELLPHONE ACCOUNT/ BATTERY CHARGING Location: Residential middle school entrance in Tongren, Guizhou Top-selling product: Tongyi brand orange juice

Lunch with cellphone top-up and charging

Although nominally a xiaomaibu, this store's capacity as a retailer of daily-use goods and cold beverages is of only secondary importance to the throng of middle school students regularly passing through. The students' priorities appeared to be 1) eating, and 2) charging and adding credit to their cellphones. Many students chose to add a relatively small amount of money—ten or twenty kuai in most cases. Every student who added credit to their phone also stayed for lunch, and a few also handed their cellphones over to the owner to be plugged into the powerstrip behind the counter.

Although a natural draw as a place to fill one's stomach and cellphone accounts and batteries, the store owner does not receive any commission from China Mobile for charging their cellphones. "I [offer this service] for free in order to 'serve the people' more effectively," he said, evoking the dictum of Chairman Mao to "serve the people" (wei renmin fuwu). He identified the most common-selling item as the Tongyi brand orange juice beverage.

#4: CIGARETTES AND REAL ESTATE BROKERING Location: Near Xiangqian Square in Wanyuan, Sichuan Top-selling product: Yun Yan cigarettes

Xiaomaibu and local apartment broker

Positioned at the end of an alley of residential buildings, this xiaomaibu serves as a social hub for many apartment residents. Like other xiaomaibu, the store's inventory has been finely tuned over the course of years to correlate with and keep pace with the evolving consumption patterns of the neighborhood. The most sold item is Yun Yan cigarettes, produced by Hongyunhonghe Tobacco Group—the price a mere ten kuai (US \$1.60).

In addition to serving the neighborhood's nicotine needs, the owner has also established herself as the area's apartment broker. While full-time professional brokers abound in China's dense urban areas, parttime brokers such as the owner of this xiaomaibu are the norm in smaller cities like Wanyuan. The white board is for apartments that are for sale, while the chalk writing on the door of the xiaomaibu is for advertising apartments and separate rooms within larger apartments for rent.

#5: ELECTRIC VEHICLE CHARGING Location: Qingyang District, Chengdu, Sichuan

Top-selling product: Probably hot dogs

Xiaomaibu equipped with e-bike battery charger The owner of this xiaomaibu was at a loss for deciding upon his "most popular item", though he said that hot with... and it was the great team of Vinny Rutherford. dogs sold consistently well on account of the children from the nearby school liking them. While this particular xiaomaibu conforms to the standards set by others across China in terms of its miniscule size (roughly the dimensions of a large walk-in closet) and convenient location (right next to a busy bus stop on a main thoroughfare), it is distinguished by its electric vehicle battery charger.

It costs vehicle owners (mostly of two-wheeled electric vehicles such as scooters and "e-bikes") one yuan (around US \$.15) to charge their batteries for ten minutes. The owner agreed to split the revenue of the charger with the company that installed it, while he himself must pay for the additional electricity consumed by the machine. The charger's revenue varies seemingly randomly by month, ranging from around 100 kuai (US \$16) up to around 300 kuai (around US \$48).

SOURCE: http://www.danwei.com/corner-store-consumptionprofiles-of-small-chinese-convenience-stores/

TO SHOW UP? **Alex Sim-Wise Goes Cosplay!** iohnrieber 19.12.2012

Tokyo Cosplay Girls! Tokyo's Cosplay Cafés! Time for more great adventures with Alex Sim-Wise, the intrepid and fearless Host who got off the plane in Tokyo and dove right into the deep end of fun! Tokyo lights up!

Tokvo night lights

Tokyo feels like the brightest city in the world! With so many lights, you have to assume there is plenty going [on] at night—and as I've shown you in other posts, that is more than true!

Tokyo looks in many ways like the most electric city in the world! There are so many different neighborhoods to explore, and if you haven't read my post about the Golden Gai bar district, just go to the main page and search either "Alex Sim-Wise" or "Golden Gai" to see that story... Golden Gai is in the Shinjuku district, and now we head to the Akihabara district to explore their Cosplay cafés...

Cosplay restaurants are theme restaurants and pubs that originated in Akihabara, Tokyo, Japan around the year 1999. They include maid cafés and butler cafés, where the service staff dress as elegant maids. or as butlers.

Of course, this intrigued us, and Alex was, of course, willing to don her Cosplay outfit to check out this unique area of Tokyo. We had Takeshi, our local cameraman with us-he is always terrific to work

Kristen Wheeler and Corrado Caretto-more shots of them to come...

According to Wikipedia, the service at Cosplay cafés involves the creation of a different atmosphere than a normal restaurant. The staff treat the customers as masters and mistresses in a private home rather than merely as café customers. Well, hard to argue with that!

Our great Tokyo Producer Nick arranged for two Cosplayers to meet us in the district and talk to Alex about the world of Cosplay...

These two young women were really fun to film withand very polite and quiet. The language barrier has something to do with that, but in general the people we met in Tokyo were all very polite and quiet in their demeanor... here is some behind-the-scenes footage of Producer Corrado talking to everyone about the shoot, and then pointing [out] to all of us the unique contact lenses being worn by the young woman...

Nick arranged for us to have time to film in the neighborhood for a half hour... time for Corrado to get many different shots of the trio wandering the streets of Tokyo...

After we filmed on the street, a smaller group went upstairs into the Cosplay café to film ... I didn't go along on this shoot as the space was very tight, and we didn't want to disrupt the café's customers...

← But of course, at the end of filming we 69 all got together to capture the day's

filming, and the team behind the shoot. And special thanks to our young Cosplayers, who spent an hour with us showing us a unique aspect of life in Tokyo... and what a good looking team! There's Vinny, the Executive Producer wedged in there, as well as Nick ... I had to take the picture ... Of course, later that night Alex went out with her friend Rachel Irving for more Cosplay adventureslike I said, Alex embraced all that Tokyo had to offer! SOURCE: http://johnrieber.com/2012/12/19/alex-sim-wisegoes-cosplay-tokyo-cosplay-girls-tokyos-cosplay-cafes/

ON WORK? Amazing News! Jason 31.05.2009

I have been applying for grants for years for a number of different projects. There are many wonderful organizations out there willing to fund arts projects but many, many more artists applying for those grants. I'm always disappointed when I don't get funded, but even more amazed at all the quality artists out there who do get the grants.

One thing I've learned over the years is that when you receive a letter-sized envelope from a grantor, it usually means there is a rejection letter in side. Most often if you are awarded a grant the letter comes with a packet including your contract, tax info, etc.

← So today when I saw one small envelope from 4Culture in my mailbox. said to my fiancé, "looks like I didn't get the grant."

Imagine my surprise when I opened the envelope and the first words I saw were: "It is our great pleasure to inform you that your 2009 Individual Artist Project to 4Culture has been recommended for an award"!

Out of a record 391 applications, mine was one of 94 that were accepted. The letter went on to say:

The peer panel felt that each of the selected applicants demonstrated artistic merit, excellence or innovative quality of project; artistic excellence demonstrated in the work samples provided; feasibility and demonstrated ability to accomplish the project; and a plan to provide access and public benefit for King County residents.

What an honor to be included in this group! I feel humbled and proud to see my work being appreciated and valued, especially as a public benefit. It gives me great faith to see artists recognized in this fashion. What this means is that between this grant money and the money I have been able to raise through my micropatronage program, I will be able to finish the new Jason Parker Quartet CD with no further money out of my own pocket. I can't tell you what a relief this is, as I still have to finish the mixing and mastering, find someone to design the artwork, pay royalty fees and get the discs printed and replicated. I was prepared to find a way to do it myself, but this certainly takes the edge off.

Please check out the good folks at 4Culture, whose mission is to "advance community through arts heritage preservation and public art." And look for the release of the new JPQ CD sometime this summer! SOURCE: www.oneworkinamusician.com/amazina-news

One of those people is Chris. He teaches math at Udacity.

Chris is happy because he's thinking about circles. Friday morning, Chris and I were getting ourselves pumped up about circles. Now, I know what you're thinking, "What!? Are you saying you weren't AL-READY pumped about circles!?" And no. of course I'm not saying that. These shapes are amazing! I mean, any circle that you'd ever want to draw can be fully described by just three numbers. Three! That's right. A circle—a collection of an infinite number of points can be fully defined by just three numbers! Wow. The maiestic circle! Fully defined by three parameters! Once we got excited, we had to brainstorm how we wanted to convey the simplicity underlying this potentially complicated shape. I won't spoil the details (you can watch Visualizing Algebra, lesson 11.4 for that), but we settled on having students gradually construct a circle by finding some of its points using the Pythagorean Theorem. I hope it's effective. Luckily we'll have the data to gauge the effectiveness of the lesson and will be able to tweak it as necessary.

Non-linear course flow for the win? After a couple hours of circle-time, I had a lunchtime conversation where I talked to some of the software engineers about the costs and benefits of non-linear course flow.

Lauren and her brain, thinking about the brain.

This was followed by a conversation with Lauren, our psychology instructor, about the human brain and how to convey the details of neuronal firing without losing a big picture understanding for how mind-blowingly complex and amazing our brains are. After that I got to talk with the tutoring team about how to effectively tutor thousands of students. Turns out it's not easy. In fact, most of the problems we work on aren't easy.

← That's why I love working here. Every day I get to work with brilliant, passion-

ate people to help solve what is, to me, the world's biggest unsolved problem: education. And in doing so, we're encountering all sorts of new. fascinating problems along the way. Problems in pedagogy, curricula, logistics, engineering, design... even cinematography. I generally focus on the pedagogy problems, but they're all interesting. And unlike the circle, they don't seem to have simple solutions.

SOURCE: http://blog.udacity.com/2013/04/a-day-at-udacity-andy.html

TO LEARN? A Day at Udacity: Andy Andy Brown 23.04.2013

Hello!

My name is Andy. I'm Udacity's "Lead Instructor." I'm not exactly sure what that means, but whatever it is, it's pretty awesome. I get to work with enthusiastic, creative people to solve interesting educational problems.

FOR POLITICS?

Which Offends Me

11.03.2013

Something happened.

No one was to blame.

Kathryn Elizabeth Etier

satisfaction for achieving their goal.

The Problem with a Politically

Correct Novel Is That It's Boring,

Everyone worked together harmoniously. They were

rewarded with a job well done and a deep sense of

There! I've done it! I've written the first politically cor-

rect novel, guaranteed not to offend anyone, but... it

is kind of short, isn't it? I can't be sure it won't offend,

can I? Certainly there are those who hate short novels

and won't be happy with mine. And there will be

those who claim to have written the first politically

correct novel, although we know that the more

words-and particularly description and dialogue-

in a novel, the more people who will find something

with which to take umbrage (a charming phrase we

don't hear often enough... haven't you heard or read

"f***ing pissed" [or mad, angry, etc.] more than

enough? "Taking umbrage" seems a much more re-

fined way to show one's ire). Also, we can't ignore

those who think that satisfaction is not enough of a

so bland, its only positive aspect is that it's merci-

political correctness—acceptable to all (not just

mental health states, belief systems, people who

but relative to none—and no one would have the

slightest interest, except to use it as a target of

ridicule.

brage" to death).

fully short. If I were to lengthen it, I could fill it with

genders, ages, races, weights, heights, physical and

prefer fuchsia to orange, smokers and non-smokers...)

In life, conflict can be unpleasant; in fiction conflict

is essential. Readers love conflict, whether it's inter-

nal or external (better yet, let there be both). The

word police decreed that conflict and any negative

terminology are unacceptable in life. Despite the

fact that some words have multiple meanings, such

as retarded, we are not supposed to use them, cer-

tainly not where anyone else can hear or read them.

Rubbish! Both good writers and successful writers

take umbrage with that (see, you can work "um-

Writers do not allow others, specifically those involved

in counter-productive movements, to rob their prose

of vibrancy. Anything can be expressed in a novel, no

matter how abhorrent, if the right person is express-

ing it. Whether the author/narrator shares the views

of a story's characters is immaterial; one does not

have to share the opinion of others when reporting

them, and that's what novelists do... report fictional

← The problem with my politically correct

emotion, no action, no spice. In fact it is

novel is that it is boring. There is no

reward for a job well done (such as writers).

thoughts, words, and actions. It is in the reactions of other characters where we find balance.

When writing, proofreading, or editing, it is easy to fall into the "maybe I shouldn't say that" trap. While it is admirable to consider the sensibilities of one's readers, one must also consider their intelligence. Readers know all people are not the same, there is good and bad, and things can get ugly. Some even suspect the strongest proponents of political correctness probably aren't always.

If you feel you simply must write a politically correct book, try writing board books for toddlers ("The duck is happy," "The sun is shining," "The baby is laughing." Wait... I think I've just begun my first board book!). Even books for young readers include conflict and negative feelings. That is how they teach readers how to handle their emotions or that they are responsible for their actions (actions that have consequences). Looking back at some of the most enduring stories, we always find an element of political incorrectness. Could you honestly tell your own life story without that element?

SOURCE: http://venturegalleries.com/blog/

the-problem-with-a-politically-correct-novel-is-that-its-boring-which-offends-me/

TO GAMBLE? Brian Zembic: Thanks for the Mammaries Matt Weiner 04.02.2013

In 1986, the Canadian professional gambler had silicone implants to win a bet. What's stranger is that he's turned down \$10,000 to have them removed.

← What would you do for \$100,000? Would you go to work naked? Possibly. Let a stranger have sex with your partner?

Maybe. How about have a pair of soft, womanly 38C-sized silicone breasts implanted in your otherwise manly chest? Almost definitely not. That, my friend, is what separates me, you and the rest of the world's male population from Brian Zembic. In 1986, the Canadian professional gambler got a boob job just so he could win a wager with a friend.

What makes this story even more bizarre is that today, a decade later, Zembic is still stacked. He's even just turned down \$10,000 to have them taken out. When I catch up with Brian in Las Vegas he's pretty chipper and with good reason. He's just taken \$17,000 off Doyle Brunson who bet he couldn't beat an exworld champion at ping-pong. The game's result is all the more impressive, insists Zembic, when you consider his handicap. "The breasts get in the way of the

FOR CULTURE? Tending the Spirit: An Interview with Master Ransui Yakata of the International Chinese Calligraphy and Ink Painting Society Steven Anderson 11.10.2013

Master Yakata likes to say that "since I was a child, I have been inspired and influenced by the idea of a world enriched by the 'non-competitive spirit of calligraphy." Under the guidance of Master Hashimoto Kousui, Master Yakata began to learn sumi-e in high school. Although Master Hashimoto sadly passed away a mere two years later, the rich period under his tutelage can be seen in Master Yakata's ink painting even today.

After graduating from college, Master Yakata spent a year under contract as a resident artist in London, after which he moved to France. During his residency, he held one-person exhibits which drew crowds of fascinated onlookers. During this period he was recognized as a well-qualified artist, and became an invited artist of the London Chinese Painting Society. At this point he returned to Japan and spent ten years living the life of a company employee in Tokyo. After that, he realized that "true enough, my path is in ink painting and calligraphy," and he started a calligraphy class in Omotesandou. Although he started with a small class in the beginning, after the third month his pupils increased rapidly, and now he guides and nurtures an exceedingly large number of prize-winning students.

Technique is foremost in Master Yakata's incredible teaching space. However, he is also deeply committed to the ideals of "human exchange." He takes great care of his pupils and makes a point to sensitively consider their needs and respond appropriately.

As a mentor, Master Yakata likes to say that he aims to be "the kind of Master that allows one's interior to come out from the hand." Ink painting and calligraphy are both things in which a person's lived history and true character can be expressed.

Master Yakata holds in his heart the words of the esteemed Chinese Master Meng Yong (Mouyou), who implores the artist to constantly "improve one's mind." This means to accept with honesty those emotionally moving things. That feeling doesn't simply come from watching others. It is a message from nature that involves enveloping people in warmth, having a compassionate spirit, and displaying a natural sympathy and consideration toward each other. The most important thing is "spirit," Master Yakata says.

Master Yakata holds many splendid titles. Among them, he is a member of the Anshan Rare Stone Seal Society in Liaoning province, China. Such an association is rare in Japan. I ask Master Yakata to explain in more detail the aim of the Rare Stone Seal Society.

"It's a place where you can find rare ink seal stocks," he tells me. For example, while he was traveling in China he came across a magnificent stone, and without hesitation he bought it and returned home. There, in that beautiful stone, he told me that he saw something like the cosmos.

Master Yakata was greatly pleased and bought this stone, which he handled with great care. To buy a favorite stone and handle it with care allows one to write truly excellent characters, he tells me.

There are three valuable items that are known as the "Three Major Seal Stones." One of them, keiketsuseki, gets its name from a line set in the stone that's red like the blood of a chicken. It was excavated from the area in China known as Zhejiang sheng Lin'an chanhua (Sekkousho Rinanshoka).

Master Ransui Yakata was gracious enough to allow me to see the rest of his stones as well, including a Canton power stone, a Mongol crystal, jade, and various others. Jade is said to have powerful mental effect properties, such as acting to calm the mind and adjust one's heart waves.

Master Ransui Yakata also collects calligraphy brushes. He showed me several unusual brushes he owns made out of straw, swan, rabbit, the hair of the Iriomote mountain cat, and many others.

Finally, Master Yakata offers me a demonstration. First, he proceeds to carefully mix the colors. According to [the] Master, "Mixing color is the most

difficult part." Master Yakata begins to draw something that looks

like a flower petal.

72 \leftarrow Next, he draws the center of the flower petal.

With the side of his brush he begins to draw something beneath the flower.

He boldly draws these one by one. "One must never hesitate," he tells me.

The whole body of the flower begins to come into view.

In sumi-e the line is also life. Although it's the case that one can't help but draw lines in both good and bad compositions, drawing a beautiful line is very important.

Master Yakata proceeds to draw a bird next. The bird must be drawn like it's a living thing, he tells me. It is important for the artist to research these matters every day.

Finally, a character is added.

It's complete! A splendid lotus flower and bird composition has been finished.

SOURCE: http://beyond-calligraphy.com/2013/10/11/tending-spiritinterview-master-ransui-yakata-international-chinese-calligraphy-ink-painting-society-iccps/ swing," he says. Known as The Wiz to his pals because of his penchant for magic, Zembic is the undisputed king of proposition bets. He has gained a global reputation for doing almost anything, no matter how dangerous or downright silly, just as long as he's offered the right amount of moolah.

In pursuit of the green stuff, Zembic has undertaken some ridiculous tasks. For \$7000 he spent a week living in a bathroom—a feat made all the more testing by his mate Fat Joe who popped round regularly just to take a dump. Another bet saw him sleep the night in muggers mecca, Central Park, with \$20,000 of his own money strapped to his ankles. Then there was the time he lived for a week in a cardboard box opposite his local backgammon club where all his friends would watch and laugh at him through the window. "Occasionally, they'd come and kick the box to see if they could get me out," says Zembic who, having since collected his \$25,000, can see the funny side.

Despite 10 years of trying to surpass himself, Brian claims the 'breast bet' remains best; the most stupid he has ever accepted. Yet he still refuses to have them removed. "A friend offered me a new bet recently," says the busty 46-year-old from Winnipeg. "I get \$50,000 if I make them one cup size bigger or \$10,000 if I take them out completely." If he keeps them in, however, the rules state he will have to pay his pal \$20,000." Brian has until the end of the year before he has to make the decision but odds on he'll keep his mammaries. "I've grown too attached to them," he says fondly.

Since accepting that insane wager 10 years go, Brian has managed to build an entire career thanks to his impressive front porch. Bizarrely, everybody wants a piece of that man breast action and Zembic's zeppelins have starred in countless documentaries, been photographed by Helmut Newton and had a book written about them called The Man with the \$100,000 Breasts. There's even a Hollywood film in the pipeline. "The guy who was Shaggy in Scooby Doo is set to play me," he says showing an understandable lack of enthusiasm. Now he's set to host his own TV show in which he'll challenge the US public to ridiculous bets such as drinking a Frisbee full of beer in under 10 minutes. You might think he's mad but Zembic reckons to date his breasts have helped him bank over half a million dollars. "I guess it's a living, huh?" he says. "The other day someone bet me that I wouldn't cut off my own penis but I've since decided I'm not going to do it," says Zembic, "I've learnt that money isn't everything.'

This melon-based madness began on a sultry summer evening in 1996 in a midtown Manhattan gaming club. Zembic and his high-rolling, gin-playing, buddy Michael Sall were playing backgammon when an innocent little debate about implants escalated wildly out of control. Brian had been defending the decision of their friend, Maggie, who had just got hers done when Sall laid down his now historic challenge. The deal was simple: Brian would receive

Jokingly they hammered out the details of the deal: the breasts had to be C-cups (the same size as Maggie's), Brian would have to foot the surgery and he'd have to keep them in for a year. Sall thought his money was safe. After all, nobody's that crazy, right? Two months later the bet was on.

There was one key factor Sall failed to take into consideration: Brian Zembic will do anything to avoid an honest day's work. The Wiz vowed long ago never to get a proper job and has stayed true to that promise ever since. In fact, the last time he was a wage slave was back when he left high school and even then he dodged all the hard graft. "A friend and I were employed to clean the Winnipeg Convention Centre," reminisces Brian fondly. "We were supposed to work the night shift but instead hired people to do the job for us. We paid them half our wages and slept like babies all through the night." Since then, Zembic had been happily making his dough by playing backgammon, poker and ping-pong for high stakes. It was only when hard times suddenly struck two months after they first discussed the wager that the implants became a reality.

"The mistake I made was listening to these poker playing friends of mine," says Zembic about the dodgy stock tip that ended up costing him a fortune. "I lost half a million on these stupid fucking stocks," he says, still spitting with rage. "So I'd have done anything to get my money back." Strapped for cash, his hand was forced on the breast issue. There was nothing else for it, Brian was going to have to get a pair of beautiful, bouncing butterballs.

SOURCE: http://sabotagetimes.com/people/brian-zembic-thanksfor-the-mammaries/

TO TRADE? **One Red Paperclip** Kyle MacDonald 14.07.2005

 \leftarrow You ever hear the story about a guy 5 who traded a red paperclip for a house? Well, I'm that guy.

Hi. My name is Kyle. I grew up in Belcarra, near Vancouver.

I'm really into projects.

Usually fun things that take on an obsessive element to some degree. Most noteworthy of these projects was the time I started with a red paperclip and traded it for bigger and better things until I wound up with a house. You may have heard about this already. In this paragraph perhaps!

Anyhow, it was a silly idea and it kinda turned out to 100,000 big ones if he got two big ones of his own. be a big deal I guess. So big that the red paperclip known as "the red paperclip guy." It makes for a pleasant ice-breaker whenever the topic of "so what do vou do" comes up.

But I'll let you in on a little secret. I've never had a SOURCE: http://oneredpaperclip.blogspot.sg/p/about.html personal fetish for paperclips, even red ones. In fact, the best thing I ever did was trade that silly red paperclip away in the first place!

Such is life.

I'm continually starting out new projects to see where they lead.

I spend much of my time doing public speaking engagements. If you're looking for an upbeat guy to tell fun stories and connect with your audience-look no further!

All my new projects are launched at redpaperclip. com or through twitter at @oneredpaperclip

TRADING TIMELINE

MacDonald made his first trade, a red paperclip for In summer the sea salt mines near Bourgas, Bulgaria a fish-shaped pen, on July 14, 2005. He reached his goal of trading up to a house with the fourteenth transaction, trading a movie role for a house. This is the list of all transactions MacDonald made:

01. On July 14, 2005, he went to Vancouver and traded the paperclip for a fish-shaped pen.

02. He then traded the pen the same day for a hand-sculpted doorknob from Seattle, Washington, which he nicknamed "Knob-T".

03. On July 25, 2005, he travelled to Amherst, Massachusetts, with a friend to trade Knob-T for a Coleman camp stove (with fuel).

04. On September 24, 2005, he went to California, and traded the camp stove for a Honda generator. 05. On November 16, 2005, he made a second (and successful) attempt (after having the generator confiscated by the New York City Fire Department) in Maspeth, Queens, to trade the generator for an "instant party": an empty keg, an IOU for filling the keg with the beer of the holder's choice, and a neon Budweiser sian.

06. On December 8, 2005, he traded the "instant party" to Quebec comedian and radio personality Michel Barrette for one Ski-doo snowmobile.

07. Within a week of that, he traded the snowmobile for a two-person trip to Yahk. British Columbia. in February 2006.

08. On or about January 7, 2006, he traded the second spot on the Yahk trip for a cube van.

09. On or about February 22, 2006, he traded the cube van for a recording contract with Metalworks in Mississauga, Ontario.

10. On or about April 11, 2006, he traded the recording contract to Jody Gnant for a year's rent in Phoenix, Arizona,

11. On or about April 26, 2006, he traded the one year's rent in Phoenix, Arizona, for one afternoon with Alice Cooper.

12. On or about May 26, 2006, he traded the one afternoon with Alice Cooper for a KISS motorized snow globe.

13. On or about June 2, 2006, he traded the KISS

has become my de-facto symbol and I'm somewhat motorized snow globe to Corbin Bernsen for a role in the film Donna on Demand.

> 14. On or about July 5, 2006, he traded the movie role for a two-story farmhouse in Kipling, Saskatchewan.

FOR MEDICINE? The Black and the Salty People Antoni Georgiev 09.02.2012

become a meeting spot for two kinds of peoplethe workers at the mines and the holiday makers that visit the natural spa here.

← It requires a certain mindset to come 0 to this spa. Most of the people here are local, but in the last 20 years mass media

have increasingly promoted sinking in the mud and lying in the salt pools as having 'magical' healing properties, and now more and more tourists visit the pools which are right next to the salt mine. Everyone is equal under the sun while coated with mud. As in many other places, a society forms by the regulars and passersby, but everyone greets each other with 'Good day!', conversation springs up from everywhere, there are people from all sorts of backgrounds here: architects, bishops, store owners, retirees, everyone is chatting as they wait for the

mud to dry out and then take a dip in the nearby sea. According to the gossip, sitting in the pools of the mine has a healing effect thanks to the high levels of salt and magnesium: diseases that can be treated include: healing of wounds, skin rejuvenation, disinfection, plexitis, neuralgia and discopathy.

One day at the salt mines: The place is located at the far end of the Bourgas beach, northbound, you go there at sunrise and start with a morning swim after which you head inland, passing the green bungalows to the mud pools (about 30m behind the beach). You apply enough mud to the desired spot and stand upright until it has been dried by the sun's rays, about 15 min will do. Then you wash it off in the sea, repeat this procedure for better results. Staying in the open at noon is not advisable as the sun can burn you like a steak, so a stroll to the cafés at the beach is recommended. In the afternoon you sit in the salt-pools, by August there is about 20-30 cm of water left in them, be prepared—lying there could be quite boring on your own so books and sunglasses are a must. Be sure to leave before sunset as the wind picks up after that. At the same place a different group of people worksthe salt miners. For them the day starts even earlier as they are not willing to work during the hottest

hours of the day. The green bungalows next to the sea are supplied for the workers as accommodation for the whole season. The bungalows were built before the fall of the Berlin wall and cannot be classed as luxurious, but despite that the workers soak in the sunbathers' philosophy. Their equipment is also as old—the close range train, the conveyer belt and everything else is maneuvered by hand in the scorching heat. From this spot salt has been mined since the 3rd Century B.C. and now it can be ordered in bulk from Chernomorski Solnici's website. The water has a deep red colour because of the high levels of sodium and the high-rises in JH.K. Lazur are clearly visible at the end of the pools.

A day in the life of the salt miner is not easy-you need to start the day before sunrise [so] as to escape at least partially the 40-45 degree heat. You work from August to September, when most of the water in the pools has evaporated, the rest is drained out and at the bottom there is a layer of salt left, about 15-20cm. To get there requires walking on a wooden path passing through the mud pools where the vacation makers are bathing. After all the equipment is set up, the 'group' goes in the salt pool and starts shoveling the salt onto the conveyer belt. It seems pretty straightforward, but the key is not to get any mud in the mix. All electric devices are grounded by connecting them to a steel rod that is planted about 30ft from the workers in the salt. Because the pumps are old, every 3-4 digs you get a break as you wait for the salt to go along. At the other end a couple of builders are making a rectangular pyramid out of salt. After it has dried for about 2 weeks the salt is then transported for packaging and shipping. SOURCE: http://antonigeorgiev.blogspot.sg/2012/02/black-andsalty-people.html

WALK ING AROUND PEOPLE

77–99

PEOPLE. FACES 365 Days of People Chelsea Waring 2013/2014

280/365

This morning I met twenty-two year old Zara. Zara is originally from Whitby, where in school she discovered she had a natural hand for art, and a big passion for hockey and netball. After competing in both the sports at a national level, still today she enjoys playing the sports, although admittedly not as often as she used to.

After school Zara decided to further her artistic studies and she moved to Leeds to study Art and Design at Leeds College of Art. The facilities were brilliant and she loved studying in Leeds and after graduating with a first she is sure she chose the right course. Following her degree, she moved home to Whitby for a while, however a few weeks ago she returned to Leeds once more.

Zara is currently spending her own time volunteering at Leeds College of Art, gaining experience mentoring current students! Although very different to being a student herself, she is enjoying it at the moment and she is currently looking for a job to enable her to stay in Leeds full time. Eventually Zara would like to work as a practicing artist in either a big studio or art house company.

279/365

Today I met Nigel, who is in Leeds with his wife, visiting his daughter.

Nigel is originally from Rotherham and throughout his childhood his biggest passions were music and sport. Although he still enjoys both today, after school he studied Civil Engineering at College with aspirations to find a well paid job at the end. Despite not enjoying the course, Nigel stuck it out, as it seemed the sensible thing to do. After college he jumped straight into work and started working as a civil engineer.

When he was twenty-five years old, Nigel and his wife married. They had their first child a year later, and now have three children together and a busy family life. Although sometimes it can be hectic, it is definitely good.

After fifteen years of working in a job he didn't enjoy, he finally plucked up the courage to leave his job as a civil engineer and pursue his dream of starting up his own business. Luckily everything worked out and Nigel spent a good few years successfully selling catalogue clothing before moving on to sell his own brand of hair straighteners; h2d. Six years down the line, and business is going well. In the future he wants to continue growing his business and enjoying quality time with his wife.

278/365

Today I met Melvena who is originally from Bradford. Throughout her early childhood, Melvena made lots of good memories playing out and being a kid. Getting older however, she spent a lot of time searching for her identity and escaping the racist remarks she received at school. Following her bad experience with education, her passion for learning was sacrificed greatly and she couldn't wait to leave school when she was sixteen years old.

Jumping straight into work, Melvena had a job in a sewing factory for a while, before leaving to have her first child when she was just eighteen years old. Unfortunately the relationship didn't work out, but moving on, she has since had another three children; the youngest being only eleven years old! Happy being a single parent now, she has raised all four children on her own and although she admits at times it has been an uphill struggle, there is a silver lining to every cloud.

Inspired by her own experiences, when she was forty years old Melvena returned to education once more to study Counselling and Therapy, at Leeds Metropolitan University. She has now finished her degree, and for the past year she has been working as a Learner Support Coordinator, which she really loves. In the future she just wants to keep on developing the work she does.

277/365

Today I met James, who is in Leeds this evening, catching up with some friends.

James was originally born in Leeds, however throughout his childhood he moved around a lot and lived in Manchester, Kent and Cheshire, until eventually settling down in Selby where he did most of his growing up. When he was younger, James enjoyed both watching and playing football, however he quit when he was twelve years old and started focusing on education, with high hopes of becoming a doctor.

After school he moved to Newcastle to study Biology at university, but unfortunately after four years of studying, he was kicked out.

Moving on however, James has now started up his own business, selling vintage clothing online. Business is going well, and in the future he is hoping to move back into the city; any city in fact!

276/365

Today I met Louise, a huge David Bowie fan who is originally from York.

Growing up Louise wanted to be a vet as she had a big big big passion for animals. However after GCSEs, she decided to follow in the steps of her artistic family and started studying Fine Art at Leeds College of Art. She enjoyed the course, but realises now that "it wasn't the best thing", and following college, the only art she has taken further is the artwork displayed on her body. After getting her first David Bowie inspired tattoo of a lightening bolt when she was young, she now has around thirty tattoos on her body and her whole leg is dedicated to the musical legend.

When she was seventeen years old, Louise moved to Manchester to live with her best friend. She still lives there today and currently works in a Workers Cooperative doing [a] bit of everything in the shop. A few years ago she began competing in Roller Derby tournaments. This has since gone on to become Louise's biggest hobby; she even competed in Amsterdam a couple of years ago!

275/365

Introducing Phil, who I met today on my way to work. Phil is originally from Leeds and growing up his biggest passion was music. With a thirst for rock and metal, he began playing the drums when he was very young, and he went on to form his first band when he was just fifteen years old. From there, Phil has been in many different bands, playing the pub scene around Leeds.

When he was nineteen years old Phil moved to the coast for a while, however he soon returned to Leeds,

seeing no other place as home. After working as a baker for a while, he found his calling in life and started working as a Mechanic. Still in the trade now, he has also spent ten years teaching mechanics! His most recent musical adventure introduced him to sixties Soul music, and after stepping in at a charity event, he now plays with a sixties soul band full time. A year ago he moved out to Harrogate to live with his current partner and they are currently excitedly planning their wedding for this September!

274/365

78 ← This morning I met Roman who is originally from the Philippines.

Growing up he enjoyed to dance and throughout the family Roman was well know as a good dancer. Getting older, he was introduced to many different types of dance; his favourites being Latin, Salsa and Philippine Folk. After secondary school, Roman studied [as] a Bachelor of Secondary Education, and then he went on [to] teach Physical Education in schools across the Philippines. The job enabled him to indulge in his passion for dance, and he began choreographing and teaching dance in schools.

After having a lifelong love for England and British History, Roman decided to move over here. He applied for a student visa in order to make the move and arrived in Leeds in 2010. Since moving to England, Roman has been studying a vocational Health and Social Care course. He loves England so much, he is hoping to win permanent residency here when his visa runs out.

273/365

This afternoon I met twenty-one year old Filomena. Filomena was born in Portugal, however she moved to London when she was just two years old. Although she speaks fluent Portuguese, she doesn't have many memories from her early childhood in Portugal. In her teens Filomena moved up North to study Jap-

anese at Leeds University. One of the best universities to study Japanese, she quickly settled in and exclaims today that "Leeds is great".

Two and a half years into the course now, her passion for the language intensified after she spent a year studying and living in Japan! An amazing experience, she didn't want to return home and although the degree is "bloody hard and an uphill struggle" at times, there is light at the end of the tunnel. After university Filomena plans on moving to Japan long term. SOURCE: http://365daysofpeople.tumblr.com/

PEOPLE. KIDS What Happens When I Draw from My Toddler's Imagination Chris Cook 11.12.2013

"Coloring is AWESOME," I said to nobody in particular as I put the finishing touches on a drawing of a friendly bear in a hat. The bear's name was Brigglebee, and the green vest and purple bowler he wore came from a dumpster he frequents every Tuesday in search of discarded pizza. After much internal debate, I decided to add a word balloon that said "I LOVE PIZZA." You know, to establish some baseline character traits.

Satisfied with my work, I showed it to my co-artist who had spent the past several minutes staring at me cautiously from a safe distance on the other side of the table. "Bear...?" she whispered meekly, unsure of herself as if her release from this Daddy-imposed prison of boredom depended on her correct identification of the drawing in question.

Just a short while earlier, my 20-month-old had been the one hunched over a piece of paper, purple crayon in hand, working on a masterpiece of squiggles and zig-zags that she deemed "HAIRPLANE!!!" At some point, however, she asked me to color a HAIR-PLANE!!! of my own ("Dada co-co") and before I knew it, I was absorbed in my own wonderful fantasy world of coloring. The community pile of crayons we initially shared slowly became my own as the onetime joint coloring venture between a father and his daughter eventually turned into an exhibition of a grown man drawing second-rate cartoon characters with a 20-month-old toddler as his only audience.

I'm not proud to say that this has happened multiple times since my daughter took an interest in coloring. Our sessions have spawned such creations as an elephant being carried off by a balloon tied to his trunk, a turtle who thinks he's a dinosaur ("ROAR") and a short-necked giraffe who overcame his disability with courage, bravado and a jetpack. All of these, save for a few rogue crayon swipes by my daughter, have come entirely from me. It wasn't until my wife looked at me one day and said, "Where did she go?" that I realized I might be missing the point of daddydaughter coloring time.

I should note that, in theory, I'm all for the "hang back" approach to parenting in which you let your child explore on their own and allow their creative nature to lead them in whatever direction it chooses. Practically, however, it's hard to hang back when your adorable toddler hands you a brown crayon and says "Dada bear." It's a special feeling when I start drawing a bear, she stops to watch and almost immediately yells "BEAR! Dada BEAR!" and it's one of the many daily occurrences that make the hardships of parenting well worth it. What gets me in trouble is that in an attempt to continue entertaining my daughter, I continue drawing and ignore her, eventually driving her to become bored and toddle off to a more engaging activity. I will admit this has become a pattern of mine through the first 20-plus months of my daughter's life. She will be playing on her own, reading a book, hosting a tea party, building with blocks or what have you, and I with all the best intentions of simply playing with my kid—swoop in and subconsciously steer playtime into what I think would be more entertaining, educational or photo-worthy. I know it's wrong, I know it's stunting her imagination, I know she's usually too sweet and trusting in her father to tell me to butt out, I know it's a parenting flaw, but I'm working on it.

The "hang back" method is one of the most "easier said than done" aspects of parenting I've encountered. You can read all the literature you want about the benefits of allowing a child independent playtime, but until you've sat there and watched your kid try to stuff a square block into a round hole for 15 minutes, you don't know how hard it truly is to let your kid figure anything out for themselves.

In the interest of keeping "co-co" time a fun daddydaughter activity, I've had to make some... personal adjustments. Instead of hijacking the coloring session into what I want it to be, she and I draw alongside each other, and I occasionally ask her to draw her own version of what's on my sheet of paper. The result is usually more squiggles and zig-zags, but to her it's a carefully-crafted HAIRPLANE!!! just like her dad's.

← So I consider coloring a first step toward hanging back and a fairly safe trial ground to let my daughter work as she

sees fit with minimal interference from her father. Since I've become more conscious of my tendency to let my daughter explore things on her own—and sometimes fail doing so—she and I have developed quite a portfolio together. They're not all awardwinners—mine aren't, anyway, but I'd pay millions for hers—but I have a few favorites that I'd like to share. So without further ado, I present several of the greatest works of art in the history of the world. Or at least that's how my daughter and I see it. SOURCE: http://blogs.babycenter.com/mom_stories/ hanging-back-is-easier-said-than-done/

PEOPLE. LANGUAGE Big in Japan: A Cellphone Novel for You, the Reader / Sky of Love Ben Dooley and Mika *31.01.2008*

A week ago, an article in the New York Times created a mini-furor in literary circles. As the resident Japan expert in my circle of friends, everybody was asking me, "So what's the deal with these cell phone novels?" The NYT article was the first I'd heard of them. I did a quick Internet search, and what do you know? The Times was right, they're all over the place. Google spits up thousands of pages, and several of the more popular novels are listed on the Internet Movie Database as films in production.

What does this mean for the English novel? Is this the future of literature? In Japanese, maybe. There are a number of features of Japan's language and culture that make a cell phone novel more palatable than it would be in English. First, Japanese grammar is much better suited than English to the kind of short sentences writing on a cell phone encourages. As a high-context language, a complete sentence in Japanese can consist of just a single, lonely verb. Japanese speakers and writers frequently and freely omit subjects and objects from their sentences, expecting the reader to figure out what's going on. Go figure. The use of Chinese characters also serves to compact sentences. Since you don't have to actually spell out entire words, as in English, but can represent them with an ideogram, you can say a lot more in a much smaller space.

Secondly, and perhaps just as important, cell phone novels tap into long traditions of Japanese prose and poetry. First, even a cursory examination of a cell phone novel will show a visual connection to the poetic traditions of haiku and tanka. The connection doesn't end there, at its best the writing itself has an economy and-I'll regret saying this-poetry that taps into the same tradition. The medium-you try typing a novel on the keypad of a cell phone-forces the writers to make every word count, and (in Japanese at least) it shows. The themes, as well, harken back to traditional Japanese themes. The first "modern" novel (written by Murasaki Shikibu in 11th century Japan), The Tale of Genji, was basically a high school love story, and nothing has changed since then. In manga, on television and in literature, the amatory exploits of high school students have always captured the imagination of the Japanese public. And the long, long literary tradition there, combined with the frequent use of public transportation, means that books in general, whether written on cell phones or not, occupy a much more important place in Japanese culture than in the West.

So what are these cell phone novels like? For the curious, I've translated a short passage from Sky of

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cellphone-novel-for-you.html

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Love, the number one best seller by Mika, recently made into a movie. I've only read the first chapter, but apparently it's a heart wrenching tale of young love, as seen through a Jerry Springer filter of premarital sex, teen pregnancy, gang rape and mortal disease. Enjoy. Translation note: Two things. First, I've done my best to preserve the sentence structure and formatting of the original (at the expense of clarity and good prose, I'm afraid). This is more or less how it looks and reads in the original Japanese. Second, it's common in Japanese for people to refer to themselves in the third person. The protagonist here does that frequently. It's a habit that's considered somewhat childish and endearing.

← SKY OF LOVE PROLOGUE If I hadn't met you that day... I don't think I would have Felt this bitterness. This pain. This sadness. Cried this much. But. If I hadn't met you... This happiness. This joy. This love. This warmth. I wouldn't have known that either. Today, I'm going to look through my tears and up at the sky. Look to the sky. A player. A flirt. CHAPTER ONE-A SMILE "God, I am so hungry,JJ" Finally lunch time. Felt like I'd been waiting forever. Same as always, Mika put her lunchbox on her desk and opened it. School is a drag. The only thing I like about it is eating with Ava and Yuka, my friends from class. -Mika Tahara-She's a freshman, who started at this school in April. It hasn't even been three months since she got here. She's met some people she likes and gets along with. She's had some pretty good times. She's short. And stupid. And not that pretty. Doesn't have any special talents. Or even know what's she wants to do with herself after graduation. Bright, tea-colored hair she dyed right after she got here. She's wearing a little makeup, but it looks strange on her, especially at this time of day. She stumbled out of middle school and right into average.

She had normal friends.

She had normal crushes.

She dated three guvs. I don't know if that's normal, or what. But, what I know is normal. is that those relationships all ended fast. That's what she's saying. All she knows is how to fool around. Just that. love Who needs it? It was right then... I met vou. Mika's life: she expected it would end in the same boring way it had begun. Meeting you was going to change all that. Like always, Mika and Ava and Yuka wolf down their food. Why is it everyone gets so quiet when they eat? The classroom door rattles open, A guy with one hand in his pocket walks over to the three of them. That guy, he stands in front of them. And he starts talking. Casually. "Hey! My name's Nozomu. I'm in the class next door. You heard of me?" The three girls look at each other. They pretend they don't know what he's talking about. Just keep eating their lunches. Since I'd gotten to school, I'd heard a lot of rumors about Nozomu. A playboy. It seemed like he was walking around school with a different girl on his arm every day. "Watch out for Nozomu!" "If he's got his eye on you, you don't stand a chance." Didn't somebody tell me that ...? He's got a well-proportioned face on a tall body. Highlights in his hair, styled with wax for that "casual" look. Eyes looking right at you, like they could see... something. He's got the right stuff for getting girls. There's no question about that. The problem is his personality. Maybe... if he was a little more serious... With all those rumors floating around. I don't even need to tell you I'm not interested. The three girls continue eating their lunches, pretending they haven't even noticed him. "Hey, now. You're ignoring me? Let's be friends. ♪ Come on, give me your number." His insistence makes me thirsty. Mika, annoyed, grabbing a bottle of barley tea in one hand gulping it all down.

"What do you think I'm going to do? It's cool. Just tell me your number." There's silence. Suddenly, Ava breaks it. Mika and Yuka, looking at each other in disbelief. Ava gives him her number with a smile. It's hard to believe this is happening. I wait until Nozomu has left the room, all puffed up and full of himself. Then turning to Aya, blurting out: "Why would you give your number to a guy like that? He's trouble." Aya responds to Mika's worry, like it's no big deal. "What can I say? I like cute guys. Ha." Aya's a mature, beautiful woman. She's stylish and her best feature is her long hair, a little wayy, and the red-brown of tea. She's got bad luck with guys. All the ones she's dated are just playing with her... SOURCE: http://www.themillions.com/2008/01/big-in-japan-

PEOPLE. PROUD The Few; The Proud; The Substitute School Bus Driver Tory C Anderson 01.12.2012

I recently joined the ranks of the Juab School District bus drivers. This surprises and humors me. Never in all my days on Earth had I ever envisioned myself driving a school bus. I suppose it's fitting for a man with eight children. When hauling my children my minivan is practically a school bus. But it isn't the same at all.

I went through forty hours of classroom and driver training not counting the time I spent studying the Commercial Drivers License (CDL) book. During this training I actually parallel parked a 40 foot bus. I haven't parallel parked a car in thirty years. The training was good and has certainly made me a more conscientious driver.

> ← The scariest part of becoming a school bus driver is the stories I hear from my own children. You see, I am not a regular

school bus driver; I am a substitute school bus driver. I have been told they get no respect. The drivers with the regular routes run their busses as if they were their own little kingdoms. They have to. Everyone reading this knows what can happen on a bus if there aren't rules that are enforced. When a substitute takes one of these routes for a day many of the kids see an easy mark. The government has fallen and they want to see what they can do with the resulting power vacuum. My daughter told me that

one substitute just turns up the radio and lets the kids go crazy while he hurries to each of the stops and the final prize of an empty bus.

I had my first substitute run the other morning. I went on a practice run a few days before to get to know the route. The bus driver I was substituting for was very responsible and had selected a student who knew the route well and who got off last to be my guide. I needed this since I would be doing the route backwards from the way she was showing me that morning. On the practice run the kids were pleasant and well-behaved.

The afternoon of my run came. My first challenge came in figuring out how to open and close the door. I had driven four different buses up to this point, but this bus was different from them all. Luckily I had left enough time to get it figured out without being late for my first pickup. I pulled into the elementary school bus lane behind four other busses. They were all veteran drivers. I definitely felt my rookie status. The moment came and the kids came streaming out of the school. I greeted each of them as they got on the bus. I noticed that each noticed I was a substitute. There was this look in their eye, like prisoners eyeing the new warden. Immediately I heard complaints about kids sitting in the wrong seats.

"Sit in your regular seats," I say, exerting my wardenship. But I don't know which seats are theirs so I can't enforce anything. Eventually the kids sit and just in time for over the radio I hear Red Leader say, "Let's roll." The busses leave the lane like a convoy, only they all turn right and I am told to turn left. My little, eight-year-old guide is present which brings me comfort. I get a little concerned, however, when I see her hunker down in her seat with a video game.

I make another pickup at the high school and then take off to deliver my load of precious cargo. I remembered where my next stop was and figured out how I was going to get there. I couldn't remember how the regular driver gets there, but it won't matter. My precious cargo thinks differently. As I turn right from the right-turn lane of the school parking lot a horrified cry goes up from every student on the bus. "No, left! Turn left! You go left!"

The cry was so loud and frantic that against my better judgment I did a J-turn in my forty foot bus. I did check for traffic first and did not cause any of those famous CHIPS forty car pileups.

In my inside rear-view mirror I saw a student standing up. This is a safety concern and I called to him to sit down. He did. This is when one of the cutest little girls of about ten-years-old spoke up. She sat a few seats back from me.

"You aren't a very good driver," she said. "Oh?" I asked.

"Good drivers don't tell us what to do."

She looked like such a nice girl. I had [to] repeat to myself twice what she had said to decide that she was wrong. About this time a seven-year-old boy comes running up the aisle with a pencil that he is going to throw in the garbage. We are on the highway driving sixty-five mph. It occurs to me that he

such confidence that I don't say anything as I wonder. It's the other kids that remind him that he was breaking a safety rule. I know he wouldn't have tried that with the regular driver. Six-year-old: 1. Fifty-twoyear old: 0.

When we reach Levan I hear a frantic, "Turn here! Turn here!" This call went out as we were passing the street at thirty-five mph. My little video game playing guide hadn't looked up in time.

"I can handle this," I think. "I will just go around the block."

The kids see a weakness and pounce. "Just let us off right here," they cry. "This is way closer." I know better and keep going to their cries of dismay. Finally I end up out on Powell Lane with one little student left. She looks like she is four, but she must be at least six or seven. She doesn't give me any trouble. I drop her off at her long lane and see her mother waiting at the door. Then, with a wonderfully empty bus I drive the thirteen miles back to bus compound. I had survived my first run.

SOURCE: http://busdriverdiaries.torycanderson.com/?m=201212

PEOPLE, SCARY Thaipusam: an Unforgettable Experience niki 11.02.2012

About a month or two ago, a friend of mine called to inform me that we were going on an tour called "Understanding Thaipusam."

Um....What's Thaipusam?

Other than the fact that it was a Hindu holiday, she didn't know. She had just heard that we shouldn't miss it.

Well, I've been to Little India a few times and each time has been a great experience. My photography class during Deepavali was fantastic and I still marvel at how much color, energy, movement, music, etc can be packed into such a small area. Even not having a clue what I was in for, I knew I was going. As soon as we got off the phone, I called and signed up. We've kind of started doing that to each other. When one of us wants to sign up for something but would really like to know a friendly face when we get there, we just let the other one know when they are booked. lt's a good system. 😳

So, Tuesday morning I packed up my camera with a freshly charged battery and headed off to meet the tour group. On our way to Little India and the Sri Srinivasa Perumal Temple, our guide gave us more background on the Hindu festival and how it came to being.

shouldn't be running up the aisle, but he does it with Festival Thaipusam in Singapore is observed to commemorate the devotion of Idumban. A devotee of Lord Subramaniam. Idumban was instructed by a divine messenger to climb up the hill to pay homage to his Lord. Idumban climbed up the hill singing hymns in praise of Lord Subramanium in order to relieve himself of the weight of offerings. Pleased with his devotion. Lord Subramanium showered his blessings on Idumban. Thus the festival marks the unflinching belief of Idumban to the Lord Subramanium. It is believed that any devotee who would carry a Kavadi on his way to the shrine will be similarly blessed by the Lord.

> The preparation for the trek to the shrine begins a month earlier. A devotee willing to undertake such a iourney must remain on a vegetarian diet. Apart from that, austerities should also be observed to prove the dedication of a devotee to the cause. The Kavadi is of prime importance in this festival as each devotee is required to carry it all the way to the shrine. The journey kicks off from Sri Srinivasa Perumal Temple and, covering approximately 4.5 kilometers stretch, ends at Sri Thendayuthapani Temple at Tank Road. On reaching the shrine, the devotees empty pots of milk on the trident of their deity. The ritual three day fasting marks the end of Thaipusam in Singapore. Armed with a better sense of what we would be witnessing we got off the bus and headed into the temple. What I experienced there was nothing short of

amazing. The smell of sandalwood swirled around us and the sounds of drums echoed throughout the temple. In each section, family groups were preparing for the procession. Along with the elements of the Kavadis,

each area usually had an arrangement of fresh fruits, flowers, milk pots, incense, and musicians. I would have felt like I was intruding if the temple had not been filled with spectators from every back-

ground. The Hindu families were extremely welcoming and happy to be sharing their customs with us. I tried to be inconspicuous but it was extremely busy inside. At one point, as his family was beginning to start their way on the procession, one of the drummers backed into me. I was extremely embarrassed to have gotten in the way but when he turned around, instead of him being upset, we both started apologizing to each other. His graciousness was humbling. The second stop of our tour was the Sri Thendayuthapani Temple where the devotees presented their offerings. Many of the men arrived physically and mentally exhausted and were only able to complete the final climb into the temple with the chanting encouragement from their families. Had I known what to say, I would have joined in to offer my support.

← I had expected to find the experience 0 grotesque but, instead, I was moved by their faith and found the piercings to be

less about bodily mutilation and more just the outward display of their devotion. Alicia and I are planning on going back next year but on our own. I would like to have more time at the temple to watch the preparations and am even considering

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walking the 4.5 km route to the final temple as we saw many westerners do this year.

If you happen to be in Singapore next year during Thaipusam, you really should go to Little India and see it for yourself. It truly is an unforgettable experience. SOURCE: http://braveorjustcrazy.com/?p=981

PEOPLE. MASTER Jiro Dreams of Sushi David Gel 09.03.2012

← What defines "deliciousness"? Taste is tough to explain, isn't it? I would see ideas in dreams. My mind was bursting with ideas. I would wake up in the middle of the night. In dreams I would have visions of sushi.

DAVID GEL Once vou decide on your occupation... you must immerse yourself in vour work. You have to fall in love with your work. Never complain about your job. You must dedicate your life to mastering your skill. That's the secret of success... and is the key to being regarded honorably. I have published several restaurant guidebooks. I went to every sushi, sobs, tempura, and eel restaurant in Tokyo. Nobody has eaten more of these foods than me.

YAMAGATA, POD WRITER

Out of the hundreds of restaurants that I ate at ... Jiros was the best by far. When I went to Jiro the first time I was nervous After going for years I am still nervous. Jiro has a very stern look on his face when he's making sushi. It's comfortable for people who like to have sushi served at a fast pace. But for people who want to drink and eat slowly while chatting... It won't be a comfortable eating experience.

All of the sushi is simple. It's completely minimal. Master chefs from around the world eat at Jiro's and say... "How can something so simple have so much depth in flavor?" If you were to sum up Jiro's sushi in a nutshell... "Ultimate simplicity leads to purity." Excuse me. Yes? Do you have a pamphlet for this restaurant? We don't have pamphlets. We only have business cards. Could I have one please? May I have one? I came all the way from Shizuoka. Here are a couple. Can I make reservations? Reservations are mandatory here. How early do you need the reservation? One month in advance. One month in advance? Yes Since it's February now, we're taking reservations for March. I see. Reservations can be made for lunch and dinner'? Yes for both. The price starts at 30.000 ven. It starts at 30,000 yen. Okay. The sushi and prices vary... depending on what's available at the market. I see. So it starts from 30,000 yen. Can we order drinks and appetizers to start? We only serve sushi. We don't have appetizers. Really. Yes. You don't have any other dishes? No. Only sushi. Yes. Okay, thank you. Thank you. For fast eaters a meal there might last only fifteen minutes. In that sense it's the most expensive restaurant in the world. But people who eat there are convinced it's worth the price.

YOSHIKAZY, JIRO'S OLDER SON We're not trying to be exclusive or elite. The techniques we use are no big secret.

It's just about making an effort

and repeating the same thing every day. There are some who are born with a natural gift. Some have a sensitive palate and sense of smell. That's what you call "natural talent." In this line of business... if you take it seriously, you'll become skilled. But if you want to make a mark in the world, you have to have talent. The rest is how hard you work. He repeats the same routine everyday. He even gets on the train from the same position. He has said that he dislikes holidays. The holidays are too long for him. He wants to get back to work as soon as possible. It's unthinkable for normal people. Is it good? Is it too firm? Overall, it's a little tough. ls it? Probably because it is young. But the toughness isn't that bad. If it doesn't taste good you can't serve it. It has to be better than last time. That's why I always taste the food before serving it.

NAKAZAWA, SENIOR APPRENTICE It hasn't marinated enough. It is a bit fatty. This doesn't taste right either. How long has this marinated? For about five hours. Put it back in. It needs work. Let's marinate it in vinegar a little more. Yes, put it back in the vinegar. Let's marinate it again. Put this in the vinegar again. Put that one in the vinegar too. Let's try that for the last time. Okay— I've seen many chefs who are self-critical... but I've never seen a chef who is so hard on himself. He sets the standard for self-discipline.

He is always looking ahead. He's never satisfied with his work. He's always trying to find ways to make the sushi better. SOURCE: Subtitles from "Jiro Dreams of Sushi"

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been for 20 years now. I've done a few minor straightto-DVD bits of acting but stand-up is what I do.

84 ← I would love to go back and relive this one amazing night at Camden Jongleurs in 1994. If you were making a teen film

about a guy who dreamt about being a stand-up, it would be the final scene. I went on in the open spot so no-one knew who I was. I absolutely tore it up. I came off the stage and they were all chanting: "We want Ed!" Meanwhile the owner of the club was on the phone to the duty manager and he asked how the open spot went. The duty manager just held up the phone to the crowd and said: "That's how the open spot went!" That was the last open spot I ever did.

SOURCE: http://www.bigissue.com/features/letter-my-youngerself/3205/ed-byrne-interview-i-gradually-learned-ways-humans

PEOPLE. YOUNG Freedom Adele 18.11.2012

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← I'm free guys! I literally skipped out of the exam room when I headed off to the shops with my boyfriend and it's just

great to be eating good food, writing again and also browsing and buying some of the most coveted clothes from Etsy! All will be revealed in due time, but for the moment I have a small army of eye candy images to show off, feelings to get off my chest and opinions to properly voice. My exciting peers are going to the After Exam Party whereas I am sitting with my feet under some cozy blankets and am scheming up a blogging binge, and I can still say with confidence that I am having a great time at home. I've always been a little strange though—a hermit and a recluse even when I was a kid, which is a bit of a problem considering you're meant to socialize at that age.

That's OK though, because I am a modern teenage girl and free to socialize through my computer as opposed to talking to people face to face, and I can get away with creating my own little world built on fairy floss pink filleted images and photographs soaked in heavy feminine vibes for at least the next week and a half without too much harassment from my family members. Eventually I will have to begin doing the housework, clean my room and cull my wardrobe heavily in order to fuel artistic endeavors but for now I can vegetate, I can vent and I can avoid picking up a pen for the next four months!

I'm pretty sure studying too hard needs to be balanced nice to mix things up when possible. Unfortunately out with a child-like enthusiasm about silly things. Or I only learnt that fact recently and a bit too late for

spending sprees. I have bought: two sweaters, a unicorn shaped clutch summing to about two hundred dollars within the last week. And chances are I'm only going to earn one hundred and a bit more from working this week. Oops. It seems I'll need to avoid going on the computer, or at least all the shopping sites I normally loiter about and put my energy to better use, like mashing up the keyboard. Failing that I'll begin to make my own papier mâché unicorn for my room and start to take driving seriously because I need my license. Life sucks when you need to take public transport and there are people you went to school with who already earned then lost their driver's license-although I should be pretty happy that I am not a qualified menace to society and the roads vet and I can still qualify to drive.

I'm kind of sad that I can't enjoy the slow deterioration of leaves in Autumn or feel the crunch of fresh snow under my boots, but luckily I live in Melbourne and the weather is often unpredictable. Although I, along with every other citizen, tend to invariably grumble about this fact it does give me range and flexibility to work with so I can throw together different outfits of varying layers and comfort. The worst case scenario is a horrible heat wave in which I'm trapped indoors for the entire Summer and I'm imprisoned with the knowledge that pretty outfits will be ruined by perspiration and sweating. While there's no guarantee of cute Mary Jane shoes, white socks and petticoats I'll do my best-especially with so much free time on my hands to scour all the best second hand goods and transform them with an arsenal of ribbon roses, cute buttons and embroidery I'm dying to try out.

I was a little disappointed at the lack of good clothing when I went shopping today (I'm looking in all the wrong places hopefully) but I've been again, obsessed with hosiery and cutesy socks used to reinvent the look of an outfit—especially with sandals showing off cute and crazy patterns. That has luckily been my one let down as far as searching on Etsy is concerned; mainly because the socks are hand knitted and made with love in every stitch and cost a few tens of dollars each when I'm trying to scout out a bargain bulk lot of different patterns and colours for the same price. I won't give up yet though, especially when I've almost got my hands on my secret weapon for shoes this season! All will be revealed soon...

I wonder if Alexa here knowingly dressed in yellow lace and an army jacket to imitate what I can only assume to be her favourite fruit: the pineapple. Yes, Schoolies celebrations are in full swing in Australia where the graduates of high school launch off for a week of partying and drinking but I'm kind of glad I'm not enjoying the intoxicating atmosphere. My mind is sharp and I like to keep it that way. Today I trawled after my mother pointing out clothing and curiosities alike with comments fuelled with popular culture references as well as witty remarks. I wish I had taken the time to blog the entire day, but it is nice to mix things up when possible. Unfortunately I only learnt that fact recently and a bit too late for

PEOPLE. ENTERTAINER Ed Byrne Interview: "I Gradually Learned the Ways of Humans" Jane Graham 10.11.2013

At 16 I was skinny with hair that was very close cropped at the sides and back but overflowing down my face. I remember going to the barbers and specifically asking for it like that. He'd ask if he could tidy up the top and I'd say, very firmly: "No, just leave it." My jeans were covered in Prince badges I'd embroidered onto them. Prince was a big part of my life then. I was in a Christian Brothers school. I wasn't massively bullied but I didn't enjoy the general, constant, simmering threat of violence at all times. I'd been a bit of a loner but at 16 I made some friends with normal people and gradually learned the ways of humans. I became guite a sociable person and I got very, very mischievous at school. So I got hit quite a lot. I wasn't unhappy but I really wanted to get out of small town Swords, which was about an hour's bus ride away from Dublin, and go somewhere where life would be like it was on the television. I was watching a whole lot of American television, right enough. It didn't really represent life where I did end up, which was Glasgow. But I wanted to go to a big city where life would be very different and busy. And Glasgow was definitely that.

I'd advise my younger self to go study the arts or drama at university. I already liked the idea of being an actor. But back then I just had the notion that I had to study a 'proper' subject. So I studied horticulture. I think I liked the idea that there were clear right and wrong answers. And growing up, I'd been given the idea that boys who were clever did science. I was good with words—but that wasn't being clever.

I became the head of ents [entertainment] at Strathclyde Uni and started compering events, and then performing at a little comedy club in The Thirteenth Note pub on Glassford Street. Right from the first night, which went pretty well, I started to think I could really do this. I completely reinvented myself and started anew. I don't know if I'd have got into standup comedy if I hadn't really uprooted myself. And as an Irish person I was a bit more exotic in Glasgow. I was always being asked to quote lines from The Commitments.

I think the young Ed would be delighted that he'd made a living doing stand-up comedy. That would be very exciting. I used to think I was funny but thought if I could do anything it would be like hosting a game show, interacting with other people. But it's transpired that I'm much better just standing there talking.

If he thought about it for long it might slightly depress the teenage me that the stand-up wouldn't lead to anything else. I'd have to tell him: "You're just going to be a stand-up, you will go no further." That's how it's

my own, personal liking. As much as I'd love to be naturally dark hair and also a chic bun is made as working on a potion or chemical concoction to become younger and take the world by storm as a preteen fashion blogger, next year I'll be applying for internships and really focusing on my degree during Summer. This year will have to be a break—but also a cultural experience in which I broaden my blogging network and also bring you more of my own outfit style posts. I'm not really sure if I'll continue to appraise collections as they're released from designers and runway catwalks-there's just been a bit too much heartbreak as well as an unmotivated mentality towards the superficial side of fashion. I might be getting in touch with Etsy stores, trying to cosy up to them and make some new friends over the Internet. I've just developed a strict policy of only writing about something I feel passionately towards-and I hope you guys are reaping the rewards of my proverbial harvest.

Again, alcohol seems to be trying to worm its way into my happy little world which I'm trying to build on teenage girl shrines, but what I liked most about this image is the black and white outfit as well as those killer dip dye ends and matching lipstick in red. Black and white stripes always remind me of Beetlejuice, which is a bit odd since I haven't sat down and watched that movie but I did see the Tim Burton exhibition in Melbourne twice so that kind of counts right? Probably not-I think my boyfriend has it somewhere and we'll be sorting through all his rabble next week so as usual I'll jump on any opportunity to learn more about quirky films and educate myself in the ways of media. It's sort of a test to determine who are the cool, like-minded people that can appreciate the same sort of art you can, even if it is compacted into an hour or two. Re-watching is something I always do to soak up something in all its glory and the same applies to passages in books as well. Some of my favourite cheap plastic goodies girls show off in their rooms when video blogging come from joke shops. I now pose the question of where are these wonderful places and why can't I find cat eye glasses that are akin with batman or pink unicorn figurines? I can't even remember the last time I clapped eyes on an obscure novelty/specialty shop that had cheap but good quality bits and pieces for me to run my hands over but I suppose I think everything I had when I was a kid was great and everything sucks now. In the words of that infamous bush ranger, such is life I guess.

While driving today with my father's supervision he sneered at a girl crossing the road sporting green hair that looked more like the pale green from a chlorinated pool, as well as neat tattoos on one of her legs. It's funny how the tiniest reaction can affect someone's confidence. I was almost determined to ask my boyfriend what he thought if I dip dyed my ends and professionally had an Ombre effect touching my hair (which I would then alter daily with food dyes) for my outfit posts but now I'm as timid as ever. This photograph does seed the lovely idea of cheap extensions adding strong, bold colour without bleaching my to the birds and de-stressing."

sweet as peppermint hard candy in the right combination. I think I might lean towards that more than anything, because at the end of the day they can be removed or hidden awkwardly with cute bows and hair clips bought from Etsy and I can manage to again maintain my identity as the 'Secret Hipster'. Some days I wish I could come out of the closet and show my true colours; I wish my family would see that it's just hair dye and not as bad as slinging a gun around and sauntering into local businesses to terrify clerks. It's not dropping a bomb-it's altering one's appearance and it doesn't physically hurt anyone. So why am I getting so defensive and worked up by it? SOURCE: http://secret-hipster.blogspot.sg/2012/11/freedom.html

PLACES

PLACES, SPECIAL My Special Place Is...

"Devon Downs-on the bank of the Murray River, catching callop, boiling the billy, and listening to the whistling kites-looking for an easy prey, the smells of campfire and bacon and eggs as the sun comes up."

"My home in Murdoch, Western Australia, 15km south of Perth. Perth is where I have lived most of my 67 years. It is a place where I feel I belong because so much of it, and its people, mean many things to me over many years."

"Going shopping."

"My lake. It is peaceful, calming and I love being around a place with an untouched environment with beautiful wildlife."

← "My special place is my bedroom, so I 86 can spend time alone by myself and reflect on my life and dreams."

"The skate park because there's always something good happening."

"In Australia (anywhere) where the Aussie spirit is overwhelming-where being a 'mate' and a 'sport' are taken for granted because it's no big deal to do things for others."

"In my garden looking at the plants, trees, listening

"Bein' out in da scrub surrounded by Australia's beauty and feeling 'at home.'" - Jasmine

"Sydney, because Nana lives there." - Tom "The soccer field."

"The beach—long and quiet, warm and magnificent." "Jindamool' near Coleraine in Western Victoria. Splendid sweeping hills, nuggetty red gums." - Steve Croslev

"Here in Australia where diversity is accepted. We have a vibrant multicultural and eclectic community which is unique. Our land harbors many treasures and is spectacular. Nowhere else in the world can you visit such an array of natural wonders, so close to each other. The bush, the outback, the sea..."

"Sorrento: under the large fir trees beside the water's edge, hearing the water lapping on the rocks and the sea gulls waiting for food-winter or summer." – Suzanne Maher

"Morialloc because that is where I was born and that is where I spent golden days on the beach when I was little." - J M Badger

"Papua New Guinea because that is where I grew up, near the green rainforests, in the moist air, with all my friends."

"The beach—any Aussie beach. Where the sun beats down on you and the ocean sparkles and your skin glistens and you feel like nothing bad could ever happen—I love our beaches!" - Trish

"At home in bed with my dog on my lap." "My beautiful East Gippsland High Country-on the Dargo River where the air, the river and the mountains create a superb tranguil special feeling."

"Our first home in Reservoir, before the Darebin City Council stuffed it up and allowed a three-storey house to be built next door."

"On top of the roof where I can sit and dream, as well as my balcony! (When it is raining.)"

"Any place ... as long as I'm with the people I love most and in particular, one SPECIAL person who I treasure so much."

"My nan's house. I feel safe and loved. I also like Luna Park because I have fun. I also like my backyard steps because no one goes around there and I can be alone." "Sitting beside the clear river listening, smelling, feeling the beauty that I belong to. A place I can visit time and time again in my mind."

"On the netball court; I feel like I belong there and can work as a team member."

"Australia! In my turbulent life until 1968 when my family and I arrived in Melbourne, I had no place to belong, now I belong here and I will die and be buried here, where my heart is. Home is where the heart is!" "My story is not like the rest of yours. My sense of belonging ended when you announced yours. My memory is of a place of peace and harmony, where I could roam free, and breathe the air of my ancestors. My story is now of violence, sickness, and eventually death-at the expense of your pleasure. Couldn't you just show me some respect, some recognition, some healing? Or will I be banished like a Tasmanian." – Marcus

"Nan's back room." - Josh Newton Albany, WA

"Anywhere off the streets of Cabramatta where I lived on the streets, especially the Langton Centre & Caretakers Refuge and St Vinnie's for Youth Helps Street Kids."

"Bellingen on the mid north coast as there is a real sense of community there, and amongst friends, sharing a meal, telling stories, sharing secrets with friends, men and women," - Adrian

"NARRABRI-The place with the biggest sky. I miss the stars." - Meg

"With myself or special family or friends. In the country or seaside or city or home. It is in my emotion and mind my special place." - Helen A.

"Near my parents who are far from me now." "Wherever I am happy and at peace with myself and

the world around me." - Sarah, Yr 12 "At the Manchester home ground in Pommy Land,

yelling praise and encouragement for Manchester United. Go Man-United!!"

"In the Australian bush."

"My home and my country ... Australia." – Hannah L "[At] the moment I feel to be and go as I please." "Anywhere cool in the summer, surrounded by yummy food!" - R Black, 14 yrs.

SOURCE: http://www.belonging.org/misc-pages/specialplace.html

PLACES. MOVIE **Behind the Movies** Catie 23.05.2010

← Film is such a huge part of my life. 87 I love watching movies of all genres.

but watching the movies is not always the most important aspect to me. Exploring movie locations and sets, knowing about actors and actresses, and learning more about a film than just what you get from watching it, are all my favorite parts of the film industry. So when visiting several new cities and countries, I've gotten to visit so many new movie scene locations.

Some people might find it odd that when I visit The Opera House in Paris I'm most excited about picturing the movie scene from Phantom of the Opera and the actors dancing on the staircase being filmed during the Masquerade scene. Or when we visited the dining hall from the Harry Potter films in Oxford, England, and I was most interested to hear how they changed around the room and took photographs for the film and how it worked with the students on campus being there.

We've visited so many sites and places where movies and television were filmed and it's just so exciting to me. To think of all of these old historic places being

used in current productions is just amazing. I still can't imagine closing off the Palace of Versailles to film Marie Antoinette and getting the rights to film in the real palace where she lived. Rather than taking away the magic of a film, it does the opposite and adds so much more meaning and life to them for me when I actually stand in the places where they were created. Throughout our backpacking trip we've visited more movie set locations than I probably have in my entire life until this point. Some of the memorable film locations we've visited have included driving by the large fighting scene field from the movie Braveheart, set locations from the television series The Tudors all around Dublin, many Harry Potter sites in Oxford and London, and The Moulin Rouge in Paris from (obviously) the movie Moulin Rouge.

But I don't want this to sound like I don't appreciate the history that all of these historic places hold, because I love learning about the real events and people that lived in these places. But knowing of these movie locations just adds that much more excitement to visiting so many different interesting places. I've definitely learned so much more about people throughout history and their cultures on this trip than I could have grasped in any book or movie. If you ever get the chance to travel, definitely take the opportunity if you haven't yet. Whether you're into books, movies, history, cultures, art, people, food, sports or whatever... you'll find excitement anywhere you go. Every country and city we've visited has been so unique and exciting in its own way and whatever your interest may be, you'll learn so much more than you can imagine about it.

So even if a movie was the reason I became interested in a particular site, it still helped me to learn so much more about so many different other aspects of the history than I could've imagined.

SOURCE: http://gradbaggers.wordpress.com/tag/paris-opera-house/

1. THE RIDICULOUS NUMBER OF BAGS

On the first day, they explained to us that we needed to prepare a certain number of bags of various sizes: A schoolbag, a blanket bag, a bag for eating utensils, a box for eating utensils, a bag for clothes, a bag for changing clothes, a bag for clothes after they have been changed out of, and a bag for shoes. Then that bag A had to be of such-and-such a length, bag B had to be of such-and-such a width, bag C had to fit in bag D, and E in bag F. I just couldn't believe it. Some kindergartens even ask mothers to make bags themselves!

After two years we're used to it, and the kids become very good at putting things in their right place. I often think that the reason that the people of Kyoto don't mind sorting their rubbish might be because they've been taught this kind of thing from a young age.

2. ALL THESE BAGS CARRIED BY CHILDREN. WHILE ADULTS CARRY NOTHING

This is a sight that really shocked me: when dropping kids off or picking them up, I noticed that the other Japanese adults, be they mother, father, or grandparent, were carrying absolutely nothing, while all those bags of different sizes (at the very least two or three) mentioned above were carried by those little cuties. What's more, they were running really fast! But us? Maybe out of habit, maybe because of a cultural thing, but I carried the bags, and Tiantian carried nothing. A couple of days later the teacher came and had a chat with me: "Tiantian's mother, Tina does everything herself at school..." Japanese people have a habit of saying only the beginning of a sentence, and letting you work out the rest yourself. I immediately realized that she was asking about the situation at home, but seeing me thinking it over, the teacher continued, "...carrying her schoolbag for example..." After this tactful reminder, I let Tiantian carry her own schoolbag.

When the time came for a parents' meeting, I told everyone that in China the custom was for parents to carry everything. It was the Japanese mothers' turn to be dumbfounded. As one, they asked: "Why?" Why? Is it because we Chinese love our children a little more?

3. CHANGING CLOTHES OVER AND

Tiantian's kindergarten has its own uniform; when she arrives she has to take it off, and change into overalls for playtime. She has to take off her shoes and put on white ballet shoes, when she goes into the exercise yard she has to change her shoes again. After their afternoon nap the kids have to change

When Tiantian was in Chrysanthemum Class she used to be so slow changing clothes, and I couldn't help but give her a hand. But I soon noticed that all of the Japanese mothers were standing to one side, not helping at all. I slowly saw that this business of changing clothes educated the children in living independently. Through things like their experiences

at school, changing, sticking their daily sticker, and 7. MIXED EDUCATION hanging their handkerchiefs, these kids start from when they are two or three years old to learn the habit of keeping things orderly.

4. WEARING SHORTS IN WINTER

Children in Japanese schools wear shorts in winter. no matter how cold it is. My daughter's grandparents in Beijing were very worried, and said that I had to talk to the teacher about it, because Chinese children can't stand the cold.

Wouldn't you know it, when we had just started kindergarten, practically every day she got sick. But when I talked to the Japanese mothers about it, their answer amazed me. "Of course! The reason we send our kids to kindergarten is to get sick."

Seeing the healthy energy of the children charging about like little rockets, greeting me, it occurred to me that we shouldn't spoil our kids too much.

5. 0-YEAR-OLD INFANTS COMPETING IN ATHLETIC EVENTS

All classes are named after flowers. Tiantian was a chrysanthemum, then a lily, now she's one of the "older sisters", a violet. But the little babies who haven't reached their first birthdays are all in the "Peach Blossom" class. In Japanese they're called もも, which sounds like 毛毛 in Chinese (and 'mo-mo' in English). Japanese kana all come from Chinese characters. These mo-mo, who haven't even reached their first birthday, have not only already started going to kindergarten, but take part in all of their major activities, like sports competitions and performances. Seeing these little mo-mo crying while crawling forward, I usually feel bad for them.

6. GIRLS PLAYING SOCCER

When children reach their middle year of kindergarten in Japan, they start taking weekly "Jumping" lessons, similar to our Physical Exercise lessons back home: when they get to their senior year, there is a soccer competition. When they're not practicing their drumming all day, they're practicing soccer. And they really play too, they even have competitions with other kindergartens. Tiantian has bruises from playing, but her strength and bravery have been brought out. To tell the truth, when we first came to Japan, Tiantian's performance was really shameful. Japanese kids usually start shooting up at about three or four years old, before that they are a lot shorter than Chinese kids. In Tiantian's class she was a giant, but was in actual fact quite weak. The Japanese kids would run about outside, but Tiantian? She'd get a grain of sand in her shoe and would have to tiptoe to walk. Once there was an excursion where they went up a mountain, and she could only come down with two short Japanese kids supporting her. These uncomplaining three-year-olds, who didn't have the experience of allowing her to travel on foot up a mountain for an hour. She's better now, last year at Shangrila, in that low oxygen environment she walked for four hours without any problems.

When we were in China I saw Tiantian's kindergarten a few times. Each class would have its classes separately, but in Japan this isn't the case.

Before 9:30, and after 3:30, the entire school plays together. And in the yard big kids hold little kids, little kids chase big kids, they carry on like crazy. They get to really experience having "siblings". Their feeling of growth is obvious.

For example in Tiantian's and the other senior year's last assembly a few days ago, after performing their taiko piece, they said something that made all the parents crv.

"In today's assembly we're very happy, because the children from lower years performed so successfully. This is our last assembly, and when we start junior school we'll be sure to remember our friends and our kindergarten."

← 8. EDUCATION: ALL "SMILES" AND "THANK YOU"

In this kindergarten, it seems like they don't care at all about the children's intellectual education. They don't have textbooks, just a new sketchbook every month. In the school's education plan, there aren't any subjects like mathematics, kana, art, or music. Don't even ask about English or the International Math Olympiad. They don't learn roller skating or swimming.

When you ask what they teach, you'd never guess what the answer is: "We teach the children to be all smiles!"

In Japan, no matter where you are, or who you're talking to, "being all smiles" is most important. Any girl who is "all smiles" is most beautiful. What else do they teach?-They teach children to "say thank you"

In everything there are things that they stress here that they don't in China. But after three years I can see that Tiantian has improved in things like music, art and reading, and these improvements are from a comprehensive education.

9. THE NUMBER OF ACTIVITIES

Looking at my calendar I can see the days when I need to make lunch for Tiantian to take to school. These are the days when she has excursions. I can't count how many times she climbs mountains, how many lakes she's seen, or how many animals or plants she's gone and looked at.

Apart from that, she's also gathered acorns, made cakes, been to sports carnivals, performed for community events, had sleepovers, celebrated festivals, been at assemblies, attended temples, exhibitions... let's just say that there have been a lot.

SOURCE: http://www.chinasmack.com/2010/stories/chinese-momiapanese-preschool.html

PLACES. SCHOOL **Things about Japanese Kindergarten** (Preschool?) **That Have Stunned Me** as a Chinese Mother maxiewawa 20.03.2010

Before coming to Japan, Tiantian had already gone through a year of kindergarten (preschool? Nursery school?) in Beijing, so you could say that we are no strangers to kindergarten. But there are some things in Japanese kindergartens that have stunned me (are really weird/strong). Let me share them with you.

OVER AGAIN

clothes again. A real pain.

89 ← WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT I'm going to picnic in every park in New York City until I'm done. Follow along! For the most part I'll be skipping playgrounds, community gardens, dog runs, ball fields, cemeteries, and other similar parkish but not quite parky places. That still leaves hundreds of city, state, and national parks in NYC!

If you would like to join me on a picnic, let me know which park you'd choose and whenish at APicnicInEveryPark at gmail.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 2013

Location: Lake, Prospect Park Weather: Partly Sunny & Cool (with a small freak rainstorm)

Food: PB&J, coffee, cookie

I'm still struggling to catch up—this picnic seems like ages ago (and it is almost a month past now). I wasn't feeling great, but hauled myself out into the autumn colors in the southern end of Prospect Park to circumnavigate the lake that's apparently called "Lake." It was a stunner of a day, though a bizarre little rainfall appeared out of nowhere at one point, but disappeared as quickly as it had come and the canopy of leaves was still intact enough to shield me. I was feeling crappy, but the sublime fall colors, especially as reflected in the water, calmed my anxiousness. I love this image—maybe I'll print it up and hang it on my wall to remind me of that day.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 2013 Location: Inwood Hill Park Weather: Sunny & Cool Food: PB&J

I am behind on all the things, but working to catch up! Last weekend I brought a sandwich to the beautiful Inwood Hill Park at the topmost tip of Manhattan for a spot of urban leaf peeping. A sliver of the park sits right on the Hudson River, with views across to the Palisades. Amazing! I sat there to eat my sandwich, before heading further up and further in. After crossing a rickety metal bridge that looked closed for repairs (but luckily wasn't) across the Henry Hudson Parkway and following several paths into dead ends that resolved into sharp turns only at the last possible moments, I scrambled up the side of the very steep hill. I'm pretty sure I passed through the Lantern Waste at one point. I didn't see another soul from the time I left the banks of the river until I crested the hill, except a spandex-clad biker who crossed the rickety bridge just ahead of me, then turned back when he saw the dirt paths that wound steeply up the hill. I was very glad of my last-minute decision to wear hiking boots instead of sneakers. The path was vague, though punctuated by broken lanterns,

and occasional grand stone staircases. At the crest, I could peek through the trees to the sun and the river to the west. Down the other side of the hill I met a few more fellow wanderers, but the woods continued mostly empty (except the occasional chipmunk, bird, or squirrel) and peaceful. Except for a few brief alimpses of projects through the trees and a scattering of NYC-issue lampposts, it was just like walking in the woods up in the Catskills or Adirondacks. The towering blue columns of the Henry Hudson Bridge were an odd sight among the tall trees, but beautiful, too. I walked down the far side of the hill and sat again by the cove on the north end of the park, a more populous area full of college students and local residents, before walking back up the hill to the southern end of the park and the subway home. If you need a break from the big city, just take the A train north to 207th Street and Inwood Hill Park.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4, 2013

Location: The Long Meadow, Prospect Park, Brooklyn Weather: Sunny, breezy, perfect Food: Sliders (pulled pork & brisket)

After a fantastic appetizer of a peppermint patty ice cream cone from Ample Hills Creamery today (dessert first, always!), I walked over to Prospect Park where I encountered the flock of food trucks that congregate periodically in Grand Army Plaza. Alas, most of the things I couldn't eat, but I felt up to risk two sliders (one pulled pork and one brisket), and they were worth the risk.

So it wasn't a planned picnic, and I didn't pack in my food, but it was a perfect day. Me, the New Yorker, and my sliders in the shade at the edge of Long Meadow. Years ago when I first moved to New York, I used to take what was then a much longer train ride (before the G train extension) to Prospect Park most Sunday mornings when the weather was clement to sit on a bench and read the New York Times. It was an escape from the realities of life in a crappy Brooklyn apartment and an exhausting job to a New York more like I'd imagined it before I came. I couldn't afford glamorous clubs or a penthouse (I still can't!), but I could afford a paper, a bagel, and a spot in the park. I need to revive that ritual.

SOURCE: http://apicnicineverypark.tumblr.com/

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PLACES. BUILDINGS Battle of the Buildings: If These Walls Could Talk... Nat Guest 06.06.2012

← At last count, I am following 16 buildings on Twitter. Sixteen! How did this happen? Buildings didn't use to be

something I had to worry about the interior thoughts and feelings of; I was more concerned with, well, their general interiors. Now it seems like every block of flats and its stairwell has an opinion on the latest celebrity divorce, the situation in the Middle East and whether the Olympics is a good thing for Britain or not.

From what I can tell of the Shard's Twitter feed, for example, he (for something so enormously phallic must be a he) is very keen on photography, and the architecture and writing of Jean Nouvel. The Southbank Centre's Singing Lift is a big fan of the arts (this is presumably why it applied for the job in the first place), and has sadly been under the weather this week with a nasty bout of 'silencing lift pox'. The Pembury Tavern in Hackney seems, perhaps unsurprisingly, to be a bit of an old alcoholic with a penchant for real ales.

And then you've got the jobsworths, who do simply what they're supposed to do, day in and day out— @big_ben_clock, studiously booming out over the Twitter-sphere on the hour every hour, and @twrbrdg_ itself, whose steady rhythm of opening for a boat, closing for a boat, opening for a boat, closing for a boat, marks the ebb and lull of the passing days.

Suddenly, I feel like I'm walking through a sentient landscape of structures that peer down on little old me going about my daily business, judging what I'm wearing and perhaps chucking me a cheeky retweet every now and again. Nelson's Column lists its Twitter bio as "keeping an eye on London", which can either be taken as strangely reassuring or strangely ominous, depending on your worldview—but no matter which way you tend, it's definitely strangely strange. There's almost something panpsychist (the view that all matter has a mental aspect, a unified centre of experience or point of view) about it; or, if you'd prefer, we're all just taking our obsessive anthropomorphism to new and ludicrous levels. Still, if we are going to welcome buildings into the

sentient universe, then here's what I want to see:

1. SOME EXISTENTIALISM

What's it like, being a building? I've never been a building. I once wrote a poem about being a lift, but it's hardly the same. What's it like, that static existence? Do we look like ants to them? Do they envy or scorn our vitality? Do we move faster, with our tiny concerns, living and dying like mayflies as they watch?

2. A THRILLING ROMANCE

Because, come on, who doesn't ship the Southbank Centre with Cleopatra's Needle? Imagine the looks of longing across the Thames; destined to forever glimpse each other's frontages but never touch. Those stolen moments of quiet in the sunrise, before the rest of London has woken up. And you just know that the Globe Theatre and the Gherkin have been exchanging filthy DMs behind our backs.

3. A TWITTER SPAT

No time spent on Twitter is complete without a thorough public falling-out—the properly juicy kind, where everyone can pick a side. I want write-ups in the Daily Mail and fevered speculation in the gossip blogs. I want endless discussions about it in the office and on the bus. I want to see people wearing "TEAM HADRIAN'S WALL" T-shirts.

Of course, if we are to forge a collaborative future, there are going to be human rights issues arising should the equality of buildings be enshrined in law, for example? What's the Church's stance on all of this? No, not that Church—I'm talking about the actual church itself. If they are denied equality, we must bear in mind that they are—broadly speaking—much bigger than us. They could crush us with one flick of a girder.

I, for one, welcome our concrete overlords. SOURCE: http://blogs.independent.co.uk/2012/07/06/ battle-of-the-buildings/

PLACES. STREET Adrift in Tokyo Genkinahito 26.02.2012

Miki Satoshi brings his brand of quirky and touching comedy to Adrift in Tokyo, a film which is based on a novel by Naoki Prize winner Yoshinaga Fujita. It won Best Script and Best Film at the 2007 Fantasia Film Festival and it is easy to see why, because what starts out as a simple gentle comedy gains great depth.

Fumiya (Jo Odagiri) has been a university student for eight years and owes money to loan sharks. One named Fukuhara (Tomokazu Miura) comes to collect. Fumiya cannot pay, so Fukuhara makes a proposition: He will cancel the debt as long as Fumiya agrees to walk with him across Tokyo to the police station in Kasumigaseki, where he intends to turn himself in for a crime he deeply regrets. Fumiya accepts the deal and starts a journey which will lead them to various unusual encounters, most of all with themselves. 91 ← Adrift in Tokyo is one of those films where the title says it all. Fumiya and Fukuhara are adrift in a road movie without

the road, the two travelling along the streets of Tokyo discovering things about themselves, the city and others.

The setting is a Tokyo that is both familiar and unfamiliar and full of diversity. You feel drawn into the walk as you witness a heady mix of warm and natural spaces, small cosy restaurants and home settings and neon lit night time scenes. It is an exploration of sprawl but not in the pejorative sense, because the film gives mystery and depth to the urban surroundings, which paints a picture of a city full of life.

Some of the inhabitants of these places are strange and as Fumiya and Fukuhara bounce from situation to situation arguing and musing about life, they get drawn into unusual events. The cosplay party with a former crush, the Akihabara mother, the mysterious painter and the fake family with Kyoko Koizumi and the cute but bizarre Yuriko Yoshitaka that could come from a slice of life manga. Taken individually they are surreal but they gel thanks to the journey and the deadpan reactions of our leads.

As the two meander through the sights, both Odagiri as a bemused Fumiya and Miura as a philosophical Fukuhara morph from slight comedy characters into multi-faceted people thanks to the acting, writing, and events. Over the course of the film the two reveal secrets that totally alter the audience's view of them and give events and their behaviour a new spin. It starts with Miura being able to identify classical music by Ravel and increases in depth and experience, which gives the story increasing power.

Their performances are subtle and creep up on you. As the story draws to a close and you reach the ending, the film uses this depth to serve up a punch to the gut that makes you realise how much you have enjoyed being adrift in Tokyo and being with these characters, and how much of an emotional investment Satoshi has drawn from you.

And that is what impressed me most about the film. What might have been just another slight quirky Japan film grew to become a wonderfully interesting and entertaining film where I became engrossed in the stories and locations. There emerges a balance between the humour and the emotions that draws the viewer in and ensures that as Fumiya and Fukuhara discover Tokyo and its inhabitants you want to be there with them.

SOURCE: http://genkinahito.wordpress.com/2012/02/26/adrift-intokyo/

PLACES. SHOW (Politely) Gatecrashing a Wedding in Montenegro Pegs on the Line

26.09.2013

The ceremony was over and the wedding certificate had been signed. It was time for the new husband and wife to walk gracefully down the aisle right? Wrong.

Things are done a bit differently in Montenegro. Dino, my Couch Surfing host, was showing me the Old Town in Bar. It sits on a hill about 4km from the centre, overlooking the city and the beach—although the former didn't exist at the time the Old Town was the town. As far as old towns go in this part of the world (nearly every major town or city has its own Stari Grad), the one at Bar is small, but beautiful. Some of the fortress walls are in good condition and it's easy to imagine it as it once would have been. It was nearing sunset and the hills were glowing behind us and the sun sparkling on part of the Adriatic Sea in front of us. At this time of day it must be one of the most beautiful spots in Bar.

The main entrance was decorated with peach ribbons. "There's a wedding here," Dino said. The Old Town, along with King Nikola's Palace by the beach and the grounds around Bar's famous olive tree (it's more than 2000 years old) are popular wedding locations here.

As we went up into the grounds, the wedding guests were coming down, the women struggling on the rocky path in their heels. "Ah I know the people getting married," Dino said. That didn't surprise me. Bar has a population of about 20,000 people and everyone knows everyone and their grandparents. When I walked around the city I frequently saw people stop to chat to each other, or beep the car horn and wave out the window at someone. It's not a big place. When we came back down, there was music coming from where the wedding was. "Come on," Dino said

and walked around to the entrance. I followed, shaking the hand of the city official who authorises marriage certificates on the way.

THE CEREMONY

The newlyweds were surrounded by musicians and some of the guests. The bride was dancing and throwing her hands up in the air, doing well not to spill her champagne. The music was loud—lots of drums and horns—and a few flower girls were covering their ears. I joined the rest of the guests at the back, clapping along.

From the party scene in front of us and the table of food and drink I assumed official proceedings were over and this was the reception. "This isn't even the reception," Dino said. "They just signed the certificates." All this celebration was just an interlude. When we left, the bride was dancing on a chair. We had coffee in the Old Town and heard the music getting louder. Then it was replaced by car horns. Dino explained the guests would now make their way to the reception in a convoy that would have right of way through the city. "They won't stop for red lights."

MONTENEGRIN TRADITIONS

92

Later that night I mentioned how much fun the wedding looked like, compared to the standard in Australia. Dino laughed and warned that what I'd seen was nothing. Then he showed me part of his brother's wedding video.

← It started in the groom's bedroom. His family and friends were dancing around

the room, while one man, the designated flag bearer, waved [a] pole with a Montenegrin flag and a towel tied to the end. The flag bearer is usually a distant cousin from the father's side and

sharing the same last name as the groom. It's a prestigious position and one carried out with pride. He led the dancing guests through the house before everybody made their way in convoy to the bride's house. Each car had a towel attached to the bonnet to indicate it is part of the wedding procession.

At the bride's house her family was lined up to greet the guests; first the men, then the women. There's another parade through the house and more dancing before everyone sits down for a drink. Many of the women stand and dance while waving small handkerchiefs. At this point the bride is still tucked away getting ready. The groom is back at his house, possibly alone, unless someone opted out of going to the bride's.

Then it's back to the groom's for more socialising before everyone goes home to get ready for the ceremony. The wedding, quite literally, lasts all day. A wedding with less than 150 guests is considered small. The average is perhaps 200 to 300 and usually it's the parents who compile the guest list, knowing who should and shouldn't be invited. I read that King Nikola turned a Montenegrin tradition of newlyweds planting an olive tree on their wedding day into law, but I forgot to ask if that was still the case.

I've seen a lot of weddings take place around the world, but this is the first time I've walked into the event. It's as close as "wedding crashing" as I think I'll ever get.

SOURCE: http://pegsontheline.com/politely-gatecrashing-a-weddingin-montenegro/

THINGS

THINGS. PRACTICAL On Umbrella Morals Alpha of the Plough (Alfred George Gardiner) 1916

A sharp shower came on as I walked along the Strand, but I did not put up my umbrella. The truth is I couldn't put up my umbrella. The frame would not work for one thing, and if it had worked, I would not have put the thing up, for I would no more be seen under such a travesty of an umbrella than Falstaff would be seen marching through Coventry with his regiment of ragamuffins. The fact is, the umbrella is not my umbrella at all. It is the umbrella of some person who I hope will read these lines. He has got my silk umbrella. I have got the cotton one he left in exchange. I imagine him flaunting along the Strand under my umbrella, and throwing a scornful glance at the fellow who was carrying his abomination and getting wet into the bargain. I daresay the rascal chuckled as he eyed the said abomination. "Ah," he said gaily to himself, "I did you in that time, old boy. I know that thing. It won't open for nuts. And it folds up like a sack. Now, this umbrella... "

93 ← But I leave him to his unrighteous communings. He is one of those people

who have what I may call an umbrella conscience. You know the sort of person I mean. He would never put his hand in another's pocket, or forge a cheque or rob a till-not even if he had the chance. But he will swap umbrellas, or forget to return a book, or take a rise out of the railway company. In fact he is a thoroughly honest man who allows his honesty the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps he takes your umbrella at random from the barber's stand. He knows he can't get a worse one than his own. He may get a better. He doesn't look at it very closely until he is well on his way. Then, "Dear me! I've taken the wrong umbrella," he says, with an air of surprise, for he likes really to feel that he has made a mistake. "Ah, well, it's no use going back now. He'd be gone. And I've left him mine!'

It is thus that we play hide-and-seek with our own conscience. It is not enough not to be found out by others; we refuse to be found out by ourselves. Quite impeccable people, people who ordinarily seem unspotted from the world, are afflicted with umbrella

WELCOME TO A CITY

morals. It was a well-known preacher who was found dead in a first-class railway carriage with a thirdclass ticket in his pocket.

And as for books, who has any morals where they are concerned? I remember some years ago the library of a famous divine and literary critic, who had died, being sold. It was a splendid library of rare books. chiefly concerned with seventeenth-century writers, about whom he was a distinguished authority. Multitudes of the books had the marks of libraries all over the country. He had borrowed them and never found a convenient opportunity of returning them. They clung to him like precedents to law. Yet he was a holy man and preached admirable sermons, as I can bear witness. And, if you press me on the point, I shall have to own that it is hard to part with a book you have come to love.

Indeed, the only sound rule about books is that adopted by the man who was asked by a friend to lend him a certain volume. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't." "Haven't you got it?" asked the other. "Yes, I've got it," he said, "but I make it a rule never to lend books. You see, nobody ever returns them. I know it is so from my own experience. Here, come with me." And he led the way to his library. "There," said he, "four thousand volumes. Every-one-of-'em-borrowed." No, never lend books. You can't trust your dearest friend there. I know. Where is that Gil Blas gone? Eh? And that Silvio Pellico? And... But why continue the list... He knows. HE KNOWS.

And hats. There are people who will exchange hats. Now that is unpardonable. That goes outside that dim borderland of conscience where honesty and dishonesty dissemble. No one can put a strange hat on without being aware of the fact. Yet it is done. I once hung a silk hat up in the smoking-room of the House of Commons. When I wanted it, it was gone. And there was no silk hat left in its place. I had to go out bareheaded through Palace Yard and Whitehall to buy another. I have often wondered who was the gentleman who put my hat on and carried his own in his hand. Was he a Tory? Was he a Radical? It can't have been a Labour man, for no Labour man could put a silk hat on in a moment of abstraction. The thing would scorch his brow. Fancy Will Crooks in a silk hat! One would as soon dare to play with the fancy of the Archbishop of Canterbury in a bowler—a thought which seems almost impious. It is possible, of course, that the gentleman who took my silk umbrella did really make a mistake. Perhaps if he knew the owner he would return it with his compliments. The thing has been done. Let me give an illustration. I have myself exchanged umbrellas—often. I hope I have done it honestly, but one can never be quite sure. Indeed, now I come to think of it, that silk umbrella itself was not mine. It was one of a long series of exchanges in which I had sometimes gained and sometimes lost. My most memorable exchange was at a rich man's house where I had been invited to dine with some politicians. It was summer-time, and the weather being dry I had not occasion for some days afterwards to carry an umbrella. Then one day a sensation

reigned in our household. There had been discovered in the umbrella-stand an umbrella with a gold band and a gold tassle, and the name of a certain statesman engraved upon it. There had never been such a super-umbrella in our house before. Before its golden splendours we were at once humbled and terrified—humbled by its magnificence, terrified by its presence. I felt as though I had been caught in the act of stealing the British Empire. I wrote a hasty letter to the owner, told him I admired his politics, but had never hoped to steal his umbrella; then hailed a cab, and took the umbrella and the note to the nearest dispatch office.

He was very nice about it, and in returning my own umbrella took all the blame on himself. "What," he said, "between the noble-looking gentleman who thrust a hat on my head, and the second noble-looking gentleman who handed me a coat, and the third noble-looking gentleman who put an umbrella in my hand, and the fourth noble-looking gentleman who flung me into a carriage, I hadn't the least idea what I was taking. I was too bewildered by all the noble flunkeys to refuse anything that was offered me."

Be it observed, it was the name on the umbrella that saved the situation in this case. That is the way to circumvent the man with an umbrella conscience. I see him eyeing his exchange with a secret joy; then he observes the name and address and his solemn conviction that he is an honest man does the rest. After my experience to-day, I think I will engrave my name on my umbrella. But not on that baggy thing standing in the corner. I do not care who relieves me of that. It is anybody's for the taking.

SOURCE: Pebbles on the shore

THINGS. AWESOME 1000 Awesome Things **Neil Pasricha** 01.05.2008

1000 Awesome Things is just a time-ticking countdown of 1000 awesome things. Launched June, 2008 and updated every weekday.

#1000 BROCCOFLOWER

About two years ago I noticed something funny as I flipped through a grocery store flyer. On the produce page was an ugly, green-looking cauliflower, with the caption "\$2.99! Broccoflower!" It was hilarious. A green cauliflower labelled as a Broccoflower. The bizarre misfit child from two of nature's most hideous vegetables. The best part is that people usually don't believe me when I mention it and, to top it off, I've never seen it advertised since-like the mutant

Broccoflower was shunned by society and has since flown home. AWESOME!

#996 OPENING AND SNIFFING A PACK OF TENNIS BALLS

Not too many things that aren't soda sound like soda when they're opened. But tennis balls do, and that's part of their beauty. You just snap back that tab, hear that pshhhhh sound, and then catch a whiff of those vacuum sealed, Korean-factory packed, hot rubbery plastic fumes. Tennis anyone? AWESOME!

#991 REALLY, REALLY OLD TUPPERWARE

Found in dusty kitchen cupboards and dishwasher top-shelves across this wide, great land, really, really old Tupperware is as handy today as it was twenty, thirty, forty years ago. That famous Tupperware "burping seal" still holds strong, and you can bet your boombox that banana bread will stay moist, those chopped celery sticks crisp, that leftover lasagna slice fresh. Yes, all is well in this tight vacuum-sealed Chamber of Taste-Preservation.

Really, really old Tupperware is mostly found in three colors: Stovetop Green, Pylon Orange, or The Core Of The Sun Yellow. Optional features include novelty 1950s floral patterns or deep tomato stains, from that time someone put leftover chili in there and shoved it in the back of the freezer for two years.

One thing I enjoy doing is thinking about all the different kinds of food a particular piece of Tupperware has tupperwared shut over the years. Apparently Tupperware has been around since 1946, so we're talking about the full tastebud timeline-from lard burgers, creamed corn casseroles, and Jello salads to hemp brownies, parsley soup, and tofu cookies to pizza pockets, Hungry Man leftovers, and astronaut ice-cream pellets.

Really, really old Tupperware has been there, sealed that, and lived to tell the tale. It's a throwback to the simpler life, when things like airtight seals meant something. Something real. Something honest. Something worth believing in. AWESOME!

#973 SLEEPING IN NEW BED SHEETS

You know the feeling: you just spent five minutes chasing all the corners of the elastic form-fitting bottom sheet around your bed and then you laid and tucked the top sheet tightly into the mattress. You found some pillow covers in the linen closet, squeezed and shook your pillows in there, put your blanket over all of it, took a deep breath, and then just dove right into the fresh, cold, mothball-smelling sheets.

New sheets are great because they don't smell like #957 THE TELEPHONE The Sleeping You, with your armpit hair all squishing around in there all night, your drool leaking all over the pillows, and your crusty old feet flaking off into little piles of dead skin shavings at the foot of the bed. And let's not forget the hot farts you pop out

when you're sleeping, too, Don't deny it! We're all disgusting when we're asleep, and new bed sheets are great for letting us temporarily escape our own filth. Really, only one thing can add to that new bed sheet feeling and that's when it's your first seasonal sleep in thin, cotton summer sheets or thick, linen winter sheets. As you close your eyes softly, crickets chirping outside your window, moonlight and tree branches shadow-dancing on the walls, you know right then and there: It's going to be a good night. AWESOME!

#968 BARBECUE LIGHTERS

Shouldn't all lighters be replaced by barbecue lighters? They're not much more expensive, but they're so much more practical. No burning of the fingers. No getting your thumb all scraped. No trying to find this tiny little lighter that could be anywhere. You can't lose a barbecue lighter. The thing's the size of a fork. Sure, it's got a little more weight, but it still fits in the average purse or pocket. And you can control the size of the flame! That's gotta be worth something. I think everyone should start carrying these things around instead of regular lighters. And who knows, you might actually have to light a barbecue sometime. So there you go. AWESOME!

#962 BEING THE GUY ON THE CONSTRUCTION CREW WHO GETS TO HOLD THE STOP SIGN

Sometimes you drive by those construction workers and you just can't believe what they're going through. Everyone's face is covered in hot soot, sewer grease, and rain. One guy is up to his neck in the road, another is jackhammering his spinal column into dust, and then there's the guy driving the big roller, smearing steaming asphalt around like butter. And littering all these folks are the guys cranking pickaxes into the ground and the ones trying to steer big, clunky bulldozers down the narrow gravel shoulder beside the ditch. Of course, everyone on the team's losing brain cells by the minute from the fumes which smell like a jammed laser printer had sex with a gas station. If you happen to be working on a team of construction workers, then I think you're pretty lucky if they hand you the job of being the guy who gets to hold the Stop sign. You must be either the grizzled veteran who earned each day of the Stop sign job with each slipped disc over the years, or you're the skinny, baby-faced newbie who nobody trusts within a quarter mile of the job site.

Either way, if you can handle the guilt then your iob's, well... AWESOME!

What's this? I can talk into a clump of plastic and wires over here and you can hear me from the other side of the planet a millisecond later? AWESOME!

←#948 THE MAN COUCH The Man Couch is any couch conveniently located near the change rooms in a women's clothing store.

You can tell which one's The Man Couch, because it's generally covered in man. Most are either text-messaging, napping illegally, or staring straight ahead, jaws dropped, pupils dilated, and completely zoned out, their arms full of purses and plastic bags from other stores

Now, The Man Couch really is good for everybody: For women, it gives them a convenient place to find their male shopping companion. There they are, right outside the change room!

This is much better than having to track them down in the magazine section of Borders or in the EB Games by the food court, for instance. Also, it's great knowing your purse is safe and there's an opinion available if you want it.

So thank you, The Man Couch. Without you our calves would be burning even more, our boyfriends would be over at the record store, and we'd all be sitting on the floor.

The Man Couch, ladies and gentlemen! AWESOME!

SOURCE: http://1000awesomethings.com

THINGS, HIDDEN Is That an Ice Cream Truck? Ava Apollo 28.09.2010

Growing up, the sound of a monotone children's song getting louder as it cruised down my suburban street was cause for celebration. The ice cream man was coming!

Imagine my surprise when I heard this song outside my window in my little flat in Taipei! Crazy, right? The ice cream man comes in Taipei too. Or so I thought. Luckily, I had a local roommate who was used to having foreigners (yours truly) living with her, so she gently explained to me that it was actually the garbage truck that I was hearing.

← Yes, the garbage truck plays monotone 95 children's tunes.

It does this because in Taiwan, there are certain days the trash man comes around, and you had better be ready for him with everything sorted and ready to go. One can't simply jumble everything together. Everything must be sorted, with foods, recyclables, and all else in separate, paid bags bought from 7–11 (which serves as the trash bill). Masses of people congregate on trash night waiting to hear this tune, so that they can give their trash to the trash man, and then go on their merry ways.

TAKE A NUMBER

Waiting in line is frustrating. People always cut, save spots, push and shove.

This is not a problem in Taipei, where you simply take a number. Lucky for us, they've extended this concept beyond ice cream stores. The visa office, bank, coffee shop, and many other places that are notorious for long lines are simplified. Even better, numbers are universal, so one need not know Chinese perfectly in order to make sense of one's spot in line.

HI, I'M FOREIGN

Given my lanky, light brown haired, pretty-obviouslynot-Asian looks, I was stared at guite a bit and heard "Wai-guo ren!" (foreigner) quite a lot as well-particularly at first. I guess I can blame that on the fishout-of-water aura I must have been exuding.

Initially, I took this all as a bit of an insult. Of course, the word "foreigner" carries a lot more negative stigma to me, since I grew up in a place where such a word is more commonly used in a derogatory way. I came to learn that in Taiwan, the the word "foreigner" is meant more as "guest". So that's how I'd suggest taking the label.

You're a guest at a fabulous party called Taipei, where there's always something to do, something to eat, and people to see.

UMBRELLAS EVERYWHERE!

I had to add this in after a conversation with a confused Canadian friend of mine in Taipei. When he first moved there, he thought the umbrellas outside of shops were just there for the taking. Each time he left a convenience store, if he was met with rain (which is almost daily. We're talking about a tropical island here, you guys), he'd just grab an umbrella as he saw fit. I just about died laughing after explaining to him that there was no communist umbrella-sharing program in Taiwan. Homeboy was stealing without even realizing it.

So, what I thought didn't even need to be said clearly does need to be said: buy your own umbrella in Taiwan, folks.

I CAN DO THAT AT 7-11?!

7-11 at home is good for two things: buying expensive beer and buying expensive candy. But in Taipei? It's used to pay bills, conduct transactions of monies, buy yummy tea eggs, and even those neat trash bags I explained in point number one. How novel!

I MIGHT DIE IN THIS CAB

Lastly, I'd like to touch on the scary, scary experience that is riding in a Taiwanese taxicab. In a big city where vespas rule the road, painted lines on the street don't seem to matter, and alleyways are barely big enough for two people to walk through, let alone a car, one can imagine that riding in cabs might be a terrifying experience.

A cheap one, but still terrifying.

Use the mass rapid transit system instead, folks. It

has won awards, and rightly so. Or your feet. SOURCE: http://www.myseveralworlds.com/2010/09/28/ curious-things-about-life-in-taipei/

THINGS, MOVING Tales from the Taxi Uncle Taxi Uncle 14.04.2012

In Singapore, taxi drivers are more familiarly known as "Taxi Uncles". These men consider themselves the metaphorical eyes and ears of society-they see all and hear all. Forget newspapers and news programmes, these men give you the true "public sentiment on the ground".

I ride the taxi guite often, given the nature of my work. So I do have a fair bit of chance to interact and communicate with these men. Depending on factors such as the time of day, month, year, weather and the traffic condition, among others, you can be sure that the topics of conversation range from the simple to the very strange.

Sometimes you can never be ready for the verbal vomit they launch at you.

Some of these Taxi Uncles don't seem to understand that at 1 am in the morning, the last thing you want to talk about is why one is working so late and what one does for a living. Or that you really don't want to hear [a] justification of the latest taxi fare hike.

On the flipside, there are genuinely nice ones who leave you to slump in their taxi and rest as they drive in silence back home.

Then there are those who hold you hostage with their monologues as they navigate a long traffic jam. It is especially traumatic for me when these monologues are in Mandarin. Despite being Chinese-Singaporean, my Mandarin conversational skills are not up to scratch.

However, these random conversations with taxi drivers led me to post their soundbites on Facebook. Silly and "I'll be darned" as they may be, there always seemed to be something the Taxi Uncle could teach me.

Those posts got several "likes" and I was encouraged by friends to compile these quotations on a blog or in a book.

So, after a round of mulling and out of boredom, I decided to take this public through Tumblr. It's my first time using it-l've been a bona fide Bloggeruser for ages.

But my blogging days are over, and I wanted some-

Uncle too (subject to my editorial rights of course). This project isn't going to survive purely on my own taxi rides lah. Honestly, I don't take the taxi that much, and neither am I going to mine every single taxi driver for a petty soundbite just because! That's just stupid. So I'd love for you to share an experience, summarised into a quote, with a Taxi Uncle. It can be funny. wistful, whatever. So long as you deem it worthy and you're not letting Taxi Uncle down by quoting him. Perhaps I started this also to give some voice to the Taxi Uncle. Actually, these guys are held in universal disdain by the average Singaporean motorist.

← The Taxi Uncle is notorious for cutting 96 lanes without signalling, violent braking at the road shoulder to pick up / drop off

passengers, reckless driving, changing shifts, lurking around during the hours of 11 onwards and refusing flag-down so that they can charge you for midnight surcharge... the list of Taxi Uncle transgressions is long. Just ask anyone. Like my mom. But sometimes when you hear them out, and sit in their taxi driver seat, the world takes on a different colour. They tell you about lost jobs, abusive customers, high taxi rental rates (it's a daily rental rate here in Singapore)... and you start to empathize and commiserate.

So they aren't all bad, really.

Some do have the most astute comments to make on life and the world at large. Like the one who told me I was normal and there shouldn't be a reason why I wasn't married and the other who said his daughter was a NASA scientist. A bit terrifying I thought. hope this gives you sufficient impetus to share! looking forward:

THE HEARING AID

Today I got into a cab for a short trip—and the uncle turned around and told me, "Girl ah-I cannot hear you le - my hearing aid isn't working" and handed me a piece of paper to write my destination down.

He looked at the paper—turned around and told me: "oh you mean near the 24 hour prata shop? Ok la l take you there".

We got there in 5 minutes-and he never turned around to ask for directions thankfully-it would have been interesting passing notes up and down.

He did however go into a long monologue about his new vegetarian lifestyle, and the best places for a cheap and good vegetarian meal. Being a vegetarian myself, I wrote a short note to him, inviting him to lunch where he dropped me off.

He just called to accept (who would have thought it). I now have a lunch date with a deaf and vegetarian taxi uncle. Here's to hoping he'll have more suggestions for me. :)

WISE WORDS FROM A HARDWORKING TAXI UNCLE

Taxi Uncle: Girl-without a degree in this country you are nothing. Look at me? I'm an O'Level passthing with a "social"-edge and capability to it. Plus, it worked for a major MNC but I was made redundant allows anyone to post their experiences with the Taxi because I wasn't qualified enough. I'm driving 12

Walking Around 185

versity degree. My oldest son is in Australia already. What have you studied ah girl?

Me: Uncle I have a Masters Degree.

Taxi Uncle: Waaah—you must earn a lot of money right?

Me: I earn decently.

Uncle goes quiet for a while. I was fiddling with my phone.

Taxi Uncle: How much a Masters Degree cost ah? Me: I paid about \$40K for mine.

Taxi Uncle: Ok set-I'll call up my bank and save for the kids' Masters Degree also. Degree very important la. Me—I can still drive a few hours more each night—no problem.

I've never really thought about the sacrifices my parents made to put me through college until then. I went back home and hugged my parents. SOURCE: http://taxiuncletales.tumblr.com/about

THINGS. HELPFUL Jesus Drinks a 40 Oz. Korpics 28.05.2011

I saw Jesus on the train the other night at 125th street. He parted the closing doors, crossed the gap and sat down next to me. He looked tired.

We were in a communal six-pack seat, three facing three, and Jesus guickly put his sandals up onto the empty seat across from him. They were the feet of a man who worked hard for a living, who wasn't afraid of getting a little dirty, but maybe was afraid of a regular shower. I didn't begrudge him this. Who am I to judge the king of kings. He threw his dusty hemp satchel on the seat between us, produced a cold 40 oz. and took a long deliberate pull from the bottle. Long day Jesus? I asked.

With a glance my way his eyes said yes.

What's on your mind, saviour?

the city, preaching to the sinners, offering salvation, then back on the 5:25 to Chappagua, up the next morning to do it all again. Some days I don't know why I do it. Don't know if I made a single bit of difference in the world. Plus I have ideas. Big ideas. And nobody listens, you know?

Chappaqua? I asked.

Seriously? Cuz you don't strike me as... Another look from the son of god, this time different. Annoyed.

Another long hard pull on the suds.

hours a day now to make sure my children get a uni- train is just a dead end ride. You pull into the Grand Central and you don't even know how you got there. You haul your bag to your desk, you drag through meetings and emails, and you wind up back on this train thinking, what the hell did I even do today? Did I make a profit? A guota? A difference? Water flowing under ground man.

> That's it! said Jesus, obviously appreciating the Talking Heads reference.

That's it exactly. I ride this train every day just to do right, man, to do the lord's work. I strap on my sandwich board (how did I miss that in the overhead rack?). I stand at 44th and Broadway and I shout for anyone who will listen that the day is coming. The day when all of us will have to account for our actions and be judged. The end is near brother, and no matter how loudly I preach the truth outside of the Viacom building or the M&M store or the Lion King or that place that sells sketchy cameras and computers, nobody listens. Nobody understands. Nobody BELIEVES.

← I understood. Nobody likes to be Q ignored or marginalized, to feel insignificant or unheard, and as much as I sym-

pathized with his situation, I quickly realized that this man wasn't Jesus. Just a dude with dirty dreadlocks and a slightly odd take on life. Maybe I wanted him to be Jesus, because honestly how cool would that be to ride the 5:25 with Jesus. Or maybe he liked being Jesus and we were each feeding off of each other's needs at this particular time in this particular place. Either way, I knew it had to end. My stop was coming up and I felt the need to right the world and put it back on its normal axis.

Listen young man, if you want people to take you seriously in life, you should cut your hair, stop drinking in public and take your feet off the goddamn seat. He took a last long pull on the bottle. Fuck you, fake Jesus said.

Amen brother.

SOURCE: http://myeffingcommute.blogspot.sg/2011_06_26_archive.html

The grind, I guess, he said. Every day, in and out of THINGS. ANNOYING Flying off the Handle Will **Get You Handled**

(I'm at an airport, and the flight I'm on has been oversold. The representative calls over the PA system for volunteers willing to be bumped to another flight, in exchange for a free ticket. I am talking with the representative about changing my flight when a man storms up and begins berating the lone employee at the counter.)

Listen Jesus, I said. You're preaching to the choir. Employee: "I've found another flight on [airline] de-Some days are just hard, you know. Some days this parting in 15 minutes which would get you to your final destination half an hour later than your originally scheduled arrival. Is that okay?"

Customer: "This is outrageous. My family needs to travel together. I demand that you give my son a boarding pass at once! Stop helping other people!" Employee: "Sir, as I have already explained to you, your son bought a standby ticket, while you and your wife bought normal tickets. Your son will not be able to board this plane unless there are empty seats, and we are currently seeking 7 passengers willing to alter their travel plans. Please sit down and I will call you over if that becomes possible."

Customer: "No! I was talking to you first: you need to deal with me now!"

Employee: "Sir, I cannot help you if there are no empty seats, and there currently aren't, but there may be shortly if you will just wait."

Customer: "I shouldn't have to wait!" (I decide to speak up.)

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Me: "Excuse me, but you're making your own problem worse. I'm one of the 7 people who might be willing to get off this flight, for which I have a valid ticket, but only if the airline can reroute me. This man was trying to do so, but the flight he was going to put me on is leaving in less than 15 minutes. If he can't get me on that flight, I'm not getting off this one. There is only one employee here; if he is busy with you yelling at him, he can't process people being rerouted, and your son won't be allowed on this plane. If you want your family to travel together, get out of the way and let this man do his job."

(The customer walks off in a huff and goes back to sitting with his family, muttering all the while. Meanwhile, the employee speaks to me.)

> ← Employee: "Technically, sir, I have to instruct you to let the airline employees deal with the other passengers." *pauses*

"That said, I've booked you an exit row window seat for all of your remaining flights at no additional charge, and please accept these vouchers for meals valid today at any of the airports on your itinerary. in addition to the credit for a round trip ticket we had already mentioned. Here is your new boarding pass, and your new flight departs from [gate] at [time]." SOURCE: http://notalwaysright.com/flying-off-the-handle-willget-you-handled/26443

THINGS. INTIMIDATING Face-kini—Face Mask Bathing Suit 23.08.2012

← Dear fashionistas, this is not a congre-Q gation of superheroes, nor the Earth being attacked by aliens, nor a joke, so you are probably wondering, like me when I saw this picture, what is this about? Well, this is happening right now while I am writing this post in Qingdao, a city in eastern China. Also known in the West as Tsingtao, and for its beer, Qingdao is making a buzz on the internet thanks to some Chinese women and men wearing a full head mask to avoid the sun.

As they call it on the internet and on various Chinese social media channels, the "Face-kini" can be bought in any color with or without patterns of your choosing. Invented about seven years ago in Shandong in the east region of China, the "Face-kini" is just starting to make its way up to Chinese beaches as the "it" item this summer; I, personally, am confused. The "Face-kinis" are sold for 15 to 25 yuan, which translates to about 3 US dollars, and are easily purchasable on the internet, or I've been told can be easily found in your nearby costume store, just ask for a super tight superhero costume if the seller is not trendy enough to know what a "Face-kini" is.

Several comments have surfaced that state how "ridiculous", "a crime against the fashion world and simply clothes this Face-something is." What are your thoughts? Will the next Alexander McQueen fashion show be inspired by the folks of Qingdao?

In all seriousness, in many cultures, such as in Western culture, a tanned body means health and leisure. In China, a tan, dark color is connected to outdoor work and peasantry, so keeping a pale skin tone signifies someone who leads a successful life.

That is why the whitening markets are such huge businesses in China with brands such as L'Oréal, Nivea, and even luxury brands offering a wide range of whitening products. This trend is not only happening in China but also in other countries across Asia and even some in Africa.

So for the next beach party or pool party, fashionistas would you dare your friends or yourself to wear a Face-kini or, what I like to call them, a superheroes costume!?

SOURCE: http://ifashion-blog.com/fashion-news/china-2012-summercraziest-trend-face-kini-face-mask-bathing-suit

100-107 MEET ING FRIENDS

sport. This summer it won an award at the International Sports Fair in Munich. "It's like a virus," creator Thomas von Klier says. "And it's spreading fast."

FASTER AND LIGHTER

100 ← It all began on a boat. Sailor and passionate badminton player Bill Brandes was fed up of playing such a slow, wind dependent game and wanted something to be able to play on the deck of a ship.

More than seven years later, Brandes had developed a shuttlecock which was by far faster and lighter than the usual badminton shuttle. Together with a group of friends, Brandes founded a small firm and in the following years designed and developed special racquets and thought up simple rules for those who prefer a proper match.

For the winter, co-creator von Klier and his colleagues developed an indoor version using half a tennis court making it playable throughout the year. "It's like a drug," von Klier says. "Once you get hooked, you just can't stop."

FROM COBURG TO CAIRO

Von Klier has played Speedminton all over the world. Whether on the marketplace in Quedlinburg or in the deserts of Egypt, the lighting expert always takes his set of racquets and balls with him. While film makers and actors whiled the time away in endlessly long shooting breaks, von Klier would make the most of any welcome intermission and play—in the most unusual of venues. A pastime which soon attracted others on the film set: "Very often during shoots a real Speedminton craze broke out. And everyone wanted to take the game back home."

There are around 6,000 active Speedminton players in Germany. The German badminton community may comprise of more than 150,000, but Speedminton will soon catch up, inventor Brandes forecasts. "Badminton is an old tradition in Germany. But for young people it is just too boring."

ACTIVE AT NIGHT

Boredom is an unknown word among die-hard "Speeders." Their logo is a lizard: "Lizards are fast, agile and in particular—active at night." So are Speedminton players: When dusk falls over Berlin's tall town houses and first lights in dark apartments go on, Speedminton players get ready for a long, colorful night. Players decorate bare arms and legs with fluorescent paint, black lights are set up and techno beats make loudspeakers vibrate. On these nights "Speedminton" becomes "Blackminton" and players—using luminous shuttlecocks—play until deep into the night.

Sometimes strange things happen during these nightly outings. One evening, von Klier's shuttlecocks kept on changing course. "At first I thought I had drunk too much," he says, with a laugh. "But it was just confused bats."

SOURCE: http://www.dw.de/new-speedminton-craze-takes-off/ a-951494

MUSIC The Techno Parade Gerrit Wissink 10.05.2012

Ah, the beloved techno parade. The biggest free outdoor musical event in the city, the parade began as a protest against the government's repression of electronic music when it became popular in the early '90s. Only in 1998 did its prime supporter, the Technopol, an association supporting electronic music, persuade the government to recognize it as a musical culture.

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march that seemed like it belonged in Berlin or Rio. The juxtaposition of the floats against the Haussmannian buildings lining the parade route completes the surrealist experience. Get to this event and you'll forever be a part of its fans who—

← I had just gotten into electronic

music and fully enjoyed this rowdy

sorry for this—rave about it. The action then moves to clubs when night falls. This

year's theme, "Indepen' Dance," was chosen to celebrate the political changes sweeping the world!

As you may get from the name, the entire affair is simply insane. Imagine the biggest gathering you have ever been to, put that on the streets of Paris, add super-loud electronic music, and let the chaos ensue. Hundreds of thousands of people flooded the streets and flowed the parade from Nation to Place d'Italie. For me and my friends, we followed four different trucks for three hours and only had moved three blocks... walking and dancing takes time, apparently. In hindsight, we were especially lucky to have the best weather since we've been in Paris this day.

I personally love the event. Crowds normally aren't my thing, but in this case the more the merrier. There truly is something liberating about dancing in the street. The craziest stuff I witnessed: a guy rollerdancing (dancing on rollerblades) between the crowd. Kids dancing on a parked car that was obviously not theirs. Joseph's wild dance moves that burnt him out after 10 minutes. A dude drinking through a zebra patterned latex full body suit...

SOURCE: http://blogs.cornell.edu/cuagpw28/

SCHOOLS Columbia University's All-Digital GSAPP Abstract Causes Architecture Students to Revolt Karen Wong 02.04.2013

Something was afoot on the Columbia University campus last Wednesday. As dusk set in, students of the Graduate School of Architecture, Planning and Preservation gathered to launch plastic objects through the top-floor windows of Avery Hall. A source on site reported this surreal Magnolia-like scene, except instead of squishy frogs descending from the sky like in the Paul Thomas Anderson film, you had copies of GSAPP's 2013 Abstract hurtling through the air.

The Abstract is the all-important year-end document archiving student work chosen by the faculty, and the architects-in-training were none too happy with the latest edition. While 2012's controversial catalog featured a potato on the cover and three large holes drilled through the book, this year's was even more daring. Conceived by graphic designer Stefan Sagmeister and edited by GSAPP fabrication director Scott Marble, the 2013 Abstract was nothing more than a cover of nodes, which opened to a plastic tray stamped with a website, where you could then download the "Abstract App."

> ← Students snapped. Never mind the demise of print: This tribe stands stoically entrenched in the smell of

ink, in the touch of uncoated paper. They may be reading their news and gossip online, but the Abstract is a sacred cow. It's a history of record, a proof of their achievement whose final resting place is the Avery Library, widely considered the finest architectural collection in the world—a reputation certainly not lost on the student body.

Adding insult to injury, the only printed text on the cover is: "Be More Flexible Stefan Sagmeister."

(Sagmeister's latest touring exhibition, "The Happy Show," at MOCA in Los Angeles, poses the question "what is happiness?" Dean Mark Wigley in his Abstract introduction makes an equally touchy-feely case that architecture's future is founded on trust and optimism in Columbia's educational process to "redefine the state-of-the-art.")

So a mini revolt took place, as students scattered their Abstract cases on the lawn: an ironic symbol of youthful rebellion from a generation unwilling to accept the future. But the Abstract App is stunning. At 775MB, it takes 20 minutes to download—and it's worth the wait. The vertical and horizontal scroll navigation is intuitive. Click on any illustration and it enlarges.

And let's be honest, images look better when they are backlit. The navigation bar at the bottom of the screen allows for filtering by different buckets— Chapters, Instructors, Students, Titles, Semesters,

PLAYING GAMES New "Speedminton" Craze Takes Off Louise Brown 25.08.2003

It's summer in Berlin, temperatures are rising and with it the desire to be out in the park and to relax in the fresh air. Barbeques are forbidden, picnics are boring, "speeding," however, is not—according to a growing number of young Berliners.

Officially called "Speedminton," the game—a mixture of tennis, squash and badminton—is the summer activity in the city. Played, until recently, in typical Berlin manner illegally in the city's parks, the game has now made its breakthrough as an official Locations—and the search bar function is, and I hesitate to type this, sexy. There's substantially more content, and yet the user experience is light and breezy. At one glance, the color-coded table of contents projects a school that is serious, diverse, intense, and fun. It's an attractive tool for education and a smart one for marketing.

The Abstract App is more than a book. It's a mini evolution of how to make dense material more accessible and digestible. Anyone can download, and best of all: It's free.

Middle-aged white men: 1

GSAAP Generation Y: 0

SOURCE: http://www.architizer.com/en_us/blog/dyn/81650/ columbia-university-abstract-controversy/#.UXK_sSuPhUs

STYLE The First Signs of Spring Eric Wilson 09.04.2013

 \leftarrow Ah, the first sunny and warm day of spring in New York. If you were out on Fifth Avenue at lunchtime, you

would have seen just about everyone smiling a bit more brightly than usual.

Why, there was Eliot Spitzer, the former New York governor, in his shirtsleeves, crossing 58th Street while talking on his cellphone about a court case. And two blocks farther down was Mary McFadden, wearing a long coat and a hat of indeterminate ethnicity, out shopping for an upcoming vacation to Bhutan. Bergdorf Goodman was packed with shoppers, and so was Barneys New York.

At Barneys, the pretty magazine and party people were all wearing bright colors, like Hannah Bronfman in a cropped pink sweater and a white tulip skirt; Lisa Airan in a pink knit dress; and Daniella Vitale, the store's chief merchant, in a sunny yellow top that matched the ranunculus in vases along a dining table set on the fourth floor for a lunch for the Belgian designer Cédric Charlier. Mr. Charlier's spring collection has been a hit at Barneys, so he is touring the stores this week in New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles

"It's the American dream," Mr. Charlier said.

For those who have not yet been introduced, Mr. Charlier started his signature collection last year in Paris, backed by the Italian manufacturing company Aeffe. He had previously been seen as a rising star for his flirty, print-driven dresses as the designer of Cacharel until the label shifted suddenly in another direction. It has taken a few seasons for the fashion crowd to get used to Mr. Charlier on his own, but pressure as they are expected to be heavy drinkers.

Ms. Vitale was one of his first supporters, buying the line after seeing just a few looks-minimalist dresses with subtle draping details and blasts of pure color. "I think it was a bit of a surprise," Mr. Charlier said. "People were not expecting to see clothes that fit closely to the body from me. They wanted prints." SOURCE: http://runway.blogs.nytimes.com/2013/04/09/ the-first-signs-of-spring/?_r=0

DRINKING Japan: Drinkommunication, When Drinking Alcohol Is a Social Obligation Scilla Alecci 12.09.2010

"In wine is truth", said the ancients. It is true that alcohol in limited quantities helps loosen one's inhibitions, but in Japan it is often used as a social lubricant in a society that still sees a necessary gap between one's real feelings and intention (honne) and what one says on social occasions (tatemae). Drinking with classmates or team mates when you are a student, or with colleagues when you are an employee is an important activity if you want to be part of the group. According to many, it is with a glass of beer or sake in hand that a new type of franker communication may occur, or a nomunication.

Nomunication (roughly translated as drinkommunication) is a term created by mixing the verb nomu (to drink) and the term 'communication'. It can be defined as an important part of becoming a social person, as it deals with the working etiquette of an employee, and was created to indicate the type of communication that is established between a superior with his junior colleagues over social drinks apart from the office.

Alcohol is, in some cases, a businessman's best friend as it is over a glass of shochu that the best negotiations happen.

← As with many other cultures, inviting clients to dinner is a common

habit in the Japanese working culture, and the so-called settai, often translated as 'business entertainment', is as important as the meetings that the company executives may have with their clients in the company offices.

If communication is a powerful tool in the hands of a salesman, it is sometimes the cause of pressure and stress for those junior employees who feel obliged to accept their superiors' invitation. Male employees are more exposed to this kind of

A recent discussion on Twitter brought to light this deep-rooted stereotype as Twitter user @shisetsu commented that he finds it unpleasant that it is taken for granted that everybody must drink alcohol. @shisetsu's few tweets sparked a debate on the habit of after-hours partying where colleagues often gather to drink alcohol at an izakaya as a way to relieve stress but sometimes to foster the relations among the team. While some other Twitter users agreed with him saying that sometimes they feel obliged to drink as everyone else does, @akcanon responded saying that drinking alcohol is part of a social duty for an adult.

WELCOME TO A CITY

@shisetu I think that if you don't drink, you must not simply say so but you must explain the reasons thoroughly. You are not a student anymore but an adult and being able to communicate is important in the working place. You are not getting paid only to do your work and that's it.

The swift reply by @shisetsu changed the tone of the conversation and later on made @akcanon apologize and reflect over the idea that being a working person is equal to being an alcohol drinker.

@akcanon I don't have any health reasons as to why I can't drink alcohol but my dad was an alcoholic and this resulted in domestic violence to my brother and me when we were children. So as a reaction to this, I don't drink at all. Explaining all this at a dinner and making the mood strained ... would this be the kind of atmosphere and communication that those who drink wish? There is no cause and effect relationship between valuing other people and drinking alcohol.

Working environments have been changing in the last years, mainly because of the economic crisis, and the system is collapsing. Some believe also that some social obligations like nomunication are becoming less pressing and fewer and fewer younger businessmen feel it as [their] duty to step their career up.

Probably to avoid the social pressure that drinking with acquaintances may cause, more and more people have also been choosing to have their drinking parties online in convenient virtual meeting places provided by major brewers, or in drinking chat sessions. Possible side benefits include no need for make-up for the women and probably no heavy drinking for the men.

SOURCE: http://globalvoicesonline.org/2010/09/12/japandrinkommunication-when-drinking-alcohol-is-a-social-obligation/

SPORT **Despite Cancellation. Marathon Continues** Anna Callaghan 06.11.2012

Thousands of people gathered around the skeleton of the New York City Marathon finish line in the middle of Central Park. The finish, usually a point of excitement, was reduced to a steel structure cloaked in blue and orange, the colors of the marathon. Though the race was cancelled, the runners were elated. They had come to do two things: to run 26.2 miles and to raise money for a cause.

The destruction wrought by Hurricane Sandy proved that organizers can assemble the perfect race, but they can't control the weather.

"Weather is always something that any event producer struggles with," Nick Curl, head of the Los Angeles Marathon said about dealing with unexpected conditions.

"You can have an inclement weather plan-all of the races do," he said, but at some point "there's just nothing you can do."

The hurricane hit New York six days prior to the marathon, shutting down the subway system and devastating the region with widespread power outages and heavy flooding. According to the Associated Press the storm has claimed at least 125 lives and caused \$62 billion in damage. The hardest hit areas like the Rockaways in Queens and Staten Island were just beginning to pick up the pieces, and many other areas were still without power and heat on race morning. The cancellation of the 2012 NYC Marathon left more than 47,000 runners at a loss both financially and emotionally. Some of them launched the Run Anyway 2012 New York City Marathon out of a desire to help and also to fulfill an obligation to run the distance. Lance Svendsen of Summit, N.J. saw the wreckage on Staten Island-normally the starting point of the marathon-while delivering food to support the recovery effort.

← When he learned the race had been cancelled, he thought he might run

the course anyway, an idea reinforced by a text message from a friend suggesting the same. Svendsen launched the Run Anyway page Friday on Facebook, which has since received 2.770 likes and has brought together runners from around the world. His idea was simple, to run 26.2 miles in Central Park and to support the recovery effort, focusing on Staten Island. Like many others, Svendsen was signed up to run the marathon to raise money for a charity and he felt the need to finish what he started.

"We all raised money for these causes," Svendsen said. "Let's do what we know how to do as runners. We know how to raise money, but let's raise support for people who need it right now."

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MONEY

Svendsen ran in memory of his uncle Roy who died of brain cancer in April. After only 30 days of training, he ran his own rendition of the NYC marathon, 26.6 miles through Central Park in four hours and 21 minutes, just like Roy had done in 1983.

The official marathon course takes runners through all five boroughs of New York City, a point of pride and unity among communities, and the city estimates it draws 2.5 million spectators. It would have led runners through neighborhoods devastated by the storm. The race was controversial for many reasons, including the fact that resources like generators, water, and manpower would be focused on runners when they should be diverted to storm victims. Initially looking to use the marathon as a unifier for New Yorkers, New York City Mayor Mike Bloomberg withdrew his support to hold the race after public outrage.

The cancellation of the race hinged on the question of whether to run or whether to focus support on the recovery. Run Anyway Marathon participants chose to do both. The group used the official finish line as an unofficial starting line, and sent out eight waves of about 200 runners each. In addition to raising money for their respective charities, participants sent five SUVs full of donations to Staten Island on Sunday and the movement raised \$16,000 in partnership with Renaissance Church (N.J.), where Svendsen is a member.

"It's about making the best of a situation that was given to you," Svendsen said.

Janine Azriliant, a New York City resident, reached the same conclusion. For Azriliant, the cancellation was bittersweet. The first-time marathoner running in memory of her mother was also struck by the devastation the storm had created.

"I was torn about whether I wanted to run," she said. Azriliant raised money for cancer research with a charity called Fred's Team. It was at a team dinner on Saturday night that they decided to run together, and Azriliant chose to unite with her team Sunday morning, both to run and to support the recovery effort. While many runners were local, some traveled great distances to run the race. Dick Vreukink of New Zea-

land spent more than \$12,000 to run his dream marathon. He understood why the decision needed to be made, but was upset by the cancellation.

"We're disappointed, but we decided we'd go to the park anyway," Vreukink said.

On Sunday, the substitute marathon was stripped to the core. No aid stations, no water bottles and no running through boroughs lined with cheering spectators. The movement to run embodied the same spirit and mission as the marathon: to run the distance and raise money for charity.

Though the New York Road Runners, the race's governing body, will record no finishers in 2012, the group estimates that the charitable funds raised will exceed \$35 million, slightly more than 2011 and tripling the amount raised in 2006. In response to the storm, NYRR made a \$1 million donation and partnered with the Rudin Family and the ING Foundation to raise an

additional \$1.6 million in aid for New Yorkers. Mary Wittenberg, CEO of the NYRR, announced that they chose to cancel the race "with heavy hearts." Many runners realized that the race is bigger than that; it didn't rely on pomp and structure. With their heavy hearts and subdued excitement they chose to run in memory of others.

Lance Svendsen wrote "Roy," his uncle's name, across his chest and was motivated by those who cheered him along, reminding his tired legs why he was doing this in the first place.

"We're not doing it for ourselves," he said. After the marathon, support and donations from Run Anyway continued to grow and the Facebook page had received only four negative comments.

"My smile hasn't left, even though my back is tight, my legs hurt and my lungs are sore," Svendsen added. SOURCE: http://acstylebook.wordpress.com/2012/11/06/ despite-cancellation-marathon-continues/

CRAFTSMANSHIP A Guided Tour of Asia's Largest Slum—Dharavi Revati and Charles from Mumbai, India 18.09.2012

Dharavi, the largest slum in Asia, home to 600,000 to one million people. Dharavi is the slum featured in the movie Slumdog Millionaire. While "slum tour" seems voyeuristic and a bit exploitative, some of the companies funnel 80% of their income back into the slum in the form of community centers, tutoring centers with computers, and sports teams for the children. Tourists are not allowed to take photos in order to respect the citizens.

Our friendly guide met us outside Mahim station. We waited a while for the rest of the group (a group usually comprises 7 people) and then walked down the road, and climbed a bridge over the railway track, and entered the industrial side of Dharavi. It was a Sunday, and surprisingly, everyone was busy working. A butcher greeted us cheerfully, asking if we wanted chicken or mutton, pointing to his neighbour who was bent over a large pot, making his Sunday Biryani. We waved at him and walked on, our feet squishing through black soil.

> ← The black soil led us to the recycling area, where we saw all our old things (from computers to shampoo bottles)

being broken down, separated, washed, dried, crunched into pellets, coloured, and packaged for trade. All of this was done by hand. We climbed onto the rooftops, for a brilliant bird's eye view of the slum. On the roof, you could see that every ounce of space is used for storage or industry. Our friendly young guide (a slum resident himself), talked us through every bit, answering any questions we had. Giving us the pure truth. No glamorized stories. How every house had electricity, legally paid for, and how postmen managed to make deliveries, and how the entire area was under proper police jurisdiction. In the distance, we saw the clothing industry that we had passed, finally setting up shop and drying the print-dyed cloth on the terraces.

Gradually we passed through several other industries, the aluminium one, where we had to cover our mouth and take a quick glimpse before we inhaled the toxic fumes that half naked labourers were working in, the soap factory (ever wondered where your leftover hotel soaps go?), the oil can washing and reshaping unit, the leather factory where leathers are preserved in salt and then sent away for tanning before they're returned for styling. It's amazing how everyone's trash is segregated so well that an entire patch was reserved only for plastic cups!

We were particularly impressed by the many industries within the slum, particularly in the area of recycling and textiles. The overall feeling was one of admiration for the citizens' ingenuity and industriousness.

SOURCE: http://different-doors.com/

TEACHING My Best Lesson: I Get My Psychology Students to Assess My Mental Health Natalie Minaker 03.11.2013

"Tell me and I'll forget; show me and I may remember; involve me and I'll understand." As teachers we have probably all come across this often repeated Chinese proverb; one of those snappy titbits of advice that gets flashed up on presentations during long uncomfortable inset sessions. Although it might be a cliché now, I always have interactivity in the back of my mind when lesson planning.

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up the seconds that the students have had to sit still listening to me. Like most teachers, my threshold for getting bored of my own voice is unnaturally high. but there comes a point, usually about 15 or so minutes into a lesson when the alarm goes off, and I have the urge to get the kids up and involved.

As a teacher of A-level psychology, the opportunities for involving pupils in interactive activities are vast. When possible, and where time allows, I get the students to replicate any psychological experiment that can be performed ethically and practically in the classroom. This is done either as a role play or as an experiment, with the students acting as (often unknowing) participants.

Giving the students the opportunity to experience the experiments of famous psychologists, such as Asch and Loftus, as if they were the original participants not only gives them a deeper understanding of the study, but also, and maybe more importantly, helps them remember what can otherwise be dry procedures and tables of numbers.

Recently, however, I ran aground slightly when I came to the famous study, 'On Being Sane in Insane Places'. How could I get the students to really understand the effect that a label of mental illness could have on our judgement? How could I get them involved?

A bit of background information for the non-psychologist: in 1973, psychologist David Rosenhan and his associates performed a groundbreaking study into the validity of psychiatric diagnosis. They presented themselves to a series of psychiatric institutions with a solitary fabricated symptom—an auditory hallucination-to get themselves admitted. They wanted to see how long it took for the doctors in the institutions to figure out that there was nothing wrong with them and for them to be discharged as sane.

To their surprise, however, not a single member of staff at the hospital caught on to the fact that there was nothing wrong with them. Once admitted to the hospitals, the researchers acted normally and showed no more symptoms. But their normal behaviour was interpreted as symptoms of their illness. Everyday human behaviour, such as writing on a notepad became "the patient engages in excessive writing behaviour" in the eyes of hospital staff.

In my lesson, I try to give the kids an insight into the effect of labelling. Before teaching Rosenhan, we learn all about observations as a research method. I inform the students that they will be performing their very own observation-observing me. I tell them that throughout the lesson, I will very subtly be showing signs of mental illness. Their job is to watch me and note down discreetly any time I do something which they think is a sign of mental illness.

I start by saying that I can hear a voice in my head saying, "thud, hollow, empty"-the same symptom that Rosenhan's pseudo-patients gave. I then give no further symptoms for the rest of the lesson and behave completely normally as I go about teaching a rather mundane lesson about observational techniques. And every year without fail, I see discreet little notes tak-

I have a metaphorical timer in my brain that counts en, as the students avidly watch for my madness. At the end of the lesson, I get the students to feedback to me all the various 'symptoms' that they saw. The students do exactly the same thing as the psychiatrists in Rosenhan's study; they interpret my ordinary behaviour as a sign of mental illness. Each vear I get different symptoms, but examples from the past have included: excessive laughing, playing with my hair, tripping over my words, forgetfulness, dropping a pen and paranoia (I looked through a window as someone walked past). Of course, these are things that I do in any other lesson, but as soon as I had given myself the label of 'insane', the students interpret my behaviour as a sign of insanity. I then feed back to them that the one solitary symp-

tom I had was the auditory hallucination. The vast majority of them are very surprised and they have no idea I've been playing games with them.

← We discuss the reasons why they found all of these signs of madness. Someone always says: "Because Miss, vou told us to look for it."

Precisely. Imagine that it wasn't just a game. Imagine that you had been labelled as a person with mental health problems. How would you ever prove otherwise? They learn a valuable lesson about labelling and it allows them to put the findings of Rosenhan's study into a context that they can understand.

Of course, I would only recommend doing this activity with a class that you have a good rapport with and only if you have a strong ego. You need to be thick-skinned to hear a list of all your little quirks and foibles being reeled off as signs of mental health problems. The feedback from the students, however, is overwhelmingly positive and they even forgive the necessary deception. But, importantly, it's a lesson that tends to stick with them, helps them remember the study and maybe, in some small way, alters their views.

SOURCE: http://www.theguardian.com/teacher-network/

teacher-blog/2013/mar/11/teaching-psychology-mental-illness-sanitv-mv-best-lesson

MUSIC Taking It to the Streets— **Busking Tips from Veteran Street Performers** Michael Gallant 21.09.2011

Performing to an appreciative audience doesn't always mean having to pitch a venue, schedule a gig, and pimp it far and wide. In fact, many skilled and experienced musicians choose to take their tunes to the streets, playing to informal audiences at train

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platforms, thoroughfares, and parks everywhere. Busking—a.k.a. street performing—can be a great way to hone your performance skills, bring your music to fresh ears, promote your shows and CDs, and earn some cash at the same time. But there are barriers to overcome, including knowing the law and overcoming the fear of performing in such an intimate and unfamiliar setting. Here are some tips from experienced buskers to help you make your own street performances successful.

WATCH OTHER STREET PERFORMERS

← "When I was just getting started busking, I would learn by watching jugglers and magicians in Seattle's

Pike Place Market," says Greg Pattillo, a beatboxing flautist and YouTube star with two decades of busking experience under his belt. "I used to take notes on how they would get a crowd, pass a hat for tips, and so on."

Observing strategies used by experienced street performers can help you know how to adapt to any performance situation and make your own public show a success. "Do other street performers announce each song or just play straight through? Do they make eve contact with their listeners? Does their repertoire change depending on who's there and what's going on?" asks Pattillo. "Keep these things in mind and, when it's your turn, try different approaches out and see what works for you. Which of these strategies gets people to open their wallets?"

KNOW WHAT'S LEGAL

When you decide to busk, the last thing you want is to have your spellbinding street performance interrupted by a ticket-wielding police officer. A quick internet search should give you a good idea of what's legal when it comes to public performances in any given community, and a call to a local police precinct or town hall won't hurt either. Be sure to ask not only about performing publicly, but about accepting tips or donations, and selling CDs, as well.

When it comes to laws, every community is different, says Charith Premawardhana, a violist who busked extensively for two years while a conservatory student. "I had a friend get a ticket for busking in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, for example, but if you're unamplified, you can play pretty much anywhere else in the city," he says.

Natalie Gelman, a singer, songwriter and native New Yorker, has nearly a decade of busking experience. She has received only one ticket during her career. "Generally, the cops will respect what you're doing as long as you're not making too much of a crowd, and if you're respectful of them as well," she says.

PACK LIGHT

Whether you're playing in a train station or local park, the less gear you have to lug, the better-especially

if you have to relocate on the fly due to rain, law enforcement, or any other number of factors outside of vour control.

Pattillo prefers the ease of a completely acoustic performance, while Gelman brings a minimalist gear setup to her busking dates. "I use a small, self-contained Roland Cube Street amp that's powered by rechargeable batteries," says Gelman. "I can go out at least three times on one charge, but I always carry back-up batteries as well."

EXPERIMENT WITH TIMES AND LOCATIONS

There's no magic formula by which to choose the ideal spot and schedule for your busking forays, so observation, trial and error, and word of mouth are good paths to follow.

Much of your choice when it comes to venue will depend on the character of your performance, and on your personality as a performer. As a flautist who prefers playing acoustically, Pattillo prefers spots that are relatively guiet, but still get a lot of foot traffic. For her part, Gelman seeks out areas frequented by tourists. "Travelers are a lot more loose than people who are from whatever town you're in," she says. "They have more free time to stop and listen and they're more open to whatever's coming into their world."

Safety is also a concern, and Gelman recommends busking in an area that is both well lit and provides you with a solid wall, statue, fountain, pillar or other structure behind you.

When it comes to timing, again, observing your local environment and asking around can give you an idea of when to strike. When playing classical music in San Francisco train stations, Premawardhana preferred early and late rush hours for maximum foot traffic; in New York City, Pattillo recommends between 10 am and 2 pm in order to intercept musicfriendly parents and babies, as well as the post-dinner rush when tipsy New Yorkers jump from one bar to another.

CHOOSE A DIVERSE REPERTOIRE THAT YOU CONNECT WITH

Regardless of whether you're playing gutbucket blues or bossa nova, make sure that your material of choice excites you. "I probably differ from about 90 percent of buskers in that I perform nearly all of my own music," says Gelman. "That's how I sell CDs. I connect most strongly to my own songs and people connect to that and respond to that in turn."

Within her own material. Gelman chooses material that may be bluesier, more rocking, or quieter depending on the vibe she gets from her listeners of the moment. Pattillo also emphasizes diversity: "Old ladies and young kids are going to like different kinds of music, so play one type of music to draw the old lady in, and while she's watching, play another piece of music that brings the kids in. Once you have a crowd, the crowd brings more people in, just by itself."

Pattillo often goes a step further, playing songs in tempo with people walking by in order to grab their attention. "You need to find a way to get into people's heads subconsciously," he says. "If you can get them to even look at you, that's the first step towards drawing a crowd."

Above all else, try different selections and see what draws audience attention. "We experimented with Mozart and Beethoven classic guartet music, but that tended to not work as well for earning money as popular classical standards like Pachelbel's Canon," says Premawardhana. "If people hear something that they know and love, they'll generally stop and put bucks in."

BRING PARAPHERNALIA

Whether you have postcards, a sign, or a banner, make sure you have something for people to read while they watch you, says Pattillo, "Signs are how I grab people's attention," adds Gelman, "And there's the added bonus that if people take photos and videos of me and they end up on YouTube, then my name is there in the video."

Gelman further advocates putting your personality into your physical busking setup. "I've seen people put out little carpets and set up tables to put their stuff on," she says. "I used to have a sign that said, 'take a card for good karma.' You can have fun with it." Beyond signage and postcards, having a CD to sell is important, even if the recording isn't professional, says Pattillo. "Sometimes people want to take a bit of that experience home with them, so be sure to give them the option to buy something they can hold on to."

GO WITH THE FLOW

"When you busk, don't take yourself too seriously," advises Gelman. "Honor that what you're doing is unpredictable and subjective to your audience, more than at any other place. If you can tune into that energy, you're going to have a much easier time."

Part and parcel of that philosophy is focusing not just on making money, but on connecting to the audience, spreading your name, and generally growing as a musician and a performer. "I always saw busking both as an opportunity to practice and to perform," says Premawardhana. "Singing or playing an instrument is like flying an airplane. The more flight hours you can put in, the better."

Pattillo agrees, pointing out that busking can give you valuable experience in front of a crowd, even if you don't earn a cent doing it. "I practice a lot in the practice room, but the second you have eyes on you, it changes the entire experience of performing," he says. Pattillo also sees busking as a prime opportunity to develop new material. He recently wrote a commissioned work for beatbox flute over a month of busking dates in the New York subway. "I brought a recorder to each show, practiced different ideas, and took note of what ideas worked and when people paid," he says. "After each performance, I worked on the piece, re-memorized it, and tried it again the next time."

GIVE, AND EXPECT, RESPECT

Since busking isn't generally as regulated as a club gig, it's important to be aware of your fellow street

performers. That means showing up early to claim prime busking locations, being friendly and respectful towards other busking musicians, and standing up for yourself when you need to.

"There's a fine line between being respectful to other people and being able to push back when someone's being a little disrespectful to you," Pattillo says. "Set yourself up in a place where you're not going to get in the way of other people busking. But that being said, I've set up in the New York subway before and had two loud hand drummers plop down 50 feet away. You have to have the confidence to walk over there and ask them to please respect you."

MANAGE FEAR AND HAVE FUN

"The first time I went to busk in New York City. I was 28 and had 14 years of busking experience already." says Pattillo. "But I was still terrified that I would mess up and that somebody would punch me in the face!" He plunged onward, though, and after breaking the ice, his trepidation vanished. "The only way to get over the fear is just to do it."

"There's something really special and sacred about street performers," continues Gelman. "You're bringing music to people who don't normally get to hear it. Try making jokes, or doing whatever you can to get people out of their shells. Just keep connecting and having fun."

SOURCE: http://blog.discmakers.com/2011/09/taking-it-to-the-streets/

GAMBLING Week 1—Day 1 On Wall Street The Wall Street Broker 09.11.2009

← Today I woke up at 5am in the morning. All trainees were to report to the building at 7:15am. I live in Central Jersev so there's at least a 1 hour 15 minute commute to Manhattan with no traffic. I felt surprisingly refreshed for having so little sleep; 5 hours versus my usual 9 to 10 hours. After putting on a \$600 Tommy Hilfiger navy pinstripe power suit and some elaborate burgundy shoes from Mezlan, I jumped into my roadster and sped to the bus station. I rolled into the lobby of the building at 7:10am. There were already maybe 9 recruits waiting by the desk. Many of them looked meek, confused, and restless. For those who have seen the movie, remember these lines from Boiler Room?

"That suit's dog shit, get a new suit."

"Alright ... I want to talk to you guys about appearance... okay... because most of you dress like shit. I don't know what your financial situation is... and I don't want to know, but you gotta get yourself at least one to make it. There will be cuts and there's nothing I decent suit because we have a kinda minimum level of aesthetic professionalism here that we have to maintain. In three months, you can outfit your whole closet, for now just get something to hold you over. There's an important phrase that we use here, I think it's time you all learned it. Act as if. You understand what that means? Act as if you are the fucking president of this firm. Act as if you have a 9-inch cock okay? ACT AS IF. And to do that properly, you need to at least look the part... so go get dressed."

Very true here. I don't know where some of these guys buy their suits. They are absolutely terrible with loose fitting jackets and pants bunching by the ankles. That's how you can always tell a new recruit from a senior broker at my firm. The senior brokers that came into the lobby were wearing these incredible looking fitted suits with power ties, designer sunglasses, and moving with a powerful stride. I believe the way you dress is important, not to purposely show off to others, but rather to feel good about yourself. It will help you feel like you're the fucking man, and once you feel like that, you will believe that, and then you become that. Men's Warehouse and SYMS sells plenty of nice suits at flexible prices, and if you really can't afford it, the first thing you should get when you make money is a decent suit. Also, shoes are important. What the fuck is it with the waterproof Rockports?

By 7:45am-8am, I made my way to the top floor with about 20 other trainees. We all basically sat in a room like a bunch of clueless morons for some time until the guy who hired us all, the business development HR rep strolled in to greet us, lets call him "G". He gave us a short speech and then left us alone for a while until the managing director of the firm came in to talk to us. This was basically his speech paraphrased...

"We run this place basically in two ways. One, like the Ritz Carlton and two, like the Navy Seals. We don't use Lincoln Town cars here. People get chauffeured around in Mercedes Benz with Cristal champagne. THINK BIG. We don't fuck around here. We train you to be the best broker on Wall St. If you want to go down the street and work for one of those ducks, go right ahead. They're crying because they're not making ANY money. No one cries here. You want to make \$25k, \$50k, \$150k, \$250k a month? You can do it here. We have guys who are 19 years old, first two months on their own, they're making \$100,000. There are young kids here with sick apartments and cars that their friends could only dream of having.

I go into a store, and I don't want to look at the price tag. I buy it. I do whatever the fuck I want. I take my friends out to dinner and pay for the meal before we order.

We're the fastest growing firm on the street right now and we're looking to have a 1000 strong staff in a year. We take the time to train you right here because we want everyone here to be big producers. Everyone here helps each other. If you put in the time, we'll put in the time to help you. Not all of you are going People always talk about escaping the 9 to 5. They

can do about that. Never give up. Stay hungry and vou will succeed."

Then the CEO got on the PA and said something along these lines...

"I want positive energy in this firm and I want people to think BIG. Some of you are like ohhh my client was brought down from \$5 million to \$2.5 million. Are you kidding me right now? Are you kidding me right now??? You're saying that, when you're in our beautiful office with our beautiful carpets, 42,000 square feet, 43 plasma TVs, marble bathrooms, and vou're being negative? I'm looking over some of these numbers and some of you guys are pathetic. I want everyone here to be working. No one here is going to sit around staring at their screens. NO ONE. No way no how, over my dead body. Every one of you will work and think big. We have one of the best analysts on Wall St, he gives you ideas, listen to him and pitch. We're on TV. We had Rudy Giuliani in here. We were shaking hands with Mayor Bloomberg. Every one of you will THINK BIG."

The rest of the day was pretty much spent trying to remember a one-page pitch that was given to all the recruits. We were told we have a few hours today and tomorrow to remember it, then some people may get cut based on that alone. I ordered my series 7 and 63 books on the way home.

SOURCE: http://wallstreetbroker.wordpress.com/2009/11/09/ week-1-day-1-on-wall-street/

SIMPLE WORK Why It Sucks to Be White Collar Charlie

The inspiration for this post came from an essay by Joshua Fields Millburn. The clincher line of that essay was this one:

I sat down with my boss and told him I wanted to move on with my life. I had worked at the same corporation for twelve years, diligently climbing the corporate ladder one rung at time, but it was time for me to move on. We worked out an exit plan together, and in a few months I was out of there without a definitive plan of how to live.

This bit jumped out at me because I know people like this. I know a lot of people like this. They all work white collar jobs. They hate them. They all have an exit plan or dream of one. Why is it like this?

White collar jobs suck. It isn't the desk or wearing a tie or even the responsibility that make those jobs suck. They just suck for some existential reason. This is virtually universal across the white collar world.

collar world along with 4 to 12 and 12 to 8.9 to 5 is definitely white collar.

Blue collar jobs don't have an exit strategy. I know some blue collar guys who wish they were country singers or lottery winners. But they never use the term "exit strategy." Only white collar people use that term. "Escape plan" is another one. For Joshua, it was "exit plan." It's all the same thing.

← The first time I had ever heard of an exit plan was back in the '90s when I had the only white collar college

degree requiring job I have ever had. Some of the other managers were gossiping about one of the upper managers who had amassed a small personal fortune thanks to saving and prudent investing. I estimated the guy was in his mid-50s. They envied him because the guy could now walk away from the bullshit. Work was a lifetime of living hell, and paradise was early retirement. I was horrified. I couldn't imagine spending a lifetime working merely in the hope of getting to a point where you didn't have to work anymore. It struck me as an empty and meaningless existence, and that is exactly what it was.

For Joshua, the exit came at the ripe old age of 30. I don't know if he enjoyed his job or not, but I'm guessing that he didn't from the essay. I know I didn't enjoy my job. I hated it. I hated the job so much that I began saving my money for the day that I would leave to find some other job. This became the famous Go to Hell Fund. I lived like a pauper to save that money, but it was worth it. When I left to go into the unknown, it was sweet relief. Every job I had quit before then had been sadness for me. This guitting was pure pleasure. I hated that job. On bad nights, I have nightmares about being back at that place. The only nightmares I have about my current job are about losing the job. The color of the collar makes a big difference.

The reason white collar jobs suck ties in to the Greek myth of Sisyphus. Sisyphus was condemned to roll a rock up a hill for eternity as punishment for his deceitfulness and wickedness. When the rock got to the top of the hill, it would roll down again, and Sisyphus would have to repeat his labor. For the Greeks, the greatest punishment was labor with futility. White collar workers know this futility all too well. Everything they do amounts to ceaseless senseless labor. This is seen in the way they despise meetings, emails, and endless fruitless discussions with co-workers, bosses, customers, and subordinates.

I think the punishment of Sisyphus ties in directly to his character. Sisyphus was avaricious and deceitful. He loved power and wanted to rule over others. He would betray people for the sake of his power. He had no principles except the Machiavellian principle that the end justifies the means. It was fitting that he should be condemned to labor with no rational end. Sisyphus is the white collar worker in both character and consequences.

White collar workers are avaricious and deceitful. They are without principle. This is why they are attracted

never talk about escaping the 8 to 4.8 to 4 is the blue to politics as opposed to labor. This is why they are quick to claim credit for things they did not achieve and equally quick to dodge blame for the things they did. This is a shitty way to live and work, so there has to be some sort of payoff to justify this sacrifice of mind and soul. This is where the exit plan comes into play. If you are going to resort to such atrocious means, there must be a suitable end. But with Sisy-

phus, that end is a mirage. The same applies to the white collar worker. Hell is a senseless existence. The opposite of Sisyphus is Prometheus. Like Sisy-

phus, Prometheus was crafty and deceitful, but he used his craftiness to steal fire from the gods and give it to humanity. Prometheus is considered a hero in Greek mythology because he used his knowledge to better humanity. He is the patron god of humanism and technology. He is the epitome of those who work today to actually produce things that are meaningful and useful to others. These would be blue collar workers, engineers, doctors, and the like. Unlike Sisyphus, Prometheus used his skills to better the world. Zeus hated Prometheus and condemned Prometheus to be chained to a rock where an eagle would eat his liver daily only to have it grow back again the next day to be devoured once more. Hercules would later rescue Prometheus because you can't let a good guy like that suffer for eternity. The relationship of Zeus to Prometheus is identical to that of management to labor.

One of the tricks that Prometheus pulled on Zeus was to offer two sacrifices. The first sacrifice was beef wrapped in a stomach. This looked awful on the outside but was very pleasing on the inside. The other offering was bones wrapped in glistening fat. This looked great on the outside but was awful on the inside. Naturally, Zeus chose the latter sacrifice.

The two sacrifices are an apt metaphor for blue collar jobs and white collar jobs. Blue collar jobs are the beef offering wrapped in a stomach. They don't look glamorous but are very satisfying. White collar jobs are the bones wrapped in fat. They look awesome and glamorous on the outside, but they yield misery and displeasure.

Joshua says as much in his essay:

Just one year ago, I knew I wasn't living a healthy life, I knew I wasn't focused on my relationships like I should be, I knew I wasn't pursuing my passions, I knew I wasn't growing as an individual, I knew I wasn't contributing to people like I should, I knew I wasn't living a meaningful life.

But according to most people—many of the people around me—I had it "figured out." I had the safe, impressive corporate job that nobody questioned and everyone could be proud of. I had the luxury cars, the oversized house, the superfluous stuff that was supposed to make me happy but never did. I also had the debt and the discontent that came with those things. I was a consumer, not a creator.

White collar jobs look good on the outside. In fact, you are encouraged to enjoy the "perks" that come with the job. This is merely sugar sprinkled on shit. The belief is that with enough sugar on it, that turd

you are going to eat might be enjoyable. It never is. A job that produces nothing of value or service to others is a worthless job. This is why white collar iobs suck. It isn't the office or the tie. It is the lack of belief in what you are doing. The human mind cannot tolerate this insanity without heaping doses of Nicole cognitive dissonance. The only antidote to a bullshit job is to do real work. Real work is anything that produces value or service to other human beings. Spending all day in pointless meetings or playing office politics does not achieve this aim.

WELCOME TO A CITY

It is possible to find meaning in white collar work. This is called "leadership." Leaders actually do serve humanity. The problem is that leaders are quickly cut down by their peers and their avarice. Good leaders don't last long in the world of politics. The ones who do last are very lonely and very rare. They tend to be renegades and mavericks. Most of the time, they get fired. The only thing you need to do to be a maverick in the corporate world is to be honest, virtuous, and consistent. These are the gualities we prize in real workers. Those same gualities make for a short career in the white collar world.

The only advice I can give to the dissatisfied white collar worker is to craft a better exit plan. Find meaningful work. Do whatever it takes. If you think the best part of life comes when you retire, you are a deluded fool living a wasted useless life. If you want your white collar work to be meaningful, become a renegade. They will find an exit plan for you. Or, you might be the next Steve Jobs and change the world. But probably not.

True satisfaction comes from honest work. It can be great or humble. It doesn't matter. What matters is that what you do be meaningful. Once you find that meaning, work ceases to be work. It becomes something else. Prometheus suffered the wrath of Zeus, but it was worth it. Sisyphus would have gladly switched places with Prometheus. This is because it is better to suffer for doing something great than to suffer for doing something meaningless. The only hell that exists is a life without purpose or meaning. SOURCE: http://charliebroadway.blogspot.sg/

PROSTITUTION A Dinner Date with Two: Maiko and Geiko 17.12.2012

They were the most beautiful things I had seenthough to label the two girls as 'things' seemed rude-with their perfectly combed hair and painted faces they were more akin to an Ando doll than human. We were enthralled: thrown into an ancient Japanese world, a world of karyūkai-the flower and willow world-the reality where the Geisha permanently reside.

Of all things, it is the powdered face and painted lips of a Geisha that has always been the image I associate most closely with Japan; the red circular lips on white face reminiscent of the country's flag and the Geisha culture are part of the rich cultural background that the country possesses. So to be in a room with these mythical creatures I was immediately placed under their spell.

> ← Each movement was slow and precise, each angular hand placement practiced for years before they could

perform for an audience with the title of Maikoapprentice Geisha. Rolling back the sleeve of their kimono they exposed just enough wrist skin to flirt with the audience; smiling at us, playfully the Maiko continued their dance whilst the Geiko sat in the corner diligently playing the shamisen, a threestringed guitar-like instrument.

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In Kyoto, the country's former capital and now the cultural capital of Japan, the term Geisha is a title not fit for these artisans who instead prefer to be called 'Geiko'-Kyoto-style Geisha-as the hanamachi-the name of the geisha districts-within Kyoto are considered the most prestigious to train in and are frequented by wealthier clients. Tonight we were visiting Gion Hatanaka to take part in a dinner of Kyoto Cuisine and Maiko experience.

Throughout the Maiko's performance we were encouraged to open and eat our bento box. Inside was a beautifully presented meal sectioned into three different serves of kaiseki food-traditional Kyotostyle food.

Despite admiring the beautiful presentation of the Japanese food, having not grown up eating seafood-a staple of the Japanese diet-I spent the evening not truly appreciating the taste and the time spent preparing each of our delicate meals; however, I can tell you that warm sake is somewhat potent on an empty stomach!

The primary role of a Geiko is to be a hostess and so we were delighted when they joined us at our table to pour drinks and answer our probing questions on what life was like within a hanamachi, what did their family think of their profession, and of course who was their favourite musician?-It seems that Lady

Gaga has managed to permeate into Maiko culture. and was the favourite of both girls.

The girls spoke very little English so a translator came to our aid to help us communicate. To be a Geiko is akin to becoming a celebrity-if they are good they become well-known and revered amongst the community, and can also ask for top dollar for their hostess services. To reach this title the girls are trained in poetry, literature, tea ceremony, dancing, conversation and musical instruments—just to name a few.

Perhaps my favourite aspect of the evening was the drinking games and not for the reasons you're thinking. Another part of training to be a Geiko involves learning games to play with their customers for entertainment. Our group spent the evening plaving two games with the girls in the hope of winning a small prize if we beat them, or a shot of beer if we lost! The first game was called Konpir, a test of rhythm, memory and reflexes.

The second game we played was Tora Tora Tora! (Tiger, Tiger, Tiger!) It was a fun game to play because it made us all let down our hair and have fun being 'old women', 'tigers' or 'samurai'.

The world of the Maiko and Geiko is different to what the Western world promotes and believes, our perceptions coming from movies such as 'Memoirs of a Geisha', and with the economy not doing well, as well as a decline in the Japanese people's interest in culture, the future of my dinner dates may become just a memory in Japanese history sooner rather than later. SOURCE: http://bittenbythetravelbua.com/dinner-performancemaiko-geisha-kyoto-japan/

I will try to find out everything I need to know before we start, like what pain you are having and what needs special attention today. However, there are a few things that prompt me to ask more questions. People forget to tell me about some things and they remember as I am working on it. If you are concentrating on one area that is hurting, you may not realize a different spot is painful also.

Occasionally I notice something that we didn't discuss. It can be from something that happened a while ago, like a fall or an accident, that they have gotten used to and the massage makes them remember. I'll also check in with you about any bruises you didn't mention and any moles or skin conditions that may need to be checked out by a doctor.

Other than answering a few questions I have, such as the pressure I'm using and the temperature, you don't have to talk. While I enjoy a good conversation, you are not here to entertain me. I enjoy my work and concentrate on what I am doing. I'm thinking about how your muscles feel, the progress being made, observing if you are becoming relaxed, among other things.

← Some people don't like that much quiet and find it is more relaxing to

talk during the massage. That's fine too. Some talk at the start, then become quieter as they relax. Some find it helpful to tell me about a situation in their life. Getting it out of their mind and saving it out loud helps them to sort through it or put it behind them. Since I'm not involved and don't know the details I can just listen, and I won't repeat it. Come in and tell me what you think. Or don't tell me. It's all up to you.

SOURCE: http://hudsonmassage.wordpress.com/2013/03/15/ conversations-during-your-massage/

SERVICE **Conversations During** Your Massage Barry 15.03.2013

Some people wonder about talking during their massage, especially those who are new to massage. They wonder if they should talk any, or talk the whole time, or what to talk about. As with any new situation, most people want to do what they think they are supposed to do.

So what are you supposed to do? You should do what you want.

Your massage is your time. It's really up to you how much talking goes on. I'll follow your lead. If you are not talking I'll assume that you prefer not to at the time. I will answer any questions you have about what your muscles feel like and explain what I am doing if you want.

115 - 123WHAT EAT?

WELCOME TO A CITY

gochujang, and the sashimi thinly sliced. Certain fish I love with the bone in, like spring baby sand dab.

Oyster is my all-time favourite. It was so cheap in the market: £3 for a dozen in the shell. Or. if you buy shelled oysters, can you believe it's much cheaper? I usually pay £3 per single oyster in London.

I could not resist: I bought 12 ovsters and a plate of brill hoe (cost: £13) and went into the restaurant to eat. You pay for the table (£2 per person per fish dish) and they give you the sauce and a few side dishes such as lettuce. It is a wonderful system to have fresh fish from the market, served in a restaurant. I wonder why they don't try this in the UK? The fish are all alive. You choose some and ask the restaurant to prepare it how ever you like, such as sashimi, grilled or stewed. It is fun! I took my oyster and fish into the restaurant, where two French tourists were having raw fish with Korean side dishes. As soon as I told them that 12 oysters were only £3, they were so surprised, and shot out and bought a dozen with a big smile.

I know the French love their oysters, specially from Brittany. We used to have holidays in Brittany, and we always enjoyed oysters there, though they weren't cheap.

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 \leftarrow In the evening, the market and restaurant gets very busy. Young and old alike come into the market to

choose fish or seafood and have a wonderful and iolly fish meal with Korean rice wine (makgeolli) or soiu. It is not only a tourist attraction, but local people's favourite as well. I wish Billingsgate market could adopt this for London. Why not?

Well, I used to say, if I am ever a millionaire I would love to eat oysters every day with a glass of pink champagne. But I can eat oysters every day in Korea even though I am not a millionaire-without champagne of course!

If you travel to Seoul, you must visit Norvangiin fish market. Get off at Norvangiin station, take Exit 1 and 500m down the road follow the narrow vegetable market and you will be in the fish market.

SOURCE: http://londonkoreanlinks.net/2013/01/11/a-visit-to-seoulsnoryangjin-fish-market/

SEAFOOD A Visit to Seoul's Noryangjin Fish Market **Kiejo Sarsfield** 11.01.2013

Whenever I am in Korea, I always visit the markets, especially the fish markets. I love looking at all the fish and seafood-the colours and shapes, the noise-all of it. They are my childhood memories.

On the third day of my last trip, I went to Noryangjin fish market, my essential visit whenever I am in Seoul. As I grew up in a seaside city in the South East, I love fish and seafood, especially hoe (sashimi, raw fish). I love firm, fresh, raw fish like sea brill. The sauce has

RICE A Sushi Chef Must Master **Rice and Knives** Joe Liu 26.02.2013

← LESSONS OF THE KNIFE Cut yourself a hundred times, and then you might be a chef. That's the only to be the spicy sweet and sour sauce called cho way for your fingers to learn how to escape the knife.

WELCOME TO A CITY

THE SECRETS OF SUSHI RICE

You have to use an excellent product. Ours is Tamaki Gold short-grain sushi rice. But then, you have to take the time to do it right. You've got to soak it in water for a minimum of five hours. If you don't, the heart of the rice will never be tender. No matter how much you cook it.

TOUGH TUNA

If you fight the tuna with the knife, your slices will be too tough and chewy. But if you guide the knife according to the contours of the muscles and the tendons—the tuna will be very tender. It wants to be cut in just the right way.

SALMON SLICE

I have seven knives—Japanese and German. This one is the yanagi. It's my largest knife. See, it glides through the salmon.

KINDEST CUTS

Each species—tuna, mackerel, fluke, eel, crab—presents a different challenge for the knife. But beyond that, each fish is different. So you must size up every fish—before you can use the knife.

REMEMBERING RICE

I was an apprentice at Kosho restaurant in Albany, which closed a few years ago, and the Japanese master, Oki-san, wouldn't let me mix the sushi rice with vinegar until I was there for three months. I also worked for three months before I was taught how to sharpen a knife. Three years later, I was finally permitted to touch a fish. Salmon. I was so excited! But he reprimanded me, 'You're forgetting your rice.' Then he reminded me to respect the fish.

ABOUT THE WORK

I came from Fujian, in southeastern China. Chef Okisan didn't care where I was from. All he cared about was the work. What he liked was that I worked hard. SOURCE: http://dinersjournal.blogs.nytimes.com/2013/02/ 26/a-sushi-chef-must-master-rice-and-knives/#more-98599

SWEETS Altan Şekerleme, A Sweet Sweet Bayram Tuba Şatana 17.08.2012

↓ Unit and the set of th

is that me and my friends used to sneak in the house when she was out and fill our pockets with these colorful candies, chocolates; with what was reserved for the guests... And so we had so many tummy aches! Sweet memories...

When I saw Altan Sekerleme while searching for something else, years ago, the old shop reminded me of those days and I loved the place immediately. I saw myself with pony tails and wounded knees attacking the displays! Altan Sekerleme was descended from his grandfather to Abdullah Altan and now run by his son Hakan Altan, 4th generation. Though I have to say, whenever I visit, Hakan Bey, his father, is in the shop, working, changing displays, anything; and he is almost 90, may he be blessed. Hakan Bey sees through every process, runs the shop and serves customers as well: on my last visit, he was wrapping boxes of candies for the Bayram. He is also in charge of making akide Sekeri and lokum the old ways upstairs at this small establishment. He has huge copper cauldrons-I call them that-for akide and lokum, different marble counters for both. He uses local ingredients, and I tell you there is no other rose lokum better than his. Feels like chewing on a whole rose, a rose from Isparta, where they are the best, from where he imports his rose petals. Lokum is made of sugar and starch only, that consistency, that texture is the work of an artisan. Continuously stirring in the same direction, nonstop, about two hours, until it is right, then he pours the mixture in the trays, after they cool down, he flips the tray on the starched marble counter and cuts them... SOURCE: http://www.istanbulfood.com/altan-sekerleme-a-sweet-

SOURCE: http://www.istanbulfood.com/altan-sekerleme-a-sweetsweet-bayram

TOOLS Eat with Your Hands for a Sensuous, Intimate, Mindful Meal Anna Mindess

22.02 2012

Cultural misunderstandings always grab my attention—especially when food is involved. While North Americans and Northern Europeans deem that transferring edibles to the mouth with a metal-pronged stick is somehow more refined than using the utensils we were born with, members of the many cultures who have been eating with their hands for thousands of years beg to differ.

Africans, Arabs and Indians (to name only a few) describe in rhapsodic terms the advantages of eating with their fingers: the sensuous connection to the food, the feeling of sharing and community, practicality (in that it's easier to pluck that last bit of meat off the bones) avoiding waste, even a lingering aroma on the fingers to sustain the memory of a marvelous meal. Hence, I felt compelled to conduct my own interviews to get a first-hand perspective on this cultural divide, followed by a hands-on lesson.

Vinita Chopra Jacinto grew up in Northern India and is now a chef instructor at the California Culinary Academy in San Francisco. She feels strongly that Indian food tastes best when eaten with one's fingers. She tells me that Indians eat with their hands because they believe that food is, "more than just protein, carbs and fat, it nourishes the mind, intellect and spirit. Eating should be sensual and mindful, employing all the senses: sight, smell, sound, taste and touch. Using your hands gives you a tactile connection with your food."

Jacinto clarifies some regional differences: "In the North, where breads are commonly consumed, you tear a piece of bread and wrap it around your food. While, in the South, rice is combined with curries, and each mouthful offers a unique blend of flavors. Traditionally in Southern India, plates are made of disposable, recyclable, banana leaves. Using a knife and fork on a banana leaf would shred your plate." Significantly, all cultures that shun silverware maintain a set of rules for eating with the hands. Before the meal, the hands must be washed, wiped or even rubbed with sand, as desert Arabs do. But the foremost rule is that only the right hand is employed for eating.

"The left hand is never used for that," Jacinto says, "it is considered unclean." In principle, at least, this is because the left hand is saved for bodily cleaning. Another taboo Jacinto cautions against is jutha, or double dipping your bread into a communal dish of food. "The secret to gracefully eating with your fingers," Jacinto advises, "is to use your thumb. For example, a small amount of rice is formed into a little pile on your plate, blended with one or more bits of curried lentils, vegetables, meat or fish, and then picked up with a twist of the wrist, held onto by the fingers and maneuvered right up to your mouth. But don't put your fingers into your mouth," she instructs, "just use your thumb to push the food inside."

Fharzana Elankumaran, founder of I Heart Curry, where she teaches Indian cooking classes, also grew up eating with her hands in Bangladesh. "I appreciate this way of eating because you have more control over your food," she says. "For example, if you're eating fish or chicken, you don't have to worry about cutting with a knife around the bones. When you use your fingers, you can get every last bit of meat and so waste less. It's an expression of the great respect we have for the food."

In her Indian cooking classes, Elankumaran encourages students to eat with their hands, but finds that it may be a challenge for first-timers. "Sometimes my students tell me their hands get tired, because they are using a whole new set of muscles."

On a shopping trip to Oakland's Oasis Market and

Restaurant, I spy manager Rassam Sharif eating his lunch by hand. It's a Yemeni specialty, fahsa (cooked boneless beef topped with whipped fenugreek, with a salsa-like sauce). Sharif kindly demonstrates his technique: he tears off a bit of tandoori bread, dips it into the meat and salsa, and brings it to his mouth with 3 fingers. Sharif prefers eating by hand because, he says, "you have more connection to your food. With a spoon, it's just like shovelling something into your mouth to get full. In Islam, we are taught that the Prophet said to eat from your own side of the dish, slowly, with the right hand, just until you are not hungry. It makes you take your time and be mindful of what you're eating."

Enough talk, I decide, it's time for me to get some hands-on tutoring.

Luckily, my request for cross-cultural dining instruction interests Mostafa Raiss El Fenni, owner of Berkeley's Sahara Home Décor. He invites me to stay for lunch and we sit on intricately carved and painted chairs amid his stunning collection of Moroccan carpets, ottomans, embroidered textiles, brass lanterns, conical clay pots and delicate tea glasses.

Raiss El Fenni, a former Cal student and chemist, whose shop promotes the works of artists from his homeland, tells me, "eating with your hands is about sharing," and as the youngest in a family of 12 children, he got a lot of practice doing that.

> ← There is an intimacy formed when you all eat from the same dish dipping in small pieces of bread, he explains.

"And if you find a piece of meat close to you that's especially good, you can share it with your neighbor." "Does each person take the piece of meat and bread onto their own plate?" I ask. "We don't have individual plates. We are a very collective society. But if we invite guests over who are not familiar

with this way of eating, we show them how it's done." "In the restaurant, we get 97% American diners. If they ask for silverware, I tell them it will be \$10 extra," teases Tefferi, with a twinkle in her eye, "I just want them to try eating with their hands." This gracious cultural ambassador wants to encourage more people to appreciate the 3000-year old cuisine of her homeland. "We need to revisit the way people used to eat; how much they cared and believed that whatever they put into their mouths was sacred," says Tefferi. "The aroma is important too. Even after you wash up at the end of the meal, the scent of the food remains on your hand. Later, you might hold up your hand to someone else and say "Smell my hand, see how good the food was!"

e (It was and I did.)

Q

SOURCE: http://blogs.kqed.org/bayareabites/2012/02/22/ eat-with-your-hands-for-a-sensuous-intimate-mindful-meal/

DRINKS How to Survive Oktoberfest Nomadic Matt 10.10.2011

"How many days are you at the Wiesn (Oktoberfest) for?" asked the German girl wearing her Bavarian dirndl across the table from me.

"We're here for 5 days," I replied, putting down my stein of beer. As she heard this, her facial expression (and that of her friend) became a mix of shock, disbelief, and horror.

"5 days! That is crazy! You're a bit insane huh?" she said jokingly. "I hope you survive."

And she was right. My friends and I were a bit insane to think 5 days wasn't that long at Oktoberfest. I quickly learned that most Germans come simply for a day because, as I was informed many times, "that is enough time at the Wiesn." It's the tourists who stay longer. In retrospect, 5 days at Oktoberfest was overzealous and something I wouldn't do again. It was overkill. Even the group I was with, filled with able-bodied hardened drinkers, was exhausted by Day 3 and uninterested by Day 5. By the end, I never wanted to see a beer again.

But I survived the experience and had a great time, made a lot of new friends, hardened my liver a bit, met some cool travel bloggers, and learned just how to plan the perfect Oktoberfest trip.

WHAT IS OKTOBERFEST?

Oktoberfest was one of the best festivals I've ever attended. It's a 16-18 day beer festival held annually in Munich, Germany, running from late September to the first weekend in October. It all began when Crown Prince Ludwig married Princess Therese on October 12, 1810. The citizens of Munich were invited to attend the festivities held on the fields in front of the city, which the locals call "Wies'n" (which means grass, and is why Oktoberfest is nicknamed Wiesn in Germany).

← WHAT TO EXPECT AT OKTOBERFEST

It's great to see so many people dressed up in traditional Bavarian clothes (lederhosen for guys, dirndls for girls), having a good time, celebrating, and drinking good beer. You get a lot of people chugging beer and a lot of people who fail at it... but, no matter what, there is a lot of singing. One thing that I didn't expect was that outside the beer tents, it's a carnival.

Literally, a carnival with games, rides, and even haunted houses. I felt like I was at a theme park in Anywhere, U.S.A. It didn't feel like the Oktoberfest I was expecting until I got inside the tents.

MAKING A TABLE RESERVATION

Yes, you can book tables at the tents at Oktoberfest. In fact, many people do. I had a table reservation

every day I was there because my friends and I wanted to make sure we had a place to sit. In the future, though, I'm not so sure I'd reserve tables again. It's nice to know you have a place to sit down, but other than on weekends or at night, it seemed like you could always find an open seat, even if you had to stand for a while. If I booked a table again, I would only do it for the nighttime hours, when tables are harder to get and you might not want to stand around waiting.

If you do book at one of the tents, be aware that most tables seat between 6-10 people and cost about 300 Euros. My friends and I had to book a whole table so even if it's just one of you going, you reserve the table as though you are going fill it. While you are supposed to have a full table when you sit down, we showed up a few people under and they didn't seem to care. Your reservation also gets you food. Also, each tent has its own personality. Some tend to

be heavy on Americans, Australians, older Germans, rich celebrities, etc. So consider this before booking a table

BOOKING ACCOMMODATION

Book early. Accommodation fills up quickly-and some hotels and hostels book out up to a year in advance. The closer you get to the festival grounds, the more expensive beds are, and the quicker everything fills up. I booked a room in April and most places were already sold out. That room cost me 120 Euros per night, but was close to the festival grounds. I saw hostel rooms going for 60-80 Euros.

You can find cheap accommodation at "The Tent," a hostel (well, really, a massive tent) outside the city for 40 Euros per night. That's about as cheap as you will find unless you Couchsurf (which is hard because locals get a lot of requests from people looking for a free place to stay) or have friends you can stay with.

GENERAL SURVIVAL TIPS

It's a marathon, not a sprint—You'll be drinking all day, so there's no need to rush it. Too many people pass out on the lawns by dinner time. Pace yourself. Those liters of beer are strong.

Hydrate—Drink a lot of water while you are there. I had Powerade and water bottles lined up in my room for when I got home and woke up.

Get to Kafer early—Most of the tents close at 10:30 p.m. Kafer is the only one open until 1 a.m., so everyone rushes there after the others shut down. Get there a bit before 10:30 p.m. so you have a spot, otherwise you simply won't be able to get in or get served.

Get a table early-No reservation? Just winging it? If you aren't there by mid-day, your chances of finding a table shrink greatly. Also try to avoid the times when they switch reservations. All the people that got kicked out are now looking for a free table and competition is fierce.

Eat outside-While all the tents have amazing rotisserie chicken, the food inside is simply expensive. Just walk outside, buy a cheap sausage, and save your money for the overpriced liters of beer.

All of this stuff adds up. It's virtually impossible to do

the expense. It only happens once a year and though it sort of busted my European budget, I don't regret any of the money I spent. I'm really glad after years of false starts that I finally made it to Oktoberfest. My friends and I are already considering returning next year-though maybe not for 5 days again. Growing up in Boston, I was never a big traveler. I didn't take my first trip overseas until I was 23. Outside a cruise with my parents and college trip to Montreal, I had no travel experience. But after college I got a job and with it I got the standard American two rate infrastructure and its infiltration of our politics, weeks a year vacation. I wanted to use that time to I decided I couldn't keep helping to feed the beast travel. After all, it was vacation time, right? So for my first trip overseas, I went on a tour to Costa Rica. That trip changed my life. I came back home and I couldn't believe I had waited so long to travel. From that moment on, I was hooked. Realizing I was missing out, I vowed to travel as often as I could. SOURCE: http://www.nomadicmatt.com/travel-blogs/ how-to-survive-oktoberfest/

HIGH-LOW The Farmplate Young Farmers Series: Michael Meier from Brooklyn Grange Farm Anna Villarruel on Michael Meier 18.05 2012

Anna Villarruel: Tell us a bit about your farm and how you got into farming:

Michael Meier: I'm Farm Manager this season at Brooklyn Grange, a multi-acre practicing-organic soilbased rooftop farm in New York City, with locations in Long Island City and the Brooklyn Navy Yard. We grow greens, tomatoes, herbs, and a variety of other seasonal fruits and veggies. We keep laying hens and bees and as a special project are developing a largescale apiary this season with about 30 beehives. We have a CSA and sell at farmstands and to local restaurants, cafés and small food businesses.

← I'd been interested in food and agriculture for several years, spending more time at local greenmarkets in

the city, talking to farmers, and learning more about our messy food system. Over the years, I started experimenting with small-scale urban homesteading and learned how to grow food and compost waste, and as I got more interested in that aspect of homesteading I started to consider larger-scale farming as a career opportunity. I apprenticed last season with Brooklyn Grange, and by the end of that experience there was no turning back for me.

this event on a tight budget, but it's definitely worth AV: What did you do before you started farming? Have you found it to be an easy transition from your previous iob?

> MM: I worked for a tech startup in the online media and advertising industry for a couple of years after graduating from school, focusing on analytics and sales. It was a great experience, and I learned guite a bit about business, but I ultimately knew that it wasn't where I belonged. As I learned more about the failures of our local, national, and global food systems, and got more riled up about consolidated global corpoanymore and quit. The transition to farming was easy in a moral, subjective sense because I felt like I was heading toward something I really wanted to do and which worked against the evil I saw in the system. My previous experience in business has also been helpful in hitting the ground running. But the transition has had its hard parts too: the physical labor is difficult and painful at times, and the constant on-call aspect of running a small farm business can be taxing. But even on my most strenuous days as a farmer, I'm content, excited, and fulfilled to be pursuing my dream. **AV:** What made you choose New York?

> MM: I came to New York City for school and decided to stay for a while. The energy and vibrancy and hustle of the city pulls some people, like me, towards it. As a farmer now, I'm intrigued by the growing urban ag movement and think it's a good place for me to continue cutting my farming teeth but also to help contribute to a new system that can feed and "green" cities at the same time. Though I do dream of heading to the country some day to work with livestock. **AV:** What produce do you grow?

> MM: Brooklyn Grange's main crops are heirloom tomatoes, greens mixes, and herbs. But we also grow seasonal fruits and veggies like turnips, radishes, squashes, kales, chard, eggplants, peppers, strawberries, raspberries, and more. Our hens lay eggs, we sell honey from our four beehives, and we are developing cut flower and medicinal herb programs this season. We are building a large-scale apiary this season near our new farm in the Brooklyn Navy Yard and plan to produce thousands of pounds of honey annually.

> AV: When and why did you become interested in farming?

> MM: As a youngster, my mother and I had a small kitchen garden, and though nothing really came of it, I vividly remember being so excited about the little spindly carrots we pulled out of the ground. I spent summers with my grandparents on their farmstead in the North Carolina Smokies, gathering eggs, helping move cattle, and weeding the garden. I didn't think much about farming at that point, but I credit those experiences with laying some groundwork.

Here in the city, I was introduced to the local food movement by friends who frequented the greenmarket, and I quickly jumped on the bandwagon and really enjoyed eating seasonally. I guess that changing relationship with food made me more curious about food in general, so I started reading books and

watching documentaries about our food system. I got more inspired, and started growing food on my rooftops, fire escapes, and balconies and really enjoyed that work. The possibility of a farming career started to pop into my head, and over time it made more and more sense that farming was one of the best ways I could tackle some of the food-system, environmental and consolidated-corporate issues I was passionate about.

AV: What difficulties have you had, or are you overcoming? And how?

MM: The main difficulty for me so far has been in keeping on top of all of the many moving parts of a small farm business: farm plans, schedules, records, interns and apprentices, administrative work, maintaining a social media presence, developing sales relationships, etcetera. I've managed to stay afloat so far by trying to stay as organized as possible, though things do slip here and there. Developing a good system and a good schedule for myself has been a priority, and though it's been difficult doing the work and trying to organize the doing of the work simultaneously, it's paying off and I think will help me be a better farmer and manager.

AV: What are your goals for the next 5 to 10 years? **MM:** I hope to have contributed in a measurable way to the growth and development of urban agriculture, especially by conducting and sharing research on traditional or reimagined techniques and tools for efficiency and sustainability. I aspire to be running my own farm operation, continuing to learn how to farm better and inspiring and teaching other young aspiring farmers.

AV: What advice do you have for any other young farmers who are just starting out?

MM: Stretch your body! Go to bed early and get up early. Read, read, read, and read some more, and don't limit yourself to books-the internet is a valuable tool for farmers. Don't reinvent the wheel; talk to farmers, read and research what's been successful and give it a shot. Get up to speed on global, national and local food/ag politics, and stay in the loop. Set up Google alerts for farming topics that interest you or that you want to pursue. If you haven't had any experience growing, start a small herb garden, take notes, and learn, then scale up and try some tomatoes and greens next season. Do your homework and find a farm locally, online, and/or through WWOOF that you feel really matches your personality and goals, and be the best apprentice you can be. Learn as much as you can from your fellow farmers, and watch them rather than asking too many questions. Become a member of the National Young Farmers Coalition and any other local young-farmer promoting organizations near you or online. Read the Greenhorns blog and listen to Greenhorn radio. Remember, you're pursuing a dream and your work is inherently, uncontroversially good work; keep your head up and eyes on the prize, and your hardest days and worst setbacks won't keep you down for long. SOURCE: http://www.farmplate.com/blog/farmplate-youngfarmers-series-michael-meier-brooklyn-grange-farm

WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE Maison Boulud—Beijing Cathy Nhu 27.08.2008

While in Kunming, I received this amazing offer from my brother via email:

Hey. If you want to have dinner here in Beijing, keep it under \$250 and it will be my treat.

Talk about an irresistible offer! I booked a reservation straightaway on an evening without any Olympic sporting action scheduled. Leading up to the big day, The Astronomer and I closely monitored our meals in order to ready our palates for an onslaught of Frenchy food.

Maison Boulud is housed in the former American embassy building in Beijing's Legation Quarter. The exterior looks stately, while the interior feels like a library. Granted, a rather hip library, but a library nevertheless. According to the extremely detailed press release for the restaurant, "Maison Boulud's approach can be compared to that of Chef Daniel Boulud's highly acclaimed New York restaurants, combining the sophisticated informality of his Café Boulud with some of the grandeur and elegance of Daniel."

There are a number of rooms inside Maison Boulud, including a few private dining areas. The Astronomer and I were seated in the main dining room. Dinner started off with a selection of warm breads and slightly cool butter. Why is it that fancy restaurants forgo tongs for two spoons when delivering bread to diners? It's the most awkward thing, especially for a waiter who's new to the fine dining scene. After a bit of a struggle (spoon vs. bread), The Astronomer and I were delivered three breads each. My favorite was the rectangular one that had whole cloves of roasted garlic and rosemary. The long one was too crusty for me because I'm more of an innards gal, but the roundish one was solid.

An amuse bouche of tomatoes and creamy cheese served with a cheesy puff (not to be confused with Cheesy Poofs, which were what my friends and I ate in college while inebriated). The pin-like utensil reminded me of the funky tableware Grant Achatz used at Alinea. The tomatoes were perfectly ripe and sweet—I wonder if they were grown in China.

Sometime between placing our order and snacking on bread, I realized that I was being attacked by a hungry swarm of mosquitoes. With several bites on each arm and feeling extremely irritated, I asked one of the suited gentlemen if the restaurant had any sort of repellent on hand. He offered me a pashmina, which protected my guns for the rest of the evening. When these two martinis arrived without being ordered, I suspected it was because of the bug bite incident. As far as I'm concerned, strong drinks are just as good as cortisone cream to stop the itching! The lime and lychee martinis were well mixed and stiffer than Martha Stewart.

WELCOME TO A CITY

← Feeling bold, The Astronomer and I ordered three appetizers. Our table was only designed for two, so things

got a bit tight with all three appetizers arriving at once, especially with two bread plates and one butter dish already taking up space. I should have requested that the appetizers arrive in courses since we were sharing, but in restaurants this nice, waiters are usually familiar with the protocol.

To be fair, the restaurant has only been open for a couple of months, so the waitstaff isn't as polished as those at Boulud's other outlets.

I chose the roasted beet salad with Chinese black walnut goat cheese and summer greens (90 RMB) to start, because its been way too long since I've enjoyed roasted beets. The dressing was a straightforward vinaigrette, and the greens were a basic mesclun mix. The highlight of the salad were the balls of goat cheese crusted in walnuts that were creamy, rich and nutty.

Our second appetizer was caramelized sea scallops with cauliflower, orange glaze, capers and croutons (195 RMB). This dish was comprised of a number of layers—a florette of cauliflower formed the base, then came the succulent scallops, capers and bits of tart mandarin oranges. The capers stood out among the toppings because of their sour tinge.

The broccoli tortellini, fried artichokes, crispy pancetta and Parmesan emulsion (130 RMB) was our favorite appetizer. With all this street food we've been eating, it's been ages since we've dug into some proper foam! The pancetta and chunky tomato sauce coupled with the Parmesan emulsion flavored the delicate pasta wonderfully.

While the appetizers didn't knock our socks off, the entrees rocked like old school Weezer. Knowing that the pig is my favorite animal to eat, my brother heavily hinted that he wanted me to order the crispy suckling pig with daikon sauerkraut, apple coleslaw and Dijon mustard jus (230 RMB). And boy am I glad I did. Seriously, this dish ruled. The skin was taut and crispy, while the meat was SO tender that I've vowed to only eat baby animals for the rest of my life. Is that wrong? The sides were a fine accompaniment, but 08.12.2009 there was no competing with the star of the show. The Astronomer went for the cumin roasted loin of lamb with sweet pepper stew, Persian dried figs and summer squash (260 RMB). Although it wasn't specified on the menu, we suspect that the meat came from a baby lamb because there wasn't a trace (or taste) of hard living. I find that lamb, even the tenderest of cuts, is usually slightly chewy. However, the texture of Boulud's lamb was anything but-a cross between foie gras and butter. No joke.

For dessert, I chose the mocha tart with coffee-chocolate ganache, caramel sauce and whiskey ice cream (95 RMB). Everything about the tart was perfect the crust was buttery and a little crumbly, while the chocolate ganache was intensely rich, silky smooth and not overly sweet. Words can't do the ganache's texture justice, it was simply incredible. I haven't had enough shots of whiskey in my day to tell you if the

ice cream was accurate, but I can tell you that it tasted fabulous and provided a cool contrast to the bombardment of chocolaty goodness.

The Astronomer ordered the napoleon with raspberry chilboust, puff pastry and lychee sorbet (90 RMB). The puff pastry didn't meld with the chilboust, which made it difficult to enjoy all of the napoleon's components in one bite. Other than that minor glitch, this one was also a winner. The lychee sorbet was absolutely refreshing.

The petit fours arrived next. We were stuffed of course, but that didn't stop us from eating each and every one. The sugar-coated passion fruit jelly was my favorite. I think petit fours are the best part of fine dining—they're just so impossibly cute!

And just when we thought we didn't have room for any more, freshly baked madelines arrived at the table. How can anyone resist freshly baked madelines? I enjoyed one and The Astronomer valiantly polished off the rest. The boy can eat.

After we paid our bill, the waiter brought us additional petit fours and madelines. We tried to explain to him that we had already received both, but the language barrier was too much and he just kept saying, "no, they are complimentary." The Astronomer squeezed in one more madeline, but the petit fours remained on the table untouched. I hope this newby glitch never aets worked out.

On our walk back from dinner across Tiananmen Square, we waved hello to Chairman Mao. SOURCE: http://gastronomyblog.com/2008/08/27/maison-boulud/

DISGUST Adour Alain Ducasse @ NYC Ming Emily van den Berg 08.12.2009

← Shame on you Alain Ducasse. My previous two dining experiences at the Alain Ducasse restaurants in

London and Paris were among the best meals I had this year. Consequently, I had intentionally been waiting for a special occasion before choosing to dine at Adour, a restaurant that I was sure would have a particularly memorable meal in store for me. And memorable it was; memorably terrible!

There is a reason why I tend to avoid traditional French haute cuisine and that reason is sauce. Although I've successfully conquered my childhood aversion to butter, I still find foods smothered in cream and thick, buttery reductions singularly unappealing. Why mask the naturally fresh flavour of lobster? The yellowtail ceviche was suspiciously fishy, the vegetables, doused in the sort of red sauce

I normally associate with cheap Chinese takeout. were limpid, the cod all but tasteless, and the yeal horrifyingly mushy. I am not a picky eater and I'm usually too reticent to speak up when food is unsatisfactory, but tonight, perhaps emboldened by my dining companion's audacious personality, course after course was sampled and refused.

To be fair, the off-menu dessert brought out by the kitchen in a last-ditch effort to save the meal was a sugary, frothy fantasy, however my overall assessment is that here is a case study for an empire that is expanding too far, too fast.

SOURCE: http://www.reallygoodfood.com/2009/12/08/adour-alainducasse-nyc/

HANG **NG** AROUND

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PARK What to Do on a Date During a Lodi Garden Heritage Walk Neeraj Narayanan 01.12.2012

A few days earlier, I got an email notification from Couchsurfing.com about some people searching for a host in Delhi. Out of this, one was a Swede who was missing his girlfriend enough to want to go visit her in her Nepal University. Not just that, this modern day Romeo wanted to ship his bike to Delhi and ride onto Kathmandu from there. There was a Frenchman asking if there was any place he could bunk for a day before he set off in search of spirituality (and dope) in Dharamsala, and then there was Seema,

born and brought up in South Africa, later a community activist in California, and now travelling by herself in India.

When I emailed him, Henri, the Swede, replied sorrowfully saying that his motorbike was lost somewhere on the way, so I decided to hide my bike if he ever landed up at my house. The Frenchman had already got a host, and Seema, she asked me if it was my way to attract Couchsurfers, by calling myself a travel guide.

"Of course, since being a travel guide is the new Axe Deo, and must necessarily and instantly make people want to eat me up."

She vowed that she would try her hardest to not fling herself at me. And I asked what she had already seen in Delhi, if she would like to see some of the unsung monuments.

← "Can we go to the Lodi Gardens? I 124 could get my frisbee, and we could play," she guipped. Play with a

frisbee? It is during such trying times that a man must show what he's made of, totally forget that he played pithoo with the kids in the neighbourhood the previous evening, channel all his suaveness and convince the other party that playing with frisbees is for little kids, bring out his sophistication and declare that they could instead play much manlier games. Like Chain-chain.

Also, dear Sikandar Lodi, I feel for you. It is bad enough that for years, youngsters have used the bushes near your tomb to express their enthusiastic physical affection for each other, sometimes lying right on top of you because there were ants near the bushes, and your tomb was a better, flat bed-like structure. And now here's an American girl who wants to toss a frisbee and jump all over your resting place.

We, err I mean Seema and I, not Lodi and I for that would be guite odd, agreed to meet up around noon. The Lodis were the last of the five Delhi Sultanate dynasties. The Mamluks (Slave Dynasty) were the first. Remember Qutub-ud-Din, the fellow who built Qutub Minar? Yes, his dynasty. The Khaljis were the second; followed by the Tughlags and the Sayyids. And last came the Lodis. These dynasties had mostly Turkic, Pashtun or Persian origins and those when mixed with the indigenous Sanskrit and Prakrit gave rise to the beautiful language we all know as Urdu.

It was a nice Delhi winter noon when we entered Lodi Gardens. Earlier, my co-passenger had dug her nails into my skin while we rode on that faithful Yamaha Fazer, I would have liked to believe that this was due to my Axe-like appeal but unfortunately intellect insisted that it had more to do with a foreigner's absolute terror on seeing Indian traffic behaviour. Lodi Gardens has four main monuments. There are the two Gumbads—Sheesh Gumbad and Bara Gumbad sitting right next to each other. The Bara Gumbad can be easily identified as it is a gateway to a threedomed mosque. Then there are the tombs of Mohammed Shah-the last of the Sayyid rulers-and Sikandar Lodi, after whom the park is named.

Sikandar, as the name would hint, was arguably one

of the better administrators of all those who held the helm in the Delhi Sultanate. A strong willed ruler, he expanded his kingdom till Bihar and the frontiers of Gwalior, brought the local Afghan nobles under his control, and commissioned the building of the city that is present day Agra. But kings have their quirks, and Sikandar was particularly cruel to his Hindu subjects, razing temples to the ground all over his kingdom.

We walked to the walled enclosure that houses Sikandar's tomb. The gardens are lovely-tall trees, manicured lawns, a small canal flowing under a bridge. For someone who loves to watch birds or butterflies. these gardens are an absolute haven, probably Delhi's best. We settled down on the grass, and I asked Seema about her Indian adventures. And just like so many other Westerners, her travelling patterns were the same, landing at Delhi, cooing at the very sight of the Taj Mahal in Agra, buying trinkets and cholis in Jaipur, then moving to Rishikesh and spending long afternoons in Israeli cafés with other foreigners and babas, hearing about 'this place in the Himalayas'-Mcleodgani-and moving and staying there for a month doing a meditation course, meeting hippies, smoking and generally being altogether content with life.

I asked and just like other foreigner girls who had said the same, she declared that she had not found travelling alone in India unsafe at all. I have begun to accept their theory that if you travel with an open mind and look at the world positively, it is not as bad as one would have us believe. Of course, there will always be a thousand gory stories but those are the only ones that make news, nobody wants to report that people strolled through the hills and had fun doing so.

Sikandar, however did not exercise too much, or any, of his energies in the noble pursuit of backpacking around the globe. Instead, he preferred jumping up onto his horse and ambushing neighbouring lands. Gwalior, he attacked five times but was thwarted every time by King Mansingh and his wife Mrignaini. Our chappie then proceeded to attack the nearby kingdom of Narwar and waited at its gates for eleven months, at the end of which the city had to open its gates and surrender as they had no food left. Sikandar finally died in 1517, and his son Ibrahim built the tomb next to which a large Punjabi family was playing cricket right now, and another man was expressing his affection for his ladylove by chalking the words, Rahul hearts Sheena, on a wall. Ibrahim would be the one Babur fought and defeated in the Battle of Panipat, thereby bringing to India one of the greatest dynasties to ever rule it-the Mughals.

A little later, we were joined by another Couchsurfer (Himanshu), an enthusiastic traveler who'd soon be giving his UPSC exams. It was a nice afternoon, sitting there amidst so much history, under a warm winter sun, chatting about life with two strangers who did not exist at all in my life till a few hours back. The Punjabi son was swinging his bat at every

ball his father threw at him, with the same ruthless

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abandon as must have Sikandar, Ibrahim and Babur once upon a time.

And then Seema took out her frisbee and asked us to take vantage points yonder. How Himanshu and I bumped headlong into tree trunks in our enthusiastic pursuits to catch that dratted disc and pretended to act nonchalant while younger kids all around played much manlier sports, is an embarrassing tale that should not be shared on this respectable blogging forum.

SOURCE: http://www.weareholidays.co.in/blog/ what-to-do-on-a-date-during-a-lodi-garden-heritage-walk/

CLUB Dispatch / Gay Tel Aviv Anthony Grant 02.07.2010

126 ← That Tel Aviv, not a huge city but a high-octane one, has become the new gay mecca of the Mediterranean

is something of an open secret, both in the Middle East and, increasingly, outside it, too. Unfailingly sunny and tirelessly tolerant, its energy level is at once intense and beguilingly relaxed. In the run-up to Tel Aviv's Gay Pride, which fell on June 11 this year, there were not one but two New York-based gay tours to Israel—Steele Travel's Milk & Honey tour and one promoted by Chelsea's own gay adultentertainment impresario Michael Lucas, whose nine-day journey covered Israel from top (the Golan Heights) to bottom (Eilat), and, like Steele's, allowed time for a foray into Tel Aviv's full-throttle after-hours gay scene.

Tel Avivian nightlife comes in one variety: everything. During Pride week, the white-hot Israeli D.J. Offer Nissim worked his electro house beats at TLV, a megaclub in Tel Aviv's New Port area, during an uncharacteristically early set (Saturday being a school night in Israel). The action at clubs here usually doesn't get going until between 2 and 3 in the morning. The night before, gay Israelis and travelers from around the globe packed into Haoman 17 (88 Abarbanel Street). a mammoth club on the south side of town, a sort of hangar in a rundown district whose pervasive bleakness recalls Manhattan's meatpacking district of a decade ago. The two ambulances parked outside the entrance were a sure sign of the good times to be had inside, where the vibe was loosely that of a postapocalyptic gay humanoid techno aquarium on steroids. (David Morales, of the famously lush remix of Björk's "Hyperballad," spins at the club on July 7.) Unlike New York, Tel Aviv has no laundry list of bars and clubs that can be classified as all gay all the

time. Regular weekly gay party nights at otherwise straight places are more the rule. One exception is Evita (31 Yavneh Street), the city's most popular gay bar. On Tuesday, Drag Night, you'll find Tiona at her campy, lip-synching best-and yes, those substantial lips work it in Hebrew. Wednesday is Hasake, which features Israeli music (good) and cheap Israeli eats (better) like hummus and malawach, a savory Yemenite fried bread. But on any given evening, the real action takes place on the street outside the bar, which, owing to the fact that it's on an office block, is largely absent of traffic late at night. What ensues is a big, breezy gay block party where cute bartenders ask what you'd like to drink and sometimes even remember to bring it to you. You soon get the feeling that locals come here more to mix it up, with their own and foreigners, too, than to get hammered. (That said, the bar doesn't close until the last customer leaves.) If you're looking for something indoors, Ashmoret (10 Rothschild Boulevard) is a sleek spot on a block full of coffee shops that never seem to close. Here, pop tends to prevail (but not on Saturdays: that's "Ghetto Fab" night).

Around the corner from Ashmoret I almost had a problem: around 2 a.m. on a Monday night, a line was forming outside the small, attractive club Lima Lima for its Notorious G.A.Y. party-was I, a seasoned Gotham-by-night guy-worthy enough to admit? No, but the doorman let me in anyway. Not speaking Hebrew seems to help here. So I ventured inside with my decidedly uncool collared shirt (Tel Aviv is the domain of the chest-hugging printed T-shirt) to find a sea of men, beer bottles in hand, stepping out to remixes of Christina Aguilera and Iyaz-no Lady Gaga on this hip-hop-themed night. Would I be more at home at Big Boys, the Friday party for guys over 28 at the Theatre Club space in old Jaffa (10 Jerusalem Boulevard)? Probably, if only because the charms of its greeter-in-chief, the inexhaustible Gilad Kotler, overrides any whiff of ageism (it's a young country, after all). It's a little less hoary (25 and up!) at Tuesday's new TipTop night at Weiss Bar (2 Hertzl Street). For the mid-20-somethings, there's the slightly more decadent party Playground late Friday nights at the -1 Club (Nahalat Binyamin 52), along with the steamy, retro-styled Friday night rave at Zizi (7 Karlibach), which advertises itself with an almost X-rated flier. The only taboos that come to mind in Tel Aviv are overdressing and sleeping. So it's no wonder that energy drinks are among the most popular drinks on offer at Boyling, a chill Saturday evening party at the terrace restaurant Chich Beach on Gordon Beach (145 Hayarkon Street). It's just south of Tel Aviv's gay beach, which is little more than a curl of sand in front of the Hilton Hotel that would be utterly nondescript were it not for the perfectly tanned Israeli hunks packing every square inch. (Before heading there, you might want to fuel up with breakfast or lunch at Carlton on the Beach, the chic open-air lounge of the nearby Carlton Hotel.) Some of those same Adonises are sure to turn up at Colosseum (167 Hayarkon Street), a 1970s nightclub that fell into disuse over

the years but has lately been experiencing something of a revival. During Gay Pride, and now every Thursday, the 3Some party serves up acoustic amusement that spills into the Men Zone, Women Zone and Mixed Zone.

A good way to check the latest club listings before taking on the night is to visit Atraf, which is to gay Tel Aviv what El Al is to Israel—about the best introduction you could get short of actually being on the ground. But once you are, expect plenty of pink. SOURCE: http://tmagazine.blogs.nytimes.com/2010/07/02/ dispatch-gay-tel-aviv/

CAFÉ

An Open Letter to People in Coffee Shops in the Middle of the Day Annie Stamell 11.29.2012

← Dear People in Coffee Shops in the Middle of the Day,

Hi! I have a lot of questions about you! See, like you, I am one of the people who can sometimes be found in a coffee shop in the middle of the day, and I cannot help but wonder about my cafésquatting brethren.

I mean, I know why I am here—I am a writer and sometimes I get bored writing from home and thus a switch in location leads me to the closest coffee shop. But what about you? It's almost 3pm on a Tuesday and you are in a coffee shop! Are you like me? I want to know what you are doing here and I want to know your story! I want to know everything about all of these people in the coffee shop in the middle of the day!

What are you doing? Are you on Facebook? Instagram? Tumblr? All three at once? Are you inventing a new social media website? Are you emailing with someone? Who? What are they saying? Are you writing? What are you writing? Is it a script? A book? An essay on coffee shop aesthetics? Are you lonely? Are you employed? Is this your job? Doesn't it annoy you to have that plate of crumbs sitting on the table for hours on end? Wouldn't you just go and throw it out by now? How much coffee have you had? Would you still come here even if they didn't have free wifi? What did you do before free wifi existed? Who is your favorite superhero? Do you have any single guy friends? Do you think I'll meet my boyfriend in this coffee shop? Do you like the music they are playing? Are you as creeped out by that one weird dude in the corner as I am?

It's weird because if you go to a coffee shop in the middle of the day in just about any city (and probably some small towns, too!) there will always people in that coffee shop. People you might see once and never again. People who could be visiting, people who could be your next door neighbor who you've never met. It's a strange existence, the coffee shop life, because I have so many questions and am so very curious about all the other people I occasionally encounter during my coffee shop visits, and yet I never actually talk to anyone or ask anyone who anyone is or what anyone is doing. That's the thing-we're all here for a purpose, and whatever that purpose is. because we know there is one, it's as though the café-dwellers abide by a code. Everyone is often polite but has very little interaction with each other.

The people who go to coffee shops in the middle of the day are unified by their purpose and desire to be in the coffee shop and protected by this shared intention, even though some of us are strangers and we'll never meet and I'll never know what you are writing on your computer and what music you are listening to and where you came from and where you are going to.

I am writing this letter to you and I was listening to the new Solange album, "Truth", which is really good but now I am listening to the new Björk album, "bastards", which is really weird and I came from my house and I'll go back there soon. What about you?

Regards, Stamos

SOURCE: http://hellogiggles.com/an-open-letter-to-people-in-coffeeshops-in-the-middle-of-the-day

MUSEUM Move Closer: An Intimate Philosophy of Art Mike Murawski 18.03.2012

"When contemplating a work of art, one of the key questions ought to be: "What is this to me?" This is asked not in the sceptical tone it sometimes takes, implying, "And I think it's pretty irrelevant to me really," but rather in the tone of genuine inquiry, implying that one might come to discover how the object does matter in a personal sense." (Armstrong, 5) A couple years ago, I led a series of public gallery talks that began with the quote above, pulled from John Armstrong's book Move Closer: An Intimate Philosophy of Art. I had become so invested in bringing the personal dimension of learning into the gallery experience that I decided to experiment with

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these public talks, inviting (perhaps somewhat un- we opened ourselves to the work' and allowed for a willing) participants to explore an exhibition of contemporary photography through the lens of their own perceptions and lived experiences. Since this is unfortunately something that museum visitors are rarely asked to do during a gallery talk or public program, it began with some awkwardness as I explained our task. Two core questions, also coming straight from Armstong's 2000 book, faced each of us as we examined the series of photographs by artist Bruce Yonemoto:

What do I have to do-beyond just staring-to get the most out of looking at these artworks?

What is the importance of any particular work to me? Rather surprised by this line of inquiry, the group took my lead and embarked on this process of personal discovery. To begin, we examined a large photograph that was re-staging a well-known Caravaggio painting, and spent some time sharing our observations and creating what meaning we could by just looking. This loosened them up for the next step, which was going out on their own, finding a photograph they felt connected to, and spending some time with the work exploring personal connections-keeping in mind John Armstrong's charge (What is this to me? What does this remind you of? What do you wonder about this image?).

"Being preoccupied with when something was made or who the designer or artist was can be a way of avoiding a more personal relationship with the object. External considerations can be so absorbing that they draw our attention away from the very thing which they are supposed to serve-we end up knowing about the picture, but not knowing it." (Armstrong, 14).

← After about 20 minutes of self-exploration and 'seeing for ourselves,' we gathered back as a group to share

the discoveries that everyone was able to make. I am always amazed at how quickly people are willing to begin sharing personal connections, and the conversation began to build. It has been almost two years, but I distinctly recall one woman who had lived in Indonesia much of her life, and she told us several intimate stories about experiencing the strife and conflict in her home country and how that related to one of the photographs she chose (an American Civil War portrait that Yonemoto had re-staged with Southeast Asian men instead playing the roles of the soldiers). Others made connections to their own experiences during the Vietnam War, a period which Yonemoto's images specifically recall for Americans who lived through that era.

"If we go to a painting demanding that something special happen, we end up in the condition of the insomniac who can't sleep precisely because he keeps retelling himself, with mounting panic, that he must fall asleep." (Armstrong, 63)

No doubt, the conversation was significantly more meaningful than if we had simply discussed the "facts" surrounding these works and the artist himself. Like a mantra I often borrow from Rika Burnham,

slow, fluid process of perception. We did come to some complex meanings that aligned with the curator's perspective, but we also made these images our own-allowed them to "matter in a personal sense," as Armstrong would say. "What good we get from art depends upon the quality of our visual engagement with particular works. We need to 'learn to look," Armstrong writes (60). While I have not led a gallery talk guite like this since then (mostly because the Museum would quickly ask me to stop giving gallery talks, I imagine), I have continued to build a strong element of 'creating personal meaning' in the learning experiences I facilitate in the galleries-and the programs I manage for students, teachers, and docents. While there are many examples of museum educators writing about the power of 'seeing for ourselves' and the value of personal discovery (including some great stuff in Rika Burnham & Elliott Kai-Kee's recent book and the article by Ray Williams published in a 2010 issue of the Journal of Museum Education), I always return to the words of John Armstrong from Move Closer. Perhaps because my role in working with docents requires me to constantly be tackling issues related to the appeal of information and knowledge versus experience and the multiple dimensions of meaning-making. For many years now, Armstrong's book has armed me with a clear sense to counter the over-emphasis of information in my work as a museum educator-but also to enhance my own response to art, and get beyond just staring. SOURCE: http://artmuseumteaching.com/2012/03/18/ move-closer-an-intimate-philosophy-of-art/

HOTEL The Stanley Hotel Ghost Tour David 17.06.2010

At 101 years old this year, the Stanley Hotel in Estes Park, Colorado has seen many guests in its time; celebrities, presidents, the well-to-do and the not so well off have entered through its doors over the last century. Most have left again... but not all.

A member of the historical hotels National Heritage list, the Stanley is also well known for being among the most actively haunted sites in the United States. Built in 1909 by F.O. Stanley for his wife Flora, the hotel is said to be haunted by the couple, by the man, Lord Dunraven, who owned the land before them, by past guests and by former employees. The isolation of the hotel amid the beautiful Colorado Rockies, and the old-world, "different" feel of the place was strong enough to inspire Stephen King when he

staved there the night before Halloween in 1974 with his wife. They were the only quests that night, and King spent many hours wandering the old corridors. The result of that night was a little novel called The thing-from clothes to electronics, jeweleries to Shining.

We recently had the pleasure of attending a ghost hunt at the Stanley hosted by the TAPS crew who make the SyFy TV series, Ghost Hunters. It was great fun, and we did experience a few "odd" things. Many of the people who were there with us had more dramatic experiences.

The third day we were at the Stanley Hotel was a Sunday. We'd arrived Friday and just looked around and made friends. On Saturday we took the advice of the locals and met them at the annual Estes Park Beer-Fest. It's not all about the ghost hunting, v'know (truth is, the ghost hunting is just the excuse... a sort of courtesy detail).

On Sunday several of our other friends who we met on the Queen Mary were due to join us, so I went down and arranged for tickets for everyone to go on the hotel's Ghost Tour.

> ← The hotel does BIG business on the ghost tour they run, as well as a

weekly Ghost Hunt they run in the evenings on weekends. This is our tour group and you can see there were a lot of people. Our group was actually pretty small compared to some, and there were probably another seven tours running at exactly the same time as ours. I couldn't tell for sure, but the entire time we were there I was tripping over multiple tours going up the main staircase or hanging outside room 217 as we are here. After we stopped here to talk about the hauntings in room 217 where Stephen King was inspired to write The Shining, we went upstairs to the fourth floor. And that's where something... happened. SOURCE: http://www.flickr.com/photos/geekstalt/ sets/72157624318739150/

SHOP Where Should You **Buy It? Try Mustafa! Daniel Accioly** 22.12.2009

Singapore has some unique experiences and Mustafa Centre is definitively one of them. Imagine a store where you can find everything from the latest electronic gadget, groceries for the week, sports clothing, brand new luxury and not so fancy watches, office supplies and even intimate toiletries. Right, I know you have also been to a shopping mall before, however, it is not exactly like Mustafa.

← If you cannot find it in Mustafa Center in Singapore, it does not exist. Mustafa in Singapore sells every-

groceries (at one point they were even selling cars). Actually, when you are in this 70,000 sq.ft, six storey shopping center, you will think that it is easier to list what is not sold here than listing what is sold. It is a supply chain manager's hell but a budget shopper's heaven. When you need something and you are not sure where you can find it in Singapore, head to Mustafa, you will probably find it there. Do not worry about the time, it is open 24 hours.

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Mustafa Centre, a 6-storey shopping centre which spans two complexes in the middle of Little India, is one of the oldest department stores in Singapore. It is within walking distance from Farrer Park MRT Station (MRT = subway) on the North East line (purple line). It is so popular that in 2010, Singapore Civil Defence Force applied for a court order to stop business temporarily for 40 hours on its first floor due to concerns about overcrowding in the 24-hour shop! In fact, there is an Electronic People Counting System installed in the centre since September 2008 for crowd control.

The shop looks like a 6 storey 24×7 flea market spread across 2 blocks of Little India. Traffic in front is chaotic and, if you have a backpack or big bag, you are required to either leave it at the door or wrap it with hellerman tape. With shelves full of merchandise that almost fall over you, it is crammed with people from all nationalities trying to find a good bargain.

There doesn't seem to be much logic on how merchandise is displayed throughout the store. I wasn't able to find sense in having the electronics department right in front of groceries and shoes. Sales staff is not that friendly and knowleageble of the products and if you are looking for electronics, don't expect to have someone at your service explaining what the differences between product TX47a and TY48 are (try Funan, close to City Hall MRT, if you are looking for electronics). Also, not sure if it was just bad luck, but there were a lot of people with strong BO. Couldn't figure why as the shop has a pretty good deodorant section.

However I have to admit: if you do your homework, know what you want to buy and don't mind crowded places then it is actually a good shopping experience. Prices are generally low (not everything is "dirty cheap" as some people would say to you) and you can find a few bargains around the shop. Also, I found the informal "supermarket-like" atmosphere of the shop really carefree as I could walk through the aisles and look for the goods I was after. It is really a different shopping experience which is definitively worth a try (at least once!). Shopping at Mustafa has made it to my "list of things to do in Singapore". SOURCE: http://danielaccioly.wordpress.com/tag/mustafa/

CINEMA Summer In Melbourne: Top Outdoor Cinemas John Ryan 22.09.2009

Summer and the movies used to be great together. Escaping a dry, hot and windy day in the air-conditioned relief of a cinema was one of life's simple pleasures. Me and my mate Simon would buy a ticket to an 11am session, then spend the whole day sneaking from cinema to cinema (via the snack bar) watching movies all day. Out in time for dinner, a sugar-crash, and home. Good times.

And while it's still possible to sneak into sessions through the day at Melbourne's big chain cinemas (not that I'm recommending it, of course), daytime is so much busier these days, what with work and babies and stuff, making such decadent spontaneity difficult to arrange in advance. So that leaves balmy summer evenings as the only warm-weather time to see movies. And until the advent of outdoor cinema in Melbourne, that meant staying inside at the best time of the day. No longer.

As they like to do, kids out in the North do things a little differently. The Shadow Electric is the hipster's version of outdoor cinema. Housed in the historic Abbotsford Convent. The Shadow Electric is a mix of beer, ping pong, food, music and cult cinema. These guys have grown out of beanbags and have a mix of op shop furniture and director's chairs to sit on while enjoying movies such as Trainspotting, The Man with the Iron Fists and Dirty Harry. Get down early for happy hour at the bar between 3pm-6pm. What used to be dirty carni food served out of a dodgy van is now well and truly in vogue with plenty of 'food trucks' smattered around the convent serving tasty movie treats. So grow a moustache, wear your grandfather's hat and get yourself down to The Shadow Electric.

Moonlight Cinema was the trailblazer, setting up a screen in Melbourne's lush Botanical Gardens and playing first-run, classic and cult movies under the stars. It took off and is now a real Melbourne experience, featuring catering, bean beds for hire and sellout sessions most nights.

Firstly this cinema reeks of romance; you really can't top the atmosphere

of the Royal Botanical Gardens. More importantly, preparation is the key for this one, do it properly and you can't fail. Firstly it's very popular, so make sure to buy your tickets well in advance. Once that is secured, get down to your local market or deli and go to town on gourmet cheese, meats and dips. Almost think you are going camping, you'll need a little chopping board, knives and napkins.

Food sorted, now go grab your wine and plastic cups. May already seem more trouble than it's worth but it's not. Find a big bag and stuff it with pillows,

blankets, rugs and anything that's comfy and will fit into your bag. Now then, the movie will probably start at around 9:30pm and will be jam-packed by 7:30pm. Get yourself down there nice and early while the sun is still shining and grab a spot to the right side of the screen. All your preparation should pay off now as you settle back in glorious surroundings in comfort with your cheese platter, vino and pillow fortress.

Competing for this chicken-and-white-wine market is the newer OpenAir cinema at Birrarung Mar, a fabulous park by the river in the city. An enormous screen, grandstand seating and movieplex titles draw huge book-ahead crowds and even bigger sponsorship deals.

But that leaves the hipsters with nowhere to go. Or it did until last year, when the gritty Rooftop Cinema showed The Breakfast Club, Easy Rider, My Own Private Idaho or Dogs in Space cranked up in the heart of the city and started showing a diverse range of indy and cult movies. Anything on a rooftop in Melbourne is now cool. These guys have been doing it for longer than anyone else and could almost claim to be pioneers of the rooftop scene. Situated way above the skyline of Melbourne's CBD, Rooftop Cinema would have to be one of the coolest places to watch a flick. Screening cult classics such as Beverly Hills Cop, Muriel's Wedding and Hail they have something for just about everyone. The bar will be open well before the movie at 9:30pm and will stay open well past the credits, you really can settle in for a lovely afternoon on a roof surrounded by Melbourne's stunning city skyline. No need to bring your blanket or chair as they have all this covered. Make the night extra special and head to Cookie for dinner first and you have yourself a date to impress the pants off anyone (no pun intended).

There's also an open-air cinema down on the foreshore in St Kilda, on the rooftop of the St Kilda Sea Baths. I'm a bit scared of St Kilda (sea air does strange things to people, dontcha think?), so I can't report first-hand on it. In 2010, it runs 13 January to 26 February most every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The schedule includes Avatar, The Imaginarium of Dr. Parnassus, 500 Days of Summer and many more. Check out their website—stkildaopenair.com. au—for schedule details and prices.

SOURCE: http://travelblog.viator.com/summer-in-melbourne-top-outdoor-cinemas/

132–139 GET TING ANGRY?

In fact, there is nothing remotely like an 'hour' for rush hour traffic.

For those of you that don't know, for traffic, Toronto is the fourth-most congested region in North America, behind only Los Angeles, San Francisco and Chicago.

What's confusing is that we are ahead of New York City... and NY is not even number 5! Nope... Number 5 is Houston! Houston! What the hell is causing all of the snarl ups there? A cattle drive? Sorry... that's unfair to the beautiful city of Houston. Except for the smell of oil in the air, Houston is a nice-looking place. Actually, I have heard reports that say that Toronto is actually worse than LA.

I work about 28 kilometers (17.4 miles) from my home, and unless I want to spend over 1-1/2 hours traveling to work (plus 1-1/2 hours to return) via a bus, train and bus again, I have to drive to work.

Via driving... I get to work at 8am, and I leave at around 7:20—that's 40 minutes. That's not bad considering the first eight minutes of the trip are on suburb roads, with the remainder of the trip on a highway—so I'm not complaining about THIS morning's trip.

But I used to try and get to work by 9am. If you were to leave 40 minutes earlier at 8:20am, you might float in (as I often did) at 9:15 or once or twice at 9:30am.

You just can not make the 28 kilometer trip in 40 minutes, with a 55-minute journey more of a norm. How is it possibleto spend so much time in traffic? That's one of the reasons why I decided I would start work early. Since I now start at 8am, I leave at 4pm. Traffic? Look... 10 years ago, I used to work in the same area... it would take—including a traffic light one minute to get to the highway... and this was me leaving at 5pm.

Now in 2012, leaving at 4pm when it is not supposed to be as busy as the 5pm crush, I spend five minutes in a line waiting for the right to get on the highway and vegetate.

Let's look at yesterday, as an example... I got on the highway in about five minutes—Highway 401 at Leslie heading west.

I adroitly manoeuvred four lanes over to get into the Express lanes, and then a further three lanes into the 'passing' lane, otherwise known as the fast lane.

For some reason—on that trip—myself and everyone around me was moving! Nine times out of 10 the highways are so bunged up that you can just barely get over one or two lanes from the Leslie entrance... and you are left to guess which conga line to choose—the "Express" or "Collectors".

But not today. All of us drivers quickly got up to 130 kph (80.78 mph)—even though the speed limit is a paltry 100 kph (62.14 mph).

We're all flying on the highway making incredible time... and then... brakes.

While no one had to squeal or smoke their tires to stop, stop we did... hitting exactly 0 kph (0 mph) and holding for 30 seconds.

After numerous starts and stops, we got back up to

TIME Rush Hour Traffic Andrew Joseph 02.05.2012

Do you know what I hate? Traffic.

No... not the awesome rock group featuring Steve Winwood. Rather, I hate the stuff that happens on the roads...

← But not just any traffic, what I really, really hate is the incredibly incorrectly named entity known as

"rush-hour traffic."

Talk about your oxymorons! There is nothing remotely 'rush-like' about rush-hour traffic. 80 kph (50 mph). So... not bad. By why did we have to stop?

There was no accident. No police cars looking to bust speeders. No disabled vehicles... nothing. Just volume.

Last Friday was also a beauty. There I was, driving on Highway 401 at a top speed of 50 kph (31 mph). All of a sudden, I have to drop down to 0 kph, holding the zero for 12 seconds... before driving for 20 more seconds at 50 kph... and then brake time down to zero, where I hold my zero for 15 seconds... and repeat... repeat... repeat. I did this for a total of 12 times dur-

ing my drive home. I know... because I counted. Look... I know that Toronto is a busy city full of busy drivers heading out to the suburbs to the east, north and west... but this highway-Highway 401-while cosmetically changed, looks exactly as it did when my dad first drove the same roads back in the late 1960s. Nothing has really changed on it except that there are more cars on the road nowadays.

So... until we, as a species, run out of gas-and that won't happen for another 100 years or so (my guess)-just what will happen to my commute?

What will it be like in five years? Ten? Twenty? God help me. But I may still be working 20 years from now! My commute and the commute of everyone on this highway is going to be stupid.

How can a Toronto commute take almost as long as an LA commute? We have fewer people. Do we have fewer cars than LA?

So... even now... the 401 Highway system designed and built in the 1950s is no longer capable of handling the traffic we put on it in 2012. It's only going to get worse!

But here's the real kick in the balls. No one really has a plan to alleviate the situation.

They almost had a plan.

First proposed in 1959, but opened in 1997, the Ontario government constructed Highway 409 across the top of the City of Toronto—in an effort to alleviate the traffic congestion across the middle of the city and Highway 401, as well as at the foot of the city along the Gardiner Expressway.

A great idea... except they decided to make it essentially a toll highway... totally screwy considering the rest of the highways in Ontario are toll free.

After a few years of not making any money from itit's a FREE-way, why should we pay for it when our already high taxes should be paying for it!!--the Ontario government sold it to a private firm... who continue to charge the consumer on a pay as you use it scenario.

I've never driven on that highway in the 15 years it has been open.

Idiots.

Urban planners in Toronto are failing the people. They have been since the 1950s. I can almost believe that the urban planners who created the highway system had high hopes for the future, fully expecting that future planners would not drop the ball and would continue planning Toronto's transit well into the future. But... aside from minor repairs and cosmetic changes

here and there, very little has been done to relieve Toronto of its traffic constipation.

Toronto's highways are a farce. Urban planners need to be retired.

Currently, the solution for all of Toronto's woes seems to be to add more public transit... like add a few more train stops for the Toronto Transit Commission (TTC). Meanwhile, because of money problems, the TTC is either cutting routes, or is cutting the frequency of routes for its buses.

Great! More subways. More trains. But fewer ways for consumers to reach them.

So... how long would it take me to get to work if I took the public transit system? It would take me 1-1/2 hours to get to work ... unless the Toronto Transit Commission decides to cut some more routes or service on routes...

Even adding more train stops is not going to do it. Not where I live, which is a 20 minute walk or a 10-minute bus ride to a pair of train stops.

TTC? It stands for: "Take The Car." That's an oldie but aoodie.

What is the solution?

It's easy to bitch without at least postulating a solution—so let me try.

I say we should construct an overhead highway that runs atop and parallel to the Highway 401-and add further overheads to the other two over the ensuing decades...

It should look exactly like the one that collapsed in Oakland back in 1989 when a massive earthquake hit the Bay area.

The good news for Toronto residents is that except for a few minor tremors that feel like a truck is driving by outside your house, Toronto is not afflicted by earthquakes as a concern.

We essentially will be able to double the amount of cars on this particular highway.

The problem then comes to where is the money coming from to construct it?

Chain gangs. Prisoners.

But what about all of the city workers or construction crews? I am sorry to say, but screw'em. Supply and demand. We demand cheap and affordable construction, and we can get it supplied by a chain gang. Look... maybe a construction crew can still be used to ensure the roads are up to code... but why don't we use grunt labour available to us.

They are prisoner volunteers who get paid, of course... and they can be rotated in and out of service after a week, and maybe they get some time off... but, it's a chance to really repay their debt to society by helping make it a better place-rather than just sitting in jail, lifting weights, screwing the little guy up the ass... you know... like the Toronto commuter...

I am tired of not being able to rush during the rush hour that seems to exist in Toronto between 3:30-6:30pm and 7:30—9:30am. Do you know what I hate? Rush hour traffic.

SOURCE: http://ih8itih8it.blogspot.sg/2012/05/rush-hour-traffic.html

WELCOME TO A CITY

CHEATING **Guerrilla Road Safety Group** 'Politely' Installs Illegal Bike Lane **Protectors on Cherry Street** Tom Fucoloro 04.04.2013

← An extremely polite group of anony-134 mous guerrilla road safety activists armed with \$350 worth of reflective

plastic pylons turned the painted Cherry Street bike lane under I-5 into a protected bike lane Monday morning. The group—calling themselves the Reasonably Polite Seattleites—wanted to make a statement about how easy and affordable it would be for the city to use the method to make bike lanes safer all over the city. To stress how polite they are, they attached them using an adhesive pad for easy removal, according to an email sent to SDOT and Seattle Bike Blog.

The city has removed them, but responded with an equally polite email thanking them for making the statement, apologizing that they had to remove them and even offering to give the pylons back. Below are the shockingly polite emails, starting with the RPS: Tom, I'm an avid reader of your blog and avid cyclist. We've attended meetings together, though I don't think we've ever actually met. I'm emailing because this morning a friend and I installed a string of plastic pylons along the Cherry Street bike lane under I-5. I've attached a couple of pictures. In New York, Washington, D.C., Chicago, San Francisco, Portland, the city transportation department usually installs these things, which slow traffic to the posted speed limit, and afford cyclists some protection. Some might ask, very reasonably, how does a piece of cheap plastic protect you from a drunk or distracted driver in a two ton SUV? Based on my experience commuting in such lanes in other cities, 1) they slow speeding traffic by making the lane appear narrower (without actually reducing its size); and 2) it's essentially a warning system for a drunk or distracted driver; once he hits one, he's more likely to slow down, lessening the chance of hitting a cyclist or pedestrian down the road. This string cost about \$350 in materials and required literally 10 minutes to install (admittedly, because SPD HQ is across the street, we hurried). SDOT will probably argue maintaining these things costs money, they complicate street cleaning, etc., etc. These are reasonable arguments, except that Chicago, D.C., San Francisco have confronted and overcome the same issues.

We chose this block fairly arbitrarily; we certainly don't enjoy riding it, despite the fact the bike lane is relatively new—cars race past, gaining speed for the approaching hill, or to accelerate onto I-5. The grade is inclined, so cycling is slow-thus, as cars accelerate to 45 mph, we're moving at 4 or 5. But this

intention was merely to demonstrate how an incredibly modest investment and a few minutes of SDOT's time is capable of transforming a marginal, under-utilized and dangerous bike facility into one dramatically safer for cars, pedestrians and bicyclists. (This is not mere rhetoric; as you undoubtedly know. New York City's investments in pedestrian facilities, bike lanes and cycletracks led to the lowest number of traffic related fatalities in the city's recorded history-not per capita, but in absolute numbers, despite exponential population growth; in other words, these facilities are safer not only for pedestrians and cyclists, but drivers.)

We sincerely hope the new master bicycle plan, which currently includes 137 miles of cycletracks, is fully implemented, though we're understandably skeptical. While we're waiting, many obvious, inexpensive, relatively non-controversial solutions exist, as we've sought to demonstrate here. We wish Mayor McGinn would explore such opportunities. We wish we didn't have to spend our own money on common-sense, unobtrusive traffic calming treatments, and risk arrest installing them, in order to feel safe riding in this city.

PS: Because we're still polite Seattleites (even when we engage in acts of civil disobedience), we used an adhesive pad, which is removable, not epoxy, which is more permanent, meaning Mayor McGinn and SDOT can remove these in a matter of minutes, if they so choose.

Two days later, the group received an equally-polite response from SDOT's traffic engineer explaining why the bollards had to be removed (and offering to give them back):

Hello reasonably polite Seattleites,

Thank you for pointing out some easy ways to calm traffic and provide more secure feeling bicycle lanes on our streets. Your sentiment of unease and insecurity riding on painted bicycle lanes next to high speed and high volume traffic is exactly what I am hearing from our residents as we update our bicycle master plan. This strong message to me and my staff that we have to be more thoughtful on facility design and implementation is being heard loud and clear. You are absolutely correct that there are low cost and simple ways to slow traffic, increase the sense of protection, and provide bicycle facilities that are more pleasant and accommodating for a larger portion of people who ride bicycles. I am truly appreciative that you care enough to take time, money, and risk to send your message to me and my staff. It is my commitment to you that I will do my best to update our existing facilities and install new bicycle facilities that will be more thoughtful. Some of these will be low cost, such as what you demonstrated on Cherry Street, while others will require more resources to implement.

The posts that you installed on Cherry Street will be removed and I am sorry about that. The posts are 36 inches high and this is higher than most road bicycle handle bars. A rider can hit the post with their hancertainly wasn't the worst bike facility in Seattle. Our dle bar, which is a safety concern. The bicycle lane is

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five feet wide. The travel lane is 11 feet wide, which is what the State DOT permitted us to narrow the lane to. Cherry Street is under the freeway and is owned by the State, so we do have to get their permission for reconfiguring the street. If we had more lane width to work with, we could have installed shorter posts. Unfortunately, this is not the case here. Please let me know if you would like the posts back and I will have the crew leave the posts in a safe area for you to pick up. Thank you, again, for your thoughtful demonstration.

Sincerely,

DONGHO CHANG, PE, PTOE City Traffic Engineer Seattle Department of Transportation Traffic Management Division SOURCE: http://www.seattlebikeblog.com/2013/04/04/ guerrilla-road-safety-group-politely-installs-illegal-bike-lane-protectors-on-cherry-street/#more-109711

FOOD My Thoughts on La Tomatina (The Good & the Bad)!!! Jaime Davila 09.2011

I assume everyone should know what La Tomatina is, but in case you don't here is a brief description. La Tomatina is the largest tomato fight in the world that occurs once a year in Buñol, Spain, on the last Wednesday of August. The origin of the festival is not quite sure, they believe it was started around 1944– 46 by a few locals for unknown reasons and every year it got bigger. Now instead of giving you a detailed play-by-play of what happened by writing it all, I am going to list my thoughts from beginning to end on that day. Some will have times next to them, as I know what time they occurred and others won't, but I know they happened in that order.

04:45am "Ahh my alarm—it's too early and I got no sleep since I stayed up till 1:30am trying to watch Kelly Clarkson's live stream premiere of her new single. Just a few more minutes."

04:50am "Okay I am up... EEEEeeeee time to get dressed, cab will be here at 5:30am."

05:30am "Yay we are all out the door, cab is there waiting for us. Off to the train station we go."

05:50am "Oh shit a long line already at the train station."

06:10am "Wow the line behind us is long as hell, so glad we got here when we did."

06:45am "Yay we got seats on the 1st train and we are heading to Buñol."

07:30am "Holy shit so many people are here already,

wow this is going to be crazy. Now it's time to find where the fight is going to happen."

08:40am "Looks like we got a good spot, we are right in the middle and in front of the greased ham pool." 09:05am "Fuck it is getting crazy packed."

09:25am "EEEEEeeeee PEOPLE are CLIMBING THE POLE. Oh man this is awesome. People are crazy." 09:40am "What the fuck... people are throwing beer and water bottles along with flip-flops at the people climbing the pole. Ahh people are stupid." 09:45am "Okay this is getting out of control, it is too packed."

"Oh look someone threw a broom at the people climbing the poles."

"Oh and now someone threw a dustpan at them." "Oh and now someone threw a yoga mat at them... where the fuck do they get these things from?" "OMG SOME HUMANS ARE FUCKING STUPID... WHAT IS PEOPLE'S PROBLEM."

10:10am "It's starting to smell and this is very uncomfortable. This is just not cool... I'm not having a good time."

10:20am "FUCK YES THE GUY WE WANTED TO GET THE HAM DOWN GOT IT!!!"

10:21am "Oh fuck they are body surfing him around the crowd. I am getting smushed."

10:22am I tell Val & Ali "I just want to come out of this alive. This is fucking horrible."

10:30am "Yay they are throwing water at us from above... that will help cool us down. Ahhh it feels so good."

10:55am "Okay 5 more minutes, I'm ready to get this over with and done... I am miserable right now. Why am I even doing this?"

11:00am BANG "Yay the shot was fired, the fight has begun."

11:15am "Um I have not seen a single tomato. This is the stupidest thing ever what the fuck?" (Ali leaves me and Val, she needs more space).

11:20am "Oh shit the trucks are coming right down the middle of the road."

11:22am "Yay they are throwing tomatoes at me. Woohoo I got one... I want more I want more."

11:25am "OMG VAL where did you goooo... I can't see you... Ugh I lost Val... damn it."

"HOLY SHIT, THEY JUST DUMPED A SHIT LOAD OF TOMATOES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET." "OMG I AM KNEE DEEP IN TOMATOE JUICE. THIS

IS FUCKING AWESOME."

"FUCK I KEEP GETTING HIT... NOW I'M ANGRY..." I get wild and throw tomatoes at everyone. "OMG THIS IS SO FUCKING AWESOME..."

"Okay time for a break let me get to the side... I'm tired of thinking I am about to die in here."

5 ← "More trucks are coming... fuck they keep hitting me in the face... thank God I have my goggles."

"Okay time to get back in the fight." I go crazy again. "OMG THIS IS JUST SO FUCKING AWESOME... EEEeeeeee."

"Wow this is so disgusting... but oh well I'm loving it." 12:00pm BANG "Aww the fight is over." 12:05pm "Why are people still throwing tomatoes? I'm ready to get out of here." 12:10pm "I'm gonna slow down... I see cute men everywhere. Yum..."

12:30ish "Yay I found Val again."

12:35pm "Thank you god for letting me and my camera survive this... I loved it."

Now I will just write what happened after the fight. Shortly after I found Val we also found Andy but Ali was nowhere to be found. Val and I were so damn excited that we did this and enjoyed it a lot. We were also away from the crowd and could have our lil photo shoot with my camera outside of the two-zip lock bags. Took a few photos and then went on the search for Ali. We found Ali, she didn't enjoy it as much (neither did Andy). We then were on a mission to rinse off, find food and other things we needed before heading home.

On the way home you could see everyone was just exhausted and passed out on the train. We finally made it back home and all showered, rinsed off and for the next few days still found pieces of tomatoes around the house and our bodies... lol!!! All in all I must say La Tomatina was one of the most horrible uncomfortable moments of my life along with one of the best, most amazing moments in my life. You have to know that something you have wanted to do your whole life may not be 100% amazing, but you have to roll with the punches and enjoy it anyway. Now that it has been over a week since I did it I must say it was just down right amazing and I'm glad I did it. Now I know I do wanna do it again and will be better prepared. I will also help y'all be prepared if any of you ever do it. My next post will be "My Tips for La Tomatina". Now comes the scary part... for my 1.5-2year RTW trip... I only had these four things planned and now I have done them. This means I have no more set dates for the remainder of my RTW trip. That is pretty awesome, but yet scary at the same time. So have any of you ever done La Tomatina, what were your thoughts on it? Do any of you wanna do it? Would you do it? Let me know below.

SOURCE: http://breakawaybackpacker.com/2011/09/ my-thoughts-on-la-tomatina/

NOISE Drag Racing: The Loudest Sport Ryan McGee 05.11.2010

NHRA: Underestimate the NHRA's decibel mightiness at your auditory peril.

THREE OLD LADIES ARE RIDING ON A BUS. The first says to her friends, "It sure is windy."

The second says, "It's not Wednesday, it's Thursday." The third yells, "I'm thirsty too. Let's get a drink!"

This is pretty much the conversation that I'm having with "Big Daddy" Don Garlits, the man considered to be the greatest drag racer ever to wrap his legs around a 7,000-horsepower engine and ride it down the strip like a pony. We're standing in the middle of his museum in Ocala, FLA., surrounded by dozens of his signature black Swamp Rat dragsters. These machines hurtled him through milestones of speed— Garlits was the first to surpass 170, 200 and 270 mph—but besting barriers took more power, which created more noise, which robbed Big Daddy of some of his ability to hear.

"I need you to speak up," the 78-year-old shouts, turning his head to face me with his "good ear," which isn't really. "Sorry, son, the Swamp Rats have gnawed off a bit of my eardrums over the years."

"Well, that's what I want to talk about," I say, instinctively tilting my head to favor my left ear. After nearly 20 years of chasing race car drivers for a living, I too have been gnawed on a bit. The top-end hearing in my right ear is shot.

56 ← "About what?"

"About how loud drag racing is." "Oh man, I'm real proud of drag racing."

"No sir, not proud. Loud." "Yeah, it's loud as hell. People don't know what to expect the first time. It's a trip." I shift a little. "On the strip?"

"No. it's a trip."

WHEN THE MAG FIRST raised the possibility of a Loud issue, I immediately offered drag racing as the loudest sport on the planet. Nothing's even close, to be honest. But within minutes, emails and phone calls from doubting editors trickled in. What about Cameron Indoor Stadium in the middle of a Duke-North Carolina game? What about Neyland, Bryant-Denny or Autzen stadiums in the fall? Or the vuvuzela horns during the World Cup in Johannesburg? I fielded these queries and volleyed a few of my own: Have any of those ever been so loud they made you cry? Or split your eardrum like a Tylenol Safety Seal? Or sent people storming, ears covered, into city hall to protest?

"I've been coming to the drag strip since I was in kindergarten," says Antron Brown, a pilot of the NHRA's loudest machine, an exposed-engine, winged beast known as the Top Fuel dragster. "Even after three decades, if I don't know that an engine is about to be fired I will physically jump. It literally scares me off the ground." For four seconds-the length of a 1,000-foot, 300 mph run—anyone within a quarter-mile of the NHRA's starting line surrenders their entire body to the experience of loud. As the Christmas tree of lights runs through its cycle, the most powerful internal combustion engines on the planet run through a cycle of sound that moves from the world's largest popcorn popper, POP-POP-POP, to the ramping up of a fighter jet, WHIRRRRRR, to, ultimately, the atomicbreath scream of Godzilla. It is a cacophony of noise and flame. The concussion of air physically staggers

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Getting Angry? 219

A Top Fuel dragster is built on a foundation of earthshaking numbers. One of its eight cylinders creates as much horsepower as an entire NASCAR Sprint Cup car; its fuel pump delivers 500 pounds of line pressure; its 17-inch-tall rear tires create G-force loads equal to those of a space shuttle launch: and the rear wing manufactures 8,000 pounds of downforce, enough to run the car upside down in a tunnel, assuming you could get it up there.

Yet the NHRA has never conducted a formal study to measure the sport's most startling by-product: noise level.

And that's no accident. Requests have been politely turned down because the lack of hard numbers adds to the mystery that surrounds the sport's biggest drawing card. "If I can get you to the drag strip and get you to watch one run, then I have made a fan for life," says Don "The Snake" Prudhomme, winner of 49 NHRA races across Top Fuel and its full-bodied nitro cousin, Funny Cars. "Loud isn't a strong enough word. It's so overwhelming your brain can hardly compute what it's hearing and seeing. It's damn near a religious experience."

"Your bones literally rattle," echoes NASCAR driver Kurt Busch, who raced in one of NHRA's lower-level divisions earlier this year, "and the drag racers get a sick pleasure in taking rookies to the starting line and putting us between the two nitro cars. If you aren't ready, it hurts. It feels like someone is sticking a Taser into your ear canal."

I pulled that cruel but exhilarating trick on my wife back in mid-September. It was the opening night of the Carolinas Nationals at zMAX Dragway, which sits adjacent to the Charlotte Motor Speedway. Even a 12-year marriage to a motorsports writer, during which she has been dragged from fairground infields to the Daytona 500, had not prepared her for the NHRA. Hammered by the shock wave, she turned to me with tear-filled eyes and clutched her chest. Okay, I thought, I have to get some numbers on this. The next day, determined to take down some sort of measurement, I purchased a \$99 handheld noise meter at the local RadioShack and snuck it out to the starting line. John Force's Funny Car rolled up to the line and idled beside me. The meter read 115 decibels. Force punched it, blasting away from me as he hit 291 mph. A "129 dB" popped up, blinking, on the display. I scrambled for the instruction manual, which explained a blinking number indicates that the noise exceeds the meter's maximum.

I returned to RadioShack, where a salesman named Howie scratched his head: "That's the strongest model I carry, bro. But my buddy who installs custom car sound systems might have something stronger. Let me call him."

Top Fuel runs, this time with a \$2,000 professional sound meter that went to 140 dBs. Antron Brown rolled by. I waved the meter at him, and he gave me the thumbs up. One minute later he broke off a 315.93 mph run. I looked at my new meter—140 dBs. And it was blinking, "Dude, what the hell are you measuring?" Howie sheepishly asked when I called back again.

Well, it certainly wasn't Cameron Indoor, where a Duke student pegged the home crowd at around 116 dBs during a game against Wake Forest in 2009. And it wasn't Oregon's Autzen Stadium, which was recorded at 127.2 dBs during an '07 home date with USC (about the same as the 127 dBs recorded for the sea of vuvuzela horns at this past summer's World Cup). On paper, my NHRA measurement didn't seem much louder. But decibels are recorded on a logarithmic scale, which means that increases are not one-to-one in terms of intensity. Each three-decibel increment represents a 100% change in sound pressure. In other words, assuming Top Fuel dragsters landed somewhere in the 150-dB range, they are over 100 times louder than the Cameron Crazies. SOURCE: http://sports.espn.go.com/espn/news/story?id=5759488

SPACE Tianducheng—A Small Piece of Paris, Made in China Sumitra

10.01.2013

It appears that the Chinese have tired of imitating objects, so they've now moved on to entire cities. How else could you explain the gated community of Tianducheng, that boasts its very own Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe and European-style villas? Located near Hangzhou, the capital of the coastal Zhejiang province, the community built by real estate company Zhejiang Guangsha Co. Ltd. in 2007 is a housing development meant to attract China's rich and powerful. The developers apparently wanted to give the wealthy Chinese a chance to enjoy European culture without actually having to travel thousands of miles. It took five years of meticulous construction and landscaping to create the entire 19 sq. km (12 sq. mile) community.

According to Lu Xiaotian, the company's director, "The community can house up to 10,000 people comfortably." Apart from the obvious touristy feel, the community also provides amenities ranging from a school, a country club and a hospital. All this, in the midst of the serene surroundings of a park atmosphere. The real estate group has largely capitalized on the fact that Chinese honeymooners tend to flock to Paris, and also that French designer labels and wine are popular status symbols in major Chinese cities. So the community of Tianducheng gives residents the opportunity to sit on the steps by their very own Bassin de Latone, a cleverly done imitation of the famous fountain located in the gardens of the Palace of Versailles. They can also admire the Eiffel Tower, which is a 108m high replica of the 324m original, in their very own neighborhood. Apart from the obvious imitations of famous monuments, there are the Parisienne-style gardens surrounded by rows and rows of European-style villas.

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For all its architectural genius, there is very little information available today about Tianducheng. The last known population of the community was about 2000, way back in 2007. This might be due to the fact that it is only a part of a string of such theme-towns in the area. Thames Town, located nearby and opened in 2006, is a little London with Georgian and Victorianstyled terrace houses. It had even managed to cause a minor uproar of sorts when the English publican Gail Caddy accused the town of replicating Lyme Regis, her pub in England. Italian and German-inspired towns are also said to exist in the vicinity, and the last we heard was that a Chinese firm was planning to recreate Dorchester, the village that inspired novelist Thomas Hardy. Not too long ago, a replica of an entire Austrian town was unveiled in the Guangdong province. The \$940 million project allows people to explore exact replicas of the architecture and streets of Hallstatt, a UNESCO World Heritage site, Looking at pictures, it is quite hard to tell between the original village and its imitation. Again, there was controversy involved with this project when the Chinese real estate developers did not bother to inform the residents of Hallstatt of their counterfeiting plans. According to a hotel owner, Monika Wenger,

← "They should have asked the owners of the hotel and the other buildings if we agree with the idea to rebuild

Hallstatt in China, and they did not.' Despite all the attractions that life in Tianducheng has to offer, the truth remains that it is more of a ghost town since no one except the super-rich can afford to live there.

3

The main reason behind its construction is actually to promote GDP growth in the nation—which is said to be the government's number one priority. So for now, it seems that Tianducheng is only popular as a backdrop for newlywed couples to use in their wedding photos.

SOURCE: http://www.odditycentral.com/pics/

tianducheng-a-small-piece-of-paris-made-in-china.html#more-32198

ADMINISTRATION Why I Will Never, Ever, Go Back to the United States Niels Gerson Lohman 10.14.2013

In the five hours that followed, I was guestioned twice more. During the first round I told, amongst others, my life's story, about my second novel's plot, gave my publisher's name, my bank's name and my real estate agent's name. Together we went through all the photos on my laptop and messages my phones had been receiving for the past months. They wrote down the names of everybody I had been in touch with. In my pirated software and movies they showed no interest.

During the second round of questioning, we talked about religion. I told them my mother was raised a Catholic, and that my dad had an atheist mother and a Jewish dad.

> ← "We don't understand. Why would Õ a Jew go to Yemen?" "But... I'm not Jewish."

"Yeah, well. We just don't understand why would a Jew go to Yemen."

Again, I showed them the photos I took in Yemen and explained how nice the island's flora and fauna had been. That the dolphins come and hang out. even in the shallow water, and how cheap the lobsters were. I showed them the Dragonblood trees and the Bedouin family where I had to eat goat intestines. They did not seem to appreciate it as much as I had.

"You yourself, what do you believe in?" I thought about it for a second and replied.

"Nothing, really."

Obviously, I should have said:

"Freedom of speech."

When I'm supposed to watch my words, I tend to say the wrong ones.

The last hour was spent on phone calls about me. Now and then an officer came and asked me for a password on my equipment. By then, the cocaine trafficker had been brought to a cell where they did have a toilet. I continued my wait. An officer, who I had not seen before, flung the door open and asked if I was on the Greyhound heading to New York. I shrugged hopefully. He closed the door again, as if he had entered the wrong room.

Finally, two officers came rushing into my waiting room. "You can pack your bag. And make sure you have everything."

They gave me my phones back. All apps had been opened. I had not used my phones that day, but the batteries were completely drained. Because I was soaked in sweat, I attempted to change shirts while packing my bag. It seemed like I had made it.

"How much time do we have? What time will the bus depart?"

"We don't know."

I was unable to find the entrance to my clean shirt. I held it high with two hands, as if it was a white flag. "So ... what's the verdict?"

"We are under the impression you have more ties with more countries we are not on friendly terms with than your own. We decided to bring you back to the Canadian border."

They brought me back. In the car, no words were said. It was no use. I was defeated. To the Canadian border they said:

"We got another one. This one is from the Netherlands."

The Canadian officer looked at me with pity. She asked if there was anything I needed. I said I could use some coffee and a cigarette. She took my passport to a back room and returned within five minutes, carrying an apologetic smile, a freshly stamped passport, coffee, a cigarette, and a ticket to the next bus back to Montreal. I have been cursed at a Chinese border. In Dubai, my passport was studied by three veiled women for over an hour and my suitcase completely dismembered. In the Philippines I had to bribe someone in order to get my visa extended for a few days. Borders, they can be tough, especially in countries known for corruption. But never, ever, will I return to the United States of America.

SOURCE: http://www.huffingtonpost.com/niels-gerson-lohman/ us-border-crossing_b_4098130.html

The website quickly registered more than 1 million hits, and the billboard zipped across blogs and news sites around the world. As word spread, however, it came out that identical billboards were currently decrying Steven not only elsewhere in New York, but also in Los Angeles and Chicago. Was Steven simply a well-traveled adulterer, or was something fishy going on?

E-detectives everywhere picked up the scent, and within days, Emily and her familial woes were exposed as a guerrilla campaign promoting the second season of Court TV's Parco P.I.—a docudrama series revealing the exploits of a private investigator. The network's in-house marketing department had devised the campaign in an effort to create a believable female character who might hire a private investigator like the one on the show. They wanted the "Scorned Woman" campaign to raise awareness about the program and hoped it would give the public a chance to play detective themselves.

With millions of hits registered and millions of "Fwd: Check out this site!" emails speeding across the globe, the ads were an unmitigated success. As with all great guerrilla campaigns, the ruse was so clever that, rather than sulking about being duped, people reacted with a collective, "Nice one. You got us." They continued to forward the site to their friends, and the show continued enjoying increased exposure.

SOURCE: http://www.neatorama.

com/2011/12/15/10-of-the-greatest-guerrilla-marketing-campaignsof-all-time/#!wicSw

TREATING OTHERS 10 of the Greatest Guerrilla Marketing Campaigns of All-Time Miss Cellania 15.12.2011

"Hi Steven," started the billboard that suddenly appeared near Times Square in 2006.

← "Do I have your attention now? I know all about her, you dirty, sneaky, immoral, unfaithful, poorly-endowed slimeball. Everything's caught on tape. Your (soon-

to-be-ex) wife, Emily.' As you might imagine, this little love note caught the attention of a lot of people, and more than a few of them raced to the Internet to find out who Emily was and what she had planned.

Turns out, Emily was keeping a blog (thatgirlemily. blogspot.com) of her vengeful activities, which included giving away bottles from Steven's prize wine collection and listing his work number as the contact for a "fabulous 750 square foot studio in Soho for a steal - \$300/month." Oh, and she also posted video clips of his adulterous shenanigans on YouTube.

ARE ТНЕ WORLD

Orlando in London

March 1603, January 1608

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I.i

Enter The Queen supported by Attendants, Sir Robert Cecil.

QUEEN

Succession, succession. Succession indeed. All I ever hear of is succession: Has ever month, or week, or day gone by Without the word succession being whispered In my ear, louder than clarions of war? Will it not cease? Not now, in my demise? Will ever yet my soul hear mournful cries: Where, where, Regina, where now is thy heir? I have no heir but that my spirit live! Triumphant in adversity and scorn Do I deliver this realm to her new dawn; And my successor? Must I name him, must I Now in words defile myself when in my mind And in my body I so long held firm?-But look, here comes Orlando, pray withdraw; I'll this vexation ponder yet anon.

SIR ROBERT Ma'am. I'll on the hour return.

Exeunt Sir Robert and Attendants.

I.ii

Enter Orlando.

ORLANDO

Majesty!

QUEEN

Oh apple of mine eye, sweet sight Orlando. My politicians seek to wear me down With the same question that has haunted me All of my life. Who shall succeed me, who? I am not sorry that there is no heir. Would I could choose one, pick him from the crowd: Wouldst thou, if I so bade thee, be a king? Oh please say no. The king's lot is a bane, And thou hast lives to live, maidens to pluck: Fresh flowers from the gardens of their youth, And youths to lead astray in gallantry... Be thou not one who would be king or queen, Be thou Orlando even as thou art: Simple and pure, and maddeningly fair!

ORLANDO

ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

I assure you Ma'am, that I would not be king, Not for a thousand crowns, not for the sceptre That commands the world and all the stars; Not for the kisses, promises and lies Of all the lovers ever known to woo.

QUEEN

What would you be, Orlando, if you could?

ORLANDO

Why, I could be Orlando, if I should.

QUEEN

I warrant that you should, if you but would.

ORLANDO

Aye so, but aren't we merely players, all?

QUEEN Who shall I tell them then should play my part?

ORLANDO

No-one can play your part, Ma'am, it will die When you your costume and your wig remove; And it will never so be played again, But for the boys and youths who on the stages Of the theatres will take it on in time To act your part as you: Elizabeth Gloriana, Good Queen Bess of England.

QUEEN

They want the King of Scotland to come here And reign in both our kingdoms' name as one.

ORLANDO **Does this displease you?**

QUEEN

It unnerves my heart And makes my mind numb with anxiety.

ORLANDO

How so?

QUEEN

Orlando, my sweet boy, I am A figurehead, an icon, an ideal; I am what England wants to see in me And what it yearns for, deep inside: Untainted grace, and steely will united In one person: fragile china figurine; Warrior too. Virgin, mother, queen and whore. Oh look not so: I am not scandal, no! I am but fantasy of fornication; Therefore am I safe and unimpeachable. The King of Scotland is a nobody. How then will my people, will my England Forgive me for not giving them a king? Will not for victory I be remembered Over Spain, for saving our religion, Not for loving our people above all, But for abandoning them to a Scot?

Will I have failed, Orlando, dismally?

ORLANDO

Worry not so, my queen, Your Majesty. The English are at heart rumbustious And gregarious, it's true, they do distrust A man of intellect and quiet study, But have they not seen monarchs come and go, And somehow thrived? Your work is done. You leave Them stronger than they ever were before: Could, in our time, a woman have prevailed The way that you have, had she borne a child? Had she unto a husband given in? Think what a husband is unto his wife: A lord and master. Could the Queen of England Have given England this, her all, and still Been mother to an heir, wife to a prince: Faithful and true not to her country first But first obedient to her royal man? Maybe the day will come, I trust it may, When this would seem no more impossible Than for a king to force upon his people Terror, famine, deprivation, strife and war And still be called a saviour of sorts. I say, Your Majesty, be free of guilt, Of pain, of passion and of purpose now. Allow these days to pass like so much mist Over the parkland of a morn in March, Before the sun on the horizon does appear, And, with its first rays, rise and guietly give way To a new day whose course cannot be known Nor yet its pattern seen. Have done, my queen Let go and be content that England Will go on. Let England choose her queen or king: The people get the monarch they deserve.

QUEEN

The way you speak belies your years, Orlando.

Walk with me, let us into the gardens: Though the air be chill, yet is it fresh and clean; These walls have heard too much, the tapestries Are stale with sorrow, anguish and despair. The vows that have been broken here, the words unsaid With false betrayal evermore to stain The fabric of the state: the weight, the weight Of it, layer upon burdened layer...— Sir Robert will return, let us escape, An hour among the ancient trees; but no: Speak of the devil. How now, Sir Robert? This was not an hour's peace!

I.iii

Enter Sir Robert.

SIR ROBERT

Your Majesty, I fear me these long talks will wear you down.

QUEEN

Have you no fear, Sir, I will hold my head Aloft a few more days. The Ides of March Are not upon us yet. We'll for a walk abroad; Dispatch to Scotland thus: "So trust I that you Will not doubt but that your last letters are So acceptably taken as my thanks Cannot be lacking for the same, but yield them To you, thus, in grateful sort."—He shall be king But let for now the missive be in code.

Exeunt.

II.i

Enter Courtiers, Orlando.

COURTIER 1 You do yourself injustice, Lord Orlando!

COURTIER 2 False modesty does not become you, Sir...

COURTIER 3

Quite so!

ORLANDO

Pernicious flattery. I am Of all the men upon the frozen river Clumsiest by far, I wave my arms about Like one possessed, I nearly fall, then fall, Then get up on my feet, then fall again; My knees are bruised, my wrist is nearly broken, And my feet feel heavy as if made of lead: Pray, let us rest and drink to our host The King!

COURTIERS

The King!

ORLANDO

And his good health!

COURTIERS

Hip hip

Hooray! Hip hip hooray! Hip hip hooray!

All but Orlando sit and recline.

ORLANDO
But what is that? What does mine eye espy?...

COURTIER 3 And yet he will not sit.—Allow yourself Some respite from the ice, Sir, soothe your legs!

COURTIER 2 (A fine pair though they are, they do appear To both of them yield into two left feet...)

ORLANDO

What is this vision on the ice swoops by? He has the grace and stature of a youth But yet when she moves close she has the figure Of a lady. Oh let this thing be real! Let this not be a figment of my mind!

COURTIER 1 My Lords, the King!

They rise.

COURTIER 2 The Earl of Somerset As ever by his side. His favourite...

COURTIER 3

...is young.

COURTIER 2 Young and well-favoured too. But then Scots are.

ORLANDO Pray silence, lovebirds, here the lady comes! II.ii

Enter Sasha.

SASHA

Messieurs.

ORLANDO

Mademoiselle.

SASHA

Je suis enchantée.

ORLANDO Vous n'êtes-pas Française.

SASHA

Mais non. Je suis Russe.

оксаноо Добро пожаловать в Лондон.

SASHA

спасибо.

ORLANDO Lord Orlando, please call me Orlando.

SASHA

Princess Marousha Stanislovska Dagmar Natasha Iliana Romanovitch: Do, by all means, Orlando, call me Sasha.

ORLANDO May I show you the ice sculptures, Sasha?

Exeunt Orlando and Sasha.

II.iii

COURTIER 1 He is engaged to be married, is he not.

COURTIER 2

COURTIER 1 I could swear I saw a spark there of love.

COURTIER 2

COURTIER 3

Well, the Lady Margaret O'Brien O'Dare O'Reilly Tyrconnel, on her left hand's second finger, wears his sapphire.

COURTIER 2

A splendid sapphire, his.

COURTIER 1

What grace. What courtesy, all of a sudden. I could swear I never saw him hand a lady to her sledge before.

COURTIER 2 Not to her sledge.

COURTIER 3

No, it is true: never has woman from young Lord Orlando received so much attention as the Princess Sasha.

COURTIER 2

Nor no man.

COURTIER 1 I wonder will the King be pleased. Orlando in London 235

COURTIER 2 Or Lady Margaret.

COURTIER 3 Or Prince Romanovitch, if there is one...

Exeunt.

ll.iv

Enter Orlando, Sasha.

ORLANDO

Now can you see how far we've come away: The tents and stalls, marquees and canopies In size are turned to toys in which the king And all his entourage are making sport Of the great chill. Soon will the sun go down Beyond the palace, and the light will fade, And all the lanterns and the fires that burn Will turn the ice into a magic crystal maze. And when the moon that full now rises yon His glacial glance upon the snow doth lend The world to us will all seem but a dream: Then promise me that you will never part!

SASHA

I will not part as long as winter's hand Holds fast onto the ship wherein I came And keeps it anchored at the river's mouth Gripped dead in stillness on the frozen waves.

ORLANDO

But then? What when the ice melts and lets go, Will you to Moscow then embark again? Stay here, or else, allow me that with you I turn my back on country, courtiers, king: Become a Russian, just for you. Like you

ORLANDO

But see that woman struggling with her pail: Old, frail and decrepit.—All ends in death. Has she not danced and skated on the ice Fond in her lover's arms and wished herself Nowhere so dear as where right then she swept, Her feet above the ground, her head in heaven, Thinking the world's sphere her little oyster. Look at her now. Slow. Limp. Unsteady. Cold. Arthritic fingers clasped around the handle, Her wobbly gait with every timid step Wasting the stinking brew she calls a stew. All ends in death. And death comes far too slowly. They that say for them it comes too fast all lie: It can't come soon enough. And yet at times I feel perhaps death never comes at all.

Sasha kisses him.

SASHA

A smile again at last. And they say we In Russia are too prone to melancholy.

ORLANDO

Sasha, we shall fly. I'll make arrangements: All will be thought of, nothing will go wrong. The next dark night, a week or two weeks hence, When once again the moon has waned enough And turned from silvery medal back to sickle, When a few clouds his little light obscure, And darkness cloaks the streets and alleyways, Then to the port of London and to sea: We'll to your motherland, I will not leave you! Together we will make our way and we'll outlive The dredges of our time, we'll be as young, As beautiful, and as in love as we are now. Say yes! The words I'll whisper in your ear Shall be "jour de ma vie!"—when you hear this

A Muscovite. And we can move to the Siberian steppes: I hear they are like this The whole year round, a frozen desert land Where the warm-hearted live in isolation From the follies of the world, in solitude; Thus shall we, with wolves and bears our company, Make our own home as fugitives from court, From politics, from flattery and favour, And lead our simple lives with simple pleasures In simple love and simple harmony.

SASHA

Oh sweet Orlando, would it could be so!

ORLANDO

O, but it can. I have no ties that bind me Nor have you, or have you? Is there on the ice Among the party, on your ship, or hidden Somewhere, or, worse still, plain on display In the emissary's train a lord who claims To call you his? Then let him get away! Let him with the Ambassador to Russia Whilst we into the English countryside To build a nest for just the two of us.

SASHA

Kiss me, Orlando. Let this hour pass In dreamlike wonder: how clear your eyes beguile, How hot your hands in mine my heart impel! Feel my cheek as I feel yours, this night is ours Alone and if all other nights belong to Princes, kings and queens and their ambassadors, Here can we say, and now, for one brief moment, "This is us, let all that matters be our love."

They kiss, embrace.

Just nod to let me know you've understood, And at the stroke of midnight at Blackfriars (I'll draw a map with most precise instructions) Will I have horses ready, and a ship With passage paid to Antwerp and then thence To Copenhagen and St Petersburg. All ends in death, dear Sasha, but today We live and this day of my life is you!

Exeunt.

III.i

Enter William Shakespeare, Ben Jonson.

JONSON That will be it then, for another score years or so.

SHAKESPEARE Who's to say? What if our winters are just getting colder?

JONSON

Nonsense, our winters are not getting colder, what do you think this is? An age of ice?

SHAKESPEARE

Why not exactly that, an Ice Age: gradually, year on year the winters getting colder, the ice lasting longer, until it all freezes over, perennially.

JONSON Perennially? You do make words your slaves, Will.

shakespeare I'm just saying: we don't know.

JONSON

Well what we do know is it's pouring down with rain and any man still on the river will have to count himself lucky if he makes it to its bank in time.

SHAKESPEARE Will there be drownings?

JONSON I fear me there will.

SHAKESPEARE
There will be flooding?

JONSON Aye, I believe so.

SHAKESPEARE Will there be looting too, and misery and murder?

JONSON

There will most likely be some murder, and a fair amount of mayhem too.

SHAKESPEARE You've seen all this, and witnessed it before?

JONSON I have, I was thirteen when it last happened.

shakespeare That is not one score years ago.

JONSON

Give or take a few...

SHAKESPEARE Well, be that as it may. It only confirms what I've known

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SHAKESPEARE

Impure, adulterated: suffused with self-awareness. For tragedy to be tragic, it has to happen where the heart rules and the nerve is raw. Imagine a man steps into the Mermaid Tavern here tonight and says: "My love is drowned." We see no tragedy in that. Nor is it comic. Yet we smile tinged with a hint of sympathy perhaps—because it would be deeply ironic.

JONSON

Don't use 'sophisticated' in your plays, Will. Nor 'ironic' neither. They sound foul on the ear.

SHAKESPEARE

I have no intention to. If I wrote the way I speak, people would never believe me, nor would anyone listen to me, and why should they: I am a poet, not a pamphleteer.

JONSON

So anywhere but London for tragedy. And for comedy, Verona?

SHAKESPEARE

All Italy for comedy. Italy is inherently comical. But then it is inherently tragic too: the two go hand in hand; it is inherently theatrical. Pure emotions, grand gestures, loud voices, hearts worn straight upon their sleeves where you can see them, hear them pound.

JONSON

This is all the most ardent nonsense. London is as good as any place for comedy, tragedy or history, you've never even been to Italy: it is not possible to sail by sea from Milan to Verona, they are landlocked towns!

SHAKESPEARE

I hear they have canals.

all along: this town is no place for tragedy.

JONSON

If drownings, looting, misery and murder don't make a place one fit for tragedy, what does?

SHAKESPEARE

It's, as you say—I do, for once, agree with you—all but mayhem. Mayhem is not tragedy. Nor is it comedy. It's just unwarranted upheaval. Which is why this town is not a place for comedy either.

JONSON

What is this a place for, in your esteemed opinion?

SHAKESPEARE

It is a place for irony, which I am useless at. A constant knowing contradiction within everything.

JONSON

But you do contradiction well: your villains are charming, your lovers heroic, your youths are maidens, and your kings of late have turned to fools...

SHAKESPEARE

That is not irony, my friend, that is human nature. I can do human nature, of course I can, I see it all about.

JONSON What, then, is a place for tragedy?

SHAKESPEARE

Anywhere. Anywhere but London. London is too aloof, too knowing, too ...sophisticated.

JONSON

And what is that supposed to mean?

JONSON Canals?

SHAKESPEARE

It would be possible to sail on a canal, would it not, they do in Venice...

JONSON

How would you know there is a canal that links Milan with Verona? Your geography is trivial and unsound. And that's what irks me so: you are slapdash and cavalier in all you do.

SHAKESPEARE

It's poetry! Who cares? Who cares if Milan has a port or Verona a harbour. I may give Bohemia a coastline if I want: it is poetic to sail, prosaic to ride, and so I'll put on a boat whomsoever I choose and let them sail whithersoever the wind of my fancy may blow!

III.ii

Enter Orlando.

ORLANDO

Milan has a canal. A grand canal. As grand as Venice. Though I doubt it reaches To Verona. Nor does that in Venice. It ends, like all, in death. The sea is death. And my love did drown in the rain tonight: Call it ironic, poets, if you please.

JONSON Capital Fellow! Are you drunk?

SHAKESPEARE

A bit the worse for wear, perhaps, the hours that were

Orlando in London 243

small are waxing, after all...

ORLANDO

She said she would: she said she'd come. She lied.

JONSON Ah wenches. Don't they ever...

SHAKESPEARE She did not drown?

ORLANDO

Drown. Lie. Not come at the appointed hour: What's the difference. All ends in death. I'm gone.

SHAKESPEARE Stay, friend! Have one more ale with us!

ORLANDO

Who art thou, that thou callst me friend so soon? We have not met: I might yet be thy foe!

SHAKESPEARE

Not so, I think. This is my young friend and, dare I say, young rival Mr Jonson, but as a friend of mine you too may call him Ben. And I am William Shakespeare, call me Will.

ORLANDO

I have heard of you! You are a friend indeed! You wrote a play that sometime I did see. More than a poet, you're a dramatist!

JONSON

Being a dramatist counts for more than being a poet? How things change...

ORLANDO

Are you a dramatist? I know you not.

You may be a friend of William Shakespeare's, But you are not his match. I will not have it.

SHAKESPEARE

Drown your sorrow, friend. I may yet have a poem for you.

ORLANDO

Not now. My heart cannot sustain the pain Of poetry. I saw her ship. It sailed. It sailed without me but with her on board. And that's the worst of it: I saw it sail. We were together to elope to Russia. To the wilderness that is Siberia. Instead my heart is broken with no hope That she return or I to her may go: What heart is it that has no hope at all? So long as I did not behold the flag On the Ambassador's vessel growing faint So long could I hold hope that she might come. But she did not. Now all is lost. Oh woe Is me, that held her in my arms and danced Upon the ice with her, looked in her eyes And felt the tendernesses of her lips: They all are nought. Now all is lost. And all All ends in dreadful, lonely, coldheart death. So no: no poems for me now, no song! Let me in silence suffer as I now not Drown my sorrow, but myself in sorrow drown: I'm gone. Bid you goodnight, poets and all.

SHAKESPEARE

Wait, not so fast! We need to know your name, your calling on this earth: how do you do, what is your life?

ORLANDO

What is my life, indeed. What have I done. Failed, I have. Loved I have, and lost, not once But the innumerable times of ever: Orlando in London 245

Ever have I loved yet ever have I lost. Is't better to have loved and lost than never To have loved at all? You tell me: poets That you are, but then again, who knows, perhaps This is too soon. Will you remember me? I am Orlando. I have lived...—that's it! I have been tasked; I have a mission to fulfil: That is my life, to garner evidence Of perfect cities. You are well met both!

JONSON

We are? All of a sudden?

ORLANDO You and your play, The Dream, Midsummer Night:

SHAKESPEARE What of it?

ORLANDO

Set in Athens. I was bound for Athens once But didn't make it: last place I remember Is Milan, though I spent no more time there Than a man might need to fall asleep, and then The next thing that I know is I am here, A favourite of the Queen. The Old Queen Bess. Before she died. She was too old for me And yet I loved her, and she dearly me. But that was then and this is now, and James Was making sport upon the ice and then The ice was gone. And gone was Sasha, so Show me London. Take me to her monuments. St Paul's and the Exchange, the Tower, surely, And I know your theatre, it is a gem! But show me everything there is to know; Give me your city, gents (you are no gents, though Are you, you are poets! Be that as it may...) I would scarce find myself here if not London

SHAKESPEARE **A place the gods should know about.**

JONSON That's rich.

SHAKESPEARE

Are you sure you are not a bit of a poet yourself, Orlando? The gods: the Romans had their gods, so did the Greeks.

ORLANDO

Then you know my meaning man: let us go forth!

JONSON Orlando, mark me, London is a monster.

SHAKESPEARE **Aye. And ravenous at that.**

JONSON

And sickly too. How many times since you've been here, Will, have we had the plague?

shakespeare Half a dozen times or more.

JONSON

And dangerous. You're not a papist, I take it, but still. Spies, everywhere, I warrant I thought for a moment you yourself might be a spy, but spies who raise their porter to the ale are rare: they thrive not in this world, as they get quarrelsome and have themselves stabbed at the tavern or out in the alleyway, we hear too much and know too little of it, but you know not what your fellow man may think or tell. Therefore take heed. And as for monuments? Orlando in London 247

SHAKESPEARE

There are none.

JONSON

None of note, for sure. The Exchange: it is a market place. The Tower: it's a prison. St Paul's: a church. Which city in the world has not a market place, a prison and a church?

SHAKESPEARE

The theatre: yes. Go to the theatre. And what find you at the theatre? Why: people and their stories. Characters.

JONSON

That is what you get in London town. The gods, were you to bring them here, would find no place of marble, brick or wood that they would wish to make their home, but they'd meet murderers who smile, diseased seductresses, and venerated fools, scorned wise men, and benighted elders, and much youthful wit; apart from which an ever heaving hive of busy-ness with traders, merchants, bankers, seafarers and opportunist fortune seekers. Yes: if you want the world in one place, come to London. My friend Will here thinks it's not a place for tragedy, or comedy at that, and who knows, maybe it is not, but one thing is for certain: it's the place for character.

ORLANDO

Ah people. Yes, I remember them too.

JONSON

He's in a funny mood, this one.

SHAKESPEARE

Can you blame him: he is lovelorn!

JONSON

Sir, Orlando: what say you, we will take you to a play tomorrow!

ORLANDO

I'll think on it. My mood is fading fast. Perhaps the spirit of the ale is waning. What of your poetry: you say you have some?

SHAKESPEARE

This:

He produces a piece of paper, ink and a pen. Writes from memory; hands the writing over to Orlando who reads.

ORLANDO Oh my!...

SHAKESPEARE You're one who's loved and lost: I know your heart.

ORLANDO I know not what to say.

shakespeare Then stay in silence. It is golden.

ORLANDO Thank you: let me but thank you...

SHAKESPEARE Shhh.

orlando

SHAKESPEARE

No thanks. No payment. No reward. No protestations. Something will come of this. So worry not: your face, to have seen it; your voice, to have heard it; your heart, to have recognised and known it: everything will yield; you will in Orlando in London 249

many shapes and forms live in somebody's words, wherefore no words are necessary now. Trust that it be so: the rest is silence.

JONSON

You're quoting yourself, Will, no wonder your career is going downhill: You take yourself too seriously!...

SHAKESPEARE

Come to the theatre at Blackfriars tomorrow. The King's Men will be giving a play. It isn't one of mine: it will be none too serious.

ORLANDO

I will come to the theatre tomorrow. I will see any play a playwright wrote That lives and breathes in London, for it is A brave new world that has such people in it As they write here, for they do write them all! Goodnight to both of you, I feel myself Already bound to you Will Shakespeare: I'll remember you, fear not. And if the world In its incessant quest for novelty Distraction, entertainment, mirth and sport Forgets about you: I'll remember you, This sonnet. Are there any more like this?

SHAKESPEARE

Many.

ORLANDO

I'll keep this closer to my breast Than any thing I ever held, my own Weak efforts not excluded. But do not so: Find a way, Will, any conduit that Gets them off your chest. For there they are not safe! Allow somebody who has access to them To retrieve and publish them and do it soon, Before doubt and the melancholy yen For self destruction, the grave's growing pull, Before forgetfulness and wanton age In its obstreperous senility Prevent you from it. Do it now: the lover You immortalise with your delicious words Will keep them still. Someone you know will know him, Someone close, but not too close to him, someone Who owes him nothing and who isn't owed; Does such a man exist, or woman?

SHAKESPEARE

Yes.

ORLANDO

Then bid him do it. If, for your allegiance And your love, and your devotion to this day, You cannot bring yourself to publish them, Then let that person be the vent through which Your heart is finally set free and given Over for the world to keep. I'll now be off But see you both tomorrow at the play!

Exit Orlando.

III.iii

SHAKESPEARE Wrote I not in a play the name Orlando?...

JONSON So you did.

SHAKESPEARE

I don't remember what it was.

JONSON **No, nor me neither.**

SHAKESPEARE

Nor will anyone: It was but a diversion for its day...

Exeunt.



306-344

KNOW

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TICS

EVERY

THING

WE ARE THE WORLD

306

← The peak oil theory is the belief that at some point the production of oil will reach a peak and then start to decline. The result of this decline will be a significant increase in the cost of oil, and that will have a serious impact on the economy. The peak oil theory has been around since the 1950's but it has really started to gain traction in the last couple of decades. This is because it is only possible to tell when oil has peaked after the fact. The successful prediction of when oil would peak in many countries has helped to lend credibility to the theory.



ON PRODUCTION Peak Oil: What Is It?

ON POPULATION World Population: 7 Billion

254 Know Everything

307 ← World population had reached 6 billion in 1999. According to the United Nations the 6 billion figure was reached on October 12, 1999 (celebrated as the Day of 6 Billion). According to the U.S. Census Bureau,

instead, it was reached on July 22, 1999, at about 3:49 AM GMT. Yet, according to the U.S. Census web site, the date and time of when 6 billion was reached will probably change because the already uncertain estimates are constantly being updated.

WE ARE THE WORLD

Know Everything 255

308 ← Here's what the first six months of 2012 brought: The hottest January to June ever recorded in the continental

United States. More than 22,000 daily high temperature records tied or broken. The largest drought declaration in over 50 years, with more than twothirds of the continental United States in drought at the end of July. One of the most destructive freak derecho storms in history. Fires in Colorado that have destroyed more than 700 homes.

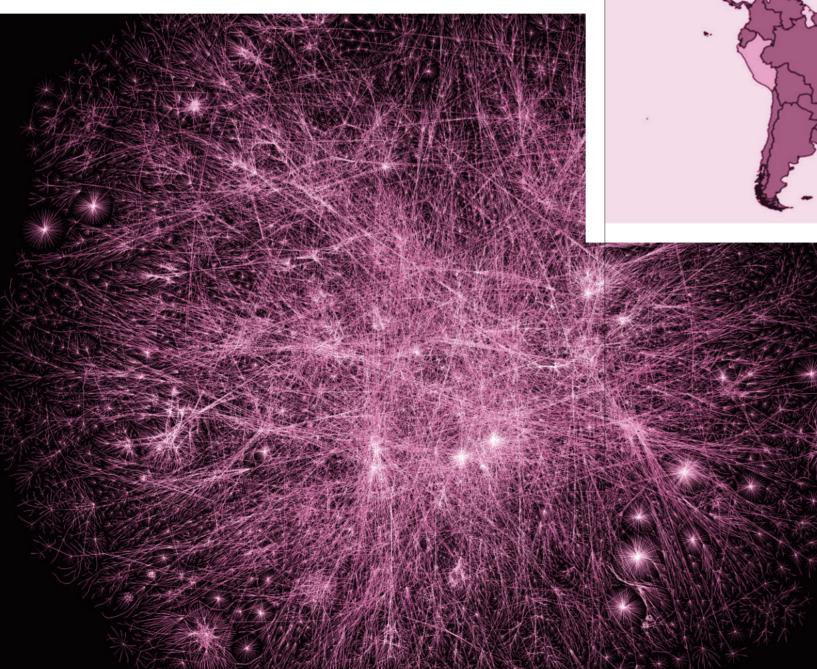
ON CLIMATE Extreme Weather: Impacts of Climate Change

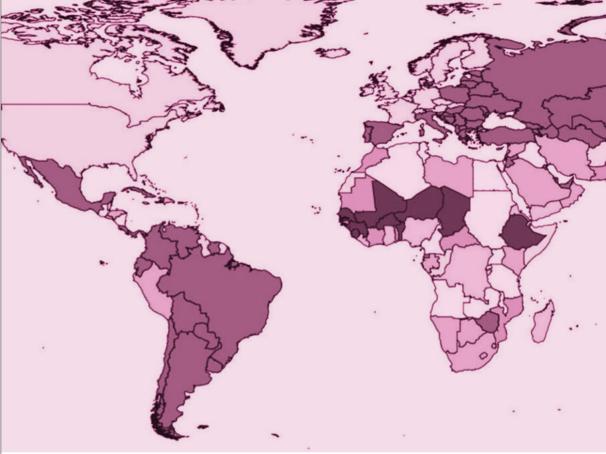


WE ARE THE WORLD

310 ← The promise of the Information Age is the unleashing of unprecedented productive capacity by the power of the mind. I think, therefore I produce. In so doing, we will have the leisure to experiment with spirituality, and the opportunity of reconciliation with nature, without sacrificing the material well-being of our children. The dream of the Enlightenment, that reason and science would solve the problems of humankind, is within reach. Yet there is an extraordinary gap between our technological overdevelopment and our social underdevelopment.

ON NETWORKS Manuel Castells





ON EDUCATION Literacy Rates

310 ← The lowest literacy rates are observed in sub-Saharan Africa and in South and West Asia. Adult literacy rates were below 50% in the following 11 countries: Benin, Burkina Faso, Chad, Ethiopia, Gambia, Guinea, Haiti, Mali, Niger, Senegal and Sierra Leone. In Central and Eastern Europe, Central Asia, East Asia and the Pacific, and Latin America and the Caribbean, the average adult and youth literacy rates were greater than 90%. No regional averages are available for North America and Western Europe due to limited data coverage. It is important to note that regional averages can mask disparities at the country level. This is most apparent in sub-Saharan Africa, where the adult literacy rate ranges from 29% in Niger to 94% in Equatorial Guinea.

MAPS

← The innate conflict between the 313picturesque and the practical cannot be eliminated merely by talking about it; it will always be present as something intrinsic to the very nature of things. This inner struggle between the two opposing demands is not, however, characteristic of town planning alone; it is present in all the arts, even in those apparently the freest, if only as a conflict between their ideal goals and the limiting conditions of the material in which the work of art is supposed to take shape.

CAMILLO SITTE Modern Systems, Artistic Limitation

of Modern City Planning





0 VICENCE 1. Piarza dei Signori. 11. Pescheria III Piazza della Biava



T PISTOIE. Piazza del Duomo. a Duomo & Raptistere, c Erect d. Palais de la Commune e. Palais du Podestat





ON CONSUMPTION The Limits to Growth

← In inviting the MIT team to under-31 take this investigation, we had two immediate objectives in mind. One

was to gain insights into the limits of our world system and the constraints it puts on human numbers and activity. Nowadays, more than ever before, man tends toward continual, often accelerated, growth—of population, land occupancy, production, consumption, waste, etc.-blindly assuming that his environment will permit such expansion, that other groups will yield, or that science and technology will remove the obstacles. We wanted to explore the degree to which this attitude toward growth is compatible with the

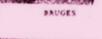
dimensions of our finite planet and with the fundamental needs of our emerging world society from the reduction of social and political tensions to improvement in the quality of life for all. A second objective was to help identify and study the dominant elements, and their interactions, that influence the long term behavior of world systems. Such knowledge, we believe, cannot be gathered by concentrating on national systems and short-run analyses, as is the current practice. The project was not intended as a piece of futurology. It was intended to be, and is, an analysis of current trends, of their influence on each other, and of their possible outcomes.

WE ARE THE WORLD



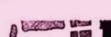








A BRUGES. Rue Saint Amand

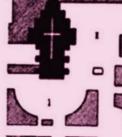








VERONE. Plazza del Duomo



ACCORDED TO A R CATANE. S. Nicolo



G FLORENCE I BRESCIA Piazza N. Maria Novella S. Giovanai

5. GIMIGNANO

PEROUSE

1. Piazza del Vescovaco.

II. Piszes di S. Lorenzo 111. Piazza del Papa.

4. Duomo. 8 Palazzo commanale

1. Fiazza del Duomo.

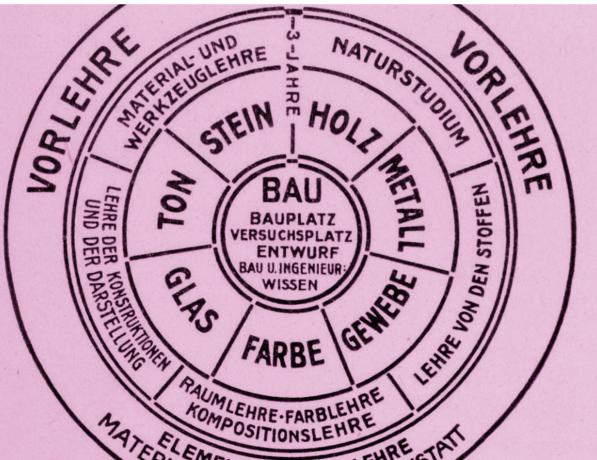
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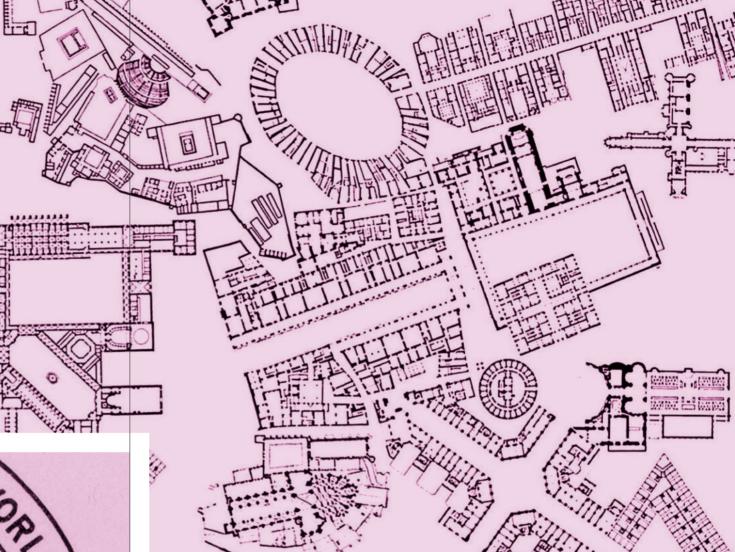
N



← That is why the movement must 315be purged from within if its original aims are to be saved from the straitjacket of materialism and false slogans inspired by plagiarism or misconception. Catch phrases like "functionalism" (die neue Sachlichkeit) and "fitness for purpose = beauty" have had the effect of deflecting appreciation of the New Architecture into external channels or making it purely onesided. This is reflected in a very general ignorance of the true motives of its founders: an ignorance that impels superficial minds, who do not perceive that the New Architecture is a bridge uniting opposite poles of thought, to relegate it to a single circumscribed province of design.

WALTER GROPIUS The New Architecture and the Bauhaus



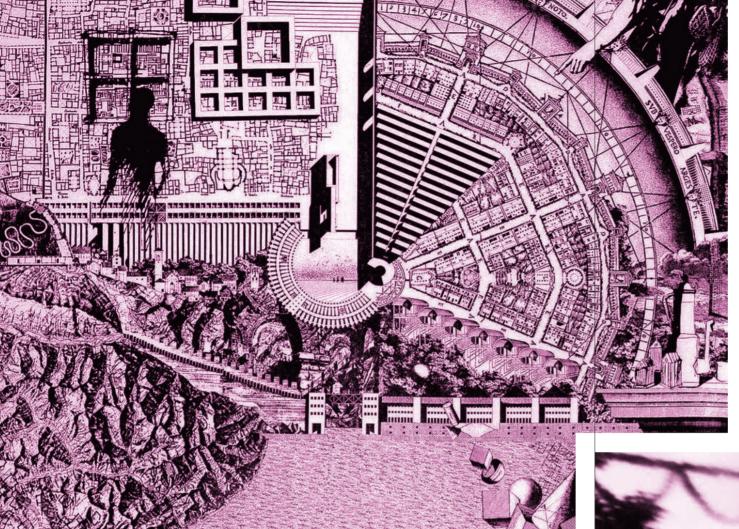


COLIN ROWE AND FRED KOETTER Collage City

316

← Because collage is a method deriving its virtue from its irony, because it seems to be a technique

for using things and simultaneously disbelieving in them, it is also a strategy which can allow utopia to be dealt with as image, to be dealt with in *fragments* without our having to accept it in *toto*, which is further to suggest that collage could even be a strategy which, by supporting the utopian illusion of changelessness and finality, might even fuel a reality of change, motion, action and history.



Know Everything **263**

321 ← 1. Introduction 1.1 Is the contemporary city like the

contemporary airport—"all the same"? Is it possible to theorize this convergence? And if so, to what ultimate configuration is it aspiring? Convergence is possible only at the price of shedding identity. That is usually seen as a loss. But at the scale at which it occurs, it must mean something. What are the disadvantages of identity, and conversely, what are the advantages of blankness? What if this seemingly accidental—and usually regretted—homogenization were an intentional process, a conscious movement away from difference toward similarity? What if we are witnessing a global liberation movement: "down with character!" What is left after identity is stripped? The Generic?

REM KOOLHAAS The Generic City

ALDO ROSSI The Architecture of the City

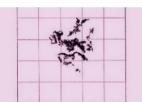
318 ← Urban studies never attribute sufficient importance to research

dealing with singular urban artifacts. By ignoring them—precisely those aspects of reality that are most individual, particular, irregular, and also most interesting—we end up constructing theories as artificial as they are useless. With this in mind, I have sought to establish an analytical method susceptible to quantitative evaluation and capable of collecting the material to be studied under unified criteria. This method, presented as a theory of urban artifacts, stems from the identification of the city itself as an artifact and from its division into individual buildings and dwelling areas. While the division of the city along these lines has been proposed many times, it has never been placed in this particular context.



 \leftarrow At present, it is highly relevant to 323 watch the cities of the world from space, and not only the expanding cities of the developing world, but also the shrinking and dispersing cities in the developed world. When comparing the footprints of the world's largest cities, two observations stand out clearly. The first is that human tolerance for density, defined as the number of people per surface area, varies to a stunning degree. The second observation is related to form. There might be increasing similarity when city extensions are viewed on the ground, but when seen from space, it is clear that not two urban agglomerations are the same. The reasons for the distinctive shapes of urban agglomerations are largely related to local landform, especially water systems.

PETER BOSSELMANN Urban Transformations





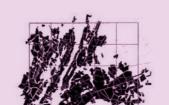
10 20 30 40 50 km

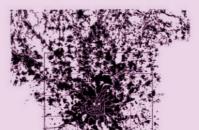


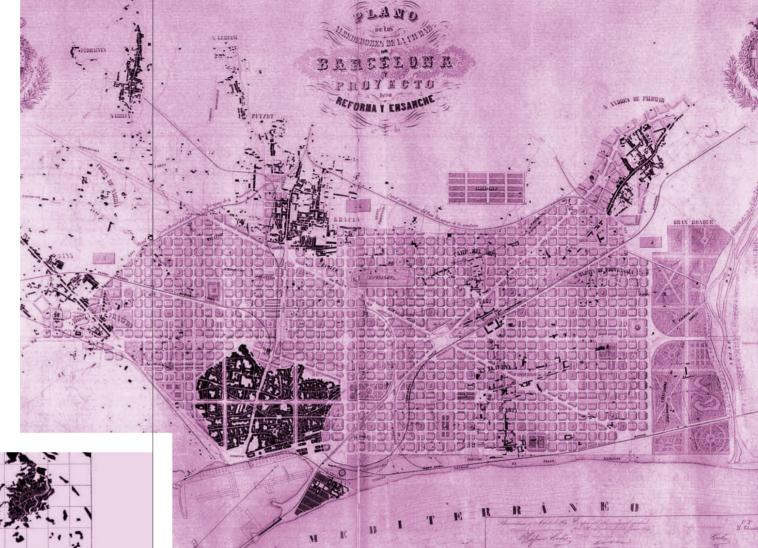












ILDEFONS CERDÀ The Five Bases of the General Theory of Urbanization

325

← From the (Latin) word civis (citizen) comes civitas (city), a collective name that, in its origin, meant nothing more

than the sum of the inhabitants of Rome and also of all the prerogatives and distinctions inherent in the use of the title "citizen". We find it used in both of these senses by the most ancient and purely Latin of authors. However, over the course of time, the content and container must have become mixed up and considered as a single entity. And since then, the word civitas is used to signify either the collectivity of the citizens, or the group of buildings in which this collectivity is sheltered, or finally, the two collectivities of dwellers and dwellings considered as forming a single object. (1867, TGU, I, 485)



LE CORBUSIER Towards a New Architecture

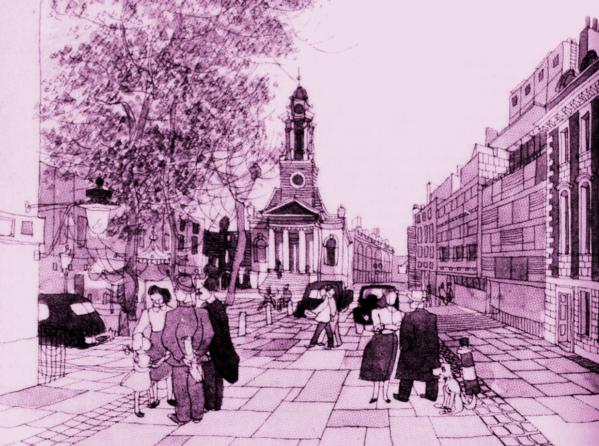
326 ← One day Auguste Perret created the phrase: "The City of Towers." A glittering epithet which aroused the poet in us. A word which struck the note of the moment because the fact itself is imminent! Almost unknown to us, the "great city" is engendering its plan. This plan may well be a gigantic affair, since the great city is a rising tide. It is time that we

should repudiate the existing lay-out of our towns, in which the congestion of buildings grows greater, interlaced by narrow streets full of noise, petrol fumes and dust; and where on each storey the windows open wide on to this foul confusion. The great towns have become too dense for the security of their inhabitants and yet they are not sufficiently dense to meet the new needs of "modern business."

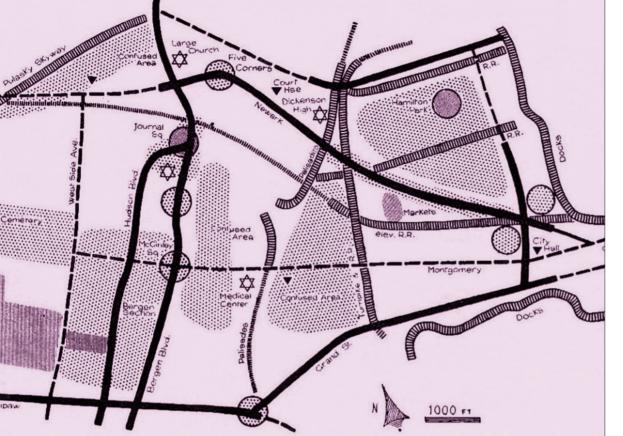
328 ← You can see that it is no more complicated than a cookery book: first

you list your ingredients, then you describe how they behave in heat or water or whatever and then you put them together and there it is, a loaf. The only difference between the two is that most people have a lust for eating which justifies the apparently inexhaustible supply of cookery books, whereas the environment is, at the moment, a lust-vacuum. It isn't really surprising. The dialogue stopped when they killed off the environmental virtues of Victorian architecture and substituted a lot of personal virtues such as truth, honesty and self-expression. You can see where that's got us, everybody is bored stiff. We've lost our audience. We have to join, separate, divide, conceal, reveal, concentrate, dilute, trap, liberate, delay and accelerate. Throw the ball about, get those stiff muscles working. There is much to do.

GORDON CULLEN The Concise Townscape



WE ARE THE WORLD



KEVIN LYNCH The Image of The City

529 ← Looking at cities can give a special pleasure, however commonplace the sight may be. Like a piece of architecture, the city is a construction in space, but one of vast scale, a thing perceived only in the course of long spans of time. City design is therefore a temporal art, but it can rarely use the controlled and limited sequences of other temporal arts like music. On different occasions and for different people, the sequences are reversed, interrupted, abandoned, cut across. It is seen in all lights and all weathers.

WE ARE THE WORLD

331 ← Architects who can accept the lessons of primitive vernacular

architecture, so easy to take in an exhibit like "Architecture without Architects," and of industrial, vernacular architecture, so easy to adapt to an electronic and space vernacular as elaborate neo-Brutalist or neo-Constructivist megastructures, do not easily acknowledge the validity of the commercial vernacular. For the artist, creating the new may mean choosing the old or the existing. Pop artists have relearned this. Our acknowledgment of existing, commercial architecture at the scale of the highway is within this tradition.

ROBERT VENTURI AND DENISE SCOTT BROWN Learning from Las Vegas

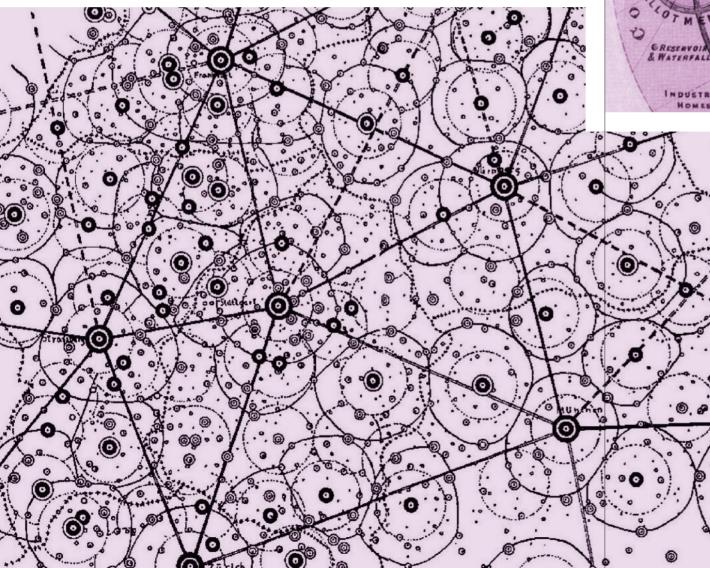


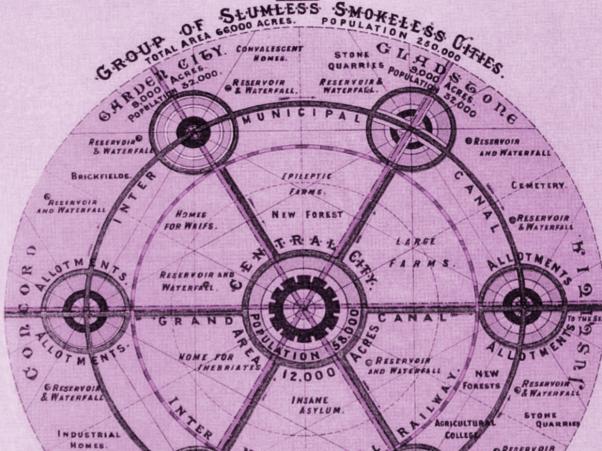
WE ARE THE WORLD

DIA GRAMS

332 ← We do not look at the entire appearance of a town, but only at those definite characteristics which are decidedly important to the meaning of the town and the geography of settlements. It is that meaning which Gradmann has called the chief profession of a town, namely, "to be center of its rural surroundings and mediator of local commerce with the outside world."

WALTER CHRISTALLER Central Place Theory





EBENEZER HOWARD Garden Cities of To-Morrow

333

← I will undertake, then, to show how in 'Town-country' equal, nay better, opportunities of social intercourse may

be enjoyed than are enjoyed in any crowded city, while yet the beauties of nature may encompass and enfold each dweller therein; how higher wages are compatible with reduced rents and rates; how abundant opportunities for employment and bright prospects of advancement may be secured for all; how capital may be attracted and wealth created; how the most admirable sanitary conditions may be ensured; how beautiful homes and gardens may be seen on every hand; how the bounds of freedom may be widened, and yet all the best results of concert and co-operation gathered in by a happy people.

WE ARE THE WORLD

335 ← Intelligibility and functionality, defined as formal properties of spatial complexes, are the keys to 'generic function'. In the case of settlements, generic function refers not to the specificities of different cultural, social and economic forms, but to what these forms have in common when seen from a

spatial point of view. The deep invariant structure of urban grids is generated, it will be argued, from generic function creating emergent invariants, while the typological differences arise from cultural, social and economic differences, and individualities from topographical and historical specificities.

BILL HILLIER Space Is the Machine



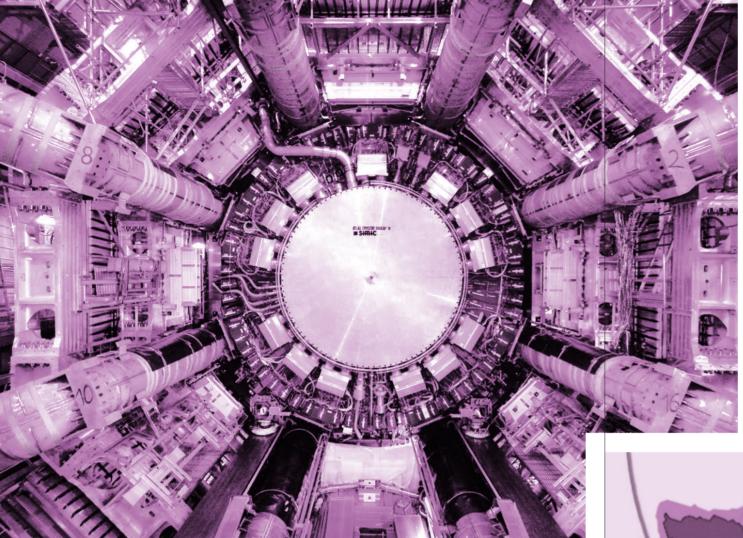


PAUL KRUGMAN How Did Economists Get It so Wrong?

336

← So here's what I think economists have to do. First, they have to face up to the inconvenient reality that

to the inconvenient reality that financial markets fall far short of perfection, that they are subject to extraordinary delusions and the madness of crowds. Second, they have to admit—and this will be very hard for the people who giggled and whispered over Keynes—that Keynesian economics remains the best framework we have for making sense of recessions and depressions. Third, they'll have to do their best to incorporate the realities of finance into macroeconomics.



SIMULA TIONS

541 ← The historical reasons why the European world-economy came into existence in the sixteenth century and resisted attempts to transform it into an empire have been expounded at length. We shall not review them here. It should however be noted that the size of a world-economy is a function of the state of technology, and in particular of the possibilities of transport and communication within its bounds. Since this is a constantly changing phenomenon, not always for the better, the boundaries of a world-economy are ever fluid.

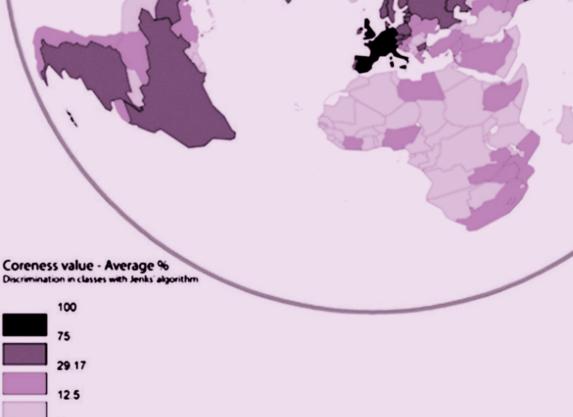
IMMANUEL WALLERSTEIN The Modern World-System

CERN LARGE HADRON COLLIDER Large Hadron Collider Guide

SENSORS

★ Our current understanding of the Universe is incomplete. The Standard Model of particles and forces summa-rizes our present knowledge of particle physics. The Standard Model has been tested by various experiments and it has proven particularly successful in anticipating the existence of previously undiscovered particles. However, it leaves many unsolved questions, which the LHC will help to answer.

WE ARE THE WORLD



RAY KURZWEIL The Singularity Is Near

342

← Within a quarter century, nonbio-

range and subtlety of human intelli-

logical intelligence will match the

gence. It will then soar past it because of the

continuing acceleration of information-based

bots will be deeply integrated in our bodies, our

technologies, as well as the ability of machines to instantly share their knowledge. Intelligent nanoroWE ARE THE WORLD

brains, and our environment, overcoming pollution

full-immersion virtual reality incorporating all of the

"Being John Malkovich"), and vastly enhanced human intelligence. The result will be an intimate merger

senses (like The Matrix), "experience beaming" (like

between the technology-creating species and the

technological evolutionary process it spawned.

and poverty, providing vastly extended longevity,

WE ARE THE WORLD

344-349 BEING EM PATHIC

We .- x(2+41) - 26 ... -Sec. 24.14 14 20.0.00 taind about the fature 14/47.0



346

← Hunger, undernourishment and poverty continue to scar the lives of millions, while consumers in rich

countries waste as much food as the entire net food production of sub-Saharan Africa. Recent World Health Organisation research reveals that, for the first time ever, the number of years of healthy living lost globally as a result of over-eating outweighs the number lost by people eating too little. Our global food system is dangerously out of control: out of control for consumers, out of control for farmers and out of control in the way food is traded and distributed. We know there is enough food for everyone, but everyone is not getting enough food. 2013 is the year that we need to put the politics of food on the public agenda and find better solutions to the insanity of our broken food system.

FAIR TRADE Powering up Smallholder Farmers to Make Food Fair

THE POOR AFRICAN CHILDREN Circumventing or Superimposing Poverty on the African Child?

→ Child abuse manifested by neglected and deprived children is a common debased phenomenon in Northern Nigeria (Musa 2008; Alabe n.d.). Nigeria is the most

Nigeria (Musa 2008; Alabe n.d.). Nigeria is the most populous country in Africa with over 148 million people (Population Reference Bureau 2008) and accounts for the highest percentage of child births on the continent. In 1988, the population of children

in Nigeria was 105.5 million (United Nations 1990: 3) outstripping all other countries in Africa; most of which suffer neglect and abuse leading to destitution. Some writers have attributed this social malady to Nigeria's problems of mass poverty and maladministration (Alemika et al. 2005: 10; Osiruemu 2007: 117; Shettima 2009).





 \leftarrow The story is surprisingly similar in 347 a very different type of machine. Modern airplanes are extremely effective for steady-level flight in still air. Propellers produce thrust very efficiently, and today's cambered airfoils are highly optimized for speed and/or efficiency. It would be easy to convince yourself that we have nothing left to learn from birds. But, like ASIMO, these machines are mostly confined to a very conservative, low angle-of-attack flight regime where the aerodynamics on the wing are well understood. Birds routinely execute maneuvers outside of this flight envelope (for instance, when they are landing on a perch), and are considerably more effective than our best aircraft at exploiting energy (eg, wind) in the air.

BAREFOOT MIT Fully Actuated vs. Underactuated Systems





KNOWING BY HEART Children Can't Think if They Don't Learn Facts

349

← The "spellings, facts and rules" that these clever fools are attacking have another name—an education.

Without spellings, facts and rules, you aren't educated. Instead, you're left floundering in a knowledge-free vacuum, barely comforted by the progressive lie that ignorance somehow magically generates thought.

At one point in their letter, the academics say that a "mountain of data will not develop children's ability to think". I'm afraid that is exactly what a mountain of data leads to—proper, considered thought, rooted in knowledge and the logical jumps and inferences that naturally develop from the simple gift of knowing stuff. 350-364

BEING

ENGA

GED

WE ARE THE WORLD

← In eastern DRC, MSF continued 350 working in hospitals, health centres and clinics across North and South

Kivu, Orientale and Katanga provinces, despite escalating violence. In this country where health needs are extreme even where the context is stable, our programmes include basic as well as specialist medical services, mental healthcare and assistance to victims of sexual violence. We carried out 1.6

million outpatient consultations, adapting activities as people were forced to move in search of safety. Conflict in northern Mali and the warring parties' restrictions on movement made it very difficult for people to get to health facilities. In an effort to improve access to treatment, MSF supported hospitals and health centres in remote locations as well as urban areas such as the city of Timbuktu.



ALL THE NGOS



← Cars faithfully zoom in and out of traffic without end. Financial skyscrapers frame the streets, investing

Being Engaged 285

your dollars and cashing your paychecks with ease. People pour out of apartments on their way to the office, to visit friends, to look for work. The social order, all the basic interactions of the day, are predictable, normal, most likely the same as yesterday. The sheer rigidity of the political system is not in question.

Now imagine that it all snaps. That everything you know is turned upside down. The coffee shop is closed. The bank door is shut. People stop following even the most basic prompts.

ALL THE ANTICAPITALISM **Revolution Is a Rhizome**

ALL THE GREENS Let's Make It a Green Peace

← The name 'Greenpeace' quickly 352 caught on. On 15 February 1970, the Vancouver Sun ran the story about the intended voyage—dropping the Sierra Club reference but mentioning a boat to be called 'the Greenpeace', the first time the word appeared in print as a single word. Marie Bohlen's son, Paul

Nonnast, designed the first button with the ecology symbol above, the peace symbol below, and in the middle, the single word: Greenpeace. The Don't Make A Wave Committee published the first 'Greenpeace' pamphlet in March 1970, written by the 71-year-old Lille d'Easum, an executive of the BC Voice of Women.

284 Being Engaged

99% WEARE ANKS TOO BIG

W.GetMoneyOut.Con

← But perhaps the food movement's 356 strongest claim on public attention today is the fact that the American diet of highly processed food laced with added fats and sugars is responsible for the epidemic of chronic diseases that threatens to bankrupt the health care system. The Centers for Disease Control estimate that fully three quarters of US health care spending goes to treat chronic diseases, most of which are preventable and linked to diet: heart disease, stroke, type 2 diabetes, and at least a third of all cancers. The health care crisis probably cannot be addressed without addressing the catastrophe of the American diet, and that diet is the direct (even if unintended) result of the way that our agriculture and food industries have been organized.

ALL THE HEALTHY FOOD The Food Movement Rising





ALL THE FITNESS Why Exercise Works Magic

359

← Given the continual and growing evidence for the health benefits of physical activity, the message is clear.

Regular prolonged movement—at whatever intensity level can be safely managed—needs to be built into everyone's daily habits and physical environments. It should become as easy as jumping into a car is now. We strongly recommend that doctors and other

health care providers regularly write a prescription for exercise during routine office visits. In addition, we advocate for increased research into the kinds of behavioral programs, public health campaigns and changes in urban design that will facilitate sustained levels of beneficial physical activity in our largely sedentary society.

WE ARE THE WORLD

World University Rankings 2012-2013

001 - 200	201 - 225 226 - 250 25	51 - 275 276	5 - 300 30	01 - 350	351 - 400
₹ank v	Institution	Location	Overall score	change criter	ia
1	California Institute of Technology	United States			95.5
2	University of Oxford	United Kingdom			93.7
2	Stanford University	United States			93.7
4	Harvard University	United States			93.6
5	Massachusetts Institute of Technology	United States			93.1
6	Princeton University	United States			92.7
7	University of Cambridge	United Kingdom			02.6
8	Imperial College London	United Kingdom		2	6
9	University of California, Berkeley	United States		1	1 days
10	University of Chicago	United States			1

ALL THE SCHOOLS Global University Rankings: Great Responsibility

360 ← Welcome to the Times Higher **Education World University Rankings** 2012-2013. This is no beauty parade, writes Phil Baty: it is a serious evaluation that echoes in common rooms and the corridors of power. Global university rankings have become exceptionally powerful. The Times Higher Education World University Rankings are not only informing student and academic decision-making and helping university leaders and investors make strategic decisions: they are also shaping government policy.

WE ARE THE WORLD

361

← The passage to Empire emerges from the twilight of modern sovereignty. In contrast to imperialism,

Empire establishes no territorial center of power and does not rely on fixed boundaries or barriers. It is a decentered and deterritorializing apparatus of rule that progressively incorporates the entire global realm within its open, expanding frontiers. Empire manages hybrid identities, flexible hierarchies, and plural exchanges through modulating networks of command. The distinct national colors of the imperialist map of the world have merged and blended in the imperial global rainbow.

THE EMPIRE Empire



IN

365-372

WE ARE THE WORLD

WE ARE THE WORLD

365

← Now comes the threat of climate crisis—a threat that is real, rising, imminent, and universal. Once again,

it is the 11th hour. The penalties for ignoring this challenge are immense and growing, and at some near point would be unsustainable and unrecoverable. For now we still have the power to choose our fate, and the remaining question is only this: Have we the will to act vigorously and in time, or will we remain imprisoned by a dangerous illusion?

BEING DAN GER

ALL THE CATASTROPHES Al Gore Delivering His Nobel Lecture in the Oslo City Hall

> by far the most temifying film you will ever see.

368 ← Federal prosecutors have filed a criminal complaint against Edward Snowden, the former National

Security Agency contractor who leaked a trove of documents about top-secret surveillance programs, and the United States has asked Hong Kong to detain him on a provisional arrest warrant, according to U.S. officials.

Snowden was charged with theft, "unauthorized communication of national defense information" and "willful communication of classified communications intelligence information to an unauthorized person," according to the complaint. The last two charges were brought under the 1917 Espionage Act.



ALL THE CRIMINALS U.S. Charges Snowden with Espionage



ALL THE FOREIGNERS A Land of Money and Fear: The Swiss Vote Against 'Mass Migration'

369 ← Experts are united in their opinion that this prosperity is the product of Switzerland's networked economy.

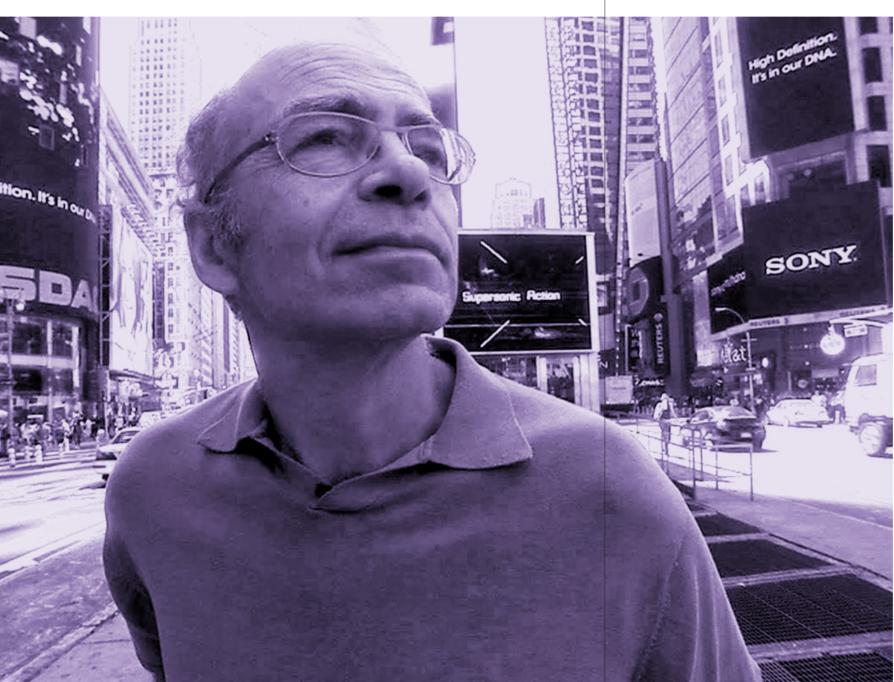
The country has profited enormously from open borders and from an influx of qualified foreign workers. Indeed, the European Union is its largest trading partner. Despite this, a razor-thin majority of Swiss voted in favor on Sunday of an initiative to reintroduce restrictions to the number of foreigners allowed to live and work in the country. Some 50.3 percent of eligible Swiss voters cast ballots in favor of the initiative introduced by the right-leaning, nationalist Swiss People's Party—rejecting immigration policies of recent years that have been highly successful.

WE ARE THE WORLD

370 ← If we take this seriously, what should we be thinking ethically? In what way should our ethical thought change on a range of issues, such as global warming, climate change; economic issues, particularly trade liberalization, the debate over the WTO that was sparked by demonstrations in Seattle in December 1999,

and questions about the WTO's role; issues of national sovereignty in relationship to the right to intervene in another country to prevent genocide or crimes against humanity; and, fourthly, the question of foreign aid? How should we think about this if we take seriously this idea of being a global community?

ALL THE INTELLECTUALS One World – Speech Delivered at the Carnegie Council



373–378 BEING SA FE

3773 ← Last year 264 people died in road crashes in Sweden, a record low. Although the number of cars in circulation and the number of miles driven have both doubled since 1970, the number of road deaths has fallen by four-fifths during the same period. With only three of every 100,000 Swedes dying on the

roads each year, compared with 5.5 per 100,000 across the European Union, 11.4 in America and 40 in the Dominican Republic, which has the world's deadliest traffic, Sweden's roads have become the world's safest. Other places such as New York City are now trying to copy its success. How has Sweden done it?

ALL THE INFRASTRUCTURES Why Sweden Has so Few Road Deaths



ALL THE BUREAUCRACIES How the Chinese Bureaucracy Decides

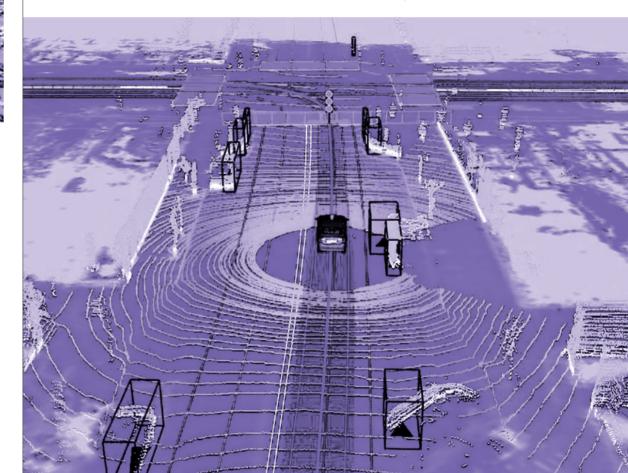
374 ← The Chinese bureaucracy could best be described not as a hierarchical decision-making structure but rather

as a series of concentric circles, with some circles overlapping. Generally the initial policy proposal sits at the center of the structure. The bureaucracies with the most interest in the policy and its outcome are situated in the circles closest to the center. And those with varying degrees of interest and even the most vague interest in the policy are located in a descending order of interest in each subsequent circle out to the most distant points of the concentric circle schematic.



3777 ← People accustomed to being in charge of a car might well be alarmed at the idea of ceding control to a computer. But it's also important to remember that computers have much better attention spans than humans. They don't get drowsy, and they can look in all directions at all times with multiple sensors. People will have time to get used to the idea, too, since the technological systems begin by augmenting human drivers rather than replacing them outright.

ALL THE TECHNOLOGIES Self-Driving Cars Will Bristle with Sensors



BEING SAFE NSA Letter to Its "Extended" Family

> ← We are writing to you, our extended NSA/CSS family, in light of the unauthorized disclosure of classified

information by a former contractor employee. We want to put the information you are reading and hearing about in the press into context and reassure you that this Agency and its workforce are deserving and appreciative of your support. As a family

member of an NSA/CSS employee, whether civilian or military, you are an essential element in the successful conduct of our job of protecting and defending our country. Your support helps each of us dedicate ourselves to our mission, encouraging us to do our best on behalf of the Nation. We, along with the rest of the NSA/CSS workforce, greatly value that support.

376

378 ← The early stages of such a revolution are unfolding today, and they have much to teach people around the world who have been radicalized by the failures of capitalism and awakened to the hope that the struggle from below—whether it comes on the streets of Tunis and Cairo, or Paris and London, or more modestly in cities in the U.S.—has the potential to change the world for the better.

378–383 IT'S MY GOOD RIGHT



ALL THE PROTESTS The Return of Revolution

★ The Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia—People's Army is a political-military organization,
Colombian insurgency, proudly subversive. We don't have anything to do with delinquency or banditry.
We are Marxist-Leninist and Bolivarian, also communists, not "pro-soviet" or "pro-Castro", although we do feel identified with the principles of both revolutions, in particular with the Cuban Revolution, which continues to illuminate the world with pride and dignity. Moreover, these qualifications are part of the Cold War terminology.

BEING PART OF IT Who Are the Farc-Ep?





BEING UPSET La Manif Pour Tous

381

← The "Mariage pour tous" bill wreaks havoc on the Civil Code, replacing the words "husband" and "wife",

"father" and "mother" with unisex, undifferentiated terminology (notable "parents"). This bill intends to erase sexual differentiation and complementarity from the law and to jeopardize the foundation of human identity: sexual difference and the resulting structure of parentage. It paves the way for a new, "social" parentage unrelated to human reality. It creates a framework for a new anthropological order founded not on sex but on gender, that is, sexual preference.

382 ← Iraq is the latest battlefield in this war. Many terrorists who kill innocent men, women, and children on the streets of Baghdad are followers of the same murderous ideology that took the lives of our citizens in New York, Washington, and Pennsylvania. There is only one course of action against them: to defeat

ent commander in charge of Coalition operations in Iraq—who is also senior commander at this base— General John Vines, put it well the other day. He said: "We either deal with terrorism and this extremism abroad, or we deal with it when it comes to us."

them abroad before they attack us at home. The

THE GOOD AND THE BAD Bush Speech on Iraq



252–276 KNOW EVERY THING STATIS TICS

ON PRODUCTION Peak Oil: What Is It? M. King Hubbert, Shell Development Company 1956

There has been a lot of talk for many years now about the dangers of running out of oil. Although it is unlikely that we will run out of oil in the near future, we will likely see a decline in the production of oil. This theory is called peak oil and it has serious implications for the world's economy. Peak oil is based on the idea that at some point the production of oil will peak, after which the cost of oil will increase dramatically. This

will have serious consequences for countries that rely on imported oil, which includes most of the world's major economic powers.

Peak oil simply refers to the point at which oil production reaches its maximum level and a decline begins. This happens because the demand for oil is constantly increasing, so more and more oil will be produced to meet the demand. Once we have used up more than half of the world's oil supplies then production must inevitably decline. When this happens we will start to face the consequences of running out of oil. Peak oil doesn't mean we will immediately run out of oil, that will take many years, what it does mean is that the price of oil is likely to increase as the rate of production starts to decline.

The reason that the decline will occur is that the oil companies usually go after the easy to get oil first. This is the oil that can be found, extracted and refined at a fairly low cost. As the supply of oil decreases it becomes more necessary to extract the harder to produce oil, the undersea oil, the oil sands, oil in Polar Regions. Producing this type of oil only makes sense if the price of oil remains high enough. Since producing too much oil would lower the price to the point where it doesn't make economic sense to extract the difficult to get, oil production will decline. The result is that oil will increase in price and will be unlikely to go back down again.

Although the danger of running out of oil in the near future is fairly small, there is a danger to countries that rely on imports of oil. Countries like the United States have economies that are built on the ability to get their hands on cheap oil. As oil peaks this will become less and less of a possibility. This is going to put a serious economic strain on their economy. We are already starting to see the result of this as the United States has gone from being the world's largest creditor to the world's largest debtor. This is in large parts because of the extra cost of importing oil. More importantly, the industries that rely on oil are moving overseas where they can get access to oil at a lower price. At some point it is going to become necessary to change the way we power the economy as we won't be able to continue to rely on oil. We can use water as fuel for example or just save on fuel to save energy.

ORIGIN OF THE PEAK OIL THEORY

2 ← The peak oil theory is the belief that at some point the production of oil

will reach a peak and then start to decline. The result of this decline will be a significant increase in the cost of oil, and that will have a serious impact on the economy. The peak oil theory has been around since the 1950's but it has really started to gain traction in the last couple of decades. This is because it is only possible to tell when oil has peaked after the fact. The successful prediction of when oil would peak in many countries has helped to lend credibility to the theory.

The peak oil theory was developed in the 1950's by geologist M. King Hubbert when he noticed that if

you graphed the discovery of new oil deposits over time they made a bell curve. Hubbert reasoned that the production of oil should follow a similar pattern and the result was what became known as the Hubbert curve. If one accepts this curve as being an accurate representation of the rate at which oil is produced, then it is obvious that production will continue to grow until it reaches a peak after which there will be a decline in production. The decline in production will come with rising prices since it will be necessary to have higher prices to make it worthwhile to continue to produce oil that is becoming more and more difficult to get.

During the fifties Hubbert estimated that the oil production in the United States would peak about 1970. This turned out to be a remarkably accurate prediction and has made Hubbert something of a legend. While no county's oil production will fit under the bell curve exactly, it has proven to be a fairly accurate representation at least as far as goals for individual nations goes. Certain factors like economics and geology will affect oil production, so the curve is only an estimate but it has proven to be a fairly accurate one. Despite the current popularity of the peak oil theory, there are people who believe that it is in fact not true. Most of these people argue that peak oil is a theory promoted by the oil companies to justify the high price of oil. Most of the people who support this idea are also believers in the abiotic theory of oil. This theory suggests that oil is not made as the result of the decay of ancient life forms but is created from hydrogen deep in the earth's core. The result of the abiotic theory is that there is far more oil than the oil companies suggest there is. If this is the case it would result in a collapse in the price of oil, something the oil companies are obviously keen to avoid. Whether the abiotic theory is true or the peak oil theory is true remains to be seen as there is currently a great deal of disagreement on the subject. SOURCE: http://www.peakoilawareness.info

ON POPULATION World Population: 7 Billion Worldmeters 2011

According to the United Nations ("2010 Revision of the World Population Prospects"), world population has reached 7 billion on October 31, 2011 (refer to the U.N. frequently asked questions for more information about this estimate).

The US Census Bureau made a lower estimate, for which the 7 billion mark was only reached on March 12, 2012.

WORLD POPULATION 6 BILLION (1999) ← World population had reached 6 billion in 1999. According to the

billion in 1999. According to the United Nations the 6 billion figure was

reached on October 12, 1999 (celebrated as the Day of 6 Billion). According to the U.S. Census Bureau, instead, it was reached on July 22, 1999, at about 3:49 AM GMT. Yet, according to the U.S. Census web site, the date and time of when 6 billion was reached will probably change because the already uncertain estimates are constantly being updated.

WHAT WAS THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD IN THE PAST AND WHEN WILL WORLD POPULATION REACH 8 BILLION? At the dawn of agriculture, about 8000 B.C., the population of the world was approximately 5 million. Over the 8,000-year period up to 1 A.D. it grew to 200 million (some estimate 300 million or even 600, suggesting how imprecise population estimates of early historical periods can be), with a growth rate of under 0.05% per year.

A tremendous change occurred with the industrial revolution: whereas it had taken all of human history until around 1800 for world population to reach one billion, the second billion was achieved in only 130 years (1930), the third billion in less than 30 years (1959), the fourth billion in 15 years (1974), and the fifth billion in only 13 years (1987). During the 20th century alone, the population in the world has grown from 1.65 billion to 6 billion.

HOW FAST IS THE WORLD POPULATION GROWING RIGHT NOW?

Population in the world is currently growing at a rate of around 1.10% per year. The average population change is currently estimated at around 75 million per year.

Annual growth rate reached its peak in the late 1960s, when it was at 2% and above. The rate of increase has therefore almost halved since its peak of 2.19 percent, which was reached in 1963, to the current 1.15%.

The annual growth rate is currently declining and is projected to continue to decline in the coming years, but the pace of the future change is uncertain. Currently, it is estimated that it will become less than 1% by 2020 and less than 0.5% by 2050.

This means that world population will continue to grow in the 21st century, but at a slower rate compared to the recent past. World population has doubled (100% increase) in 40 years from 1959 (3 billion) to 1999 (6 billion). It is now estimated that it will take a further 42 years to increase by another 50%, to become 9 billion by 2042.

The latest United Nations projections indicate that world population will nearly stabilize at just above 10 billion persons after 2100.

WHY WORLDOMETERS CLOCKS ARE THE MOST ACCURATE?

The world population clock is based on the estimates of the United Nations and will show the same

number wherever you are in the world and whatever time you set on your PC.

Worldometers is the only website to present counters that are based on UN data and that do not follow the user's PC clock.

Visitors around the world visiting a PC clock based counter, such as the United Nations' one on http:// 7billionactions.org and http://ngm.nationalgeographic.com/7-billion see different numbers depending on where they are located, and therefore have seen the clock reaching 7 billion whenever their locally set PC clocks reached 4:21:10 AM on October 31, 2011.

As a test, try changing the date to vesterday on your ogy. computer clock, and watch what happens to http:// SOURCE: http://www.worldometers.info/world-population/ ngm.nationalgeographic.com/7-billion

With 39 time zones around the world, everyone is seeing a different number right now on the United Nations clocks. Look instead at Worldometers.

Obviously the UN data is based on estimates and can't be 100% accurate, so in all honesty nobody can possibly say with any degree of certainty on which day world population reaches 7 billion, let alone at what time. But once an estimate is done (based on the best data and analysis available), the world population clock should be showing the same number at any given time anywhere around the world.

WORLD POPULATION CLOCK: SOURCES AND METHODOLOGY

The world population counter displayed on Worldometers takes into consideration data from two maior sources: the United Nations and the U.S. Census Bureau.

The United Nations Population Division of the Department of Economic and Social Affairs every two years calculates, updates, and publishes estimates of total population in its World Population Prospects series. These population estimates and projections provide the standard and consistent set of population figures that are used throughout the United Nations system. The World Population Prospect: the 2010 Revision provides the most recent data available (released on May 3, 2011). Estimates and projected world population and country specific populations are given from 1950 through 2050. According to the United Nations, world population has reached 7 billion on October 31, 2011.

Data underlying the population estimates are national and sub-national census data and data on births, deaths, and migrants available from national sources and publications, as well as from questionnaires. For all countries, census and registration data are evaluated and, if necessary, adjusted for incompleteness by the Population Division as part of its preparations of the official United Nations population estimates and projections.

The International Programs Center at the U.S. Census Bureau, Population Division also develops estimates and projections based on analysis of available data (based on census, survey, and administrative information) on population, fertility, mortality, and migration for each country or area of the world.

For most countries adjustment of the data is necessary to correct for errors, omissions, and inconsistencies in the data. Finally, since most recent data for a single country is often at least two years old, the current world population figure is necessarily a projection of past data based on assumed trends. As new data become available, assumptions and data are reevaluated and past conclusions and current figures may be modified.

For information about how these estimates and projections are made by the U.S. Census Bureau, see the Population Estimates and Projections Methodol-

ON CLIMATE Extreme Weather: Impacts of Climate Change Natural Resources Defense Council 15.01.2014

When it comes to connecting the dots between climate change, extreme weather and health, the lines are clear.

The earth is saying something with record heat, drought, storms and fire. Scientists are telling us this is what global warming looks like.

It's time to listen-and take action. There's plenty we can do.

Carbon pollution is the main reason our planet is getting hotter, increasing the chances of weather disasters, drought and flood and hurting our health. There are solutions. For starters, we can cut carbon pollution by reducing our dependence on fossil fuels and increasing our use of clean, renewable energy. And we can implement policies that help us prepare for flooding, drought, storms and other consequences of climate change.

But first, we need national leadership that will stop ignoring what the earth and scientists are telling us about climate change-and instead start ignoring those who continue to deny it is happening.

WEATHER DISASTERS

← Here's what the first six months of 255 2012 brought: The hottest January to June ever recorded in the continental

United States. More than 22,000 daily high temperature records tied or broken. The largest drought declaration in over 50 years, with more than twothirds of the continental United States in drought at the end of July. One of the most destructive freak derecho storms in history. Fires in Colorado that have destroyed more than 700 homes.

Unfortunately, the first half of 2012 is not the exception. It's becoming the new normal. In 2011, for instance. an unprecedented 14 disastrous weather events resulted in an estimated \$53 billion in damage-not including health costs. But the trend goes back much further. In fact, the 13 warmest years ever recorded have occurred since 1997, according to the United Nations World Meteorological Organization. June 2012 also marks the 328th consecutive month with a global temperature above the 20th century average.

LEARN MORE

The extreme weather of 2012 has already caused billions of dollars worth of damage, but again, that's just part of the trend. Learn more from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's (NOAA's) billion-dollar weather/climate disaster page.

There's little doubt that climate change is contributing to the extreme weather disasters we've been experiencing. Numerous studies, such as this one conducted in connection with NOAA's 2011 State of the Climate report, show the clear links between extreme weather and human-induced climate change. There are solutions to address extreme weather tied to climate change. For starters, we need our lawmakers to guit ignoring climate change and start limiting carbon pollution that is heating our planet and increasing the intensity of extreme weather.

HFAITH

Extreme heat in the first half of 2012 killed at least 74 Americans.

But the climate change related heat mortality in the first half of 2012 is just part of a deadly trend. In 2011, at least 206 people died from extreme heat, up from 138 fatalities in 2010 and nearly double the 10-year average, according to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration.

If we don't do more to reduce fossil fuel emissions and other heat-trapping greenhouse gases that are making heat waves more intense, more than 150,000 additional Americans could die by the end of this century due to excessive heat.

Heat-related death is just one deadly side effect of extreme weather tied to climate change. Extreme storms can cause drowning, contaminate drinking water and result in outbreaks of infectious diseases. Heat and ozone smog increase respiratory diseases such as asthma and worsen the health of people suffering from cardiac or pulmonary disease.

There are solutions to address the health effects of climate change. For starters, we need our lawmakers to quit ignoring climate change and start limiting carbon pollution that is heating our planet and increasing the intensity of extreme weather.

FLOODING

Tropical Storm Debby brought record rainfall and extreme flooding to Florida in the first half of 2012, killing at least seven people, destroying more than 100 homes and causing tens of millions of dollars in damage to beaches, businesses and homes.

But 2012's flooding is just part of the trend. Some of the most disastrous flooding in the United States has occurred in recent years. In 2011, rainfall in the Ohio Valley was nearly 300 percent of normal, flooding the Mississippi River and causing \$3 billion in damage and 7 deaths.

Hurricane Irene, meanwhile, caused 45 deaths and nearly \$10 billion in damage, much of it from flooding. In the Midwest, storms that dump more than three inches of rain in a day have more than doubled in the last 50 years.

Between more intense rainstorms and sea level rise, flooding will only increase if we don't address climate change. Some cities and states are taking steps to address climate change-related water issues, but many more have yet to begin.

There are solutions to address flooding and sea level rise. For starters, we need our lawmakers to guit ignoring climate change and start limiting carbon pollution that is heating our planet and increasing the intensity of extreme weather.

DROUGHT

The first half of 2012's historic drought saw more than 80 percent of the country in abnormally dry or drought conditions in mid-July. Drought of course threatens our water and food supplies and is driving up the cost of everything from corn to milk. Unfortunately, drought conditions are expected to become the new normal for many parts of the country if we don't do more to address climate change.

More than 1.100 U.S. counties—one-third of all counties in the lower 48 states-will face higher risks of water shortages by mid-century as the result of global warming. Some states are taking steps to address long-term drought. New York, for instance, is developing comprehensive drought monitoring programs and emergency water supplies, while Oregon is implementing ways to increase water storage capacity for times of drought.

There are solutions to addressing the effects of drought. For one thing, we can stop wasting so much water, and energy that's required to pump it around. We also need our lawmakers to guit ignoring climate change and start limiting carbon pollution that is heating our planet and increasing the intensity of extreme weather.

SOURCE: www.nrdc.org/globalwarming/

WE ARE THE WORLD

ON NETWORKS Finale Manuel Castells 1998

256 ← The promise of the Information Age is the unleashing of unprecedented productive capacity by the power of the mind. I think, therefore I produce. In so doing, we will have the leisure to experiment with spirituality, and the opportunity of reconciliation with nature, without sacrificing the material well-being of our children. The dream of the Enlightenment, that reason and science would solve the problems of humankind, is within reach. Yet there is an extraordinary gap between our technological overdevelopment and our social underdevelopment.

Our economy, society, and culture are built on interests, values, institutions, and systems of representation that, by and large, limit collective creativity, confiscate the harvest of information technology, and deviate our energy into self-destructive confrontation. This state of affairs must not be. There is no eternal evil in human nature. There is nothing that cannot be changed by conscious, purposive social action, provided with information, and supported by legitimacy. If people are informed, active, and communicate throughout the world; if business assumes its social responsibility; if the media become the messengers, rather than the message; if political actors react against cynicism, and restore belief in democracy; if culture is reconstructed from experience; if humankind feels the solidarity of the species throughout the globe; if we assert intergenerational solidarity by living in harmony with nature; if we depart for the exploration of our inner self, having made peace among ourselves. If all this is made possible by our informed, conscious, shared decision, while there is still time, maybe then, we may, at last, be able to live and let live, love and be loved. I have exhausted my words. Thus, I will borrow, for the last

time, from Pablo Neruda: For my part and yours, we comply, we shared our hopes and winters; and we have been wounded not only by mortal enemies but by mortal friends (that seemed

all the more bitter), but bread does not seem to taste

sweeter, nor my book, in the meantime:

living, we supply the statistics that

pain still lacks,

we go on loving love and in our

blunt way

we bury the liars and live among the truth-tellers.

SOURCE: End of Millennium: The Information Age: Economy, Society, and Culture Volume III

ON EDUCATION Literacy Rates UNESCO Institute for Statistics 2012

The UNESCO Institute for Statistics (UIS) is the official source of data used to monitor education and literacy targets associated with Education for All (EFA) and the Millennium Development Goals. The UIS collects data on youth and adult literacy through its annual survey on literacy and educational attainment. Adult literacy rates concern the population aged 15 years and older, while youth literacy rates cover the population between the ages of 15 to 24 vears. The data are disseminated through the UIS Data Centre and featured in publications like the annual Global Education Digest. This fact sheet provides a summary of the main literacy statistics. As part of the EFA goals, the international community has pledged to improve adult literacy levels by 50% between 2000 and 2015. While the number of illiterate persons has fallen over the past decade, 775 million adults-64% of whom are women-still lack basic reading and writing skills. In 2010, the global adult literacy rate was 84.1%, compared to 89.6% for vouth.

GLOBAL LITERACY RATES AND POPULATION NUMBERS FOR ADULTS AND YOUTH, 2010 Adult literacy rate, total 84.1% Adult literacy rate, male 88.6% Adult literacy rate, female 79.7% Adult illiterate population, total 775.4 million Adult illiterate population, female share 64.1% Youth literacy rate, total 89.6% Youth literacy rate, male 92.2% Youth literacy rate, female 87.1% Youth illiterate population, total 122.2 million Youth illiterate population, female share 60.7% Source: UNESCO Institute for Statistics, September 2012.

← The lowest literacy rates are 257 observed in sub-Saharan Africa and in South and West Asia. Adult literacy rates were below 50% in the following 11 countries: Benin, Burkina Faso, Chad, Ethiopia, Gambia, Guinea, Haiti, Mali, Niger, Senegal and Sierra Leone. In Central and Eastern Europe, Central Asia, East Asia and the Pacific, and Latin America and the Caribbean. the average adult and youth literacy rates were greater than 90%. No regional averages are available for North America and Western Europe due to limited data coverage. It is important to note that regional averages can mask disparities at the country level. This is most apparent in sub-Saharan Africa, where the adult literacy rate ranges from 29% in Niger to 94% in Equatorial Guinea.

The region of South and West Asia is home to more than one-half of the global illiterate population (52%). In addition, 22% of all illiterate adults live in sub-Saharan Africa, 13% in East Asia and the Pacific, 6.5% in the Arab States and 4.7% in Latin America and the Caribbean. It is estimated that less than 2% of the global illiterate population live in the remaining regions combined.

The Arab States and South and West Asia have made the greatest progress in improving adult and youth literacy over the past two decades. Between 1990 and 2010, the adult literacy rate in the Arab States rose from 55% to 75% and the youth literacy rate from 74% to 89%. Over the same period, the adult literacy rate in South and West Asia increased from 47% to 63% and the youth literacy rate from 60% to 81%. To a lesser extent, progress was also observed in all of the other regions.

By 2015–the target year for Education for All and the Millennium Development Goals–two thirds of adults and three-quarters of youth in sub-Saharan Africa are expected to be able to read and write. Central Asia, Central and Eastern Europe, East Asia and the Pacific, and Latin America and the Caribbean are expected to be at or near universal youth literacy. In the Arab States and South and West Asia, approximately nine out of ten young adults between the ages of 15 and 24 years are projected to be literate. Adult literacy rates are estimated to continue to rise in the coming years but are expected to remain below the youth literacy rate is estimated to reach 86% by 2015 and the youth literacy rate 92%.

More detailed analysis of current adult and youth literacy rates and trends from 1990 to 2015 are available in the report Adult and Youth Literacy, 1990-2015: Analysis of Data for 41 Countries, published by the UIS in August 2012.

SOURCE: www.uis.unesco.org/literacy/Documents/ fs20-literacy-day-2012-en-v3.pdf

ON CONSUMPTION The Limits to Growth Donella H. Meadows, Dennis L. Meadows, Jørgen Randers and William W. Behrens III 1972

8 ← In inviting the MIT team to undertake this investigation, we had two immediate objectives in mind. One

was to gain insights into the limits of our world system and the constraints it puts on human numbers and activity. Nowadays, more than ever before, man tends toward continual, often accelerated, growth-of population, land occupancy. production, consumption, waste, etc.-blindly assuming that his environment will permit such expansion, that other groups will yield, or that science and technology will remove the obstacles. We wanted to explore the degree to which this attitude toward growth is compatible with the dimensions of our finite planet and with the fundamental needs of our emerging world society from the reduction of social and political tensions to improvement in the quality of life for all. A second objective was to help identify and study the dominant elements, and their interactions, that influence the long term behavior of world systems. Such knowledge, we believe, cannot be gathered by concentrating on national systems and short-run analyses, as is the current practice. The project was not intended as a piece of futurology. It was intended to be, and is, an analysis of current trends, of their influence on each other, and of their possible outcomes.

Our goal was to provide warnings of potential world crisis if these trends are allowed to continue, and thus offer an opportunity to make changes in our political, economic, and social systems to ensure that these crises do not take place. The report has served these purposes well. It represents a bold step toward a comprehensive and integrated analysis of the world situation, an approach that will now require years to refine, deepen, and extend. Nevertheless, this report is only a first step. The limits to growth it examines are only the known uppermost physical limits imposed by the finiteness of the world system. In reality, these limits are further reduced by political, social, and institutional constraints, by inequitable distribution of population and resources, and by our inability to manage very large intricate systems. But the report serves further purposes. It advances tentative suggestions for the future state of the world and opens new perspectives for continual intellectual and practical endeavor to shape that future.

Although we can here express only our preliminary views, recognizing that they still require a great deal of reflection and ordering, we are in agreement on the following points:

01. We are convinced that realization of the quantitative restraints of the world environment and of the tragic consequences of an overshoot is essential to the initiation of new forms of thinking that will lead to a fundamental revision of human behavior and, by implication, of the entire fabric of present-day society. It is only now that, having begun to understand something of the interactions between demographic growth and economic growth, and having reached unprecedented levels in both, man is forced to take account of the limited dimensions of his planet and the ceilings to his presence and activity on it. For the first time, it has become vital to inquire into the cost of unrestricted material growth and to consider alternatives to its continuation.

02. We are further convinced that demographic pressure in the world has already attained such a

high level, and is moreover so unequally distributed. that this alone must compel mankind to seek a state of equilibrium on our planet. Underpopulated areas still exist: but, considering the world as a whole, the critical point in population growth is approaching, if it has not already been reached. There is of course no unique optimum, long-term population level; rather, there are a series of balances between population levels, social and material standards, personal freedom, and other elements making up the quality of life. Given the finite and diminishing stock of nonrenewable resources and the finite space of our globe, the principle must be generally accepted that growing numbers of people will eventually imply a lower standard of living-and a more complex problematique. On the other hand, no fundamental human value would be endangered by a leveling off of demographic growth.

03. We recognize that world equilibrium can become a reality only if the lot of the so-called developing countries is substantially improved, both in absolute terms and relative to the economically developed nations, and we affirm that this improvement can be achieved only through a global strategy. Short of a world effort, today's already explosive gaps and inequalities will continue to grow larger. The outcome can only be disaster, whether due to the selfishness of individual countries that continue to act purely in their own interests, or to a power struggle between the developing and developed nations. The world system is simply not ample enough nor generous enough to accommodate much longer such egocentric and conflictive behavior by its inhabitants. The closer we come to the material limits to the planet, the more difficult this problem will be to tackle.

04. We affirm that the global issue of development is, however, so closely interlinked with other global issues that an overall strategy must be evolved to attack all major problems, including in particular those of man's relationship with his environment. With world population doubling time a little more than 30 years. and decreasing, society will be hard put to meet the needs and expectations of so many more people in so short a period. We are likely to try to satisfy these demands by overexploiting our natural environment and further impairing the life-supporting capacity of the earth. Hence, on both sides of the man-environment equation, the situation will tend to worsen dangerously. We cannot expect technological solutions alone to get us out of this vicious circle. The strategy for dealing with the two key issues of development and environment must be conceived as a joint one.

05. We recognize that the complex world problematique is to a great extent composed of elements that cannot be expressed in measurable terms. Nevertheless, we believe that the predominantly quantitative approach used in this report is an indispensable tool for understanding the operation of the problematique. And we hope that such knowledge can lead to a mastery of its elements. Although all major world issues are fundamentally linked, no method has yet been discovered to tackle the whole effectively. The

approach we have adopted can be extremely useful in reformulating our thinking about the entire human predicament. It permits us to define the balances that must exist within human society, and between human society and its habitat, and to perceive the consequences that may ensue when such balances are disrupted.

06. We are unanimously convinced that rapid, radical redressment of the present unbalanced and dangerously deteriorating world situation is the primary task facing humanity. Our present situation is so complex and is so much a reflection of man's multiple activities, however, that no combination of purely technical, economic, or legal measures and devices can bring substantial improvement. Entirely new approaches are required to redirect society toward goals of equilibrium rather than growth. Such a reorganization will involve a supreme effort of understanding, imagination, and political and moral resolve. We believe that the effort is feasible and we hope that this publication will help to mobilize forces to make it possible.

07. This supreme effort is a challenge for our generation. It cannot be passed on to the next. The effort must be resolutely undertaken without delay, and significant redirection must be achieved during this decade. Although the effort may initially focus on the implications of growth, particularly of population growth, the totality of the world problematique will soon have to be addressed. We believe in fact that the need will quickly become evident for social innovation to match technical change, for radical reform of institutions and political processes at all levels, including the highest, that of world polity. We are confident that our generation will accept this challenge if we understand the tragic consequences that inaction may bring.

08. We have no doubt that if mankind is to embark on a new course, concerted international measures and joint long-term planning will be necessary on a scale and scope without precedent. Such an effort calls for joint endeavor by all peoples, whatever their culture, economic system, or level of development. But the major responsibility must rest with the more developed nations, not because they have more vision or humanity, but because, having propagated the growth syndrome, they are still at the fountainhead of the progress that sustains it. As greater insights into the condition and workings of the world system are developed, these nations will come to realize that, in a world that fundamentally needs stability, their high plateaus of development can be justified or tolerated only if they serve not as springboards to reach even higher, but as staging areas from which to organize more equitable distribution of wealth and income worldwide.

09. We unequivocally support the contention that a brake imposed on world demographic and economic growth spirals must not lead to a freezing of the status quo of economic development of the world's nations. If such a proposal were advanced by the rich nations, it would be taken as a final act of neocolonialism. The

achievement of a harmonious state of global economic, social and ecological equilibrium must be a joint venture based on joint conviction, with benefits for all. The greatest leadership will be demanded from the economically developed countries, for the first step toward such a goal would be for them to encourage a deceleration in the growth of their own material output while, at the same time, assisting the developing nations in their efforts to advance their economies more rapidly.

10. We affirm finally that any deliberate attempt to reach a rational and enduring state of equilibrium by planned measures, rather than by chance or catastrophe, must ultimately be founded on a basic change of values and goals at individual, national, and world levels. This change is perhaps already in the air, however faintly. But our tradition, education, current activities, and interests will make the transformation embattled and slow. Only real comprehension of the human condition at this turning point in history can provide sufficient motivation for people to accept the individual sacrifices and the changes in political and economic power structures required to reach an equilibrium state.

SOURCE: The Limits to Growth: A Report for the Club of Rome's Project on the Predicament of Mankind

MAPS

CAMILLO SITTE Modern Systems, **Artistic Limitation of** Modern City Planning 1889

Modern systems!-Yes, indeed! To approach everything in a strictly methodical manner and not to waver a hair's breadth from preconceived patterns. until genius has been strangled to death and joie de vivre stifled by the system-that is the sign of our time. We have at our disposal three major methods of city planning, and several subsidiary types. The major ones are the gridiron system, the radial system,

and the triangular system. The sub-types are mostly hybrids of these three. Artistically speaking, not one of them is of any interest, for in their veins pulses not a single drop of artistic blood. All three are concerned exclusively with the arrangement of street patterns, and hence their intention is from the very start a purely technical one. A network of streets always serves only the purposes of communication, never of art, since it can never be comprehended sensorily, can never be grasped as a whole except in a plan of it... They are of no concern artistically, because they are inapprehensible in their entirety. Only that which a spectator can hold in view, what can be seen, is of artistic importance, for instance, the single street or the individual plaza.

It follows simply from this that under the proper conditions an artistic effect can be achieved with whatever street network be chosen, but the pattern should never be applied with that really brutal ruthlessness which characterizes the cities of the New World and which has, unfortunately and frequently, become the fashion with us. Artistically contrived streets and plazas might be wrested even from the gridiron system if the traffic expert would just let the artist peer over his shoulder occasionally or would set aside his compass and drawing board now and then. If only the desire were to exist, one could establish a basis for peaceful coexistence between these two. After all, the artist needs for his purpose only a few main streets and plazas; all the rest he is glad to turn over to traffic and to daily material needs. The broad mass of living guarters should be businesslike. and there the city may appear in its work-clothes. However, major plazas and thoroughfares should wear their "Sunday best" in order to be a pride and joy to the inhabitants, to awake civic spirit, and forever to nurture great and noble sentiment within our growing youth. This is exactly the way it is in the old towns. The overwhelming majority of their side streets are artistically unimportant, and only the tourist in his exceptionally predisposed mood finds them beautiful, because he likes everything he sees. Just a few thoroughfares and major plazas in the centers of towns stand up under critical appraisalthose upon which our forefathers lavished wisely, and with all means at their disposal, whatever they could muster of works of civic art.

The artistic possibilities of modern systems of city planning should be judged from this standpoint, viz., that of a compromise, since it has already been made guite clear that the modern point of view rejects all demands made in the name of art. Whoever is to be spokesman for this artistic attitude must point out that a policy of unwavering adherence to matters of transportation is erroneous, and furthermore that the demands of art do not necessarily run contrary to the dictates of modern living (traffic, hygiene, etc.) (...)

The grid plan is the one most frequently applied. It was carried out already very early with an unrelenting thoroughness at Mannheim, whose plan looks exactly like a checkerboard; there exists not a single the architect, invent a scale appropriate for the modexception to the arid rule that all streets intersect perpendicularly and that each one runs straight in both directions until it reaches the countryside bevond the town. The rectangular city block prevailed here to such a degree that even street names were considered superfluous, the city blocks being designated merely by letters in one direction and by numbers in the other. Thus the last vestige of ancient tradition was eliminated and nothing remained for the plan of imagination or fantasy. Mannheim assumes the credit for the invention of this system. Volenti not fit iniuria (no iniury is done to a consenting party). One could fill volumes recording the censure and scorn that have been lavished upon its plan in innumerable publications.

(...)

Modern city planning is obliged to forego a significant number of artistic motifs. Regardless of how painful this may be to sensitive souls, the practical artist should not let himself be guided by sentimental impulses, because no artistic planning could be a thorough or lasting success unless it complied with modern living conditions. In our public life much has irrevocably changed, depriving certain old building forms of their original purpose, and about this nothing can be done. We cannot alter the fact that marketing has withdrawn more and more from the plazas, partly into inartistic commercial structures, partly to disappear completely because of direct delivery to the home. We cannot prevent the public fountains from being reduced to a merely ornamental role; the colorful, lively crowd stays away from them because modern plumbing carries the water much more conveniently directly into house and kitchen. Works of art are straying increasingly from streets and plazas in the "art-cages" of the museums; likewise, the colorful bustle of folk festivals, of carnivals and other parades, of religious processions, of theatrical performances in the open market place, etc., disappears. The life of the common people has for centuries been steadily withdrawing from public squares, and especially so in recent times. Owing to this, a substantial part of the erstwhile significance of squares has been lost, and it becomes quite understandable why the appreciation of beautiful plaza design has decreased so markedly among the broad mass of citizenry.

(...)

It is above all the enormous size to which our larger cities are growing that has shattered the framework of traditional artistic forms at every point. The larger the city, the bigger and wider the plazas and streets become, and the higher and bulkier are all structures, until their dimensions, what with their numerous floors and interminable rows of windows, can hardly be organized any more in an artistically effective manner. Everything tends toward the immense, and the constant repetition of identical motifs is enough to dull our senses to such an extent that only the most powerful effects can still make any impression. As this cannot be altered, the city planner must, like

ern city of millionsmillions.

(...)

(...)

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Everywhere, as if spontaneously, lots are divided up and streets are broken through so that even in the old parts of town more and more side streets result, and something of the obnoxious building-block system surreptitiously takes over.

It would, moreover, be guite short-signed not to recognize the extraordinary achievements of modern city planning in contrast to that of old in the field of hygiene. In this our modern engineers, so much maligned because of their artistic blunders, have literally performed miracles and have rendered everlasting service to mankind. It is largely due to their work that the sanitary conditions of European cities have improved so remarkably-as is apparent from mortality figures which have in many cases been halved.... This we gladly grant, but there still remains the guestion as to whether it is really necessary to purchase their advantages at the tremendous price of abandoning all artistic beauty in the layout of cities.

← The innate conflict between the 59 picturesque and the practical cannot be eliminated merely by talking about

it; it will always be present as something intrinsic to the very nature of things. This inner struggle between the two opposing demands is not, however, characteristic of town planning alone; it is present in all the arts, even in those apparently the freest, if only as a conflict between their ideal goals and the limiting conditions of the material in which the work of art is supposed to take shape.

In the field of city planning the limitations on artistry of arrangement have, to be sure, narrowed greatly in our day. Today such a masterpiece of city planning as the Acropolis of Athens is simply unthinkable. That sort of thing is for us, at the moment, an impossibility. Even if the millions were provided that such a project would entail, we would still be unable to create something of the kind, because we lack both the artistic basis for it and any universally valid philosophy of life that has sufficient vigor in the soul of the people to find physical expression in the work. Yet even if the commission be devoid of content and merely decorative—as is the case with art today—it would be frightfully difficult for our realistic man of the nineteenth century. Today's city builder must, before all, acquire the noble virtue of an utmost humility, and, what is remarkable in this case, less for economic considerations than for really basic reasons.

Assuming that in any new development the cityscape must be made as splendid and pictorial as possible, if only decoratively in order to glorify the locality-such a purpose cannot be accomplished with the ruler or with our geometrically-straight street lines. In order to produce the effects of the old masters, their colors as well must form part of our palette. Sundry curves, twisted streets and irregularities would have to be included artificially in the

plan: an affected artlessness, a purposeful unintentionalness. But can the accidents of history over the course of centuries be invented and constructed ex novo in the plan? Could one, then, truly and sincerely enjoy such a fabricated ingenuousness, such a studied naturalness? Certainly not the satisfaction of a spontaneous gaiety is denied to any cultural level in which building does not proceed at apparent random from day to day, but instead constructs its plans intellectually on the drawing board. This whole course of events, moreover, cannot be reversed, and consequently a large portion of the picturesque beauties we have mentioned will probably be irretrievably lost to use in contemporary planning. Modern living as well as modern building techniques no longer permit the faithful imitation of old townscapes, a fact which we cannot overlook without falling prey to barren fantasies. The exemplary creations of the old masters must remain alive with us in some other way than through slavish copying; only if we can determine in what the essentials of these creations consist, and if we can apply these meaningfully to modern conditions, will it be possible to harvest a new and flourishing crop from the apparently sterile soil.

An attempt should be made regardless of obstacles. Even if numerous pictorial beauties must be renounced and extensive consideration be given to the requirements of modern construction, hygiene, and transportation, this should not discourage us to the extent that we simply abandon artistic solutions and settle for purely technical ones, as in the building of a highway or the construction of a machine. The forever edifying impress of artistic perfection cannot be dispensed with in our busy everyday life. One must keep in mind that city planning in particular must allow full and complete participation to art, because it is this type of artistic endeavour, above all, that affects formatively every day and every hour the great mass of the population, whereas the theater and concerts are available only to the wealthier classes. Administrators of public works in cities should turn their attention to this matter.

SOURCE: City Planning According to Artistic Principles

WALTER GROPIUS **The New Architecture** and the Bauhaus 1935

Can the real nature and significance of the New Architecture be conveyed in words? If I am to attempt to answer this question it must need be in the form of an analysis of my own work, my own thoughts and discoveries. I hope, therefore, that a short account

of my personal evolution as an architect will help. A breach has been made with the past, which allows us to envisage a new aspect of architecture corresponding to the technical civilization of the age we live in; the morphology of dead styles has been destroyed; and we are returning to honesty of thought and feeling. The general public, formerly profoundly indifferent to everything to do with building, has been shaken out of its torpor; personal interest in architecture as something that concerns everyone of us in our daily lives has been very widely aroused; and the broad lines of its future development are already clearly discernible. It is now becoming widely recognized that although the outward forms of the New Architecture differ fundamentally in an organic sense from those of the old, they are not the personal whims of a handful of architects avid for innovation at all cost, but simply the inevitable logical product of the intellectual, social and technical conditions of our age. A guarter of a century's earnest and pregnant struggle preceded their eventual emergence.

But the development of the New Architecture encountered serious obstacles at a very early stage of its development. Conflicting theories and the dogmas enunciated in architects' personal manifestos all helped to confuse the main issue. Technical difficulties were accentuated by the general economic decline that followed the war. Worst of all, "modern" architecture became fashionable in several countries; with the result that formalistic imitation and snobbery distorted the fundamental truth and simplicity on which this renascence was based.

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← That is why the movement must be purged from within if its original

aims are to be saved from the straitjacket of materialism and false slogans inspired by plagiarism or misconception. Catch phrases like "functionalism" (die neue Sachlichkeit) and "fitness for purpose = beauty" have had the effect of deflecting appreciation of the New Architecture into external channels or making it purely onesided. This is reflected in a very general ignorance of the true motives of its founders: an ignorance that impels superficial minds, who do not perceive that the New Architecture is a bridge uniting opposite poles of thought, to relegate it to a single circumscribed province of design.

For instance rationalization, which many people imagine to be its cardinal principle, is really only its purifying agency. The liberation of architecture from a welter of ornament, the emphasis on its structural functions, and the concentration on concise and economical solutions, represent the purely material side of that formalizing process on which the practical value of the New Architecture depends. The other, the aesthetic satisfaction of the human soul, is just as important as the material. Both find their counterpart in that unity which is life itself. What is far more important than this structural economy and its functional emphasis is the intellectual achievement which has made possible a new spatial vision. For whereas building is merely a matter of methods and

WE ARE THE WORLD

materials, architecture implies the mastery of space. For the last century the transition from manual to machine production has so preoccupied humanity that, instead of pressing forward to tackle the new problems of design postulated by this unprecedented transformation, we have remained content to borrow our styles from antiquity and perpetuate historical prototypes in decoration.

This state of affairs is over at last. A new conception of building, based on realities, has emerged; and with it has come a new conception of space. These changes, and the superior technical resources we can now command as a direct result of them, are embodied in the very different appearance of the already numerous examples of the New Architecture.

Just think of all that modern technique has contributed to this decisive phase in the renascence of architecture, and the rapidity of its development! Our fresh technical resources have furthered the disintegration of solid masses of masonry into slender piers, with consequent far-reaching economies in bulk, space, weight, and haulage. New synthetic substances—steel, concrete, glass—are actively superseding the traditional raw materials of construction. Their rigidity and molecular density have made it possible to erect wide-spanned and all but transparent structures for which the skill of previous ages was manifestly inadequate. This enormous saving in structural volume was an architectural revolution in itself.

One of the outstanding achievements of the new constructional technique has been the abolition of the separating function of the wall. Instead of making the walls the element of support as in a brickbuilt house, our new space-saving construction transfers the whole load of the structure to a steel or concrete framework. Thus the role of the walls becomes restricted to that of mere screens stretched between the upright columns of this framework to keep out rain, cold, and noise. In order to save weight and bulk still further, these non-supporting and now merely partitioning walls are made of lightweight pumice-concrete, breeze, or other reliable synthetic materials, in the form of hollow blocks or thin slabs. Systematic technical improvement in steel and concrete, and nicer and nicer calculation of their tensile and compressive strength, are steadily reducing the area occupied by supporting members. This, in turn, naturally leads to a progressively bolder (i.e. wider) opening up of the wall surfaces, which allows rooms to be much better lit. It is, therefore, only logical that the old type of window-a hole that had to be hollowed out of the full thickness of a supporting wall-should be giving place more and more to the continuous horizontal casement, subdivided by thin steel mullions, characteristic of the New Architecture. And as a direct result of the growing preponderance of voids over solids, glass is assuming an ever greater structural importance. Its sparkling insubstantiality, and the way it seems to float between wall and wall imponderably as the air, adds a note of gaiety to our modern homes.

penthouse roof with its tiled or slated gables. For its advantages are obvious: (1) light normally shaped top-floor rooms instead of poky attics, darkened by dormers and sloping ceilings, with their almost unutilizable corners; (2) the avoidance of timber rafters, so often the cause of fires: (3) the possibility of turning the top of the house to practical account as a sun loggia, open-air gymnasium, or children's playground; (4) simpler structural provision for subsequent additions, whether as extra stories or new wings; (5) elimination of unnecessary surfaces presented to the action of wind and weather, and therefore less need for repairs; (6) suppression of hanging gutters, external rain-pipes, etc., that often erode rapidly. With the development of air transport the architect will have to pay as much attention to the bird's eve perspective of his houses as to their elevations. The utilization of flat roofs as "grounds" offers us a means of re-acclimatizing nature amidst the stony deserts of our great towns; for the plots from which she has been evicted to make room for buildings can be given back to her up aloft. Seen from the skies, the leafy house-tops of the cities of the future will look like endless chains of hanging gardens. But the primary advantage of the flat roof is that it renders possible a much freer kind of interior planning. SOURCE: The New Architecture and the Bauhaus

COLIN ROWE AND FRED KOETTER Collage City 1978

COLLISION CITY AND THE POLITICS OF 'BRICOLAGE'

If we are willing to recognize the methods of science and 'bricolage' as concomitant propensities, if we are willing to recognize that they are—both of them—modes of address to problems, if we are willing (and it may be hard) to concede equality between the 'civilized' mind (with its presumptions of logical seriality) and the 'savage' mind (with its analogical leaps), then, in re-establishing 'bricolage' alongside science, it might even be possible to suppose that the way for a truly useful future dialectic could be prepared.

A truly useful dialectic? The idea is simply the conflict of contending powers, the almost fundamental conflict of interest sharply stipulated, the legitimate suspicion of others' interests, from which the democratic process—such as it is—proceeds; and then the corollary to this idea is no more than banal: if such is the case, if democracy is compounded of libertarian enthusiasm and legalistic doubt, and if it is, inherently, a collision of points of view and acceptable as such, then why not allow a theory of contending powers (all of them visible) as likely to establish a more ideally comprehensive city of the mind than any which has, as yet, been invented. And there is no more to it than this. In place of an ideal of universal management based upon what are presented as scientific certainties there is also a private, and a public, emancipatory interest (which, incidentally, includes emancipation from management); and, if this is the situation and, if the only outcome is to be sought in collision of interest, in a permanently maintained debate of opposites, then why should this dialectical predicament be not just as much accepted in theory as it is in practice? The reference is again to Popper and to the ideal of keeping the game straight; and it is because, from such a criticist point of view, collision of interest is to be welcomed, not in terms of cheap ecumenicism which is only too abundantly available, but in terms of clarification (because, in the battlefield engendered by mutual suspicion, it is just possible that—as has been usual—the flowers of freedom may be forced from the blood of conflict) that, if such a condition of collisive motives is recognizable and should be endorsable, we are disposed to say, why not try?

The proposition leads us (like Pavlolv's dogs) automatically to the condition of seventeenth-century Rome, to that collision of palaces, piazze and villas, to that inextricable fusion of imposition and accommodation, that highly successful and resilient traffic jam of intentions, an anthology of closed compositions and ad hoc stuff in between, which is simultaneously a dialectic of ideal types plus a dialectic of ideal types with empirical context; and the consideration of seventeenth century Rome (the complete city with the assertive identity of subdivisions: Trastevere, Sant' Eustachio, Borgo, Campo Marzio, Campitelli...) leads to the equivalent interpretation of its predecessor where forum and thermae pieces lie around in a condition of inter-dependence, independence and multiple interpretability. And imperial Rome is, of course, far the more dramatic statement. For, certainly with its more abrupt collisions, more acute disjunctions, its more expansive set pieces, its inhibition, imperial Rome, far more than the city of the High Baroque, illustrates something of the 'bricolage' mentality at its most lavish—an obelisk from here, a column from there, a range of statues from somewhere else, even at the level of detail the mentality is fully exposed; and, in this context, it is amusing to recollect how the influence of a whole school of historians (Positivists, no doubt!) was, at one time, strenuously dedicated to presenting the ancient Romans as inherently nineteenth-century engineers, precursors of Gustave Eiffel, who had somehow, and unfortunately, lost their way.

(...) COLLAGE CITY AND THE RECONQUEST OF TIME (...) We think of Picasso's bicycle seat (Bull's Head) of 1944: You remember that bull's head I exhibited recently? Out of handlebars and the bicycle seat I made a bull's head which everybody recognized as a bull's head. Thus a metamorphosis was completed; and now I would like to see another metamorphosis take place in the opposite direction. Suppose my bull's head is thrown on the scrap heap. Perhaps some day a fellow will come along and say: 'Why there's something that would come in handy for the handlebars of my bicycle...' and so a double metamorphosis would have been achieved.

Remembrance of former function and value (bicvcles and minotaurs); shifting context; an attitude which encourages the composite; an exploitation and recycling of meaning (has there ever been enough to go around?); desuetude of function with corresponding agglomeration of reference; memory; anticipation; the connectedness of memory and wit; the integrity of wit; this is the laundry list of reactions to Picasso's proposition; and, since it is a proposition evidently addressed to people, it is in terms such as these, in terms of pleasures remembered and desired, of a dialectic between past and future, of an impacting of iconographic content, of a temporal as well as a spatial collision, that resuming an earlier argument, one might proceed to specify an ideal city of the mind.

With Picasso's image one asks: what is false and what is true, what is antique and what is 'of today'; and it is because of an inability to make a half way adequate reply to this pleasing difficulty that one, finally, is obliged to identify the problem of composite presence in terms of *collage*.

Collage and the architect's conscience, collage as technique and collage as state of mind: Levi-Strauss tells us that 'the intermittent fashion for "collages", originating when craftsmanship was dying, could not ... be anything but the transposition of "brico-lage" into the realms of contemplation' and, if the twentieth-century architect has been the reverse of willing to think of himself as a 'bricoleur' it is in this context that one must also place his frigidity in relation to major twentieth-century discovery. Collage has seemed to be lacking in sincerity, to represent a corruption of moral principles, an adulteration.

It is suggested that a collage approach, an approach in which objects are conscripted or seduced from out of their context, is—at the present day—the only way of dealing with the ultimate problems of, either or both, utopia and tradition; and the provenance of the architectural objects introduced into the social collage need not be of great consequence. It relates to taste and conviction. The objects can be aristocratic or they can be 'folkish', academic or popular. Whether they originate in Pergamum or Dahomey, in Detroit or Dubrovnik, whether their implications are of the twentieth or the fifteenth century, is no great matter. Societies and persons assemble themselves according to their own interpretations of absolute reference and traditional value; and, up to a point, collage accommodates both hybrid display and the requirements of self-determination.

But up to a point: for if the city of collage may be more hospitable than the city of modern architecture, it cannot more than any human institution pretend to be completely hospitable. The ideally open city, like the ideally open society, is just as much a figment of the imagination as its opposite.

(...) ← Because collage is a method deriving its virtue from its irony, because it seems to be a technique

for using things and simultaneously disbelieving in them, it is also a strategy which can allow utopia to be dealt with as image, to be dealt with in *fragments* without our having to accept it in *toto*, which is further to suggest that collage could even be a strategy which, by supporting the utopian illusion of changelessness and finality, might even fuel a reality of change, motion, action and history. *SOURCE: Collage City*

ALDO ROSSI The Architecture of the City 1975

URBAN ARTIFACTS AND A THEORY OF THE CITY

The city, which is the subject of this book, is to be understood here as architecture. By architecture I mean not only the visible image of the city and the sum of its different architectures, but architecture as construction, the construction of the city over time. I believe that this point of view, objectively speaking, constitutes the most comprehensive way of analyzing the city; it addresses the ultimate and definitive fact in the life of the collective, the creation of the environment in which it lives.

I use the term architecture in a positive and pragmatic sense, as a creation inseparable from civilized life and the society in which it is manifested. By nature it is collective. As the first men built houses to provide more favorable surroundings for their life, fashioning an artificial climate for themselves, so they built with aesthetic intention. Architecture came into being along with the first traces of the city; it is deeply rooted in the formation of civilization and is a permanent, universal, and necessary artifact.

Aesthetic intention and the creation of better surroundings for life are the two permanent characteristics of architecture. These aspects emerge from any significant attempt to explain the city as a human creation. But because architecture gives concrete form to society and is intimately connected with it and with nature, it differs fundamentally from every other art

and science. This is the basis for an empirical study of the city as it has evolved from the earliest settlements. With time, the city grows upon itself; it acquires a consciousness and memory. In the course of its construction, its original themes persist, but at the same time it modifies and renders these themes of its own development more specific. Thus, while Florence is a real city, its memory and form come to have values that also are true and representative of other experiences. At the same time, the universality of these experiences is not sufficient to explain the precise form, the type of object which is Florence.

The contrast between particular and universal, between individual and collective, emerges from the city and from its construction, its architecture. This contrast is one of the principal viewpoints from which the city will be studied in this book. It manifests itself in different ways: in the relationship between the public and private sphere, between public and private buildings, between the rational design of urban architecture and the values of *locus* or place.

At the same time, my interest in quantitative problems and their relationship to qualitative ones was one of the reasons this book came into being. My studies of the city have always underscored the difficulties of establishing an overall synthesis and of proceeding readily to produce a quantitative evaluation of analytic material. In fact, while each urban intervention seems fated to rely on general criteria of planning, each part of the city seems to be a singular place, a *locus solus*. Although it is impossible to make decisions about such interventions in any rational manner solely on the basis of local situations, one must realize that their singularity is still what characterizes them.

> 2 ← Urban studies never attribute sufficient importance to research dealing with singular urban artifacts.

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By ignoring them—precisely those aspects of reality that are most individual, particular, irregular, and also most interesting—we end up constructing theories as artificial as they are useless. With this in mind, I have sought to establish an analytical method susceptible to quantitative evaluation and capable of collecting the material to be studied under unified criteria. This method, presented as a theory of urban artifacts, stems from the identification of the city itself as an artifact and from its division into individual buildings and dwelling areas.* While the division of the city along these lines has been proposed many times, it has never been placed in this particular context.

Architecture, attesting to the tastes and attitudes of generations, to public events and private tragedies, to new and old facts, is the fixed stage for human events. The collective and the private, society and the individual, balance and confront one another in the city. The city is composed of many people seeking a general order that is consistent with their own particular environment.

ciety and is intimately connected with it and with The changes in housing and in the land on which nature, it differs fundamentally from every other art houses leave their imprint become signs of this daily

life. One need only look at the layers of the city that archaeologists show us; they appear as a primordial and eternal fabric of life, an immutable pattern. Anyone who remembers European cities after the bombings of the last war retains an image of disemboweled houses where, amid the rubble, fragments of familiar places remained standing, with their colors of faded wallpaper, laundry hanging suspended in the air, barking dogs—the untidy intimacy of places. And always we could see the house of our childhood, strangely aged, present in the flux of the city.

Images, engravings, and photographs of these disemboweled cities, record this vision. Destruction and demolition, expropriation and rapid changes in use and as a result of speculation and obsolescence, are the most recognizable signs of urban dynamics. But beyond all else, the images suggest the interrupted destiny of the individual, of his often sad and difficult participation in the destiny of the collective. This vision in its entirety seems to be reflected with a quality of permanence in urban monuments. Monuments, signs of the collective will as expressed through the principles of architecture, offer themselves as primary elements, fixed points in the urban dynamic.

The laws of reality and their modifications thus constitute the structure of human creation. It is the purpose of this study to organize and order these principal problems of urban science. The study of these problems in their totality, with all their implications, returns urban science to the broader complex of human sciences: but it is in such a framework that I believe that urban science has its own autonomy (even though in the course of this study I will often guestion the nature of that autonomy and its limits as a science). We can study the city from a number of points of view, but it emerges as autonomous only when we take it as a fundamental given, as a construction and as architecture; only when we analyze urban artifacts for what they are, the final constructed result of a complex operation, taking into account all of the facts of this operation which cannot be embraced by the history of architecture, by sociology, or by other sciences. Urban science, understood in this way, can be seen in its comprehensiveness to constitute one of the principal chapters in the historv of culture.

Among the various methods employed in this study of the city, the most important is the comparative one. Because the city will be seen comparatively, I lay particular emphasis on the importance of the historical method; but I also maintain that we cannot study the city simply from a historical point of view. Instead we must carefully elaborate a city's enduring elements or *permanences* so as to avoid seeing the history of the city solely as a function of them. I believe that permanent elements can even be considered pathological at times. The significance of permanent elements in the study of the city can be compared to that which fixed structures have in linguistics; this is especially evident as the study of the city presents analogies with that of linguistics, above all in terms

of the complexity of its processes of transformation and permanence.

The points specified by Ferdinand de Saussure¹ for the development of linguistics can be translated into a program for the development of an urban science: description and history of existing cities; research on the forces that are at play in a permanent and universal way in all urban artifacts; and naturally, delimitation and definition of the field of study. Bypassing a systematic development of a program of this type, however, I have instead sought to dwell particularly on historical problems and methods of describing urban artifacts, on the relationships between local factors and the construction of urban artifacts, and on the identification of the principal forces at play in the city—that is, the forces that are at play in a permanent and universal way.

The last part of this book attempts to set forth the political problem of the city; here the political problem is understood as a problem of choice by which a city realizes itself through its own idea of city. In fact, I am convinced that there should be many more studies devoted to the history of the idea of the city, that is, to the history of ideal cities and urban utopias. To my knowledge, undertakings in this area are scarce and fragmentary, although some partial studies exist in the fields of architectural history and the history of political ideas. In effect, there is a continuous process of influence, exchange, and often opposition among urban artifacts, and the city and ideal proposals make this process concrete. I maintain that the history of architecture and built urban artifacts is always the history of the architecture of the ruling classes; it remains to be seen within what limits and with what concrete success eras of revolution have imposed their own alternative proposals for organizing the city. In beginning a study of the city, we find ourselves confronted with two very different positions. These are best exemplified in the Greek city, where the Aristotelian analysis of urban reality is counterposed to that of Plato's Republic. This opposition raises important methodological questions. I am inclined to believe that Aristotelian planning, insofar as it was a study of artifacts, decisively opened the road to the study of the city and also to urban geography and urban architecture. Yet doubtless we cannot explain certain experiences without availing ourselves of both these levels of analysis. Certainly ideas of a purely spatial type have at times notably modified, in form and through direct or indirect interventions, the times and modes of the urban dynamic.

There exists a mass of impressive studies to refer to in the elaboration of an urban theory, but it is necessary to gather these studies from the most disparate places, then to avail ourselves of what they suggest about the construction of a general frame of reference, and finally to apply this knowledge to a specific urban theory. Without here outlining such an overall frame of reference for the history of the study of the city, we can note that two major systems exist: one that considers the city as the product of the generative-functional systems of its architecture and

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spatial structure. In the first, the city is derived from an analysis of political, social, and economic systems and is treated from the viewpoint of these disciplines; the second belongs more to architecture and geography. Although I begin with this second viewpoint. I also draw on those facts from the first which raise significant questions.

In this work, then, I will refer to writers from diverse fields who have elaborated theses that I consider fundamental (not, of course, without certain gualifications). However, there are not a great many works which I find valuable, considering the mass of material available; and in any case let me observe generally that if an author or a book does not play an important part in an analysis, or if a point of view does not constitute an essential contribution to a work of research. it is meaningless to cite it. Therefore I prefer to discuss only the works of those authors who seem to be fundamental for a study of this kind. The theories of some of these scholars, in fact, constitute the hypotheses of my study. Wherever one chooses to lay the groundwork for an autonomous urban theory, it is impossible to avoid their contributions.

There are also certain fundamental contributions that I would have liked to consider except that they are naturally beyond the scope of this discussion, for example the profound intuitions of Fustel de Coulanges and Theodor Mommsen.² In the case of the first of these writers I refer in particular to the importance he ascribes to institutions as truly constant elements of historical life and to the relationship between myth and institution. Myths come and go, passing slowly from one place to another; every generation recounts them differently and adds new elements to the patrimony received from the past; but behind this changing reality, there is a permanent reality that in some way manages to elude the action of time. We must recognize the true foundation of this reality in religious tradition. The relationships which man found with the gods in the ancient city. the cults that he consecrated to them, the names under which he invoked them, the gifts and the sacrifices made to them were all tied to inviolable laws. The individual man had no power over them.

I believe that the importance of ritual in its collective nature and its essential character as an element for preserving myth constitutes a key to understanding the meaning of monuments and, moreover, the implications of the founding of the city and of the transmission of ideas in an urban context. I attribute an especial importance to monuments, although their significance in the urban dynamic may at times be elusive. This work must be carried forward: I am convinced that in order to do so, it will be necessary to probe into the relationship between monument, ritual, and mythological elements along the lines indicated by Fustel de Coulanges. For if the ritual is the permanent and conserving element of myth, then so too is the monument, since, in the very moment that it testifies to myth, it renders ritual forms possible. Such a study should, once again, begin with the

thus of urban space, and one that considers it as a Greek city, which offers many significant insights concerning the meaning of the urban structure, and which at its origins had an inseparable relationship with the mode of being and behavior of human beings. The researches of modern anthropology on the social structure of primitive villages also raise new issues relative to the study of urban planning; they demand a study of urban artifacts according to their essential themes. The existence of such essential themes implies a foundation for the study of urban artifacts, and requires a knowledge of a larger number of artifacts and an integration of these artifacts in time and space-more precisely, a clarifying of those forces that are at work in a permanent and universal way in all urban artifacts.

> Let us consider the relationship between an actual urban artifact and the utopian idea of the city. Generally this relationship is studied within a limited period of history, within a modest framework, and with results that are usually questionable. What are the limits within which we can integrate such limited analyses into the larger framework of the permanent and universal forces at play in the city? I am convinced that the polemics that arose between utopian socialism and scientific socialism during the second half of the nineteenth century constitute important scholarly material, but we cannot consider only their purely political aspects; these must be measured against the reality of urban artifacts or else we will perpetuate serious distortions. And this must be done for the full range of urban artifacts. What we see in actuality are the application and extension of only partial conclusions to the history of the city. Generally, the most difficult historical problems of the city are resolved by dividing history into periods and hence ignoring or misunderstanding the universal and permanent character of the forces of the urban dynamic; and here the importance of a comparative method becomes evident.

> Thus, in their obsession with certain sociological characteristics of the industrial city, urban scholars have obscured a series of extremely important artifacts which can enrich urban science with a contribution as original as it is necessary. I am thinking, for example, of the settlements and colonial cities founded by Europeans particularly after the discovery of America. Little exists on this topic; Gilberto Freyre, for example, discusses the influence of certain urban and building typologies that the Portuguese brought to Brazil and how these were structurally linked to the type of society established in Brazil.³ The relationship between the rural and latifundist families in the Portuguese colonization of Brazil was associated with the theocracy conceived by the Jesuits and, together with the Spanish and French influence, was enormously important in the formation of the South American city. I consider such research to be very important for the study of urban utopias and the construction of the city.

> *The Italian fatto urbano comes from the French faite urbaine. Neither the Italian nor the English translation "urban artifact" (also used by

Sir John Summerson in an essay of 1963 entitled "Urban Forms." see note 7, chapter 1) adequately renders the full meaning of the original, which implies not just a physical thing in the city, but all of its history, geography, structure, and connection with the general life of the city. This meaning is the one intended throughout this book. -Ed.

- 1. De Saussure, Cours de Linguistique Generale, ed. Charles Bally and Albert Sechehave (Paris: Pavot, 1922): trans, W. O. Henderson and W. H. Chaloner, Course in General Linguistics (New York: Philosophical Library, 1959).
- 2 Numa-Denis Fustel de Coulanges, La Cite antique. Etudes sur le culte, le droit, les institutions de la Grece et de Rome (Paris: Durand, 1864; subsequent eds., Hachette); Mommsen, Romische Geschichte, 4 vols. (2d ed., Berlin: Weidmann, 1856-57); tl-ans. William P. Dickson, The History of Rome (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1891)
- Frevre, Casa-Grande & Senzala, Formacao da Familia Brasileira sob o Regime de Economia Patriarcal (Rio de Janeiro: Jose Olympio, 1958); Freyre, Sobrados e mucambos. Decadencia do patriarcado rural e desenvolvimento do urbano (Rio de Janeiro: J. Olympio, 1951), vol. 2. SOURCE: The Architecture or the City

REM KOOLHAAS The Generic City 1995

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 \leftarrow 1. Introduction **1.1** Is the contemporary city like the contemporary airport—"all the same"?

Is it possible to theorize this convergence? And if so, to what ultimate configuration is it aspiring? Convergence is possible only at the price of shedding identity. That is usually seen as a loss. But at the scale at which it occurs, it must mean something. What are the disadvantages of identity, and conversely, what are the advantages of blankness? What if this seemingly accidental-and usually regretted—homogenization were an intentional process, a conscious movement away from difference toward similarity? What if we are witnessing a global liberation movement: "down with character!" What is left after identity is stripped? The Generic?

1.2 To the extent that identity is derived from physical substance, from the historical, from context, from the real, we somehow cannot imagine that anything contemporary-made by us-contributes to it. But the fact that human growth is exponential implies that the past will at some point become too "small" to be inhabited and shared by those alive. We ourselves exhaust it. To the extent that history finds its deposit in architecture, present human quantities will inevitably burst and deplete previous substance. Identity conceived as this form of sharing the past is a losing proposition: not only is there—in a

stable model of continuous population expansionproportionally less and less to share, but history also has an invidious half-life as it is more abused, it becomes less significant-to the point where its diminishing handouts become insulting. This thinning is exacerbated by the constantly increasing mass of tourists, an avalanche that, in a perpetual quest for "character" grinds successful identities down to meaningless dust. 1.3 Identity is like a mousetrap in which more and more mice have to share the original bait, and which, on closer inspection, may have been empty for centuries. The stronger identity, the more it imprisons, the more it resists expansion, interpretation, renewal, contradiction. Identity becomes like a lighthouse-fixed, over-determined: it can change its position or the pattern it emits only at the cost of destabilizing navigation. (Paris can only become more Parisian-it is already on its way to becoming hyper-Paris, a polished caricature. There are exceptions: London-its only identity a lack of clear identity-is perpetually becoming even less London, more open, less static.) 1.4 Identity centralizes; it insists on an essence, a point. Its tragedy is given in simple geometric terms. As the sphere of influence expands, the area characterized by the center becomes larger and larger, hopelessly diluting both the strength and the authority of the core; inevitably the distance between center and circumference increases to the breaking point. In this perspective, the recent, belated discovery of the periphery as a zone of potential value-a kind of pre-historical condition that might finally be worthy of architectural attention—is only a disguised insistence on the priority of and dependency on the center: without center, no periphery; the interest of the first presumably compensates for the emptiness of the latter. Conceptually orphaned, the condition of the periphery is made worse by the fact that its mother is still alive, stealing the show, emphasizing its offspring's inadequacies. The last vibes emanating from the exhausted center preclude the reading of the periphery as a critical mass. Not only is the center by definition too small to perform its assigned obligations, it is also no longer the real center but an overblown mirage on its way to implosion; yet its illusory presence denies the rest of the city its legitimacy. (Manhattan denigrates as "bridge-and-tunnel people" those who need infrastructural support to enter the city, and makes them pay for it.) The persistence of the present concentric obsession makes us all bridge-and-tunnel people, second-class citizens in our own civilization. disenfranchised by the dumb coincidence of our collective exile from the center. 1.5 In our concentric programming (author spent part of his youth in Amsterdam, city of ultimate centrality) the insistence on the center as the core of value and meaning, font of all significance, is doubly destructive-not only is the ever-increasing volume of dependencies an ultimately intolerable strain, it also means that the center has to be constantly maintained, i.e., modernized. As "the most important place," it paradoxically

has to be, at the same time, the most old and the

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most new, the most fixed and the most dynamic: it cyberspace. It is a place of weak and distended sensaundergoes the most intense and constant adaptation, which is then compromised and complicated by the fact that it has to be an unacknowledged transformation, invisible to the naked eye. (The city of Zurich has found the most radical, expensive solution in reverting to a kind of reverse archaeology: layer after layer of new modernities-shopping centers, parking, banks, vaults, laboratories-are constructed underneath the center. The center no longer expands outward or skyward, but inward toward the center of the earth itself.) From the grafting of more or less discreet traffic arteries, bypasses, underground tunnels, the construction of ever more tangentiales, to the routine transformation of housing into offices, warehouses into lofts, abandoned churches into nightclubs, from the serial bankruptcies and subsequent reopenings of specific units in more and more expensive shopping precincts to the relentless conversion of utilitarian space into "public" space, pedestrianization, the creation of new parks, planting, bridging, exposing, the systematic restoring of historic mediocrity, all authenticity is relentlessly evacuated. 1.6 The Generic City is the city liberated from the captivity of center, from the straitjacket of identity. The Generic City breaks with this destructive cycle of dependency: it is nothing but a reflection of present need and present ability. It is the city without history. It is big enough for everybody. It is easy. It does not need maintenance. If it gets too small it just expands. If it gets old it just self-destructs and renews. It is equally exciting-or unexciting-everywhere. It is "superficial"-like a Hollywood studio lot, it can produce a new identity every Monday morning. 2. Statistics 2.1 The Generic City has grown dramatically over the past few decades. Not only has its size increased, its numbers have too. In the early seventies it was inhabited by an average of 2.5 million official (and ±500,000 unofficial) residents; now it hovers around the 15 million mark. 2.2 Did the Generic City start in America? Is it so profoundly unoriginal that it can only be imported? In any case, the Generic City now also exists in Asia, Europe, Australia, Africa. The definitive move away from the countryside, from agriculture, to the city is not a move to the city as we knew it: it is a move to the Generic City, the city so pervasive that it has come to the country. 2.3 Some continents, like Asia, aspire to the Generic City; others are ashamed by it. Because it tends toward the tropical converging around the equator—a large proportion of Generic Cities is Asian-seemingly a contradiction in terms: the over-familiar inhabited by the inscrutable. One day it will be absolutely exotic again, this discarded product of Western civilization, through the resemanticization that its very dissemination brings in its wake... 2.4 Sometimes an old, singular city, like Barcelona, by oversimplifying its identity, turns Generic. It becomes transparent, like a logo. The reverse never happens... at least not yet. 3. General 3.1 The Generic City is what is left after large sections of urban life crossed over to

tions, few and far between emotions, discreet and mysterious like a large space lit by a bed lamp. Compared to the classical city, the Generic City is sedated, usually perceived from a sedentary position. Instead of concentration-simultaneous presence-in the Generic City individual "moments" are spaced far apart to create a trance of almost unnoticeable aesthetic experiences: the color variations in the fluorescent lighting of an office building just before sunset, the subtleties of the slightly different whites of an illuminated sign at night. Like Japanese food, the sensations can be reconstituted and intensified in the mind, or not-they may simply be ignored. (There's a choice.) This pervasive lack of urgency and insistence acts like a potent drug; it induces a hallucination of the normal. **3.2** In a drastic reversal of what is supposedly the major characteristic of the city-"business"-the dominant sensation of the Generic City is an eerie calm: the calmer it is, the more it approximates the pure state. The Generic City addresses the "evils" that were ascribed to the traditional city before our love for it became unconditional. The serenity of the Generic City is achieved by the evacuation of the public realm, as in an emergency fire drill. The urban plane now only accommodates necessary movement, fundamentally the car; highways are a superior version of boulevards and plazas, taking more and more space; their design, seemingly aiming for automotive efficiency, is in fact surprisingly sensual, a utilitarian pretense entering the domain of smooth space. What is new about this locomotive public realm is that it cannot be measured in dimensions. The same (let's say ten-mile) stretch yields a vast number of utterly different experiences: it can last five minutes or forty; it can be shared with almost nobody, or with the entire population; it can yield the absolute pleasure of pure, unadulterated speed—at which point the sensation of the Generic City may even become intense or at least acquire density-or utterly claustrophobic moments of stoppage-at which point the thinness of the Generic City is at its most noticeable. **3.3** The Generic City is fractal, an endless repetition of the same simple structural module; it is possible to reconstruct it from its smallest entity, a desktop computer, maybe even a diskette. 3.4 Golf courses are all that is left of otherness. 3.5 The Generic City has easy phone numbers, not the resistant ten-figure frontal-lobe crunchers of the traditional city but smoother versions, their middle numbers identical, for instance. 3.6 Its main attraction is its anomie. SOURCE: S, M, L, XL

PETER BOSSELMANN **Urban Transformations** 2008

Steen Eiler Rassmussen might have been the first to use a comparative method to show the continuous urbanization of cities when he explained the difference between Paris's compact form and London's sprawling configuration. Sixty years later, the differences in land coverage between the two cities is less pronounced. Today, the term continuous urbanization takes on a new meaning when applied to urban agglomerations in South East Asia. Around the Pearl River Delta, the cities of Foshan, Guangzhou (Canton), and Dongguan are now robustly connected with Shenzhen. From Shenzhen to Hong Kong, only some gaps are still visible on recent satellite imagery. Currently, a bridge is planned to cross the Pearl River estuary from Hong Kong to Macao. Once completed, the bridge will close a loop connecting a continuously urbanized area from Macao to Zhulai, Zhongshan to Shunde and back to Foshan. In the Pearl River Delta, in a pattern similar to the Randstad area of Holland, a rim of cities is emerging around bodies of water and agriculture. The number of people living inside this conurbation is conservatively estimated to include 55 million by the United Nations, and is probably much higher.

> ← At present, it is highly relevant to watch the cities of the world from space, and not only the expanding

cities of the developing world, but also the shrinking and dispersing cities in the developed world. When comparing the footprints of the world's largest cities, two observations stand out clearly. The first is that human tolerance for density, defined as the number of people per surface area, varies to a stunning degree. The second observation is related to form. There might be increasing similarity when city extensions are viewed on the ground, but when seen from space, it is clear that not two urban agglomerations are the same. The reasons for the distinctive shapes of urban agglomerations are largely related to local landform, especially water systems.

If one were to imagine for a moment that it would be possible to direct the transformation of cities in the developing world, not to stop the influx of rural migration, but to direct the transformation and expansion at their outskirts, future satellite images would show a web of linear gaps in settlement patterns, where now continuous urbanization occurs. These gaps would coincide with the existing water drainage patterns. For reasons that are well understood. new urbanization would stay at a distance from water, from creeks, rivers, bays, and estuaries. Of all physical measures, the preservation of land near water would provide the greatest benefits for human health, the health of vegetation and animal life, the quality of water and air, and a more comfortable

climate. The same understanding of natural systems would direct the dispersion of cities in the developed world. In both worlds, the result would lead to a better integration of cities with the forces of nature.

This is not to be misunderstood, for some of the world's most memorable and intensely urban settings are located on waterfronts, along river embankments. harbour fronts and facing beaches. On the other extreme, we find that the marginal low-lying land near flood prone urban waterfronts is home to informal settlements for millions of people. Notwithstanding the beauty of waterfronts in some cities and the destitution in others, what I have in mind is an intervention that is visible at the scale of satellite imagery. When seen from space, all cities seem to be shaped by water systems. Granted, there are some exceptions, but even the form of a desert city, like Rivadh in Saudi Arabia, is significantly shaped by the Riyadh river landscape that connects to the Wahdi Hannifah. Indeed, most large cities in the world had their origins in a river landscape like Cairo, Paris, London or Beijing. In a related category are those cities that are situated on river branches that form a large delta like Calcutta, New York or the cities of the Randstad. Equally numerous are cities that originated as harbours, like Mumbai, Jakarta or Chicago. Cities around a large bay, subject to tides like Tokyo, Lagos or Sydney belong to a fourth category. Finally there is a small group of cities that stretch out along the shores of an ocean straight like Victoria Harbour in Hong Kong, the Bosporus or the Øresund.

THE RELEVANCE OF WATER

The original water systems of cities are sometimes severely challenged by growing settlement patterns. In some cases, like in Mexico City or Los Angeles, only remnants of the water system can be traced. But in many river cities, including Los Angeles, Paris, London, Milan and Calcutta there is a renewed interest in transforming the land along riverfronts that has become newly available due to industrial closures. The goal is not to repair the original water systems to their natural conditions, as that would not be possible, but to use such recently vacated land in a manner that repairs the natural forces of the river, and sometimes even makes room for periodic flooding, like along the Waal River just outside of Rotterdam. Or in the case of Rivadh, where the ground water that is pumped up to provide the city's water supply is treated and, as grey water, redirected back into an otherwise mostly dry riverbed. The same type of repair takes place in harbour cities and bay cities. Tokyo has large tracts of land around the bay under regeneration.

The observation that most urban agglomerations were shaped by their water systems instils optimism, because a better understanding of the natural systems that existed and that were altered can inform the design of new cultural landscapes, landscapes that can be designated as commons for a large metropolitan area. Such commons could improve the urban ecology of city regions as well as

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their social conditions. At the same time, the correlation between water systems and urban form is also a deadly serious matter. Some of the fastest growing urban concentrations, among the world's most populated cities, are situated barely above sea level. They are located in the flood-planes or deltas of large rivers and must depend on levees for protection from flooding.

DENSITY

The second important observation when looking at a scale comparison of the world's largest cities is related to density, a concept design professionals claim to understand, but rarely fully grasp. It taxes our common sense to imagine how Calcutta with its almost eighteen million people could fit into the surface area of the city of San Francisco plus the county to its south, San Mateo, where altogether one million people live. Imagine that a space occupied by one person in San Francisco would need to be shared with seventeen additional others. People in many Asian cities live at such densities, and many additional millions will live under such conditions in the future.

A city designer's chief contribution to city transformation is setting the dimensions of streets and lanes, block and parcels, building setbacks, entrances and driveways, building heights, the separation between buildings and the size of building footprints. The result of these decisions determines the scale of a city. These decisions also determine human experience of space: the length of a walk, the likelihood of human encounter, the amount of light that is received, protection from wind, exposure to noise, what is available to our eyes, when we feel intimacy, when we are participants on a civic stage. In short, city scale determines all aspects of human experience including the energy needed to transport us and the energy needed to heat or cool dwellings and commercial places.

In comparing the scale of cities we reflect on the dimensions of the elements in the urban fabric, and how these elements relate to human experience. Everyone with a recently built computer can connect to a well-known global map server and slowly fly across cities. We have done just that to create a transect through a recently built suburban subdivision of the San Francisco Bay Area. Transects are known in biogeography as a sampling method with reduced dimensionality; three frames are reproduced here along such a transect.

Like so many times before in history, former agricultural land has turned into a landscape of capital. Units of home and office space production have generated the form of the subdivision. Different, but typical of recently built subdivisions are the land development standards: mandatory dimensions have grown to ever larger scales of production. Starting with large earth moving machines, areas were graded to hold upwards of 400 homes of very similar design. Each home fills its parcel without leaving much space for a yard or garden. The width of the roads

inside the neighbourhood is strikingly wide at 20m. as half the width would be wide enough for the number of cars that will travel on them. The arterial streets are even wider: designed as limited access roads. some residents might have the backs of their homes face such arterial streets, but have their address on the local street that runs parallel to the arterial street. The right of way measures 83m in width, which is just a little wider than the Champs Elysées in Paris. Notice that the left turn lanes, two of them right next to each other, are about 150m long. However, the connectivity of the street grid is very poor; only two streets generally connect out of a neighbourhood and onto an arterial.

The generous dimensions add up, generating great distances between places where people need to be. Extrapolated to the metropolitan scale, reducing such dimensions could save much space and energy. As a result, residents would not entirely depend on their automobiles. In the neighbourhoods shown, the automobile is a necessity even for short trips to take a child to the home of a friend or to the ball field, or an elderly person to the shopping centre.

What will happen 30 years from now? Will it be possible to transform the subdivision shown here-like so many others-to use the space more economically, more efficiently with changing demographics in mind? Different from the urban renewals of the inner city in the 1960s, the needed transformation would not as much address the reuse of private properties, as private properties are intensely used; the renewal would have to deal first of all with all the land that the developers have deeded back to cities and counties, the roads and open space that became a by-product of the large scale grading at the beginning of the land development process. The conclusion to be drawn for the present is that the permitting authorities should insist on shrinking space standards. Space is a resource, just like water, energy, access to public transportation and so much else. City design remains a political, social and environmental affair.

Urban history cannot be explained without reflecting on the inertia that exists in city transformations. The demographic trends, environmental crisis and problems with social health and wealth have been identified for many decades, and collectively we know the coming decade will need to be decisive, because of the significant increases we can expect in urban populations and our competing need to live within the means of our diminishing resources. Of course, the same could have been said at more or less regular intervals throughout urban history, but that is the point. Urban history is again in such a decisive period. To direct, or at least influence the current urban transformations we need to evaluate what has influenced our professional practices and what knowledge is needed to direct urban transformation in the future.

SOURCE: Urban Transformation—Understanding City Design and Form

ILDEFONS CERDÀ The Five Bases of the General **Theory of Urbanization** by Arturo Soria y Puig 1859

WHY HE DISCARDED THE TERM CITY

So what name should he give to "this vast swirling" ocean that he wanted to transform into the subject of a new theory? He devoted many dispersed pages to this issue. We have grouped them here, since they allow us appreciate to what extent his choice of the Latin word urbs as a root that would serve to create a series of neologisms was the result of a long search and of a fair amount of soul-searching. However; our grouping of texts has one disadvantage. Since some are later than the invention of the neologisms which concern us, they appear with no prior definition. The term that Cerdà initially thought of to designate the subject of the new theory was ciudad (city), which is what he used in his first writings on urban planning (1855, MAEB), and in the title of his first work with any theoretical ambitions, the 1859 Theory of City Building, mentioned above. But the word city, as he explained some years later, did not totally satisfy him since it was an amphibological term, particularly bearing in mind its Latin origin, civitas. 265

← From the (Latin) word civis (citizen) comes civitas (city), a collective name that, in its origin, meant nothing more

than the sum of the inhabitants of Rome and also of all the prerogatives and distinctions inherent in the use of the title "citizen". We find it used in both of these senses by the most ancient and purely Latin of authors. However, over the course of time, the content and container must have become mixed up and considered as a single entity. And since then, the word civitas is used to signify either the collectivity of the citizens, or the group of buildings in which this collectivity is sheltered, or finally, the two collectivities of dwellers and dwellings considered as forming a single object. (1867, TGU, I, 485) One proof that civitas as a derivation of civis was originally applied only to designate the gathering of citizens, or the customary or legal prerogatives annexed to the title of citizen, is that all the nouns and verbs which spring from the same origin have an acceptation analogous to the one we are discussing. These include civilis or civicus, civil, civilitas, and the modern verb to civilise, all of which have within their meaning a moral sense referring to man, his acts and customs, without any of them offering the slightest relation to the materiality of the buildings. (1867, TGU. I. 486)

On the other hand, in Spanish the word ciudad had a meaning that clashed with Cerdà's aims of providing a term as general as the theory that he proposed to develop, and which would be equally applicable to small settlements or major built-up areas.

In ancient days, in official and even in common language, ... the city represented the first administrative, political, and social hierarchy. The city was the centre of civil and political administration of an extended region or area that included various townships, towns, villages, and hamlets. Sometimes, during the middle ages, the city had its own dominions and exercised within them, and within as many groups of building as were enclaved within them, a jurisdiction of lordship, ownership and occasionally of sovereignty. In earlier times, it was fairly frequent for the city to have its own unique civil laws, which gave it real and genuine autonomy, in the rigorous sense in which the Greeks used this word. With all these distinctions granted the collectivity, the aboriginal families and individuals, if we may call them that, came to enjoy privileges of nobility; even when it was not laid down in law, they decked themselves out with the garb of a certain nobility by using the resounding title of citizen which, in imitation of the ancient Romans, they assumed with pride. (1867, TGU, I, 476)

THE LATIN ROOT URBS AND ITS

TRANSFORMATION INTO SPANISH AS URBE And after taking up and dropping many simple and compound terms in succession, I was forced to recall the word 'urbs' which due to the fact that it never left Latium and was not passed on to those peoples who adopted its language-doubtless because it had been reserved by overbearing, dominating Rome as a nobility title of preeminence-lent itself more easily to my purpose, and was able to provide me with some virgin derivative, if I may call it that, proper and suited to my idea, as new as that subject to which I wished to apply it... (1867, TGU, I, 29)

WITH HIS HABITUAL PAINSTAKING THOROUGHNESS, HE EXAMINED THE USE OF THE TERM URBS IN LATIN AND THE SENSE OF ITS DERIVATIVES:

Since the genuine sense of urbs referred principally to the material part of the grouping of buildings, for all matters referring to the inhabitants [the Romans] used the word civis (citizen), from which they derived all the terms intended to express things, objects, happenstance, and qualities concerning the dwellers. The word urbanus (from urbe) referred to matters concerning the material grouping of the urb: so it was that the citizens never called themselves urban, because the root word did not allow for such an application. So much so that, when they simply wanted to express the idea of the inhabitant of an urb, leaving aside his quality of citizen, ... they used the word urbicola, that is to say, urb-dweller. Later on urbanus and urbanitas, urban and urbanity, came to have a moral acceptation, analogous if not identical to civilis and civilitas. But this was, by extension, the effect of a tacit comparison between the customs or culture of the inhabitants of the rus (countryside)-whom they called rustici (rustics), which gave rise to rusticitas, rustic and rusticity-and the dwellers of the urbs, who always styled themselves more cultivated and more

civilised. So urbanus as well as urbanitas, by virtue of their genuine, etymological meaning, referred essentially to things and people concerned with the material part of the grouping of buildings. That is why it was observed that this true and genuine meaning of urbanus and its derivatives, while it was kept pure among the most ancient authors, degenerated as the distances separating it from the use and the time of

its primitive origins grew. (1867, TGU, I, 505–506) As for the fate that the word urbs suffered in Romance languages, the curious fact did not escape Cerdà that Spanish has, until now, admitted only the nouns derived from it, while relegating to oblivion the root word, doubtless because of the harshness of its sound. One of those derivatives of urbs then in use in Spanish was suburbia (suburb): common, and more especially, official usage having admitted the word suburb, which is a compound of urb, it is a sore point that the latter should not have been hispanicized, for in both official and common language it would have spared the use of circumlocutory phrases which anyone who wants to express the idea of an unqualified group of buildings or dwellings finds himself forced to use, that is, without specifying, with the word used, whether it is what is called a city, township, town, place, or village. (1867, TGU, I, 471–472) But to judge from all the signs, Cerdà himself approached urbs in just the way he pointed out: first he used the derivatives and then he got interested in the root. In fact, around 1860-61 he replaced the cumbersome appendage "of the city" with the concise adjective "urban" and he started talking, for example, of "urban" viality or salubrity (García-Bellido, 1994b). Around the same period, he invented a derivative of this same adjective, the verb urbanizar (to urbanize), and only some years later-in his General Theory of Urbanization of 1867-did he use the term urb systematically and with a precise meaning. However, since the logic of invention is one thing and that of exposition another, we shall address the concept of urb before that of urbanization for areater clarity of exposition.

So, having invented the words urbanize and urbanization, he realised how appropriate or necessary it was to hispanicize the root urbs, giving it the form urbe, which apparently had never been used before, either—in Spanish or in other European languages: Urbe derives from or rather, is the Latin urbs, from the genitive of which, urbis, the ablative urbe is generated. This forms the hispanicized word that we have used with this same desinence or ending, following the general and constant use of our Romance language. (1867, TGU, I, 504)

In addition to his own testimony, there is further evidence that it was Cerdà who put the word urb into circulation among us: the fact that while the adjective urbano (urban) was already recorded from the 15th century (Corominas y Pascual, 1980-83), the substantive noun urbe (urb) did not appear in Spanish encyclopaedias until the end of the 19th century and, even then, in quotation marks and italicised, as a term not yet common (Lodares, 1989, 64). In fact, the

Dictionary of the Royal Spanish Academy did not incorporate it until 1925.

The curious circumstance that there was no Spanish translation or equivalent of urbs at that time, while there were several derivatives of that Latin term, may have made rapid acceptance of the neologisms that he coined from that root easier. On the other hand, such more or less common derivatives shared one common feature, namely that, as occurs in Latin, almost all referred to qualities and circumstances and happenstances proper to the groups of combined buildings. (1867, TGU, I, 504)

SOURCE: Five Bases of the General Theory of Urbanization

LE CORBUSIER **Towards a New Architecture** 1923

266 ← One day Auguste Perret created the phrase: "The City of Towers." A glittering epithet which aroused

the poet in us. A word which struck the note of the moment because the fact itself is imminent! Almost unknown to us, the "great city" is engendering its plan. This plan may well be a gigantic affair, since the great city is a rising tide. It is time that we should repudiate the existing lay-out of our towns, in which the congestion of buildings grows greater, interlaced by narrow streets full of noise, petrol fumes and dust; and where on each storey the windows open wide on to this foul confusion. The great towns have become too dense for the security of their inhabitants and yet they are not sufficiently dense to meet the new needs of "modern business."

If we take as our basis the vital constructional event which the American sky-scraper has proved to be, it will be sufficient to bring together at certain points (relatively distant) the great density of our modern populations and to build at these points enormous constructions of 60 storeys high. Reinforced concrete and steel allow of this audacity and lend themselves in particular to a certain development of the facade by means of which all the windows have an uninterrupted view: in this way, in the future, inside courts and "wells" will no longer exist. Starting from the fourteenth storey you have absolute calm and the purest air.

In these towers which will shelter the worker, till now stifled in densely packed quarters and congested streets, all the necessary services, following the admirable practice in America, will be assembled, bringing efficiency and economy of time and effort, and as a natural result the peace of mind which is so necessary. These towers, rising up at great distances from one another, will give by reason of their height

the same accommodation that has up till now been spread out over the superficial area: they will leave open enormous spaces in which would run, well away from them, the noisy arterial roads, full of a traffic which becomes increasingly rapid. At the foot of the towers would stretch the parks: trees covering the whole town. The setting out of the towers would form imposing avenues; there indeed is an architecture worthy of our time.

Auguste Perret set forth the principle of the City of Towers; but he has not produced any designs. On the other hand he allowed himself to be interviewed by a reporter of the "Intransigeant" and to be so far carried away as to swell out his conception beyond reasonable limits. In this way he threw a veil of dangerous futurism over what was a sound idea. The reporter noted that enormous bridges would link each tower to the next; for what purpose? The arteries for traffic would be placed far away from the houses; and the inhabitants, free to disport themselves in the parks among trees planted in ordered patterns, or on the grass or in the places of amusement, would never have the slightest desire to take their exercise on giddy bridges, with nothing at all to do when they got there! The reporter would have it also that the town would be raised on innumerable piles of reinforced concrete carrying the streets at a height of 65 feet (6 storeys if you please!) and linking the towers one to another. These piles would leave an immense space underneath the town in which would be placed the gas and water mains and the sewers, the viscera of the city. Perret had never set out his plan, and the idea could not be carried further without a plan.

I had myself put forward this idea of using piles a long time before Auguste Perret, and it was a conception of a much less grandiose character; but it was capable of meeting a genuine need. I applied it more courtyards, but flats opening on every side to to the existing type of town such as the Paris of today. Instead of forming foundations by excavating and constructing thick foundation walls, instead of digging up and digging up again the roadways in order to bury in them (a labour of Sisyphus) the gas and water mains, the sewers and the Tubes, with constant repairs to execute, it would be agreed that any new districts should be constructed at ground level, the foundations being replaced by the necessary number of concrete piles; these would have carried the ground floor of the houses and, by a system of corbelling, the pavements and the roadways. Within this space so gained, of a height of from 12 to 18 feet, would run heavy lorries, and the Tubes replacing the encumbrance of tramways, and so on, with a direct service to points immediately below the buildings. This complete network of traffic, working independently of that reserved for pedestrians and quick-moving vehicles, would be a pure gain and would have its own geography independent of any obstruction due to the houses: an ordered forest of pillars in the midst of which the town would exchange its merchandise, bring in its food supplies, and perform all the slow and clumsy tasks which today impede the speed of traffic.

Cafés and places for recreation would no longer be that fungus which eats up the pavements of Paris: they would be transferred to the flat roofs, as would be all commerce of a luxury kind (for is it not really illogical that one entire superficies of a town should be unused and reserved for a flirtation between the tiles and the stars?). Short passage-ways in the shape of bridges above the ordinary streets would enable foot traffic to get about among these newly gained quarters consecrated to leisure amidst flowers and foliage. The result of this conception would be nothing less than a triplication of the traffic area of a town; it was capable of realization since it corresponded to a need, was less costly and more rational than the aberrations of to-day. It was a reasonable notion, given the old framework of our towns, just as the conception of the City of Towers will prove a reasonable idea, as regards the towns of to-morrow.

Here, then, we have a lay-out of streets which would bring about an entirely new system of town planning and would provide a radical reform in the tenanted house or apartment; this imminent reform, necessitated by the transformation of domestic economy, demands a new type of plan for dwelling-houses, and an entirely new organisation of services corresponding to modern life in a great city. Here again the plan is the generator; without it poverty, disorder, willfulness reign supreme.

Instead of our towns being laid out in massive quadrangles, with the streets in narrow trenches walled in by seven-storeyed buildings set perpendicular on the pavement and enclosing unhealthy courtvards. airless and sunless wells, our new layout, employing the same area and housing the same number of people, would show great blocks of houses with successive set-backs, stretching along arterial avenues. No air and light, and looking, not on the puny trees of our boulevards of to-day, but upon green sward, sports grounds and abundant plantations of trees.

The jutting prows of these great blocks would break up the long avenues at regular intervals. The various set-backs would promote the play of light and shade, so necessary to architectural expression.

Reinforced concrete has brought about a revolution in the aesthetics of construction. By suppressing the roof and replacing it by terraces, reinforced concrete is leading us to a new aesthetic of the plan, hitherto unknown. These set-backs and recessions are guite possible and will, in the future, lead to a play of halflights and of heavy shade with the accent running not from top to bottom, but horizontally from left to right. This is a modification of the first importance in the aesthetic of the plan; it has not yet been realized; but we shall be wise to bear this in our minds, in considering projects for the extension of our towns.

We are living in a period of reconstruction and of adaptation to new social and economic conditions. In rounding this Cape Horn the new horizons before us will only recover the grand line of tradition by a complete revision of the methods in vogue and by the

fixing of a new basis of construction established in on the wing can never be the same when caught. logic. In architecture the old bases of construction are dead. We shall not rediscover the truths of architecture until new bases have established a logical ground for every architectural manifestation. A period of 20 years is beginning which will be occupied in creating these bases. A period of great problems, a period of analysis, of experiment, a period also of great aesthetic confusion, a period in which a new aesthetic will be elaborated. We must study the plan, the key of this evolution.

SOURCE: Towards a New Architecture

GORDON CULLEN The Concise Townscape 1961

ENDPIECE

The message of this book is that there is a lot of fun and a lot of drama to be had from the environment. The reader may reply, 'Yes, but you have combed the world for examples. Come and see where I live in the overspill housing of Liverpool or Manchester, in the new suburbs of Paris or the gridirons of American cities. See what you can make of that.'

Agreed. But I have not combed the world just to make a picture book that can be picked up and put down. The examples are assembled for a purpose. The purpose is to expose the art of environment which, had it been understood and practised, could have prevented the disasters mentioned. The reason for this book is to reach out to people like you to try to show you what you are missing and to try to implant a growth point of what could be.

Even if you lived in the prettiest of towns the message is still just as necessary: there is an art of environment. This is the central fact of TOWNSCAPE but it has got lost on the way, the environment gladiators have cast lots for it and parted it amongst them. On the one hand it has devolved into cobbles and conservation, and on the other it has hived off into outrage and visual pollution. Neither of these, if I may be allowed to breathe it, is germane to the art of environment. And consequently, ten years later, it becomes necessary to start again. Now is the time to fashion a much more realistic tool. Thanks to the aforementioned gladiators the subject is now not unknown. But it is linked to constraints and exhortations. What is missing is the central power of generation. The art of putting the environment together has now to be more clearly defined, its rules stated and its typical products familiarized over a broad field of the lay population. This will be the subject of my next book. There is an attitude of mind, which recoils from the systematization of aesthetics, believing that the bird

There is another attitude which inclines to the view that unless you define your notes and establish a musical grammar you will never be able to play a tune. even a simple tune, let alone Mozart. This seems to me to be self-evident. At the risk of repetition let us get the field of activity defined.

A. The environment is put together in two ways. First, objectively, by means of common sense and logic based on the benevolent principles of health, amenity, convenience and privacy. This may be compared to God creating the world as someone outside and above the thing created. The second way is not in opposition to this. It is a fulfillment of creation by employing the subjective values of those who will live in this created world. Without disrespect this may be compared to God sending his Son into the world to live as a human, find out what it is like and redeem it. Both these attitudes are complementary. To take a simple analogy, commonweal lines of latitude which are parallel on the map diminish to vanishing points when observed by the individual. There is no moral distinction involved, both observations are true. The truth is where you are. In these studies we shall not be concerned with objective values, which appear to be thriving. But we shall be concerned with the subjective situation which is disturbing.

What we are witnessing is the extreme difficulty of switching from one kind of truth to another, i.e. from the objective benevolence of the town hall to personal response and experience especially when, in this mad world, there is usually so little time to adjust.

The main claim of TOWNSCAPE is that it has assisted in charting the structure of the subjective world. For unless it is charted, to what can you adjust? To opinions, to fashion or to personal morality? How difficult it is to adjust to vagueness and how time wasting. B. From what base do we set out? The only possible base surely is to set down the ways in which the human being warms to his surroundings. To set down his affirmations. Not the grandiose views on Art or God or the Computer, but the normal affirmations about our own lives. It may help to observe human response to living itself. The baby is born, it has arrived, it is hungry, it cries, it sleeps. It is utterly helpless and utterly arrogant. Later the growing child begins to discern things outside itself, some things are hot and others cold, sometimes it is light and sometimes dark, some big things move about singing. The youth grows up in the family and learns the dos and don'ts of family life. When not to ask guestions or stay up late, how to get on the right side of dad and so on. Still later, as an adult, he decides to make his own life, marries and becomes responsible for the organisation of his family.

Our response to the environment is very much the same and can be expressed in four affirmations:

01. I am Here, I am in this room, it is now. Awareness of space.

02. They are There. That building is charming or ugly. Awareness of mood and character.

03. I understand Behaviour. We walk about inside a

web of perspective that opens before us and closes behind us. There is a time structure.

04. I Organise. I can manipulate Spaces and Moods, knowing their Behaviour, to produce the home of man. All very fine and large. But what happens if we simply brush all this to one side and get down to a bit of designing?

anti 01. There is then nothing to belong to, nothing but waste-land. Non-homes stretching to the horizon and a continuum of emptiness. The Expulsion from Eden.

anti 02. There is nothing to communicate with. We turn this way and that but all is faceless and mindless. Nobody laughs or weeps. We hold out a hand but there is no response from the silent army.

anti 03. An environment as ignorant and clumsv as a crashed gear change, scenery as catastrophic as the implications of a remand home for girls.

anti 04. Chips with everything. Shove in a couple of silver birches.

C. Our first move in creating a system must surely be to organise the field so that phenomena can be filed logically in an Atlas of the environment. So far we have a column of affirmations on the left hand side. Across the top we can set down the differing dimensions of the environment in which they operate. First there is the physical world of length, breadth and height. Second is the dimension of time and third is the dimension of ambience. From these two breakdowns, vertical and horizontal, we can construct a grid or elementary Atlas which, if the premises are sound, should be capable of immense growth. Having arrived at the concept of an Atlas we now consider the fourth affirmation, that concerned with organisation or manipulation. If we consider the Atlas

as a reference library of (visual) words then organisation is the art of putting this word with that to make a lucid statement which is inherent in the particular design problem. And it is this glorious sense of communication that we all need. For God's sake say something!

← You can see that it is no more complicated than a cookery book: first

you list your ingredients, then you describe how they behave in heat or water or whatever and then you put them together and there it is, a loaf. The only difference between the two is that most people have a lust for eating which justifies the apparently inexhaustible supply of cookery books, whereas the environment is, at the moment, a lust-vacuum. It isn't really surprising. The dialogue stopped when they killed off the environmental virtues of Victorian architecture and substituted a lot of personal virtues such as truth, honesty and self-expression. You can see where that's got us, everybody is bored stiff. We've lost our audience. We have to join, separate, divide, conceal, reveal, concentrate, dilute, trap, liberate, delay and accelerate. Throw the ball about, get those stiff muscles working. There is much to do.

Human life apart, there are few things more poignant than the stillbirth of an idea in the human brain.

Suddenly in the rich humus of the mind an idea pushes up into the light of comprehension. The telephone rings, no we haven't got anthracite grains, only nuts. And the idea has gone. Quite often gone forever. The Gods who threw the dice groan in frustration. Our world is continually throwing up concepts, ideas and solutions, but a vast amount withers and dies whilst the rest recedes into the paper mountain. What is needed is a frame of reference in which these homeless ideas can be housed: an environmental equivalent to 'Shelter', the British organisation that is privately tackling the housing problem. It is my view that there is an incredible waste of fertility and that this should be halted by the creation of a collecting, sorting and retrieval agency. And so we end up with a box of concepts and a range of gambits, the whole being co-ordinated and internally self-justifying like a crystal. A weapon with which we can hack our way out of isolation and make contact with the educators, with the mass media and so to the point of the story, the public.

SOURCE: The Concise Townscape

KEVIN LYNCH The Image of The City 1960

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THE IMAGE OF THE ENVIRONMENT

← Looking at cities can give a special pleasure, however commonplace the sight may be. Like a piece of architec-

ture, the city is a construction in space, but one of vast scale, a thing perceived only in the course of long spans of time. City design is therefore a temporal art, but it can rarely use the controlled and limited sequences of other temporal arts like music. On different occasions and for different people, the sequences are reversed, interrupted, abandoned, cut across. It is seen in all lights and all weathers.

At every instant, there is more than the eye can see, more than the ear can hear, a setting or a view waiting to be explored. Nothing is experienced by itself, but always in relation to its surroundings, the sequences of events leading up to it, the memory of past experiences. Washington Street set in a farmer's field might look like the shopping street in the heart of Boston, and yet it would seem utterly different. Every citizen has had long associations with some part of his city, and his image is soaked in memories and meanings.

Moving elements in a city, and in particular the people and their activities, are as important as the stationary physical parts. We are not simply observers of this spectacle, but are ourselves a part of it, on



our perception of the city is not sustained, but rather partial, fragmentary, mixed with other concerns. Nearly every sense is in operation, and the image is the composite of them all.

Not only is the city an object which is perceived (and perhaps enjoyed) by millions of people of widely diverse class and character, but it is the product of many builders who are constantly modifying the structure for reasons of their own. While it may be stable in general outlines for some time, it is ever changing in detail. Only partial control can be exercised over its growth and form. There is no final result. only a continuous succession of phases. No wonder, then, that the art of shaping cities for sensuous enjoyment is an art quite separate from architecture or music or literature. It may learn a great deal from these other arts, but it cannot imitate them.

A beautiful and delightful city environment is an oddity, some would say an impossibility. Not one American city larger than a village is of consistently fine quality, although a few towns have some pleasant fragments. It is hardly surprising, then, that most Americans have little idea of what it can mean to live in such an environment. They are clear enough about the ugliness of the world they live in, and they are quite vocal about the dirt, the smoke, the heat, and the congestion, the chaos and yet the monotony of it. But they are hardly aware of the potential value of harmonious surroundings, a world which they may have briefly glimpsed only as tourists or as escaped vacationers. They can have little sense of what a setting can mean in terms of daily delight, or as a continuous anchor for their lives, or as an extension of the meaningfulness and richness of the world. (...)

BUILDING THE IMAGE

Environmental images are the result of a two-way process between the observer and his environment. The environment suggests distinctions and relations, and the observer-with great adaptability and in the light of his own purposes-selects, organizes, and endows with meaning what he sees. The image so developed now limits and emphasizes what is seen, while the image itself is being tested against the filtered perceptual input in a constant interacting process. Thus the image of a given reality may vary significantly between different observers.

The coherence of the image may arise in several ways. There may be little in the real object that is ordered or remarkable, and yet its mental picture has gained identity and organization through long familiarity. One man may find objects easily on what seems to anyone else to be a totally disordered worktable. Alternatively, an object seen for the first time may be identified and related not because it is individually familiar but because it conforms to a stereotype already constructed by the observer. An American can always spot the corner drugstore, however indistinguishable it might be to a Bushman. Again, a new object may seem to have strong structure or identity because of

the stage with the other participants. Most often, striking physical features which suggest or impose their own pattern. Thus the sea or a great mountain can rivet the attention of one coming from the flat plains of the interior, even if he is so young or so parochial as to have no name for these great phenomena. As manipulators of the physical environment, city planners are primarily interested in the external agent in the interaction which produces the environmental image. Different environments resist or facilitate the process of image making. Any given form, a fine vase or a lump of clay, will have a high or a low probability of evoking a strong image among various observers. Presumably this probability can be stated with greater and greater precision as the observers are grouped in more and more homogeneous classes of age, sex, culture, occupation, temperament, or familiarity. Each individual creates and bears his own image, but there seems to be substantial agreement among members of the same group. It is these group images, exhibiting consensus among significant numbers, that interest city planners who aspire to model an environment that will be used by many people.

Therefore this study will tend to pass over individual differences, interesting as they might be to a psychologist. The first order of business will be what might be called the "public images," the common mental pictures carried by large numbers of a city's inhabitants: areas of agreement which might be expected to appear in the interaction of a single physical reality, a common culture, and a basic physiological nature.

The systems of orientation which have been used vary widely throughout the world, changing from culture to culture, and from landscape to landscape. Appendix A gives examples of many of them: the abstract and fixed directional systems, the moving systems, and those that are directed to the person, the home, or the sea. The world may be organized around a set of focal points, or be broken into named regions, or be linked by remembered routes. Varied as these methods are, and inexhaustible as seem to be the potential clues which a man may pick out to differentiate his world, they cast interesting sidelights on the means that we use today to locate ourselves in our own city world. For the most part these examples seem to echo, curiously enough, the formal types of image elements into which we can conveniently divide the city image: path, landmark, edge, node, and district.

SOURCE: The Image of the City

ROBERT VENTURI AND DENISE SCOTT BROWN Learning from Las Vegas 1972

"Substance for a writer consists not merely of those realities he thinks he discovers; it consists even more of those realities which have been made available to him by the literature and idioms of his own day and by the images that still have vitality in the literature of the past. Stylistically, a writer can express his feeling about this substance either by imitation, if it sits well with him, or by parody, if it doesn't."1

Learning from the existing landscape is a way of being revolutionary for an architect. Not the obvious way, which is to tear down Paris and begin again, as Le Corbusier suggested in the 1920s, but another, more tolerant way; that is, to guestion how we look at things.

The commercial strip, the Las Vegas Strip in particular-the example par excellence-challenges the architect to take a positive, non-chip-on-the-shoulder view. Architects are out of the habit of looking non-judgmentally at the environment, because orthodox Modern architecture is progressive, if not revolutionary, utopian, and puristic; it is dissatisfied with existing conditions. Modern architecture has been anything but permissive: Architects have preferred to change the existing environment rather than enhance what is there.

But to gain insight from the commonplace is nothing new: Fine art often follows folk art. Romantic architects of the eighteenth century discovered an existing and conventional rustic architecture. Early Modern architects appropriated an existing and conventional industrial vocabulary without much adaptation. Le Corbusier loved grain elevators and steamships; the Bauhaus looked like a factory; Mies refined the details of American steel factories for concrete buildings: Modern architects work through analogy, symbol, and image—although they have gone to lengths to disclaim almost all determinants of their forms except structural necessity and the program-and they derive insights, analogies, and stimulation from unexpected images. There is a perversity in the learning process: We look backward at history and tradition to go forward; we can also look downward to go upward. And withholding judgment may be used as a tool to make later judgment more sensitive. This is a way of learning from everything.

COMMERCIAL VALUES AND COMMERCIAL METHODS

Las Vegas is analyzed here only as a phenomenon of architectural communication. Just as an analysis of the structure of a Gothic cathedral need not include a debate on the morality of medieval religion, so Las Vegas's values are not questioned here. The morality of commercial advertising, gambling interests, and the competitive instinct is not at issue here, although,

indeed, we believe it should be in the architect's broader, synthetic tasks of which an analysis such as this is but one aspect. The analysis of a drive-in church in this context would match that of a drive-in restaurant, because this is a study of method, not content. Analysis of one of the architectural variables in isolation from the others is a respectable scientific and humanistic activity, so long as all are resynthesized in design. Analysis of existing American urbanism is a socially desirable activity to the extent that it teaches us architects to be more understanding and less authoritarian in the plans we make for both inner-city renewal and new development. In addition, there is no reason why the methods of commercial persuasion and the skyline of signs analyzed here should not serve the purpose of civic and cultural enhancement. But this is not entirely up to the architect.

BILLBOARDS ARE ALMOST ALL RIGHT

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← Architects who can accept the lessons of primitive vernacular architecture, so easy to take in an

exhibit like "Architecture without Architects." and of industrial, vernacular architecture, so easy to adapt to an electronic and space vernacular as elaborate neo-Brutalist or neo-Constructivist megastructures, do not easily acknowledge the validity of the commercial vernacular. For the artist, creating the new may mean choosing the old or the existing. Pop artists have relearned this. Our acknowledgment of existing, commercial architecture at the scale of the highway is within this tradition.

Modern architecture has not so much excluded the commercial vernacular as it has tried to take it over by inventing and enforcing a vernacular of its own, improved and universal. It has rejected the combination of fine art and crude art. The Italian landscape has always harmonized the vulgar and the Vitruvian: the contorni around the duomo, the portiere's laundry across the padrone's portone, Supercortemaggiore against the Romanesque apse. Naked children have never played in our fountains, and I. M. Pei will never be happy on Route 66.

ARCHITECTURE AS SPACE

Architects have been bewitched by a single element of the Italian landscape: the piazza. Its traditional, pedestrian-scaled, and intricately enclosed space is easier to like than the spatial sprawl of Route 66 and Los Angeles. Architects have been brought up on Space, and enclosed space is the easiest to handle. During the last 40 years, theorists of Modern architecture (Wright and Le Corbusier sometimes excepted) have focused on space as the essential ingredient that separates architecture from painting, sculpture, and literature. Their definitions glory in the uniqueness of the medium: although sculpture and painting may sometimes be allowed spatial characteristics, sculptural or pictorial architecture is unacceptablebecause Space is sacred.

Purist architecture was partly a reaction against nineteenth-century eclecticism. Gothic churches,

Renaissance banks, and Jacobean manors were frankly picturesque. The mixing of styles meant the mixing of media. Dressed in historical styles, buildings evoked explicit associations and romantic allusions to the past to convey literary, ecclesiastical, national, or programmatic symbolism. Definitions of architecture as space and form at the service of program and structure were not enough. The overlapping of disciplines may have diluted the architecture, but it enriched the meaning.

Modern architects abandoned a tradition of iconology in which painting, sculpture, and graphics were combined with architecture. The delicate hieroglyphics on a bold pylon, the archetypal inscriptions of a Roman architrave, the mosaic processions in Sant'Apollinare, the ubiquitous tattoos over a Giotto Chapel, the enshrined hierarchies around a Gothic portal, even the illusionistic frescoes in a Venetian villa, all contain messages beyond their ornamental contribution to architectural space. The integration of the arts in Modern architecture has always been called a good thing. But one did not paint on Mies. Painted panels were floated independently of the structure by means of shadow joints; sculpture was in or near but seldom on the building. Objects of art were used to reinforce architectural space at the expense of their own content. The Kolbe in the Barcelona Pavilion was a foil to the directed spaces: The message was mainly architectural. The diminutive signs in most Modern buildings contained only the most necessary messages, like LADIES, minor accents begrudgingly applied.

ARCHITECTURE AS SYMBOL

Critics and historians, who documented the "decline of popular symbols" in art, supported orthodox Modern architects, who shunned symbolism of form as an expression or reinforcement of content: meaning was to be communicated, not through allusion to previously known forms, but through the inherent, physiognomic characteristics of form. The creation of architectural form was to be a logical process, free from images of past experience, determined solely by program and structure, with an occasional assist, as Alan Colguhoun has suggested,² from intuition.

But some recent critics have questioned the possible level of content to be derived from abstract forms. Others have demonstrated that the functionalists, despite their protestations, derived a formal vocabulary of their own, mainly from current art movements and the industrial vernacular; and latter-day followers such as the Archigram group have turned, while similarly protesting, to Pop Art and the space industry. However, most critics have slighted a continuing iconology in popular commercial art, the persuasive heraldry that pervades our environment from the advertising pages of The New Yorker to the superbillboards of Houston. And their theory of the "debasement" of symbolic architecture in nineteenth-century eclecticism has blinded them to the value of the representational architecture along highways. Those who acknowledge this roadside eclecticism denigrate it, because it flaunts the cliché of a decade ago

as well as the style of a century ago. But why not? Time travels fast today.

The Miami Beach Modern motel on a bleak stretch of highway in southern Delaware reminds jaded drivers of the welcome luxury of a tropical resort, persuading them, perhaps, to forgo the gracious plantation across the Virginia border called Motel Monticello. The real hotel in Miami alludes to the international stylishness of a Brazilian resort, which, in turn, derives from the International Style of middle Corbu. This evolution from the high source through the middle source to the low source took only 30 years. Today, the middle source, the neo-Eclectic architecture of the 1940s and the 1950s, is less interesting than its commercial adaptations. Roadside copies of Ed Stone are more interesting than the real Ed Stone.

 Richard Poirier, "T. S. Eliot and the Literature of Waste," The New Republic. (May 20, 1967), p. 21.

 Alan Colquhoun, "Typology and Design Method," Arena, Journal of the Architectural Association Uune 1967), pp. 11–14.
 SOURCE: Learning from Las Vegas: The Forgotten Symbolism of Architectural Form

DIA GRAMS

WALTER CHRISTALLER Central Place Theory 1933

CENTRAL PLACES

270 ← We do not look at the entire appearance of a town, but only at those definite characteristics which are decidedly important to the meaning of the town and the geography of settlements. It is that meaning which Gradmann has called the chief profession of a town, namely, "to be center of its rural surroundings and mediator of local commerce with the outside world." As one might think, this chief profession affects the small country towns which are really exceptions, being nothing more than the centers of their rural surroundings. But it also affects in the same way the larger towns, not only in respect to their immediate vicinities, but also in respect to their places in systems of many smaller regions. All regions have some centers which are closer, yet their centers of a higher order are found in larger towns which satisfy those demands of the country and of the smaller towns which the little towns are not able to satisfy. Thus we can broaden and generalize Gradmann's statement in this manner: The chief profession—or characteristic—of a town is to be the center of a region.

Because this chief characteristic does not apply only to those settlements which we usually call towns—it applies also, for example, to most market spots and because there are, on the other hand, towns which do not, or only in a very small measure, show this characteristic, we shall call those settlements which are mainly centers of regions, central settlements. Central is relative in meaning. It refers to regions, but more correctly, it refers to the settlements dispersed over a region.

In contrast to these central places are the dispersed places, i.e., all those places which are not centers. They include: (1) areally-bound ones-those settlements the inhabitants of which live on their agricultural activities, which are conditioned by the land area surrounding them; and (2) point-bound ones-those settlements the inhabitants of which make their living from resources found at specific locations. The latter are: first, the mining settlements which are very limited in space as compared to the agricultural possibilities of the land, and generally are more point-like in their location in the country; and second, all those settlements which are bound to certain points of the surface of the earth, i.e., bound at absolute points (not at relative ones as in the case of central places)-for instance, bridges and fords, border or custom places, and especially harbors. Very often, harbors simultaneously become central settlements, whereas mining settlements and health resorts are seldom central places. Finally, (3) we have settlements which are not bound to a central point, an area, or an absolute point. Monastery settlements (but not shrines, which are usually bound by the place of the miracle) are examples. Other examples are settlements of workers who perform work in the home, and large industrial settlements, the locations of which are seldom determined according to any economic advantages such as transportation facilities or the labor supply. Purely residential settlements lying on outstanding sites near great towns do not belong to this group because they are absolutely determined by the beauty of the landscape (and therefore are point-bound), or are relatively determined by the nearness of the large town.

Henceforth, when we speak of central settlements, we shall have to avoid introducing a new meaning of town, for that would cause considerable confusion. We should go even further and substitute another

term for settlement, in order to have greater precision of expression. The word settlement has many meanings, but it especially evokes a detailed picture of streets, houses, towers, and so on, which could veil the individual meaning of the facts important to us. We do not mean the multifold meaning of settlement, but rather only the localization of the functions of a center at the geometrical location of the settlement. We shall therefore speak of central places. Place is also more correct in a concrete sense, because in our consideration we deal neither with settlement units, nor political communities, nor economic units. Thus place includes as far into the surrounding settlements as the inhabitants of those settlements exercise urban or, as we should now say, central professions. The place may be larger or smaller than the settlement unit or community.

Those places which have central functions that extend over a larger region, in which other central places es of less importance exist, are called central places of a higher order. Those which have only local central importance for the immediate vicinity are called, correspondingly, central places of a lower and of the lowest order. Smaller places which usually have no central importance and which exercise fewer central functions are called auxiliary central places. SOURCE: Central Places in Southern Germany

EBENEZER HOWARD Garden Cities of To-Morrow 1933

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

It may perhaps be thought that the first step to be taken towards the solution of this guestion-how to restore the people to the land-would involve a careful consideration of the very numerous causes which have hitherto led to their aggregation in large cities. Were this the case, a very prolonged enquiry would be necessary at the outset. Fortunately, alike for writer and for reader, such an analysis is not, however, here requisite, and for a very simple reason, which may be stated thus: Whatever may have been the causes which have operated in the past, and are operating now to draw the people into the cities, those causes may all be summed up as 'attractions'; and it is obvious, therefore, that no remedy can possibly be effective which will not present to the people or at least to considerable portions of them greater 'attractions' than our cities now possess, so that the force of the old 'attractions' shall be overcome by the force of new 'attractions' which are to be created. Each city may be regarded as a magnet, each person as a needle; and, so viewed, it is at once seen that nothing short of the discovery of a method

So presented, the problem may appear at first sight to be difficult, if not impossible, of solution. 'What', some may be disposed to ask, 'can possibly be done to make the country more attractive to a workaday people than the town-to make wages, or at least the standard of physical comfort, higher in the country than in the town; to secure in the country. Equal possibilities of social intercourse, and to make the prospects of advancement for the average man or woman equal, not to say superior, to those enjoyed in our large cities?' The issue one constantly finds presented in a form very similar to that. The subject is treated continually in the public press, and in all forms of discussion, as though men, or at least working men, had not now, and never could have, any choice or alternative, but either, on the one hand, to stifle their love for human society—at least in wider relations than can be found in a straggling villageor, on the other hand, to forgo almost entirely all the keen and pure delights of the country. The question is universally considered as though it were now, and for ever must remain, quite impossible for working people to live in the country and yet be engaged in pursuits other than agricultural; as though crowded, unhealthy cities were the last word of economic science; and as if our present form of industry, in which sharp lines divide agricultural from industrial pursuits, were necessarily an enduring one. This fallacy is the very common one of ignoring altogether the possibility of alternatives other than those presented to the mind. There are in reality not only, as is so constantly assumed, two alternatives-town life and country life-but a third alternative, in which all the advantages of the most energetic and active town, with all the beauty and delight of the country, may be secured in perfect combination; and the certainty of being able to live this life will be the magnet which will produce the effect for which we are all striving-the spontaneous movement of the people from our crowded cities to the bosom of our kindly mother earth, at once the source of life, of happiness, of wealth, and of power. The town and the country may, therefore, be regarded as two magnets, each striving to draw the people to itself-a rivalry which a new form of life, partaking of the nature of both, comes to take part in. This may be illustrated by a diagram of 'The Three Magnets', in which the chief advantages of the Town and of the Country are set forth with their corresponding drawbacks, while the advantages of the Town-Country are seen to be free from the disadvantages of either.

The Town magnet, it will be seen, offers, as compared with the Country magnet, the advantages of high wages, opportunities for employment, tempting prospects of advancement, but these are largely counterbalanced by high rents and prices. Its social opportunities and its places of amusement are very alluring, but excessive hours of toil, distance from work, and the 'isolation of crowds' tend greatly to

for constructing magnets of a greater power than our reduce the value of these good things. The well-lit streets are a great attraction, especially in winter, but the sunlight is being more and more shut out, while the air is so vitiated that the fine public buildings, like the sparrows, rapidly become covered with soot, and the very statues are in despair. Palatial edifices and fearful slums are the strange, complementary features of modern cities.

The Country magnet declares herself to be the source of all beauty and wealth; but the Town magnet mockingly reminds her that she is very dull for lack of society, and very sparing of her gifts for lack of capital. There are in the country beautiful vistas, lordly parks, violet-scented woods, fresh air, sounds of rippling water; but too often one sees those threatening words, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted'. Rents, if estimated by the acre, are certainly low, but such low rents are the natural fruit of low wages rather than a cause of substantial comfort; while long hours and lack of amusements forbid the bright sunshine and the pure air to gladden the hearts of the people. The one industry, agriculture, suffers frequently from excessive rainfalls: but this wondrous harvest of the clouds is seldom properly in-gathered, so that, in times of drought, there is frequently, even for drinking purposes, a most insufficient supply. Even the natural healthfulness of the country is largely lost for lack of proper drainage and other sanitary conditions, while, in parts almost deserted by the people, the few who remain are yet frequently huddled together as if in rivalry with the slums of our cities. But neither the Town magnet nor the Country magnet represents the full plan and purpose of nature. Human society and the beauty of nature are meant to be enjoyed together. The two magnets must be made one. As man and woman by their varied gifts and faculties supplement each other, so should town and country. The town is the symbol of society-of mutual help and friendly co-operation, of fatherhood, motherhood, brotherhood, sisterhood, of wide relations between man and man-of broad, expanding sympathies-of science, art, culture, religion. And the country! The country is the symbol of God's love and care for man. All that we are and all that we have comes from it. Our bodies are formed of it; to it they return. We are fed by it, clothed by it, and by it are we warmed and sheltered. On its bosom we rest. Its beauty is the inspiration of art, of music, of poetry. Its

forces propel all the wheels of industry. It is the source of all health, all wealth, all knowledge. But its fullness of joy and wisdom has not revealed itself to man. Nor can it ever, so long as this unholy, unnatural separation of society and nature endures. Town and country must be married, and out of this joyous union will spring a new hope, a new life, a new civilization. It is the purpose of this work to show how a first step can he taken in this direction by the construction of a Town-country magnet; and I hope to convince the reader that this is practicable, here and now, and that on principles which are the very soundest, whether viewed from the ethical or the economic standpoint.

\leftarrow I will undertake, then, to show how 271 in 'Town-country' equal, nay better, opportunities of social intercourse may

be enjoyed than are enjoyed in any crowded city. while yet the beauties of nature may encompass and enfold each dweller therein; how higher wages are compatible with reduced rents and rates: how abundant opportunities for employment and bright prospects of advancement may be secured for all; how capital may be attracted and wealth created; how the most admirable sanitary conditions may be ensured; how beautiful homes and gardens may be seen on every hand: how the bounds of freedom may be widened, and vet all the best results of concert and co-operation gathered in by a happy people.

The construction of such a magnet, could it be effected, followed, as it would be, by the construction of many more, would certainly afford a solution of the burning question set before us by Sir John Gorst, 'how to back the tide of migration of the people into the towns, and to get them back upon the land'. SOURCE: Garden Cities of Tomorrow

BILL HILLIER Space Is the Machine 1996

THE FUNDAMENTAL CITY

[...] the relation between human beings and space [is], at a deep level, governed by two kinds of law: laws of spatial emergence, by which the larger-scale configurational properties of space followed as a necessary consequence from different kinds of local physical intervention: and laws of 'generic function'. by which constraints were placed on space by the most generic aspects of human activity, such as the simple facts of occupying space and moving between spaces. [...] to a significant extent, the spatial forms of cities are expressions of these laws, and that if we wish to understand them we must learn to see them as 'things made of space', governed by spatial laws whose effects but not whose nature can be guided by human agency. One implication of this argument will be that twentieth-century design has often used spatial concepts for urban and housing areas which fall outside the scope of these laws, creating space which lacks the elementary patterning which these laws have normally imposed, in some shape or form, in the past. If, as is argued here, such laws exist, then it will be necessary to revise current concepts of the well-ordered city back in the direction implied by these laws.

There are, however, obvious objections to the idea that urban forms evolve according to general laws. The most obvious is that cities are individuals, and

that this is because the forms they take are influenced by factors which are quite specific to the time and place in which they grow-local topographical facts such as harbours, rivers and hills, particular historical events such as trading developments, population movements and conquests and by pre-existing contextual conditions, such as route intersections and the existence of exploitable resources. Each type of influence might be expected to have generically similar effects on urban form, but taken together it is highly unlikely that any two cities would repeat the same grouping or sequencing of influences. These factors, then, in spite of initially suggesting bases for comparison, tend to make each city unique. And this, of course, is how we experience them.

A second objection is slightly less obvious, and a little contradictory to the first, since it is typological. The spatial and physical development of cities isguite properly-held to be a reflection of the social and economic processes which provide the reasons for their existence. Differences in these processes are likely to give rise to differences in type between cities. We saw a clear instance of this in the typological contrast drawn in Chapter 6 between cities of production and cities of social reproduction. Differences in spatial and physical form were there shown to be reflections of differences in the essential functions of those cities. Similarly, differences in the physical and spatial form of cities, say, to the north and south of the Mediterranean, are manifestly connected in some way to the social and cultural idiosyncrasies of the European and Islamic traditions. It seems then to be specific social, economic and cultural processes, rather than generic spatial laws, that are the driving forces on urban form.

Both objections seem well-founded. Seen in one way, cities are individuals; seen in another, they seem to be types. How can these facts be reconciled to the idea that general spatial laws might play a role in their spatial evolution? In fact, there is no incompatibility. It is simply a matter of the level at which we are talking. The influence of spatial laws on cities operates not at the level of the individuality of the city, nor on the typology of the city, but at the deeper level of what all individual cities and types of city have in common, that is, what, spatially, makes a city a city. As settlements evolve under different social and topographical conditions, they tend to conserve, in spite of the influence of these differences, certain properties of spatial configuration 'nearly invariant'. By 'nearly invariant', we simply mean that the configurational properties we find fall within a very narrow band of combinatorial possibility. Without knowledge of these 'near invariants' we cannot easily understand what cities are in principle, before we consider them as types or as individuals.

What are these 'near invariants'? Let us begin by looking at a pair of illustrative axial maps: plate 2c-e, which is part of London as it is now, and plate 7, which is the central part of Shiraz, in Iran, as it was prior to twentieth-century modernisation. The grids have clear differences in character. Line structures are more

complex in Shiraz, and are in fact much less integrated and intelligible. If we were to examine the relation of lines to convex elements, we would find that in London lines tend to pass through more convex spaces that in Shiraz. Looking at the integration core structures, we also find differences. Although at radius-n (not shown in the case of Shiraz), both have strongly centralised cores, linking centre towards edge, at radius-radius, London has a 'covering' core, linking centre to edge in the way characteristic of European cities, while in Shiraz the radius-radius core is markedly regionalised. These differences in grid structure are associated with well-known behavioural differences, for example, in the ways in which inhabitants relate to strangers and men to women in Islamic as compared to European cities. We can call these associations of urban forms and social behaviour 'spatial cultures', and note that one of the main tasks of a theory of urban form would be to explicate them.

However, as can be seen from the two plates, underlying the manifest spatial differences we also find much common ground in the urban grids. For example, in both cases, the spaces formed by the buildings tend to be improbably linearised in at least three senses. At the smallest scale, we find that buildings are placed next to and opposite each other to form spaces which stress linearity rather than, for example, enclosure. Second, at a slightly less local level, lines of sight and access through the spaces formed by buildings tend to become extended into other spaces to a degree that is unlikely to have occurred by chance. Third, we find that some, but only some, of the linear spaces are prioritised to form larger scale linear continuities in the urban grids, creating a more global movement potential. These properties are present in the two cases to different degrees, but they are nevertheless present in both cases. They will be found to be present in some degree in most settlements.

At a more global scale, we also find commonalities across the two cases, which are also 'near invariants' in settlements in general. Two of the most notable are that in both cases we will find a well formed local area structure of some kind coexisting with a strong global structure. Both levels of structure are different in the two cases, but each case does have both levels of structure, and this we will find is generally the case in cities. At the most general level of the overall shape of cities, we also find 'near invariants'. One of the most significant is that cities, as they grow, tend to fill out in all directions to form more or less compact shapes, even in cases where they are linear in the early stages. The 'deformed grid', with all the properties we have just described, seems to be the aptest term to summarise these, and other, 'near invariants' of cities, because, however much urban space is articulated and broken up, buildings are still in general aggregated into outwards facing islands to define intersecting rings of space, which then become improbably linearised to give rise to the local area and global structures that are found by configurational analysis.

These commonalities, it will be argued, arise from what spatial cultures have in common, that is, from what in the previous chapter was called generic function. This, it will be recalled, referred not to the different activities that people carry out in space, but to aspects of human occupancy of space that are prior to any of these: that to occupy space means to be aware of the relationships of a space to others, that to occupy a spatial complex means to move about in it, and to move about depends on being able to retain an intelligible picture of the complex.

272 ← Intelligibility and functionality, defined as formal properties of spatial complexes, are the keys to 'generic

function'. In the case of settlements, generic function refers not to the specificities of different cultural, social and economic forms, but to what these forms have in common when seen from a spatial point of view. The deep invariant structure of urban grids is generated, it will be argued, from generic function creating emergent invariants, while the typological differences arise from cultural, social and economic differences, and individualities from topographical and historical specificities. In effect, it is proposed that there exists a fundamental settlement process, which is more or less invariant across cultures, and that spatial cultures are parameterisations of this process by, for example, creating different degrees and patterns of integration and intelligibility, and different degrees of local and global organisation to the overall form. Our task here is to show what this fundamental settlement process is and how it is a product of generic function and the laws of spatial emergence.

SOURCE: Space Is the Machine: a Configurational Theory of Architecture

PAUL KRUGMAN How Did Economists Get It so Wrong? 02.09.2009

I. MISTAKING BEAUTY FOR TRUTH

It's hard to believe now, but not long ago economists were congratulating themselves over the success of their field. Those successes—or so they believed—were both theoretical and practical, leading to a golden era for the profession. On the theoretical side, they thought that they had resolved their internal disputes. Thus, in a 2008 paper titled "The State of Macro" (that is, macroeconomics, the study of big-picture issues like recessions), Olivier Blanchard of M.I.T., now the chief economist at the International Monetary Fund, declared that "the state of macro is good." The battles of yesteryear, he said, were over, and there had been a "broad convergence of vision." And in the real world, economists believed they had things under control: the "central problem of depression-prevention has been solved," declared Robert Lucas of the University of Chicago in his 2003 presidential address to the American Economic Association. In 2004, Ben Bernanke, a former Princeton professor who is now the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, celebrated the Great Moderation in economic performance over the previous two decades, which he attributed in part to improved economic policy making.

Last year, everything came apart.

Few economists saw our current crisis coming, but this predictive failure was the least of the field's problems. More important was the profession's blindness to the very possibility of catastrophic failures in a market economy. During the golden years, financial economists came to believe that markets were inherently stable-indeed, that stocks and other assets were always priced just right. There was nothing in the prevailing models suggesting the possibility of the kind of collapse that happened last year. Meanwhile, macroeconomists were divided in their views. But the main division was between those who insisted that free-market economies never go astray and those who believed that economies may stray now and then but that any major deviations from the path of prosperity could and would be corrected by the all-powerful Fed. Neither side was prepared to cope with an economy that went off the rails despite the Fed's best efforts.

And in the wake of the crisis, the fault lines in the economics profession have yawned wider than ever. Lucas says the Obama administration's stimulus plans are "schlock economics," and his Chicago colleague John Cochrane says they're based on discredited "fairy tales." In response, Brad DeLong of the University of California, Berkeley, writes of the "intellectual collapse" of the Chicago School, and I myself have written that comments from Chicago economists are the product of a Dark Age of macroeconomics in which hard-won knowledge has been forgotten.

What happened to the economics profession? And where does it go from here?

As I see it, the economics profession went astray because economists, as a group, mistook beauty, clad in impressive-looking mathematics, for truth. Until the Great Depression, most economists clung to a vision of capitalism as a perfect or nearly perfect system. That vision wasn't sustainable in the face of mass unemployment, but as memories of the Depression faded, economists fell back in love with the old, idealized vision of an economy in which rational individuals interact in perfect markets, this time gussied up with fancy equations. The renewed romance with the idealized market was, to be sure, partly a response to shifting political winds, partly a response to financial incentives. But while sabbaticals at the Hoover Institution and job opportunities on Wall Street are nothing to sneeze at, the central cause of the profession's

failure was the desire for an all-encompassing, intellectually elegant approach that also gave economists a chance to show off their mathematical prowess.

Unfortunately, this romanticized and sanitized vision of the economy led most economists to ignore all the things that can go wrong. They turned a blind eye to the limitations of human rationality that often lead to bubbles and busts; to the problems of institutions that run amok; to the imperfections of markets—especially financial markets—that can cause the economy's operating system to undergo sudden, unpredictable crashes; and to the dangers created when regulators don't believe in regulation.

It's much harder to say where the economics profession goes from here. But what's almost certain is that economists will have to learn to live with messiness. That is, they will have to acknowledge the importance of irrational and often unpredictable behavior, face up to the often idiosyncratic imperfections of markets and accept that an elegant economic "theory of everything" is a long way off. In practical terms, this will translate into more cautious policy advice and a reduced willingness to dismantle economic safeguards in the faith that markets will solve all problems. (...)

VII. FLAWS AND FRICTIONS

Economics, as a field, got in trouble because economists were seduced by the vision of a perfect, frictionless market system. If the profession is to redeem itself, it will have to reconcile itself to a less alluring vision—that of a market economy that has many virtues but that is also shot through with flaws and frictions. The good news is that we don't have to start from scratch. Even during the heyday of perfect-market economics, there was a lot of work done on the ways in which the real economy deviated from the theoretical ideal. What's probably going to happen now—in fact, it's already happening—is that flaws-and-frictions economics will move from the periphery of economic analysis to its center.

There's already a fairly well developed example of the kind of economics I have in mind: the school of thought known as behavioral finance. Practitioners of this approach emphasize two things. First, many real-world investors bear little resemblance to the cool calculators of efficient-market theory: they're all too subject to herd behavior, to bouts of irrational exuberance and unwarranted panic. Second, even those who try to base their decisions on cool calculation often find that they can't, that problems of trust, credibility and limited collateral force them to run with the herd.

On the first point: even during the heyday of the efficient-market hypothesis, it seemed obvious that many real-world investors aren't as rational as the prevailing models assumed. Larry Summers once began a paper on finance by declaring: "THERE ARE IDIOTS. Look around." But what kind of idiots (the preferred term in the academic literature, actually, is "noise traders") are we talking about? Behavioral finance, drawing nomics, tries to answer that question by relating the apparent irrationality of investors to known biases in human cognition, like the tendency to care more about small losses than small gains or the tendency to extrapolate too readily from small samples (e.g., assuming that because home prices rose in the past few years, they'll keep on rising).

Until the crisis, efficient-market advocates like Eugene Fama dismissed the evidence produced on behalf of behavioral finance as a collection of "curiosity items" of no real importance. That's a much harder position to maintain now that the collapse of a vast bubble -a bubble correctly diagnosed by behavioral economists like Robert Shiller of Yale, who related it to past episodes of "irrational exuberance"—has brought the world economy to its knees.

On the second point: suppose that there are, indeed, idiots. How much do they matter? Not much, argued Milton Friedman in an influential 1953 paper: smart investors will make money by buying when the idiots sell and selling when they buy and will stabilize markets in the process. But the second strand of behavioral finance says that Friedman was wrong, that financial markets are sometimes highly unstable, and right now that view seems hard to reject.

Probably the most influential paper in this vein was a 1997 publication by Andrei Shleifer of Harvard and Robert Vishny of Chicago, which amounted to a formalization of the old line that "the market can stay irrational longer than you can stay solvent." As they pointed out, arbitrageurs-the people who are supposed to buy low and sell high-need capital to do their jobs. And a severe plunge in asset prices, even if it makes no sense in terms of fundamentals, tends to deplete that capital. As a result, the smart money is forced out of the market, and prices may go into a downward spiral.

The spread of the current financial crisis seemed almost like an object lesson in the perils of financial instability. And the general ideas underlying models of financial instability have proved highly relevant to economic policy: a focus on the depleted capital of financial institutions helped guide policy actions taken after the fall of Lehman, and it looks (cross your fingers) as if these actions successfully headed off an even bigger financial collapse.

Meanwhile, what about macroeconomics? Recent events have pretty decisively refuted the idea that recessions are an optimal response to fluctuations in the rate of technological progress; a more or less Keynesian view is the only plausible game in town. Yet standard New Keynesian models left no room for a crisis like the one we're having, because those models generally accepted the efficient-market view of the financial sector.

There were some exceptions. One line of work, pioneered by none other than Ben Bernanke working with Mark Gertler of New York University, emphasized the way the lack of sufficient collateral can hinder the ability of businesses to raise funds and pursue investment opportunities. A related line of

on the broader movement known as behavioral eco- work, largely established by my Princeton colleague Nobuhiro Kivotaki and John Moore of the London School of Economics, argued that prices of assets such as real estate can suffer self-reinforcing plunges that in turn depress the economy as a whole. But until now the impact of dysfunctional finance hasn't been at the core even of Keynesian economics. Clearly, that has to change.

VIII. RE-EMBRACING KEYNES

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← So here's what I think economists **Z** | have to do. First, they have to face up

to the inconvenient reality that financial markets fall far short of perfection, that they are subject to extraordinary delusions and the madness of crowds. Second, they have to admit—and this will be very hard for the people who gigaled and whispered over Keynes—that Keynesian economics remains the best framework we have for making sense of recessions and depressions. Third, they'll have to do their best to incorporate the realities of finance into macroeconomics.

Many economists will find these changes deeply disturbing. It will be a long time, if ever, before the new, more realistic approaches to finance and macroeconomics offer the same kind of clarity, completeness and sheer beauty that characterizes the full neoclassical approach. To some economists that will be a reason to cling to neoclassicism, despite its utter failure to make sense of the greatest economic crisis in three generations. This seems, however, like a good time to recall the words of H. L. Mencken: "There is always an easy solution to every human problem-neat, plausible and wrong."

When it comes to the all-too-human problem of recessions and depressions, economists need to abandon the neat but wrong solution of assuming that everyone is rational and markets work perfectly. The vision that emerges as the profession rethinks its foundations may not be all that clear; it certainly won't be neat; but we can hope that it will have the virtue of being at least partly right.

SOURCE: http://www.nytimes.com/2009/09/06/ magazine/06Economic-t.html

SENSORS

CERN LARGE HADRON COLLIDER Large Hadron Collider Guide CERN 2009

WHY LARGE?

The size of an accelerator is related to the maximum energy obtainable. In the case of a collider or storage ring, this is a function of the radius of the machine and the strength of the dipole magnetic field that keeps particles in their orbits. The LHC re-uses the 27km circumference tunnel that was built for the previous big accelerator, LEP. The LHC uses some of the most powerful dipoles and radio-frequency cavities in existence. The size of the tunnel, magnets, cavities and other essential elements of the machine represent the main constraints that determine the design energy of 7 TeV per proton beam.

WHY COLLIDER?

A collider (that is a machine where counter-circulating beams collide) has a big advantage over other • kinds of accelerator where a beam collides with a stationary target. When two beams collide, the energy of the collision is the sum of the energies of the two beams. A beam of the same energy that hits a fixed target would produce a collision of much less energy. The energy available (for example, to make new particles) in both cases is the centre-of-mass energy. In the first case it is simply the sum of the energies of the two colliding particles (E = Ebeam1 + Ebeam2), whereas in the second, it is proportional to the square root of the energy of the particle hitting the target (E ∝ √Ebeam).

WHY HADRONS?

The LHC will accelerate two beams of particles of the same kind, either protons or lead ions, which are hadrons. An accelerator can only accelerate certain kinds of particle: firstly they need to be charged (as the beams are manipulated by electromagnetic devices that can only influence charged particles), and secondly, except in special cases, they need not to decay. This limits the number of particles that can practically be accelerated to electrons, protons, and ions, plus all their antiparticles. In a circular accelerator, such as the LHC, heavy particles such as

protons (protons are around 2000 times more massive than electrons) have a much lower energy loss per turn through synchrotron radiation than light particles such as electrons. Therefore, in circular accelerators, to obtain the highest-energy collisions it is more effective to accelerate massive particles. Synchrotron radiation is the name given to the radiation that occurs when charged particles are accelerated in a curved path or orbit. This kind of radiation represents an energy loss for particles, which in turn means that more energy must be provided by the accelerator to keep the beam energy constant.

WHY IS THE LHC BUILT UNDERGROUND?

The LHC re-uses the tunnel that was built for CERN's previous big accelerator. LEP, dismantled in 2000. The underground tunnel was the best solution to house a 27km circumference machine because it is cheaper to excavate a tunnel rather than acquire the land to build at the surface, and the impact on the landscape is reduced to a minimum. In addition, the Earth's crust provides good shielding for radiation. The tunnel was built at a mean depth of 100m, due to geological considerations (again translating into cost) and at a slight gradient of 1.4%. Its depth varies between 175 m (under the Jura) and 50m (towards Lake Geneva).

The tunnel has a slope for reasons of cost. At the time when it was built for hosting LEP, the construction of the vertical shafts was very costly. Therefore, the length of the tunnel that lies under the Jura was minimized. Other constraints involved in the positioning of the tunnel were:

- it was essential to have a depth of at least 5m below the top of the 'molasse' (green sandstone) stratum
- the tunnel had to pass in the vicinity of the pilot tunnel, constructed to test excavation techniques it had to link to the SPS. This meant that there was only one degree of freedom (tilt). The angle was obtained by minimising the depth of the shafts.

WHAT IS THE COLLISION ENERGY AT THE

LHC AND WHAT IS SO SPECIAL ABOUT IT? Each proton beam flying around the LHC will have an energy of 7 TeV, so when two protons collide the collision energy will be 14 TeV. Lead ions have many protons, and together they give an even greater energy: the lead-ion beams will have a collision energy of 1150 TeV. Both collision energies have never been reached before in a lab. Energy concentration is what makes particle collisions so special. When you clap your hands you probably do a 'collision' at an energy higher than protons at the LHC, but much less concentrated! Now think of what you would do if you were to put a needle in one of your hands. You would

certainly slow your hands down as you clapped! In absolute terms, these energies, if compared to the energies we deal with everyday, are not impressive. In fact, 1 TeV is about the energy of motion of a flying mosquito. What makes the LHC so extraordinary is

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that it squeezes energy into a space about a million million times smaller than a mosquito.

274 ← Our current understanding of the Universe is incomplete. The Standard Model of particles and forces summa-

rizes our present knowledge of particle physics. The Standard Model has been tested by various experiments and it has proven particularly successful in anticipating the existence of previously undiscovered particles. However, it leaves many unsolved questions, which the LHC will help to answer.

- The Standard Model does not explain the origin of mass, nor why some particles are very heavy while others have no mass at all. The answer may be the so-called Higgs mechanism. According to the theory of the Higgs mechanism, the whole of space is filled with a 'Higgs field', and by interacting with this field, particles acquire their masses. Particles that interact intensely with the Higgs field are heavy, while those that have feeble interactions are light. The Higgs field has at least one new particle associated with it, the Higgs boson. If such a particle exists, experiments at the LHC will be able to detect it.
- The Standard Model does not offer a unified description of all the fundamental forces, as it remains difficult to construct a theory of gravity similar to those for the other forces. Supersymmetry—a theory that hypothesises the existence of more massive partners of the standard particles we know—could facilitate the unification of fundamental forces. If supersymmetry is right, then the lightest supersymmetric particles should be found at the LHC.
- Cosmological and astrophysical observations have shown that all of the visible matter accounts for only 4% of the Universe. The search is open for particles or phenomena responsible for dark matter (23%) and dark energy (73%). A very popular idea is that dark matter is made of neutral—but still undiscovered—supersymmetric particles.

The first hint of the existence of dark matter came in 1933, when astronomical observations and calculations of gravitational effects revealed that there must be more 'stuff' present in the Universe than we could account for by sight. Researchers now believe that the gravitational effect of dark matter makes galaxies spin faster than expected, and that its gravitational field deviates the light of objects behind it. Measurements of these effects show the existence of dark matter, and can be used to estimate its density even though we cannot directly observe it.

Dark energy is a form of energy that appears to be associated with the vacuum in space, and makes up approximately 70% of the Universe. Dark energy is homogenously distributed throughout the Universe and in time. In other words, its effect is not diluted as the Universe expands. The even distribution means that dark energy does not have any local gravitational

effects, but rather a global effect on the Universe as a whole. This leads to a repulsive force, which tends to accelerate the expansion of the Universe. The rate of expansion and its acceleration can be measured by experiments using the Hubble law. These measurements, together with other scientific data, have confirmed the existence of dark energy and have been used to estimate its quantity.

 The LHC will also help us to investigate the mystery of antimatter. Matter and antimatter must have been produced in the same amounts at the time of the Big Bang, but from what we have observed so far, our Universe is made only of matter. Why? The LHC could help to provide an answer.

It was once thought that antimatter was a perfect 'reflection' of matter—that if you replaced matter with antimatter and looked at the result as if in a mirror, you would not be able to tell the difference. We now know that the reflection is imperfect, and this could have led to the matter-antimatter imbalance in our Universe.

The strongest limits on the amount of antimatter in the Universe come from the analysis of the 'diffuse cosmic gamma-rays' and the inhomogeneities of the cosmic microwave background (CMB). Assuming that after the Big Bang, the Universe separated somehow into different domains where either matter or antimatter was dominant, it is evident that at the boundaries there should be annihilations, producing cosmic (gamma) rays. Taking into account annihilation cross-sections, distance, and cosmic redshifts, this leads to a prediction of the amount of diffuse gamma radiation that should arrive on Earth. The free parameter in the model is the size of the domains. Comparing with the observed gamma-ray flux, this leads to an exclusion of any domain size below 3.7 giga light years, which is not so far away from the entire Universe. Another limit comes from analyzing the inhomogeneities in the CMB-antimatter domains (at any size) would cause heating of domain boundaries and show up in the CMB as density fluctuations. The observed value of ~10-5 sets strong boundaries to the amount of antimatter in the early Universe.

In addition to the studies of proton-proton collisions, heavy-ion collisions at the LHC will provide a window onto the state of matter that would have existed in the early Universe, called 'quark-gluon plasma'. When heavy ions collide at high energies they form for an instant a 'fire-ball' of hot, dense matter that can be studied by the experiments.

According to the current theories, the Universe, born from the Big Bang, went through a stage during which matter existed as a sort of extremely hot, dense soup—called quark-gluon plasma (QGP)—composed of the elementary building blocks of matter. As the Universe cooled, the quarks became trapped into composite particles such as protons and neutrons. This phenomenon is called the confinement of quarks. The LHC is able to reproduce the QGP by accelerating and colliding together two beams of heavy ions. In the collisions, the temperature will exceed 100,000 times that of the centre of the Sun. In these conditions, the quarks are freed again and the detectors can observe and study the primordial soup, thus probing the basic properties of the particles and how they aggregate to form ordinary matter. *SOURCE: cds.cern.ch/record/1165534/files/CERN-Brochure-2009-003-Eng.pdf*

SIMULA TIONS

IMMANUEL WALLERSTEIN The Modern World-System 1976

In order to describe the origins and initial workings of a world system, I have had to argue a certain conception of a world-system. A world-system is a social system, one that has boundaries, structures, member groups, rules of legitimation, and coherence. Its life is made up of the conflicting forces which hold it together by tension and tear it apart as each group seeks eternally to remold it to its advantage. It has the characteristics of an organism, in that it has a lifespan over which its characteristics change in some respects and remain stable in others. One can define its structures as being at different times strong or weak in terms of the internal logic of its functioning. What characterizes a social system in my view is the fact that life within it is largely self-contained, and that the dynamics of its development are largely internal. The reader may feel that the use of the term "largely" is a case of academic weaseling. I admit I cannot quantify it. Probably no one ever will be able to do so, as the definition is based on a counterfactual hypothesis: If the system, for any reason, were to be cut off from all external forces (which virtually never happens), the definition implies that the system would continue to function substantially in the

same manner. Again, of course, substantially is difficult to convert into hard operational criteria. Nonetheless the point is an important one and key to many parts of the empirical analyses of this book. Perhaps we should think of self-containment as a theoretical absolute, a sort of social vacuum, rarely visible and even more implausible to create artificially, but still and all a socially-real asymptote, the distance from which is somehow measurable.

Using such a criterion, it is contended here that most entities usually described as social systems—"tribes," communities, nation-states—are not in fact total systems. Indeed, on the contrary, we are arguing that the only real social systems are, on the one hand, those relatively small, highly autonomous subsistence economies not part of some regular tribute-demanding system and, on the other hand, world-systems. These latter are to be sure distinguished from the former because they are relatively large; that is, they are in common parlance "worlds." More precisely, however, they are defined by the fact that their self-containment as an economic-material entity is based on extensive division of labor and that they contain within them a multiplicity of cultures.

It is further argued that thus far there have only existed two varieties of such world-systems: worldempires, in which there is a single political system over most of the area, however attenuated the degree of its effective control; and those systems in which such a single political system does not exist over all, or virtually all, of the space. For convenience and for want of a better term, we are using the term "world-economy" to describe the latter.

Finally, we have argued that prior to the modern era, world-economies were highly unstable structures which tended either to be converted into empires or to disintegrate. It is the peculiarity of the modern world-system that a world-economy has survived for 500 years and yet has not come to be transformed into a world-empire—a peculiarity that is the secret of its strength.

This peculiarity is the political side of the form of economic organization called capitalism. Capitalism has been able to flourish precisely because the world-economy has had within its bounds not one but a multiplicity of political systems.

I am not here arguing the classic case of capitalist ideology that capitalism is a system based on the noninterference of the state in economic affairs. Quite the contrary! Capitalism is based on the constant absorption of economic loss by political entities, while economic gain is distributed to "private" hands. What I am arguing rather is that capitalism as an economic mode is based on the fact that the economic factors operate within an arena larger than that which any political entity can totally control. This gives capitalists a freedom of maneuver that is structurally based. It has made possible the constant economic expansion of the world-system, albeit a very skewed distribution of its rewards. The only alternative world-system that could maintain a high level of productivity and change the system of

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distribution would involve the reintegration of the levels of political and economic decision-making. This would constitute a third possible form of worldsystem, a socialist world government. This is not a form that presently exists, and it was not even remotely conceivable in the sixteenth century.

← The historical reasons why the European world-economy came into existence in the sixteenth century

and resisted attempts to transform it into an empire have been expounded at length. We shall not review them here. It should however be noted that the size of a world-economy is a function of the state of technology, and in particular of the possibilities of transport and communication within its bounds. Since this is a constantly changing phenomenon, not always for the better, the boundaries of a world-economy are ever fluid.

We have defined a world-system as one in which there is extensive division of labor. This division is not merely functional-that is, occupational-but geographical. That is to say, the range of economic tasks is not evenly distributed throughout the worldsystem. In part this is the consequence of ecological considerations, to be sure. But for the most part, it is a function of the social organization of work, one which magnifies and legitimizes the ability of some groups within the system to exploit the labor of others, that is, to receive a larger share of the surplus. While, in an empire, the political structure tends to link culture with occupation, in a world-economy the political structure tends to link culture with spatial location. The reason is that in a world-economy the first point of political pressure available to groups is the local (national) state structure. Cultural homogenization tends to serve the interests of key groups and the pressures build up to create cultural-national identities.

This is particularly the case in the advantaged areas of the world-economy—what we have called the core-states. In such states, the creation of a strong state machinery coupled with a national culture, a phenomenon often referred to as integration, serves both as a mechanism to protect disparities that have arisen within the world-system, and as an ideological mask and justification for the maintenance of these disparities.

World-economies then are divided into core-states and peripheral areas. I do not say peripheral states because one characteristic of a peripheral area is that the indigenous state is weak, ranging from its nonexistence (that is, a colonial situation) to one with a low degree of autonomy (that is, a neo-colonial situation). There are also semiperipheral areas which are in between the core and the periphery on a series of dimensions, such as the complexity of economic activities, strength of the state machinery, cultural integrity, etc. Some of these areas had been coreareas of earlier versions of a given world-economy. Some had been peripheral areas that were later promoted, so to speak, as a result of the changing geopolitics of an expanding world-economy.

The semiperiphery, however, is not an artifice of statistical cutting points, nor is it a residual category. The semiperiphery is a necessary structural element in a world-economy. These areas play a role parallel to that played, mutatis mutandis, by middle trading groups in an empire. They are collection points of vital skills that are often poetically unpopular. These middle areas (like middle groups in an empire) partially deflect the political pressures which groups primarily located in peripheral areas might otherwise direct against core-states and the groups which operate within and through their state machineries. On the other hand, the interests primarily located in the semiperiphery are located outside the political arena of the core-states, and find it difficult to pursue the ends in political coalitions that might be open to them were they in the same political arena. The division of a world-economy involves a hierarchy of occupational tasks, in which tasks requiring higher levels of skill and greater capitalization are reserved for higher-ranking areas. Since a capitalist world-economy essentially rewards accumulated capital, including human capital, at a higher rate than "raw" labor power, the geographical maldistribution of these occupational skills involves a strong trend toward self-maintenance. The forces of the marketplace reinforce them rather than undermine them. And the absence of a central political mechanism for the world-economy makes it very difficult to intrude counteracting forces to the maldistribution of rewards.

SOURCE: The Modern World-System: Capitalist Agriculture and the Origins of the European World-Economy in the Sixteenth Century

RAY KURZWEIL The Singularity Is Near 2005

SO WHAT IS THE SINGULARITY?

← Within a quarter century, nonbio-'6 21 logical intelligence will match the range and subtlety of human intelligence. It will then soar past it because of the continuing acceleration of information-based technologies, as well as the ability of machines to instantly share their knowledge. Intelligent nanorobots will be deeply integrated in our bodies, our brains, and our environment, overcoming pollution and poverty, providing vastly extended longevity, full-immersion virtual reality incorporating all of the senses (like The Matrix), "experience beaming" (like "Being John Malkovich"), and vastly enhanced human intelligence. The result will be an intimate merger between the technology-creating species and the technological evolutionary process it spawned.

AND THAT'S THE SINGULARITY?

No, that's just the precursor. Nonbiological intelligence will have access to its own design and will be able to improve itself in an increasingly rapid redesign cycle. We'll get to a point where technical progress will be so fast that unenhanced human intelligence will be unable to follow it. That will mark the Singularity.

WHEN WILL THAT OCCUR?

I set the date for the Singularity—representing a profound and disruptive transformation in human capability—as 2045. The nonbiological intelligence created in that year will be one billion times more powerful than all human intelligence today.

WHY IS THIS CALLED THE SINGULARITY?

The term "Singularity" in my book is comparable to the use of this term by the physics community. Just as we find it hard to see beyond the event horizon of a black hole, we also find it difficult to see beyond the event horizon of the historical Singularity. How can we, with our limited biological brains, imagine what our future civilization, with its intelligence multiplied trillions-fold, be capable of thinking and doing? Nevertheless, just as we can draw conclusions about the nature of black holes through our conceptual thinking, despite never having actually been inside one, our thinking today is powerful enough to have meaningful insights into the implications of the Singularity. That's what I've tried to do in this book.

OKAY, LET'S BREAK THIS DOWN. IT SEEMS A KEY PART OF YOUR THESIS IS THAT WE WILL BE ABLE TO CAPTURE THE INTELLIGENCE OF OUR BRAINS IN A MACHINE. Indeed.

SO HOW ARE WE GOING TO ACHIEVE THAT? We can break this down further into hardware and software requirements. In the book, I show how we need about 10 quadrillion (10¹⁶) calculations per second (cps) to provide a functional equivalent to all the regions of the brain. Some estimates are lower than this by a factor of 100. Supercomputers are already at 100 trillion (10¹⁴) cps, and will hit 10¹⁶ cps around the end of this decade. Several supercomputers with 1 guadrillion cps are already on the drawing board, with two Japanese efforts targeting 10 guadrillion cps around the end of the decade. By 2020, 10 guadrillion cps will be available for around \$1,000. Achieving the hardware requirement was controversial when my last book on this topic, The Age of Spiritual Machines, came out in 1999, but is now pretty much of a mainstream view among informed observers. Now the controversy is focused on the algorithms.

AND HOW WILL WE RECREATE THE

ALGORITHMS OF HUMAN INTELLIGENCE? To understand the principles of human intelligence we need to reverse-engineer the human brain. Here, progress is far greater than most people realize. The

spatial and temporal (time) resolution of brain scanning is also progressing at an exponential rate, roughly doubling each year, like most everything else having to do with information. Just recently, scanning tools can see individual interneuronal connections, and watch them fire in real time. Already, we have mathematical models and simulations of a couple dozen regions of the brain, including the cerebellum, which comprises more than half the neurons in the brain. IBM is now creating a simulation of about 10,000 cortical neurons, including tens of millions of connections. The first version will simulate the electrical activity, and a future version will also simulate the relevant chemical activity. By the mid 2020s, it's conservative to conclude that we will have effective models for all of the brain.

SO AT THAT POINT WE'LL JUST COPY A HUMAN BRAIN INTO A SUPERCOMPUTER?

I would rather put it this way: At that point, we'll have a full understanding of the methods of the human brain. One benefit will be a deep understanding of ourselves, but the key implication is that it will expand the toolkit of techniques we can apply to create artificial intelligence. We will then be able to create nonbiological systems that match human intelligence in the ways that humans are now superior, for example, our pattern-recognition abilities. These super intelligent computers will be able to do things we are not able to do, such as share knowledge and skills at electronic speeds.

By 2030, a thousand dollars of computation will be about a thousand times more powerful than a human brain. Keep in mind also that computers will not be organized as discrete objects as they are today. There will be a web of computing deeply integrated into the environment, our bodies and brains.

YOU MENTIONED THE AI TOOL KIT. HASN'T

AI FAILED TO LIVE UP TO ITS EXPECTATIONS? There was a boom and bust cycle in AI during the 1980s, similar to what we saw recently in e-commerce and telecommunications. Such boom-bust cycles are often harbingers of true revolutions; recall the railroad boom and bust in the 19th century. But just as the Internet "bust" was not the end of the Internet, the so-called "Al Winter" was not the end of the story for AI either. There are hundreds of applications of "narrow Al" (machine intelligence that equals or exceeds human intelligence for specific tasks) now permeating our modern infrastructure. Every time you send an email or make a cell phone call, intelligent algorithms route the information. Al programs diagnose electrocardiograms with an accuracy rivaling doctors, evaluate medical images, fly and land airplanes, guide intelligent autonomous weapons, make automated investment decisions for over a trillion dollars of funds, and guide industrial processes. These were all research projects a couple of decades ago. If all the intelligent software in the world were to suddenly stop functioning, modern civilization would grind to a halt. Of course, our AI programs are

not intelligent enough to organize such a conspiracy, at least not yet.

WHY DON'T MORE PEOPLE SEE THESE PROFOUND CHANGES AHEAD?

Hopefully after they read my new book, they will. But the primary failure is the inability of many observers to think in exponential terms. Most long-range forecasts of what is technically feasible in future time periods dramatically underestimate the power of future developments because they are based on what I call the "intuitive linear" view of history rather than the "historical exponential" view. My models show that we are doubling the paradigm-shift rate every decade. Thus the 20th century was gradually speeding up to the rate of progress at the end of the century: its achievements, therefore, were equivalent to about twenty years of progress at the rate in 2000. We'll make another twenty years of progress in just fourteen years (by 2014), and then do the same again in only seven years. To express this another way, we won't experience one hundred years of technological advance in the 21st century; we will witness on the order of 20,000 years of progress (again, when measured by the rate of progress in 2000), or about 1,000 times greater than what was achieved in the 20th century. The exponential growth of information technologies is even greater: we're doubling the power of information technologies, as measured by price-performance, bandwidth, capacity and many other types of measures, about every year. That's a factor of a thousand in ten years, a million in twenty years, and a billion in thirty years. This goes far beyond Moore's law (the shrinking of transistors on an integrated circuit, allowing us to double the price-performance of electronics each year). Electronics is just one example of many. As another example, it took us 14 years to sequence HIV; we recently sequenced SARS in only 31 days.

SO THIS ACCELERATION OF INFORMATION TECHNOLOGIES APPLIES TO BIOLOGY AS WELL?

Absolutely. It's not just computer devices like cell phones and digital cameras that are accelerating in capability. Ultimately, everything of importance will be comprised essentially of information technology. With the advent of nanotechnology-based manufacturing in the 2020s, we'll be able to use inexpensive table-top devices to manufacture on-demand just about anything from very inexpensive raw materials using information processes that will rearrange matter and energy at the molecular level.

We'll meet our energy needs using nanotechnologybased solar panels that will capture the energy in .03 percent of the sunlight that falls on the Earth, which is all we need to meet our projected energy needs in 2030. We'll store the energy in highly distributed fuel cells.

SOURCE: http://www.kurzweilai.net/singularity-q-a

BEING EM PATHIC

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THE POOR AFRICAN CHILDREN Circumventing or Superimposing Poverty on the African Child? Moses T. Aluaigba 2009

INTRODUCTION

278 ← Child abuse manifested by neglected and deprived children is a common debased phenomenon in Northern Nigeria (Musa 2008; Alabe n.d.). Nigeria is the most populous country in Africa with over 148 million people (Population Reference Bureau 2008) and

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accounts for the highest percentage of child births on the continent. In 1988, the population of children in Nigeria was 105.5 million (United Nations 1990: 3) outstripping all other countries in Africa; most of which suffer neglect and abuse leading to destitution. Some writers have attributed this social malady to Nigeria's problems of mass poverty and maladministration (Alemika et al. 2005: 10; Osiruemu 2007: 117; Shettima 2009).

Child destitution in Northern Nigeria is evident via the practice of begging by children. Apart from begging, another form of child abuse in Northern Nigeria is the fact that children in the rural areas constitute the bulk of the labor force on farms (Robson 2004). In the case of begging, so many children ostensibly indulge in the act under the canopy of being Almaiirai. As demonstrated subsequently, an Almajiri conventionally is expected to be educationally oriented in the basics of Islam in his (or her) early childhood to prepare him/her for a chaste Muslim adulthood. But the common practice in Northern Nigeria today has deviated from this norm, giving way to a mass of bowl-carrying children roaming the streets in a dire strife to fend for themselves. This has prompted Musa to pose a question that if it is obligatory for all Muslims to give their children elementary moral education, "is it not equally mandatory on all Muslims to feed, clothe, cater, and provide shelter and personal security for their children, just as it is to give them Islamic knowledge?" (Musa 2008: 1)

Begging is totally opposed to Islamic injunctions, in short "Islam enjoins man [and woman] to work, to use his [or her] brain and hands in order to eke out a living for himself [herself]" (Alabe, n.d.:6). Paradoxically, mendicancy is most prevalent in the Muslim dominated Northern Nigeria. This phenomenon stimulates a lot of questions. What is the raison d'être for the persistence of the incidence of begging via the cult of Almajiranchi in Northern Nigeria? Why is the practice widespread in the north and not other parts of Nigeria? In what ways does the practice render children vulnerable to the waving truncheon of poverty and other social woes? Why have the State Governments and parents in Northern Nigeria been lethargic in addressing this unsavory practice? Is it that the states mostly affected lack the capacity and the political will to instigate a positive change to this nagging conduct? This paper addresses some of these questions by positing that the rampant Almajiri syndrome in vogue in most northern states in Nigeria today negates the drive towards development. Rather than developing the capacities of children, the practice subjects them to neglect, abuse and exposes them to lurking impoverishment. The method used in this paper is qualitative based on data obtained from documentary research derived from available literature on the subject.

WHO IS AN ALMAJIRI?

The denotation of an Almajiri is traceable to the origin of the tradition that bred it. The word Almajiri is the corrupted spelling of the Arabic word Almuhajir which

means somebody who migrates for the purpose of learning or for the sake of advocating Islamic knowledge. The ancient culture of migration is tied to a system in which yearly, people inhabiting a given neighborhood gather their male children of school age usually after harvest and hand them to a teacher (Mallam). The purpose is for the Mallam to teach these children the basics of Islam through the Qur'anic schools where they are tutored how to read the Qur'an and write the Arabic alphabet. This is achieved through strict discipline and living an austere way of life (Woman Magazine, n.d.). A pupil of any of these Qur'anic schools is known as Almaiiri (Almaiirai plural). In order to escape domestic distractions, the Mallam may relocate his pupils to a distant area such as a city and camp them there. It is at this camp that the Almaiirai "learn self-reliance and discipline" as well as the essence of life (Winter, 1987:180). To support the Mallam and his Almajirai, the local population provide accommodation and leftover food for pupils and their teacher. But because the food may not be enough, the Mallam on a daily basis has to send out his students into the neighborhood to solicit for more food which must be brought back to the camp for collective sharing. The main reason for compelling the Almajirai to beg is to let them experience and appreciate the hardship they are going to face in their lives. The practice of begging among Almajirai is therefore known as Almajiranchi. Qur'anic schools have been a medium of early childhood Islamic education in Northern Nigeria since the 11th century (Bolujoko 2008: 2). Consequently, there has been the proliferation of Islamic schools in the region. As far back as 1921 there were 30,411 Islamic schools in Northern Nigeria (Reichmuth 1989: 1), in 1973; over 20,000 Qur'anic schools were established in the region (Damachi cited in Winters, 1987: 197) and by 2006 over seven million male children were approximated to have attended the Qur'anic schools across the northern part of Nigeria (Tahir cited in Usman, 2008: 64). But as the years trickled, the Qur'anic school system has been stagnated and pol-

The Almajiri system of education as practiced today in northern Nigeria is a completely bastardized system compared to the form and conditions under which the system was operating. (...) During the pre-colonial era, begging was never involved and certainly the pupils were not reduced to doing menial jobs before they could eat (Abdulgadir cited in Alabe, n.d.:4). Typical Almajirai are identifiable by their awful state of hygiene, unkempt tattered clothes, diseasesafflicted and ulcerated skins (Awefeso cited in Usman 2008, 67). There is a general inertia towards Almajiranchi in the North since the practice has transpired for decades in its depleted form without concerted efforts by both parents and government authorities to overhaul it. The excuse usually given for the persistence of the Almajiri syndrome derives from the religious sympathy mangled in the maxim of faith procreation. Nevertheless, Musa (2008: 1) has posed a salient question that "if it is Islamic that

luted with unwholesome practices because:

our children leave our environment in search of "children under 18 years of age develop to their full knowledge, is it as well Islamic that they are subjected to this terrible condition?" The problem obviously goes beyond religion: other paradigms must be explored in explaining the sad retreat from the norm. There is another dimension to the problem of Almaiiranchi which is more pitiful. Most of the children begging on the streets of the cities in the north are not necessarily genuine Almajirai in the true sense of undertaking lessons in any Qur'anic school. The increasing number of adult beggars has aggravated the already dismal conditions of destitution in the region. Some of the adult beggars engage in the act on the excuse of physical disabilities while the majority of them have no discernable infirmity (Indabawa, 2000: 17). Ostensibly, according to Islamic doctrines "for any person who is hail and hearty, it is forbidden 'Haram' to beg" (Alabe, n.d.:6). But this sacred principle has been abandoned, which is why begging in the north has become common and sustained by the belief of the downtrodden poor that their only source of survival rests with alms solicitation despite the debasement that accompanies the sordid practice.

Reasons for the incidence of Almajiranchi vary. Investigations conducted in Kano in 2008, for instance, revealed that poverty plays a unique role in the transformation of the hitherto exclusive children affair into an adult 'business' in Northern Nigeria (Shuaibu, 2008: 1). Most children (both the fake and 'genuine' Almajirai on the streets) and adults flock into the cities from the villages is search of alms for survival because of the acute and excruciating poverty in the countryside. Another reason why the Almajiri system thrives is the opportunity it affords rural youth to acquire Islamic knowledge and in the long run learn some trade or skills which brightens their chances of making a living in the cities (Winter, 1987: 179). Unfortunately, most children hardly complete the process leading to skill acquisition because they drop out in the process and end up as street beggars. Similar to the poverty factor stated above is the view that the cause of the flourishing Almajiranchi is because some families in the rural areas deliberately send their children to metropolitan areas to cater for themselves due to the inability of such families to bear the burden of providing for their large families (Subbarao; Mattimore and Plangemann 2001: 3). This factor is undoubtedly appropriate in an attempt to understand the Almajiri phenomenon in Northern Nigeria where polygamy is pervasive. Many men with mean or no meaningful source of income marry three or four wives; with multiple births from these wives, they end up with fifteen to twenty children or more which their economic prowess cannot shoulder. As a corollary, children from such families who suffer deprivation seek alternative means of survival which may only be found in the easily accessible 'trade' of street begging. Thus, child abuse and neglect has continued unabated in Northern Nigeria despite the fact that the monumental 1989 Convention on the Rights of the Child seeks to ensure that global food system is dangerously out of control:

potential free from hunger, want, neglect, exploitation and other abuses" (United Nations, 1990: 7). Startlingly, Nigeria ratified the convention on April 16, 1991 (United Nations Children's Fund 2007) but it is yet to be enforced.

SOURCE: http://www.afrchild.ohio.edu/CAJ/articles/CAJ2009final.pdf

FAIR TRADE **Powering up Smallholder Farmers to Make Food Fair** researched by Mark Curtis and edited by the Fairtrade Foundation, with particular input from Barbara Crowther, Tim Aldred, Vidya Rangan, Mike Gidney, Sophie Dodgeon, and Eileen Maybin 05.2013

Imagine a world without many of the foods we increasingly take for granted every day-without coffee, tea, cocoa, sugar, bananas. How would our lives change? The fact is the trade in these tropical agricultural commodities is heavily reliant on smallholders, many of whom struggle to earn the sustainable cost of production. Their vulnerability—and the need to find lasting solutions—should serve as a wake-up call to all of us.

Smallholders grow 70 per cent of the world's foodin cocoa, as much as 90 per cent. But many farmers are trapped in a cycle of poverty, made worse by decades of price volatility and underinvestment in agriculture, and now facing new threats from a changing climate. This phenomenon is threatening the very sustainability of many of the products we enjoy on a daily basis.

It is a scandal that half of the world's hungriest people are themselves smallholder farmers. The fact that so many hungry people are food producers shows just how unbalanced our global food system has become.

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← Hunger, undernourishment and 9 poverty continue to scar the lives of millions, while consumers in rich

countries waste as much food as the entire net food production of sub-Saharan Africa. Recent World Health Organisation research reveals that, for the first time ever, the number of years of healthy living lost globally as a result of over-eating outweighs the number lost by people eating too little. Our

out of control for consumers, out of control for farmers and out of control in the way food is traded and distributed. We know there is enough food for everyone, but everyone is not aetting enough food. 2013 is the year that we need to put the politics of food on the public agenda and find better solutions to the insanity of our broken food system.

Since 2009 both staple food and commodity prices have remained highly volatile. This puts the livelihoods of commodity producers at risk and threatens the food security of a huge number of people in the developing world, many of them smallholder farmers. Millions were plunged into poverty due to high food prices in 2010 and 2011. International bodies predict that food prices are likely to remain high and volatile for the next decade, at the very least posing grave concerns for the future of smallholder farmers. After decades of neglect, the issues of food security and smallholder agriculture are again starting to receive more serious attention from world leaders and institutions. There are new calls for reinvestment in small-scale farming. Major new private sector sustainability initiatives are seeking to increase the number of smallholders in their supply chains.

This report draws on Fairtrade's experience of working with smallholders in five principal agricultural commodities: coffee, cocoa, tea, sugar and bananas, as well as wider evidence and research. It explores the realities of the challenges facing smallholder farmers, as well as the role that farmers themselves can play in building a sustainable path towards areater food security.

Fairtrade's experience has been in working with farmers who earn their incomes through sale of cash crops to local and international markets, rather than subsistence farming which requires different solutions. Our agenda focuses therefore on action to support the role that cash crops can play in supporting farmer livelihoods.

Our report argues that five fundamental principles -putting farmers first, ensuring fair share of value chains and fair access to finance, building futureproof farming and increasing the focus of government funding-should inform the policies and practices of governments, donors, multilateral agencies and private sector actors. Of course, we must listen hard to smallholder organisations themselves. It is they who know what the problems and solutions are, who pioneer improved farming practices, and who put their own money and working lives into growing staple food and commodities. As Beatrice Makwenda from the National Association of Small Farmers in Malawi (NASFAM) once told us, 'the person wearing the shoe knows best where it pinches'. Smallholder farmers are not a 'problem', neither are they passive 'beneficiaries' of aid-driven solutions. Indeed. FAO figures show that smallholders themselves already invest US\$170 billion a year into their own farms, four times more than investment from all other funding sources put together. If the power imbalances that hold smallholders back can be addressed now, and within supportive policy environments, they will

drive down hunger and build prosperity for hundreds of millions.

SOURCE: www.fairtrade.net/fileadmin/user_upload/content/2009/ news/2013-05-Fairtrade Smallholder Report FairtradeInternational.pdf

BAREFOOT MIT Fully Actuated vs. **Underactuated Systems Russ Tedrake** 2009

Robots today move far too conservatively, and accomplish only a fraction of the tasks and achieve a fraction of the performance that they are mechanically capable of. In many cases, we are still fundamentally limited by control technology which matured on rigid robotic arms in structured factory environments. The study of underactuated robotics focuses on building control systems which use the natural dynamics of the machines in an attempt to achieve extraordinary performance in terms of speed, efficiency, or robustness.

1.1 MOTIVATION

Let's start with some examples, and some videos. 1.1.1 HONDA'S ASIMO VS. PASSIVE DYNAMIC WALKERS

The world of robotics changed when, in late 1996, Honda Motor Co. announced that they had been working for nearly 15 years (behind closed doors) on walking robot technology. Their designs have continued to evolve over the last 12 years, resulting in a humanoid robot they call ASIMO (Advanced Step in Innovative Mobility). Honda's ASIMO is widely considered to be the state of the art in walking robots, although there are now many robots with designs and performance very similar to ASIMO's. We will dedicate effort to understanding a few of the details of ASIMO in chapter 4... for now I just want you to become familiar with the look and feel of ASIMO's movements. Although the motions are very smooth, there is something a little unnatural about ASIMO's gait. It feels a little like an astronaut encumbered by a heavy space suit. In fact this is a reasonable analogy... ASI-MO is walking like somebody that is unfamiliar with his/her dynamics. Its control system is using highgain feedback, and therefore considerable joint torque, to cancel out the natural dynamics of the machine and strictly follow a desired trajectory. This control approach comes with a stiff penalty. ASIMO uses roughly 20 times the energy (scaled) that a human uses to walk on the flat (measured by cost of transport). Also, control stabilization in this approach only works in a relatively small portion of the state

space (when the stance foot is flat on the ground), so ASIMO can't move nearly as quickly as a human, and cannot walk on unmodelled or uneven terrain.

For contrast, let's now consider a very different type of walking robot, called a passive dynamic walker (PDW). This "robot" has no motors, no controllers, no computer, but is still capable of walking stably down a small ramp, powered only by gravity. Most people will agree that the passive gait of this machine is more natural than ASIMO's; it is certainly more efficient. Passive walking machines have a long history—there are patents for passively walking toys dating back to the mid 1800s. We will discuss, in detail, what people know about the dynamics of these machines and what has been accomplished experimentally. This most impressive passive dynamic walker to date was built by Steve Collins in Andy Ruina's lab at Cornell.

Passive walkers demonstrate that the high-gain, dynamics-cancelling feedback approach taken on ASI-MO is not a necessary one. In fact, the dynamics of walking is beautiful, and should be exploited—not cancelled out.

1.1.2 BIRDS VS. MODERN AIRCRAFT ← The story is surprisingly similar in a very different type of machine

a very different type of machine. Modern airplanes are extremely

effective for steady-level flight in still air. Propellers produce thrust very efficiently, and today's cambered airfoils are highly optimized for speed and/or efficiency. It would be easy to convince yourself that we have nothing left to learn from birds. But, like ASIMO, these machines are mostly confined to a very conservative, low angle-of-attack flight regime where the aerodynamics on the wing are well understood. Birds routinely execute maneuvers outside of this flight envelope (for instance, when they are landing on a perch), and are considerably more effective than our best aircraft at exploiting energy (eg, wind) in the air.

As a consequence, birds are extremely efficient flying machines; some are capable of migrating thousands of kilometers with incredibly small fuel supplies. The wandering albatross can fly for hours, or even days, without flapping its wings-these birds exploit the shear layer formed by the wind over the ocean surface in a technique called dynamic soaring. Remarkably, the metabolic cost of flying for these birds is indistinguishable from the baseline metabolic cost, suggesting that they can travel incredible distances (upwind or downwind) powered almost completely by gradients in the wind. Other birds achieve efficiency through similarly rich interactions with the air-including formation flying, thermal soaring, and ridge soaring. Small birds and large insects, such as butterflies and locusts, use 'gust soaring' to migrate hundreds or even thousands of kilometers carried primarily by the wind.

Birds are also incredibly maneuverable. The roll rate of a highly acrobatic aircraft (e.g, the A-4 Skyhawk) is approximately 720 deg/sec; a barn swallow has a roll rate in excess of 5000 deg/sec. Bats can be

flying at full speed in one direction, and completely reverse direction while maintaining forward speed, all in just over 2 wing-beats and in a distance less than half the wingspan. Although quantitative flow visualization data from maneuvering flight is scarce, a dominant theory is that the ability of these animals to produce sudden, large forces for maneuverability can be attributed to unsteady aerodynamics, e.g., the animal creates a large suction vortex to rapidly change direction. These astonishing capabilities are called upon routinely in maneuvers like flared perching, preycatching, and high speed flying through forests and caves. Even at high speeds and high turn rates, these animals are capable of incredible agilitybats sometimes capture prey on their wings, Perearine falcons can pull 25 Gs out of a 240 mph dive to catch a sparrow in mid-flight, and even the small birds outside our building can be seen diving through a chain-link fence to grab a bite of food.

Although many impressive statistics about avian flight have been recorded, our understanding is partially limited by experimental accessibility-it's guite difficult to carefully measure birds (and the surrounding airflow) during their most impressive maneuvers without disturbing them. The dynamics of a swimming fish are closely related, and can be more convenient to study. Dolphins have been known to swim gracefully through the waves alongside ships moving at 20 knots. Smaller fish, such as the bluegill sunfish, are known to possess an escape response in which they propel themselves to full speed from rest in less than a body length: flow visualizations indeed confirm that this is accomplished by creating a large suction vortex along the side of the body-similar to how bats change direction in less than a body length. There are even observations of a dead fish swimming upstream by pulling energy out of the wake of a cylinder; this passive propulsion is presumably part of the technique used by rainbow trout to swim upstream at mating season.

1.1.3 THE COMMON THEME

MIT6_832s09_read_ch01.pdf

Classical control techniques for robotics are based on the idea that feedback can be used to override the dynamics of our machines. These examples suggest that to achieve outstanding dynamic performance (efficiency, agility, and robustness) from our robots, we need to understand how to design control systems which take advantage of the dynamics, not cancel them out. That is the topic of this course. Surprisingly, there are relatively few formal control ideas that consider "exploiting" the dynamics. In order to convince a control theorist to consider the dynamics (efficiency arguments are not enough), you have to do something drastic, like taking away his control authority-remove a motor, or enforce a torque-limit. These issues have created a formal class of systems, the underactuated systems, for which people have begun to more carefully consider the dynamics of their machines in the context of control. SOURCE: ocw.mit.edu/courses/electrical-engineering-and-computerscience/6-832-underactuated-robotics-spring-2009/readings/

KNOWING BY HEART Children Can't Think if They Don't Learn Facts Harry Mount 20.03.2013

The academics who criticised rote learning are wrong—it is at the heart of all knowledge.

When future generations come to study the causes of Britain's global decline, Exhibit A will be a letter in yesterday's Daily Telegraph, signed by 100 academics from across the country. In it, the various professors attacked Michael Gove's proposed national curriculum for consisting of "endless lists of spellings, facts and rules". My God, the madness! Sometimes the Education Secretary must wake up in the morning and wonder whether it's all worth the struggle. His opponents are of such a deep strain of perverse idiocy that it is impossible to argue with them—ideology has defeated reason.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes—an expression few schoolboys will now know, thanks to the sort of educational philosophy on display in that terrifying letter. If the people at the top of the educational tree are anti-knowledge, what chance is there for the children starting out at the bottom?

> ← The "spellings, facts and rules" that these clever fools are attacking have another name—an education.

Without spellings, facts and rules, you aren't educated. Instead, you're left floundering in a knowledge-free vacuum, barely comforted by the progressive lie that ignorance somehow magically generates thought.

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At one point in their letter, the academics say that a "mountain of data will not develop children's ability to think". I'm afraid that is exactly what a mountain of data leads to—proper, considered thought, rooted in knowledge and the logical jumps and inferences that naturally develop from the simple gift of knowing stuff.

Those academics think knowledge and thought are at war with each other in a zero-sum game; that you can't have one without destroying the other. They say that rote learning is less important than "cognitive development, critical understanding and creativity". How wrong they are—and how depressingly keen on the dreary, Latinate jargon of academese. You can't be critical or creative, or develop, without knowing anything. Knowledge and thought aren't chickens and eggs: knowledge always comes before a decent thought. Brilliant thinkers invariably know lots of things; and people who don't know anything are usually stupid, unless they have had the cruel misfortune to have their natural intelligence stunted by an education system that prizes ignorance.

How can you have a worthwhile thought about governments and constitutions if you don't know your kings, queens and prime ministers? How can you

think up a new mathematics theorem if you've never learnt your 12-times table? If you don't know anything, you end up like the poor fool in Philip Larkin's poem "Ignorance": "Strange to know nothing, never to be sure/Of what is true or right or real,/But forced to qualify 'or so I feel',/Or 'Well, it does seem so:/ Someone must know."

All this is common sense to most of us, particularly to parents desperate for their children to learn-in the words of the Victorian schools inspector, Matthew Arnold—"the best which has been thought and said in the world". It is only in the groves of academe that brainiacs, warped by their doctorates and professorships, contrive to argue the opposite. To prove their wilfully contrary arguments, they leap beyond common sense, to borrow from obscure theories concocted by their knowledge-hating contemporaries. They were at it in yesterday's letter, twisting common sense to claim that schools in high-achieving Finland and Massachusetts emphasise our old friends cognitive development, critical understanding and creativity, rather than rote learning. I bet those bright little Finns and Americans know a few facts, too.

Yes, a fantasy curriculum that only taught facts rather than encouraging thought would have its disadvantages. This week, my old maths teacher told me about a teacher in Japan who said his cautious pupils crammed with facts, and limited thought—dream of becoming civil servants above all else. Hardly thrilling. But still, Michael Gove isn't offering a facts-only model; what he's saying is knowledge is better than ignorance, and who could argue with that?

Needless to say, none of this wicked, anti-learning philosophy makes its way into private schools, where learning spellings, facts and rules—often by rote remains sacrosanct. Surprise, surprise, British private schools are rated the best in the world, while our state schools don't even limp into the top 20 for reading. You do the maths—if you've been lucky enough to have been taught any.

Private schools impose the rigorous learning of facts, from which pupils extrapolate to produce thought. Most state schools don't, because they've been riddled with the ignorance-is-good philosophy cooked up by muddle-headed educationalists for the past 50 years.

Last year, I gave a talk on Latin and the Romans in Britain to a state primary school in north London. Few of the seven-year-olds, although bright and eager to learn, had heard of Latin. A week later, I gave a similar talk to seven-year-olds in an upmarket prep school in Notting Hill.

"Now, when do you think the Romans came to Britain?" I asked, in a super-slow, easy-to-understand way. "It depends," said one girl, sitting in the front row with her hand in the air. "Do you mean Julius Caesar's invasions in 55 and 54 BC? Or Claudius's in 43 AD?" Which class do you think had been forced to learn by rote? Which class will end up providing the doctors, lawyers—and thinkers—of the next generation? *SOURCE: www.telegraph.co.uk/education/educationnews/9943333/ Children-cant-think-if-they-dont-learn-facts.html*

282–289 BEING ENGA GED

Insecurity has had a significant impact on our activities this year, and many teams continued to work in unpredictable and unstable situations. Seven MSF staff were detained in Myanmar in June, and two of them remain in detention. Two members of staff were kidnapped in North Kivu, in the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC) in April. Several hours later, they were released unharmed. Armed men entered Huth health centre, in Yemen, and threatened MSF staff. In Somalia, Daynile hospital, on the outskirts of Mogadishu, was damaged by shellfire. We have not always been able to respond to people's needs as we intended.

CHALLENGES TO DELIVERING HEALTHCARE IN CONFLICT ZONES

In Syria, conflict intensified, Extreme violence, the collapse of the health infrastructure and the displacement of millions of people led to massive needs, but MSF has been frustrated at serious blockages to providing care. According to authorities, by early 2013, 57 per cent of public hospitals in Syria had been damaged, but lack of authorisation from the government, limited cross-border access and the severe constraints caused by insecurity have all restricted the provision of humanitarian assistance. Beginning with donations of drugs and medical supplies, our teams managed to expand activities over the year, setting up hospitals in Aleppo and Idlib governorates. But we have been forced to limit activities to opposition-controlled areas of the country and neighbouring countries. We are concerned about what the constraints on humanitarian assistance will mean for the people of Syria in the future.

282 ← In eastern DRC, MSF continued working in hospitals, health centres and clinics across North and South

Kivu, Orientale and Katanga provinces, despite escalating violence. In this country where health needs are extreme even where the context is stable, our programmes include basic as well as specialist medical services, mental healthcare and assistance to victims of sexual violence. We carried out 1.6 million outpatient consultations, adapting activities as people were forced to move in search of safety. Conflict in northern Mali and the warring parties' restrictions on movement made it very difficult for people to get to health facilities. In an effort to improve access to treatment, MSF supported hospitals and health centres in remote locations as well as urban areas such as the city of Timbuktu. In March, MSF opened a maternity hospital in Khost, Afghanistan, a province that borders Pakistan and the highly volatile tribal areas. Some 100 births were being assisted per week, but then in April the hospital was targeted in a bomb attack, and seven people were wounded. We suspended activities. Several months of talks and assurances of support resulted in the reopening of the hospital at the end of the year. Attacks on health workers and health facilities and the lack of respect for medical action are having consequences that reach far beyond the direct victims.

At MSF, we are collecting data on these attacks in order to assess their impact. This analysis will increase awareness of the need to respect medical activity and, it is hoped, help us to develop effective responses. But skilled birth attendants can prevent some 80 per cent of maternal deaths. High-quality emergency obstetric services, postnatal services and aftercare for unsafe abortions are all critical to bringing down maternal mortality. Concerned at the lack of recogni-

INADEQUATE RESPONSE TO THE NEEDS OF THE DISPLACED

In 2012, MSF saw huge growth in the need for support for people forced to leave their homes. Unfortunately, we also saw a slow and piecemeal response to that need. The crises of the past year have revealed that we must get the balance of assistance right: between the delivery of humanitarian relief and more specialised medical services.

Fighting in Sudan led to a serious refugee crisis in South Sudan, with 170,000 people fleeing across the border. MSF set up field hospitals, clinics and feeding centres, carrying out more than 8,000 consultations each week. But the impact of healthcare is limited in the absence of essentials such as water, food and shelter, and in view of the needs and lack of a broader response we realise that we should have done more to meet basic needs.

Syrians who had fled to neighbouring countries also lacked access to the basics. As winter approached, refugees were still in shelters without heating. Fuel was hard to obtain. Half the refugees in Lebanon were not receiving the healthcare they needed. MSF ran assistance programmes in Lebanon, Turkey, Jordan and Iraq, but had grave concerns about the conditions for the 2.5 million people estimated to be displaced within Syria, to whom access was restricted.

Even in Dadaab, Kenya, where the refugee population is the size of a big city and there are adults who have lived their entire lives in the camps, agencies and organisations have not been able to adapt to a rapidly changing situation, and this has consequences for morbidity and mortality rates. We have taken lessons from the challenges of this year, as we do from every new setting in which we work, to improve our response.

FLOODING AFFECTS HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS WORLDWIDE

Typhoons in the Philippines caused flooding on several different occasions over the year, and MSF delivered emergency assistance, supplying relief items and providing medical care. Similar activities were carried out when major flooding hit northern Cameroon and eastern Nigeria. Teams set up mobile clinics, built latrines and provided safe drinking water when the Pakistani province of Balochistan and southeastern parts of Sudan were severely flooded.

IMPROVING HOW WE DELIVER CARE

We need to constantly consider whether our care results in the best outcomes for people, whatever the setting.

Take maternal health: most maternal deaths occur just before, during or after delivery, and are caused by complications that often cannot be predicted.

But skilled birth attendants can prevent some 80 per cent of maternal deaths. High-quality emergency obstetric services, postnatal services and aftercare for unsafe abortions are all critical to bringing down maternal mortality. Concerned at the lack of recognition of the importance of such services, MSF has engaged more in the provision of emergency obstetric care. Our teams assisted some 185,000 births in 2012, and around one in ten of these were by caesarean section

Our approach to HIV is changing too. In KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa, we are focusing on getting more people tested, initiating treatment earlier and making sure patients can access treatment and care close to home. The aim of models such as the decentralisation of treatment and care (including diagnostics) is to maximise the impact on patients' health, as well as reduce the spread of the virus, since treatment significantly lowers the risk of transmission. Our team in Swaziland is improving lab facilities and capacity in local clinics in preparation for the implementation of a similar 'test and treat' approach, but there are many more challenges for us to address. Paediatric HIV, co-infection with other diseases, opportunistic infections, the abandonment of people with HIV in places where prevalence is considered 'not so high': these issues are invisible in wealthy countries, but require urgent attention in the places where we work.

Despite progress in reducing mortality from malaria, 660,000 people still die from the disease every year. most of them African children. In Koutiala, Mali, and Moissala, Chad, areas where the disease is hyperendemic, MSF introduced chemoprevention during the peak malaria season. Teams systematically administered antimalarial treatment to children between three months and five years of age. The number of simple malaria cases treated in the following weeks fell sharply: by 66 per cent in Koutiala and 78 per cent in Moissala. This is a positive step, but the lethal impact of malaria means that addressing it must remain a priority. Strains of malaria that are resistant to current medication are already a concern in southeast Asia, and there are to date no real alternative treatment options. MSF is looking at how new programmes can tackle drug-resistant malaria.

DRUG-RESISTANT TUBERCULOSIS: A HEALTH EMERGENCY

Drug resistance has already reached crisis point for tuberculosis (TB). Data on the prevalence of drugresistant TB (DR-TB) have shocked doctors tackling the disease: in Uzbekistan, 65 per cent of MSF's TB patients were found to have DR-TB. But since only a minority of patients have access to testing for resistance, this is just the tip of the iceberg. The introduction of a test that can detect resistance has nearly quadrupled diagnoses of DR-TB in just one MSF programme in Zimbabwe.

For the 20 per cent of people with DR-TB who have access to treatment, what follows is two gruelling years of taking pills and injections, with severe side

ALL THE NGOS MSF International Activity Report 2012 Dr Unni Karunakara, International President; Jérôme Oberreit, Secretary General 31.12.2012

At the end of 2012 our colleagues Montserrat Serra and Blanca Thiebaut were still being held hostage after their abduction from a refugee camp in Dadaab, Kenya on 13 October 2011. This is one of the longest-running kidnappings in the history of Médecins Sans Frontières (MSF). effects. Treatment is so harsh that some choose to stop, accepting what they know will be a death sentence. This is an emergency. Hundreds of thousands of people urgently need better diagnostics. They need treatment regimens that are effective, take less time and are not toxic.

NOT-SO-ROUTINE VACCINATION

The 'Decade of Vaccines'—a collaboration including the WHO, UNICEF and private foundations—was launched in 2010, but two years later the number of children who have not received the basic package of immunisations has actually grown, from 19 to 22.4 million. Large sums are being invested in vaccines, yet the impact is not obvious. Hundreds of thousands of children are still dying from preventable diseases every year.

Children living where roads are poor, where there is no electricity or where there is insecurity, are all at risk of missing out on immunisation. This is because most vaccines must be kept refrigerated from production to administration, need more than one dose, and require a skilled health worker to administer those doses. These constraints make it very difficult to reach remote populations.

Vaccine funding must be invested in making vaccine programmes work: in developing new technologies and simpler tools, adapting delivery and cutting costs. Ultimately, our objective is, as always, to enable access to medical attention to everyone who needs it, no matter who or where they are.

Our frustrations with the limitations of the medicines and tools available, and the limitations of access and response, do not stop us. Thanks to the ongoing support of millions of people around the world, our independence and impartiality have allowed us to bring important assistance to people in crisis. We continue to strive to improve that assistance. Thank you.

SOURCE: www.msf.org/international-activity-report-2012-year-review

ALL THE GREENS Let's Make It a Green Peace Steve Erwood 11.2011

"We were anti-heroes rather than heroes. We were Dustin Hoffmans and not John Waynes." BOB HUNTER 1968

In the early evening of 4 April, Martin Luther King one of the world's most visionary activists for justice—is assassinated in Memphis. Two months later,

US Senator Bobby Kennedy is shot and killed in Los Angeles. Throughout the year, there are worldwide protests against the Vietnam War: US President Richard Nixon asks 'the silent majority' to support his policies, and Vice President Spiro T Agnew denounces Nixon's critics as 'an effete corps of impudent snobs'. Just as it seems that the entire world was falling apart, the astronauts on Apollo 8-the first manned spacecraft to orbit the moon-take a photograph that will forever change humanity's image of the planet it inhabits: Earthrise-planet Earth as seen from space. Radiant, alive, infinitely beautiful, awash with oceans, swathed in clouds. The picture will later be called 'the single most influential environmental photograph ever taken'. The image is seen on Christmas Eve 1968, by the largest TV audi-

Exactly one year earlier Martin Luther King had proclaimed that if we are to attain peace on Earth, 'we must develop a world perspective'. Back in 1948, the British astronomer Fred Hoyle had predicted that a photograph of the Earth taken from space would let loose 'a new idea as powerful as any in history'. Earthrise fulfilled both Hoyle's prediction and King's prophetic call, and a new era of ecology and environmental consciousness was about to be ushered in...

ence of the time.

ECOLOGY? LOOK IT UP, YOU'RE INVOLVED

As the Vietnam War escalated throughout the 1960s, over a million draft resisters and deserters fled the US. 150.000 of them went to Canada in the largest single political exodus in US history. Among them were the Quaker pacifists Irving and Dorothy Stowe, from Providence, Rhode Island, and Jim and Marie Bohlen from Pennsylvania. One Saturday morning in the spring of '68 the Bohlens attend an anti-war demonstration on the lawn of the Provincial Court House in Vancouver. Knowing almost nobody there, they looked out for fellow Quakers and introduced themselves to the Stowes. The four soon became devoted friends and were among the charter members of the new British Columbia chapter of the Sierra Club. In August 1969 the US announced a one-megaton nuclear bomb test-'Milrow'-scheduled for October, on Amchitka Island, in the Aleutian Islands, just off the Alaskan coast. The US began nuclear tests on Amchitka in 1965, despite the fact that the island is located in one of the most earthquake-prone regions in the world. Journalist Bob Hunter wrote in the Vancouver Sun: "The United States will begin to play a game of Russian roulette with a nuclear pistol pressed against the head of the world." He had researched the risk of an earthquake and threat of a tidal wave. "There is a distinct danger," he wrote, "that the tests might set in motion earthquakes and tidal waves which could sweep from one end of the Pacific to the other."

On 29 September, a demonstration to protest the nuclear bomb test was organised at the US Consulate in downtown Vancouver. Bob Hunter made placards for the protest and came up with the slogan 'Don't Make a Wave'. Also attending this protest were Bob's wife Zoe Hunter, Irving Stowe, Ben Metcalfe, Paul and Linda Spong and several others who would eventually form the core of Greenpeace. Journalist Ben Metcalfe—on his own initiative, and at a cost of \$4,000—had previously been responsible for placing 12 billboards around Vancouver that declared, 'Ecology? Look it up! You're involved.' Spong had been hired by the University of British Columbia and the Vancouver Aquarium to study the first captive Orcinus orca, Skana. Spong's experience with the whale converted him into a full-time advocate for whales, and one day the Spongs' passion for whales would change the face of Greenpeace and the environmental movement.

The same group who had gathered at the US Consulate blockaded the highway at the US-Canadian border a couple of days later. Irving and Dorothy Stowe held the Quaker banner, and others brandished their 'Don't Make a Wave' signs. That night, the Milrow blast was detonated 4,000 feet below the surface of Amchitka Island, registering a Richter 6.9 shockwave.

DON'T MAKE A WAVE

When the US Department of Defence announced in November that a 5-megaton thermonuclear test-'Cannikin'-was scheduled for Amchitka in the fall of 1971, Irving Stowe formed a group to protest this bomb. Dorothy Stowe recruited the BC Association of Social Workers and Deeno Birmingham from the BC Voice of Women. Jim and Marie Bohlen and Terry Simmons from the Sierra Club joined. Bohlen recruited Paul Cote, a law student he met at the border blockade. Borrowing the slogan coined by Bob Hunter, Stowe, Bohlen and Cote became directors of the Don't Make A Wave Committee. Stowe recruited Hunter, Metcalfe, Bill Darnell and Rod Marining, all of whom were working on similar projects. As working journalists, Metcalfe and Hunter were the most prominent ecology voices in Vancouver, at the CBC and The Vancouver Sun. Bob Cummings, writing for the radical underground Georgia Straight, also helped promote the cause and joined the group. The Committee met at the Stowes' house to plan their protest at the Amchitka tests, but its consensus process could often result in long debates and slow resolutions. This particularly frustrated Jim Bohlen, whose wife Marie asked him one February morning why they didn't simply send a boat to Amchitka. At the same moment the Vancouver Sun called, to ask what campaigns the group was planning. Caught off guard, Jim said, "We hope to sail a boat to Amchitka to confront the bomb." The newspaper ran the story the following day, announcing the plan as a Sierra Club campaign.

While the Sierra Club in California rejected the idea, the Don't Make a Wave Committee embraced it. Although Marie's idea and Jim's announcement had bypassed the consensus process, nobody opposed the plan. At a meeting at the Unitarian Church that week, as Irving Stowe flashed the 'V' sign and said "Peace," Bill Darnell replied modestly, "Make it a green peace." ← The name 'Greenpeace' quickly caught on. On 15 February 1970, the Vancouver Sun ran the story about

the intended voyage—dropping the Sierra Club reference but mentioning a boat to be called 'the Greenpeace', the first time the word appeared in print as a single word. Marie Bohlen's son, Paul Nonnast, designed the first button with the ecology symbol above, the peace symbol below, and in the middle, the single word: Greenpeace. The Don't Make A Wave Committee published the first 'Greenpeace' pamphlet in March 1970, written by the 71-year-old Lille d'Easum, an executive of the BC Voice of Women.

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Although the Committee had unanimously ratified the idea of sailing to Amchitka to protest the nuclear testing, it had neither a boat nor the money to charter one. Stowe hit upon the idea of organising a concert to raise funds for a boat. The concert would feature Joni Mitchell, James Taylor, Phil Ochs and Chilliwack, and it raised \$17,000. The Sierra Club and Quaker groups in the US also contributed towards the fund. In the meantime, the search for a suitable boat was on. Paul Cote met the 60-year old Captain John Cormack on a Fraser River dock, and Cormack agreed to use his fishing boat, the Phyllis Cormack, named after his wife, for the voyage.

Hunter, Metcalfe, Bohlen, Darnell and Simmons formed the activist core of the boat crew. Underground journalist Bob Cummings, ecologist Patrick Moore, engineer Dave Birmingham, medical doctor Lyle Thurston, and photographer Robert Keziere joined them. When Marie Bohlen decided to stay ashore, Lou Hogan and Rod Marining stood next on the waiting list. Marining deferred to Hogan, believing that a woman should be on the boat, as did Hunter and Metcalfe. In the end, Richard Fineberg, who had met Bohlen in Alaska, joined the crew instead of Hogan.

BEHIND YOU, ONE HUNDRED PERCENT

The Phyllis Cormack, rechristened Greenpeace for the voyage, departed Vancouver on 15 September 1971. Throughout the voyage, Dorothy Metcalfe served as the primary media link, via radio in her home. Dorothy told her husband how support for their action was stretching across Canada and the US, ranging from radical ecological groups to members of Nixon's own cabinet. She told him how the United Church of Canada had sounded church bells across the country asking the US to cancel the tests. She also told him that the Don't Make a Wave Committee had now been able to raise money to launch a bigger and faster ship to Amchitka, the Canadian minesweeper Edgewater Fortune; a second boat was now waiting in the wings.

The Phyllis Cormack's crew went ashore at Alert Bay and then continued to the Gulf of Alaska. They were refused entry to Dutch Harbor, to stock up on fuel and supplies, because it was a military base. Instead they anchored off the island of Akutan; they received a message here that the tests had been delayed, but nobody knew for how long. They decided to leave

Akutan on a scouting trip to Amchitka, but on 30 September, they were approached by the Coast Guard cutter USS Confidence. Commander Floyd Hunter came aboard and announced that the Phyllis Cormack was under arrest; the crew had failed to notify customs officials of their arrival in Akutan and were ordered to the Shumagin Islands—away from Amchitka—to clear customs there.

However, the Confidence's crew handed over a document, signed by 18 crew members, recording their support for the protest: DUE TO THE SITUATION WE ARE IN, THE CREW OF THE CONFIDENCE FEEL THAT WHAT YOU ARE DOING IS FOR THE GOOD OF ALL MANKIND. IF OUR HANDS WEREN'T TIED BY THESE MILITARY BONDS, WE WOULD BE IN THE SAME POSITION AS YOU ARE IN IF IT WAS AT ALL POSSIBLE. GOOD LUCK. WE ARE BEHIND YOU ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.

For the Phyllis Cormack, it was time to return home. She met the Edgewater Fortune—now known as the Greenpeace Too-near Union Bay, a day out of Vancouver. The two crews hugged and shook hands and the Greenpeace flag from the Phyllis Cormack was handed over to the bigger ship. The Phyllis Cormack went on to Vancouver where the crew was afforded a heroic welcome home. The Greenpeace Too pushed towards Amchitka, racing for the 4 November deadline of the nuclear test. Still, the bomb remained silent but the following day 30 US Senators submitted a statement to Nixon urging him to proceed with the test. Although the governor of Minnesota pleaded with James Schlesinger, the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, to halt the test, Schlesinger announced he would fly to Amchitka with his family to show the world how safe the test was. "It's fun for the kids, and my wife is delighted to get away from the house for a while."

At 1.00 on the afternoon of 6 November, a 4–3 vote allowed the test to proceed. Five hours later, the 5.2 megaton hydrogen bomb was detonated 5,875 feet below the surface of Amchitka. The blast created a molten cavern inside the rock and blew a mile-wide crater on the surface that filled with water and became known as Cannikin Lake. Radioactive krypton gas leaked from the fissured rock, military buildings collapsed, roads cracked wide open and 40,000 cubic metres of granite crumbled from shoreline cliffs. Seabirds nestling on the rocks were killed instantaneously and the skulls of thousands of sea otters were split open. The shock wave registered 7.2 on the Richter scale, becoming the largest human-made earth tremor in history.

SOURCE: www.greenpeace.org/international/Global/international/ publications/other/Greenpeace-Chronicles.pdf

ALL THE ANTICAPITALISM Revolution Is a Rhizome Adbusters 16.09.2013

Hey all you still breathing out there, On the second anniversary of OWS [Occupy Wall Street], here's a manifesto to fill your lungs: Look outside your window today and admire how permanent everything is.

285 ← Cars faithfully zoom in and out of traffic without end. Financial sky-scrapers frame the streets, investing your dollars and cashing your paychecks with ease.

People pour out of apartments on their way to the office, to visit friends, to look for work. The social order, all the basic interactions of the day, are predictable, normal, most likely the same as yesterday. The sheer rigidity of the political system is not in question.

Now imagine that it all snaps. That everything you know is turned upside down. The coffee shop is closed. The bank door is shut. People stop following even the most basic prompts.

Looking out the window today, we have that same feeling we had on September 16th, 2011, the day before those first courageous occupiers packed up their tents and made their move on Wall Street. Only this time, as we gaze beyond the glass, there is an assuring upward tilt on our otherwise steady lips. We now have a confidence in this generation that we didn't have before. There are still curveballs that can shock the financial and psychological order. There is a growing conviction that the things that can happen, will happen. The world is still up for grabs.

REVOLUTION IS A RHIZOME

What we experienced in 2011 is still reverberating around the globe. Most recently, in Turkey and Brazil, that feeling in the guts, that the future does not compute, is vibrant as ever. And because of that gnawing anxiety in the depths of an increasing mass of people, the new mode of activism, what Spanish journalist Bernardo Gutierrez calls a "new architecture of protest," is spreading like a frenzy: what starts out as simple demands—don't cut the trees, don't raise the transit fair, don't institute that corrupt judge—erupts into an all-encompassing desire to reboot the entire machine.

In the coming political horizon you can expect that wherever there is a crack, scandal, teacher strike or pipeline deception, you'll find a hornet's nest underneath. When you have a connected generation, all of their unique and individual demands are connected, too. Protest becomes a cornucopia, not a straight path. And the desire is not to destroy the system but to hack it, to re-code it, to commandeer it... to see revolution not as pyramid but as a rhizome... to see the system not as an unchanging text but as an ever changing language of computation, an algorithm. More than ever we are seeing the actuality of the modern day truism, "we are all one." Now, as we have the technology to organize—who cares if the NSA is listening in, in fact we welcome them to listen in and to be inspired—this first-ever global generation will be able to articulate itself more clearly, more viscerally, more intensely and at a frequency like never before. Take a look out the window today. It wasn't always this way. It won't be this way forever.

A GENERATION UNDER PRESSURE

This generation is under pressure. Leading American pundits like David Brooks and Andrew Sorkin laugh us off as ungrateful kids and milguetoast radicals. people who just aren't willing to work like the previous generation. But these folks just don't get it. The engine light of humanity has turned on. But no mechanic of the old paradigm can fix it. We're experiencing a global system failure like never before. But no programmer of the old language can re-write it. The Earth is getting sick. The culture is in terminal decline. Mental illness is the number one cause of lost workplace hours in America. What other indicator does one need? Rejection is not ungratefulness, it's a beautiful and sincere longing for a sane and sustainable tomorrow. But as the valves are twisted tighter... well... you can see the result everywhere. Last July, as hundreds of thousands of protesters were marching in cities throughout Turkey and Brazil. Adbusters creative director Pedro Inoue skipped work to join the magic in the streets. He sent us this testimony from the center of São Paulo, a portrait that became the backbone of one of our most spirited and hopeful publications yet. We've long been accused of being too negative ... yet here our readers saw a bright light:

It's something you feel when the lover in your arms is laughing and you feel like your heart is going to break because there couldn't possibly be any more room for good inside. The high begins to float you away. We were walking to the governor's house, taking time along the way to talk, look at people waving flags from apartment windows, listen to chants coming and going like waves in this sea of people. I looked into this kid's eyes. He kept talking but I only remember those eight words.

"Man, what a beautiful world we live in," he said. I was mesmerized by the shine in his eyes. Sparks. Flashes. Pulses. Bursts of light. When the global revolution finally arrives... it's going to shine everywhere like that.

The conditions that spurred on the Greek anarchists, the Arab Spring, the Spanish indignados, #Occupywallstreet, the Chilean student revolt, Pussy Riot, the Quebec uprising, #idlenomore, Yo Soy 132 in Mexico, and the insurrections in Istanbul, Lima, Bulgaria and São Paulo have only worsened. Inequality is reaching obscene proportions in America and many other nations. There is an ever-greater concentration of wealth, ever-bigger banks, a steady

increase of high frequency trading (HFT), derivative confusion and outbursts of rogue financial algorithms that send markets dipping and waning beyond any human control. \$1.3 trillion in speculative financial transactions keep swirling around the planet every day. The stage is now set for a much more catastrophic market crash than 2008. And inside each and every one of us, the desire for real is growing: Real economy. Real democracy. Real possibilities. Real humanity. Real leadership. Real horizons. Real interactions. Real things. Real life.

THREE METAMEMES FOR THE FUTURE

Here at Adbusters, we see three big tactical breakthrough ideas, three metamemes, that have the power to veer this global trainwreck of ours from its date with disaster. Make no mistake, the crash is a brutal world—a barbarian reality. It's a happening that none of us should seek out joyfully. Yet we cannot just go with the flow, sing with the speed and trust the inertia of our current economic doomsday machine.

The first thing we can do is call for a radical re-think of our global economic system. Unbridled neocon capitalism has been riding the back of humankind without opposition for nearly two generations now. It has provided no answer yet and it has no answer for the most pressing threat of the future, namely climate change. Economics students and heterodox economists must rise up in universities everywhere and demand a shift in the theoretical foundations of economic science. We have to abandon almost everything we thought we knew about the gods of progress, happiness and growth. We have to reimagine industry, nutrition, communication, transportation, housing and money and pioneer a new kind of economics, a bionomics, a psychonomics, an ecological economics that is up to the job of managing our planetary household.

The second thing we can do is usher in a new era of radical transparency ... to add the right to live in a transparent world as a new human right in the constitution of nations and in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Current events in Syria are a perfect example of how secrecy by the major powers of the world leads to confusion and the possibility of catastrophic failure. Assad may get away with a type of murderous appetite not seen since WWII, for no reason other than the fact that America can no longer be trusted to tell the truth. Radical transparency is the only path towards a viable global democracy of the future.

The third thing we can do is take inspiration and learn lessons from a new tactical breakthrough in global activism—the revolution algorithm. The internet has reversed a centuries-old power dynamic. The street now has unprecedented power. Through hacking, rhizomatic organizing, viral memes, it can paralyze cities, bring whole countries to a standstill ... protests and uprisings can spook stock markets into plunging 10% in a single day, as happened recently in Turkey, and, if we the people are angry and fired up

enough, we can force even the most arrogant presidents and prime ministers to the democratic table. In the 21st century, democracy could look like this: a dynamic, visceral, never-ending feedback loop between entrenched power structures and the street. In this new model, corporate power will be forever blunted by sustained and clearly articulated demands for new economic, political and environmental policies, for visceral debates and referendums on critical issues, for the revocation of the charters of corporations that break the public trust and for new laws and constitutional amendments on democratic fundamentals like secrecy, corporate personhood and the rules by which nations go to war. Every government department, every minister and the whole political establishment, right down to the think tanks, media pundits and CEOs, will be under the gun, on an almost daily basis, to bend to the ever changing pulse of the people.

As this second anniversary of Occupy passes, perhaps with raging flames, perhaps with only a few sparks, we can take solace in one thing: Our current global system—capitalism—is in terminal decline ... and while its corpse is still twitching, our jobs, yours, mine, all of us, are to stay vigilant and to keep working on our own lives. ... We shy away from the megacorporations, we refuse to buy heavily advertised products, we meticulously seek out toxin-free information, we eat, travel, socialize and live as lightly as we can ... we fight for our happiness ... we build trust with each other and play the #killcap game at least once every day ... and most important, we focus our eyes on the horizon and wait for our next moment to come.

SOURCE: http://www.adbusters.org/blogs/manifesto-occupy-2year.html

ALL THE HEALTHY FOOD The Food Movement Rising Michael Pollan 20.05.2010

1. FOOD MADE VISIBLE

It might sound odd to say this about something people deal with at least three times a day, but food in America has been more or less invisible, politically speaking, until very recently. At least until the early 1970s, when a bout of food price inflation and the appearance of books critical of industrial agriculture (by Wendell Berry, Francis Moore Lappé, and Barry Commoner, among others) threatened to propel the subject to the top of the national agenda, Americans have not had to think very hard about where their food comes from, or what it is doing to the planet, their bodies, and their society.

Most people count this a blessing. Americans spend a smaller percentage of their income on food than any people in history-slightly less than 10 percent-and a smaller amount of their time preparing it: a mere thirty-one minutes a day on average, including clean-up. The supermarkets brim with produce summoned from every corner of the globe, a steady stream of novel food products (17,000 new ones each year) crowds the middle aisles, and in the freezer case you can find "home meal replacements" in every conceivable ethnic stripe, demanding nothing more of the eater than opening the package and waiting for the microwave to chirp. Considered in the long sweep of human history, in which getting food dominated not just daily life but economic and political life as well, having to worry about food as little as we do, or did, seems almost a kind of dream. The dream that the age-old "food problem" had been largely solved for most Americans was sustained by the tremendous postwar increases in the productivity of American farmers, made possible by cheap fossil fuel (the key ingredient in both chemical fertilizers and pesticides) and changes in agricultural policies. Asked by President Nixon to try to drive down the cost of food after it had spiked in the early 1970s, Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz shifted the historical focus of federal farm policy from supporting prices for farmers to boosting yields of a small handful of commodity crops (corn and soy especially) at any cost.

The administration's cheap food policy worked almost too well: crop prices fell, forcing farmers to produce still more simply to break even. This led to a deep depression in the farm belt in the 1980s followed by a brutal wave of consolidation. Most importantly, the price of food came down, or at least the price of the kinds of foods that could be made from corn and soy: processed foods and sweetened beverages and feedlot meat. (Prices for fresh produce have increased since the 1980s.) Washington had succeeded in eliminating food as a political issue—an objective dear to most governments at least since the time of the French Revolution.

But although cheap food is good politics, it turns out there are significant costs—to the environment, to public health, to the public purse, even to the culture—and as these became impossible to ignore in recent years, food has come back into view. Beginning in the late 1980s, a series of food safety scandals opened people's eyes to the way their food was being produced, each one drawing the curtain back a little further on a food system that had changed beyond recognition. When BSE, or mad cow disease, surfaced in England in 1986, Americans learned that cattle, which are herbivores, were routinely being fed the flesh of other cattle; the practice helped keep meat cheap but at the risk of a hideous brainwasting disease.

The 1993 deaths of four children in Washington State who had eaten hamburgers from Jack in the Box were traced to meat contaminated with E. coli 0157:H7, a mutant strain of the common intestinal bacteria first identified in feedlot cattle in 1982. Since then, repeated outbreaks of food-borne illness linked to new antibiotic-resistant strains of bacteria (campylobacter, salmonella, MRSA) have turned a bright light on the shortsighted practice of routinely administering antibiotics to food animals, not to treat disease but simply to speed their growth and allow them to withstand the filthy and stressful conditions in which they live.

In the wake of these food safety scandals, the conversation about food politics that briefly flourished in the 1970s was picked up again in a series of books, articles, and movies about the consequences of industrial food production. Beginning in 2001 with the publication of Eric Schlosser's Fast Food Nation, a surprise best-seller, and, the following year, Marion Nestle's Food Politics, the food journalism of the last decade has succeeded in making clear and telling connections between the methods of industrial food production, agricultural policy, food-borne illness, childhood obesity, the decline of the family meal as an institution, and, notably, the decline of family income beginning in the 1970s.

Besides drawing women into the work force, falling wages made fast food both cheap to produce and a welcome, if not indispensible, option for pinched and harried families. The picture of the food economy Schlosser painted resembles an upside-down version of the social compact sometimes referred to as "Fordism": instead of paying workers well enough to allow them to buy things like cars, as Henry Ford proposed to do, companies like Wal-Mart and Mc-Donald's pay their workers so poorly that they can afford only the cheap, low-quality food these companies sell, creating a kind of non-virtuous circle driving down both wages and the guality of food. The advent of fast food (and cheap food in general) has, in effect, subsidized the decline of family incomes in America.

2. FOOD POLITICS

Cheap food has become an indispensable pillar of the modern economy. But it is no longer an invisible or uncontested one. One of the most interesting social movements to emerge in the last few years is the "food movement," or perhaps I should say "movements," since it is unified as yet by little more than the recognition that industrial food production is in need of reform because its social/environmental/ public health/animal welfare/gastronomic costs are too high.

As that list suggests, the critics are coming at the issue from a great many different directions. Where many social movements tend to splinter as time goes on, breaking into various factions representing divergent concerns or tactics, the food movement starts out splintered. Among the many threads of advocacy that can be lumped together under that rubric we can include school lunch reform; the campaign for animal rights and welfare; the campaign against genetically modified crops; the rise of organic and locally produced food; efforts to combat

obesity and type 2 diabetes; "food sovereignty" (the principle that nations should be allowed to decide their agricultural policies rather than submit to free trade regimes); farm bill reform; food safety regulation; farmland preservation; students organizing around food issues on campus; efforts to promote urban agriculture and ensure that communities have access to healthy food; initiatives to create gardens and cooking classes in schools; farm worker rights; nutrition labeling; feedlot pollution; and the various efforts to regulate food ingredients and marketing, especially to kids.

It's a big, lumpy tent, and sometimes the various factions beneath it work at cross-purposes. For example, activists working to strengthen federal food safety regulations have recently run afoul of local food advocates, who fear that the burden of new regulation will cripple the current revival of smallfarm agriculture. Joel Salatin, the Virginia meat producer and writer who has become a hero to the food movement, fulminates against food safety regulation on libertarian grounds in his *Everything I Want* to *Do Is Illegal: War Stories From the Local Food Front.* Hunger activists like Joel Berg, in *All You Can Eat: How Hungry Is America?*, criticize supporters of "sustainable" agriculture—i.e., producing food in

sustainable agriculture—i.e., producing food in ways that do not harm the environment—for advocating reforms that threaten to raise the cost of food to the poor. Animal rights advocates occasionally pick fights with sustainable meat producers (such as Joel Salatin), as Jonathan Safran Foer does in his recent vegetarian polemic. *Eating Animals*.

But there are indications that these various voices may be coming together in something that looks more and more like a coherent movement. Many in the animal welfare movement, from PETA to Peter Singer, have come to see that a smaller-scale, more humane animal agriculture is a goal worth fighting for, and surely more attainable than the abolition of meat eating. Stung by charges of elitism, activists for sustainable farming are starting to take seriously the problem of hunger and poverty. They're promoting schemes and policies to make fresh local food more accessible to the poor, through programs that give vouchers redeemable at farmers' markets to participants in the Special Supplemental Nutrition Program for Women, Infants, and Children (WIC) and food stamp recipients. Yet a few underlying tensions remain: the "hunger lobby" has traditionally supported farm subsidies in exchange for the farm lobby's support of nutrition programs, a marriage of convenience dating to the 1960s that vastly complicates reform of the farm bill-a top priority for the food movement.

The sociologist Troy Duster reminds us of an all-important axiom about social movements: "No movement is as coherent and integrated as it seems from afar," he says, "and no movement is as incoherent and fractured as it seems from up close." Viewed from a middle distance, then, the food movement coalesces around the recognition that today's food and farming economy is "unsustainable"—that it courting a breakdown of some kind, whether environmental, economic, or both.

For some in the movement, the more urgent problem is environmental: the food system consumes more fossil fuel energy than we can count on in the future (about a fifth of the total American use of such energy) and emits more greenhouse gas than we can afford to emit, particularly since agriculture is the one human system that should be able to substantially rely on photosynthesis: solar energy. It will be difficult if not impossible to address the issue of climate change without reforming the food system. This is a conclusion that has only recently been embraced by the environmental movement, which historically has disdained all agriculture as a lapse from wilderness and a source of pollution. But in the last few years, several of the major environmental groups have come to appreciate that a diversified, sustainable agriculture-which can sequester large amounts of carbon in the soil-holds the potential not just to mitigate but actually to help solve environmental problems, including climate change. Today, environmental organizations like the Natural Resources Defense Council and the Environmental Working Group are taking up the cause of food system reform, lending their expertise and clout to the movement.

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\leftarrow But perhaps the food movement's strongest claim on public attention today is the fact that the American

diet of highly processed food laced with added fats and sugars is responsible for the epidemic of chronic diseases that threatens to bankrupt the health care system. The Centers for Disease Control estimate that fully three quarters of US health care spending goes to treat chronic diseases, most of which are preventable and linked to diet: heart disease, stroke, type 2 diabetes, and at least a third of all cancers. The health care crisis probably cannot be addressed without addressing the catastrophe of the American diet, and that diet is the direct (even if unintended) result of the way that our agriculture and food industries have been organized.

Michelle Obama's recent foray into food politics, beginning with the organic garden she planted on the White House lawn last spring, suggests that the administration has made these connections. Her new "Let's Move" campaign to combat childhood obesity might at first blush seem fairly anodyne, but in announcing the initiative in February, and in a surprisingly tough speech to the Grocery Manufacturers Association in March, the First Lady has effectively shifted the conversation about diet from the industry's preferred ground of "personal responsibility" and exercise to a frank discussion of the way food is produced and marketed. "We need you not just to tweak around the edges," she told the assembled food makers, "but to entirely rethink the products that you're offering, the information that you provide about these products, and how you market those products to our children."

can't go on in its current form much longer without Mrs. Obama explicitly rejected the conventional araument that the food industry is merely giving people the sugary, fatty, and salty foods they want. contending that the industry "doesn't just respond to people's natural inclinations-it also actually helps to shape them," through the ways it creates products and markets them.

> So far at least, Michelle Obama is the food movement's most important ally in the administration, but there are signs of interest elsewhere. Under Commissioner Margaret Hamburg, the FDA has cracked down on deceptive food marketing and is said to be weighing a ban on the nontherapeutic use of antibiotics in factory farming. Attorney General Eric Holder recently avowed the Justice Department's intention to pursue antitrust enforcement in agribusiness, one of the most highly concentrated sectors in the economy. At his side was Agriculture Secretary Tom Vilsack, the former governor of lowa, who has planted his own organic vegetable garden at the department and launched a new "Know Your Farmer, Know Your Food" initiative aimed at promoting local food systems as a way to both rebuild rural economies and improve access to healthy food.

> Though Vilsack has so far left mostly undisturbed his department's traditional deference to industrial agriculture, the new tone in Washington and the appointment of a handful of respected reformers (such as Tufts professor Kathleen Merrigan as Deputy Secretary of Agriculture) has elicited a somewhat defensive, if not panicky, reaction from agribusiness. The Farm Bureau recently urged its members to go on the offensive against "food activists," and a trade association representing pesticide makers called CropLife America wrote to Michelle Obama suggesting that her organic garden had unfairly maligned chemical agriculture and encouraging her to use "crop protection technologies"-i.e., pesticides. The First Lady's response is not known; however, the President subsequently rewarded CropLife by appointing one of its executives to a high-level trade post. This and other industry-friendly appointments suggest that while the administration may be sympathetic to elements of the food movement's agenda, it isn't about to take on agribusiness, at least not directly, at least until it senses at its back a much larger constituency for reform.

> One way to interpret Michelle Obama's deepening involvement in food issues is as an effort to build such a constituency, and in this she may well succeed. It's a mistake to underestimate what a determined First Lady can accomplish. Lady Bird Johnson's "highway beautification" campaign also seemed benign, but in the end it helped raise public consciousness about "the environment" (as it would soon come to be known) and put an end to the public's tolerance for littering. And while Michelle Obama has explicitly limited her efforts to exhortation ("we can't solve this problem by passing a bunch of laws in Washington," she told the Grocery Manufacturers. no doubt much to their relief), her work is already creating a climate in which just such a "bunch of laws"

might flourish: a handful of state legislatures, including California's, are seriously considering levying new taxes on sugar in soft drinks, proposals considered hopelessly extreme less than a year ago.

The political ground is shifting, and the passage of health care reform may accelerate that movement. The bill itself contains a few provisions long promoted by the food movement (like calorie labeling on fast food menus), but more important could be the new political tendencies it sets in motion. If health insurers can no longer keep people with chronic diseases out of their patient pools, it stands to reason that the companies will develop a keener interest in preventing those diseases. They will then discover that they have a large stake in things like soda taxes and in precisely which kinds of calories the farm bill is subsidizing. As the insurance industry and the government take on more responsibility for the cost of treating expensive and largely preventable problems like obesity and type 2 diabetes, pressure for reform of the food system, and the American diet, can be expected to increase.

SOURCE: michaelpollan.com/articles-archive/ the-food-movement-rising/

ALL THE FITNESS Why Exercise Works Magic Shari S. Bassuk, Timothy S. Church and Joann E. Manson 17.07.2013

We all know we should exercise. But few realize that being physically active is the single most important thing that most of us can do to improve or maintain our health. Regular movement not only lowers the risk of developing or dying from heart disease, stroke and diabetes, it also prevents certain cancers, improves mood, builds bones, strengthens muscles, expands lung capacity, reduces the risk of falls and fractures, and helps to keep excess weight in check. And those are just some of the more familiar effects. An explosion in research over the past few years has extended those observations even further. Among other things, exercise appears to boost brainpower-specifically the ability to carry out tasks that require attention, organization and planning, reduce symptoms of depression and anxiety in some people, and enhance the immune system's ability to detect and fend off certain types of cancer. In addition, researchers are moving beyond describing the gross health benefits of regular physical movement to detailing the positive changes that occur at the level of cells and molecules for specific conditions such as atherosclerosis and diabetes.

Studies aimed at tracing the many ways, large and small, that various systems in the human body (cardiovascular, digestive, endocrine and nervous, to name just a few) are affected by exercise show that the benefits most likely result from minor to moderate improvements in many aspects of physiology, as opposed to large favorable effects on a small number of processes in particular cells and tissues.

Investigators have also come to realize that people need not be triathletes to reap exercise's benefits. Twenty years ago preventive health experts focused almost exclusively on the gains to be had from vigorous activity. Today they emphasize the value of sustained bouts of moderate movement as well. One of us (Manson) helped to demonstrate comparable benefits of moderate and vigorous exercise for several health outcomes in the large-scale Nurses' Health Study and the Women's Health Initiative. Based on data from these and other projects, the latest U.S. exercise guidelines (published in 2008) recommend the equivalent of at least 30 minutes of moderate activity, such as brisk walking, five or more days a week (or 75 minutes of vigorous activity, such as jogging, each week), plus 30 minutes of muscle-strengthening activity at least two days a week.

A closer look at some of the most exciting findings offers a taste of the less obvious ways that exercise protects our body and keeps it running well.

IMMEDIATE EFFECTS

To fully grasp the latest findings, it helps to know something about how the body generally responds to increased physical demands. Exercise means different things to different people. From snowshoeing to swimming to a fast walk on the beach, exercise can take many forms and occur at differing levels of intensity. Aerobic exercise is the type that significantly boosts the amount of oxygen needed by the muscles, requiring the lungs to work harder. Its health benefits are also the best understood. But more stationary forms of exercise-such as lifting weights or practicing one's balance-also have their place.

Scientists have developed fairly rigorous methods for measuring the intensity of aerobic exercise in research laboratories. An effective and much less expensive way to measure how much you are pushing your body outside the lab is the talk test. Moderate activity begins when your heart starts beating faster and you are breathing more heavily. You are still at a moderate level if you can talk or recite a poem while you are moving. If you can croak out only a word or two at a time, then you are exercising vigorously. At the other end of the scale, if you can sing while moving, then you are working at a light level of intensity. Whenever a person picks up the pace, the nervous system prepares all the body's organs for action. Initially the individual may notice a heightened sense of awareness, increased heart rate, quickened breathing and light sweating. Internally, blood flow is reduced to those organs, such as the gastrointestinal tract and kidneys, that are not essential for movement. At the same time, blood vessels in the

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gen-rich blood flows to those muscles that are working the most.

Once in the muscle cells, oxygen diffuses into cellular structures called mitochondria, which use it to generate energy for the cell. The basic fuel for this process is the sugar molecule glucose, which the body creates through the breakdown of larger food particles and absorbs during the course of digestion. The addition of oxygen to glucose in mitochondria triggers a highly efficient kind of combustion. When oxygen is available, mitochondria can create nearly 20 times more energy per glucose molecule than they can in the absence of oxygen.

The body first burns up glucose molecules that are stored in the form of a compound called alvcogen. found primarily in the liver and muscles. But as exercise continues, the available stock of glycogen is depleted and molecules of triglyceride (which is a kind of fat) become the chief source of fuel. All this internal combustion produces certain by-products, such as lactic acid and carbon dioxide, which seep from the muscles into the bloodstream, where they are sensed by the rest of the body. The increasing concentration of these wastes prompts further biochemical reactions in the brain, lungs and heart that eventually make removal of these compounds more efficient and less tiring.

The benefits of exercise really start to accumulate once physical activity becomes a routine habit. The body adapts to the increasing demands being placed on it, leading to increased stamina as individuals become more fit. For instance, the lungs process more oxygen as each breath becomes deeper and the heart pumps more blood with each beat. These adaptations, which typically begin to show up within a few weeks of meeting or exceeding the federal guidelines on physical activity, also lead to changes in biology that improve long-term health. (...)

SITTING HAZARD

Given the multiple health benefits of moderate exercise, you might expect that everyone is lacing up their walking shoes and heading out the door. But many Americans fail to achieve even the recommended half an hour of moderate activity on five or more days of the week. Only 52 percent of U.S. adults are active enough to meet the aerobic exercise guideline, and 29 percent strengthen their muscles as recommended twice a week for 30 minutes at a time. One in five Americans meets the recommendations for both aerobic and resistance exercise.

The difficulties of changing people's sedentary habits have prompted scientists to investigate whether lighter or shorter bouts of exercise have any health benefits. Positive results, they hope, might motivate even couch potatoes to start moving more than they are used to doing. So far the data suggest that even minimal daily exercise routines can extend people's lives somewhat. A 2012 analysis of the data from six studies, totaling 655,000 adults in the U.S. who were

active muscles open up, ensuring that enough oxy- tracked for about 10 years, found that people who expended as little as 11 minutes per day on leisurely activities (gardening, washing the car, taking an evening stroll) had a 1.8-year longer life expectancy after age 40 compared with their inactive peers. Admittedly, participants who met recommended guidelines for moderate activity were better off: their life expectancy was 3.4 years longer. And those who were active between 60 and 90 minutes each day achieved even greater gains (4.2 years longer life expectancy). Despite the advantages of minimal efforts, a comprehensive look at exercise studies to date shows that most people would benefit from ramping up their activity-for example, adding moderate activity if they are light exercisers or short bursts of vigorous activity if they are moderate exercisers. Perhaps the worst news for today's office-bound knowledge workers is that sitting for more than six hours a day during leisure time may prove harmful even if you also manage a few high-intensity workouts. Still unknown: whether it is something about sitting itself that is a problem or the lack of movement usually associated with it.

← Given the continual and growing 0 Ŏ evidence for the health benefits of

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physical activity, the message is clear. Regular prolonged movement—at whatever intensity level can be safely managed—needs to be built into everyone's daily habits and physical environments. It should become as easy as jumping into a car is now. We strongly recommend that doctors and other health care providers regularly write a prescription for exercise during routine office visits. In addition, we advocate for increased research into the kinds of behavioral programs, public health campaigns and changes in urban design that will facilitate sustained levels of beneficial physical activity in our largely sedentary society.

SOURCE: http://www.nature.com/scientificamerican/journal/v309/ n2/full/scientificamerican0813-74.html

ALL THE SCHOOLS Global University Rankings: Great Responsibility Phil Baty, editor at Times **Higher Education Rankings** 04.10.2012

← Welcome to the Times Higher 288 Education World University Rankings 2012-2013. This is no beauty parade, writes Phil Baty: it is a serious evaluation that echoes in common rooms and the corridors of power.

Global university rankings have become exceptionally powerful. The Times Higher Education World University Rankings are not only informing student and academic decision-making and helping university leaders and investors make strategic decisions: they are also shaping government policy.

WE ARE THE WORLD

For example, they play a part in the allocation of thousands of national scholarships in Brazil and Russia, and are instrumental in determining the international partnerships forged by Indian institutions. Such confidence in the rigour of our research is testament to the hard work that has gone into developing the THE World University Rankings, making them the most comprehensive, sophisticated and balanced global rankings in the world. It also demonstrates the trust that we have earned through our consultative approach, our openness to criticism, and our pioneering partnership with Thomson Reuters, which supplies and analyses the rankings data according to our methodological requirements.

But with power comes responsibility. Since rankings are used for an ever-expanding range of purposes, those who compile them must be frank about their limitations, clear about what they examine and explicit about how they are compiled.

We explain our methodology in detail on pages 34 and 35, but here is a summary:

Our 13 performance indicators cover all the core missions of the modern global university-research, teaching, knowledge transfer and international activity.

As with last year's rankings, this year's tables draw on about 50 million research citations from 6 million journal articles published over five years.

As a result of the extensive normalisation of our indicators to take account of institutional subject mix, the rankings put the arts, humanities and social sciences on an equal footing with science.

Our academic reputation survey, carried out in spring 2012, received responses from 16,639 experienced scholars-meaning that close to 50.000 academics have engaged with the exercise since it began in 2010.

The 2012-2013 rankings-the ninth annual global rankings published by THE—also benefit from methodological stability. The 2010-2011 rankings, the first with data supplied by Thomson Reuters and with a new methodology, changed the game: a dramatically improved ranking system was launched after 10 months of open consultation and expert input from more than 50 leading figures from around the world. The 2011-2012 rankings built on our dramatic innovations and incorporated small but significant methodological refinements to better take into account a university's unique characteristics. This year we employ a methodology identical in every way to that which underpinned last year's tables, permitting clear and fair comparisons to be made.

On that basis, the shuffling of the pack at the top of the table may be first to catch the eye. Harvard University's fall from second to fourth place-by the tiniest of margins—and the University of Oxford's

move into second may grab the lion's share of international attention. And of course, the California Institute of Technology's consolidation as world number one (status it achieved for the first time last year) is something it will surely celebrate.

But it is the bigger picture—the deeper analysis that serious rankings can offer-that is more interesting once the initial excitement of the race for the top dies down. It is in exploring this (pages 6-8) that we see further evidence of what has long been predicted: the rise of Asia.

These 2012-2013 World University Rankings provide hard evidence that heavy support for universities in the Asia-Pacific region is paying off-top institutions in China, Taiwan, the Republic of Korea and most notably Singapore are on the up. Make no mistake, the traditional elite are under threat.

The lessons are underlined by an analysis by Dirk Van Damme, head of the Innovation and Measuring Progress Division, Directorate for Education at the Organisation for Economic Cooperation and Development (pages 28-29). Van Damme highlights potential complacency among those at the top of the tables, with the traditional elite seemingly less effective at turning their great wealth and sterling reputations into research impact.

He also highlights a remarkable cumulative decline for the US as a whole and identifies an exciting "subtop" group of universities, harrying members of the old guard and preparing to steal their crowns.

The world of higher education is changing, and the rankings help us to make sense of what is happening. These rankings were conceived to be much more than an annual beauty parade or marketing gimmick for university recruitment offices. We are delighted to continue to deliver what we promised we would. SOURCE: www.timeshighereducation.co.uk/

world-university-rankings/2012-13/world-ranking/analysis/ global-university-rankings

THE EMPIRE Empire Antonio Negri and Michael Hardt 2000

PREFACE

Empire is materializing before our very eyes. Over the past several decades, as colonial regimes were overthrown and then precipitously after the Soviet barriers to the capitalist world market finally collapsed, we have witnessed an irresistible and irreversible globalization of economic and cultural exchanges. Along with the global market and global

circuits of production has emerged a global order, a new logic and structure of rule-in short, a new form of sovereignty. Empire is the political subject that effectively regulates these global exchanges. the sovereign power that governs the world.

Many argue that the globalization of capitalist pro- Empire establishes no territorial center of power and duction and exchange means that economic relations have become more autonomous from political controls, and consequently that political sovereignty has declined. Some celebrate this new era as the liberation of the capitalist economy from the restrictions and distortions that political forces have imposed on it: others lament it as the closing of the institutional channels through which workers and citizens can influence or contest the cold logic of capitalist profit. It is certainly true that, in step with the processes of globalization, the sovereignty of nation-states, while still effective, has progressively declined. The primary factors of production and exchange-money, technology, people, and goods-move with increasing ease across national boundaries; hence the nation-state has less and less power to regulate these flows and impose its authority over the economy. Even the most dominant nation-states should no longer be thought of as supreme and sovereign authorities, either outside or even within their own borders. The decline in sovereignty of nation states, however, does not mean that sovereignty as such has declined.¹

Throughout the contemporary transformations, political controls, state functions, and regulatory mechanisms have continued to rule the realm of economic and social production and exchange. Our basic hypothesis is that sovereignty has taken a new form, composed of a series of national and supranational organisms united under a single logic of rule. This new global form of sovereignty is what we call Empire.

The declining sovereignty of nation-states and their increasing inability to regulate economic and cultural exchanges is in fact one of the primary symptoms of the coming of Empire. The sovereignty of the nation-state was the cornerstone of the imperialisms that European powers constructed throughout the modern era. By "Empire," however, we understand something altogether different from "imperialism." The boundaries defined by the modern system of nation-states were fundamental to European colonialism and economic expansion: the territorial boundaries of the nation delimited the center of power from which rule was exerted over external foreign territories through a system of channels and barriers that alternately facilitated and obstructed the flows of production and circulation. Imperialism was really an extension of the sovereignty of the European nationstates beyond their own boundaries. Eventually nearly all the world's territories could be parceled out and the entire world map could be coded in European colors: red for British territory, blue for French, green for Portuguese, and so forth. Wherever modern sovereignty took root, it constructed a Leviathan that overarched its social domain and imposed hierarchical territorial boundaries, both to The United States does indeed occupy a privileged

police the purity of its own identity and to exclude all that was other.

289 ← The passage to Empire emerges from the twilight of modern sovereignty. In contrast to imperialism,

does not rely on fixed boundaries or barriers. It is a decentered and deterritorializing apparatus of rule that progressively incorporates the entire global realm within its open, expanding frontiers. Empire manages hybrid identities, flexible hierarchies, and plural exchanges through modulating networks of command. The distinct national colors of the imperialist map of the world have merged and blended in the imperial global rainbow.

The transformation of the modern imperialist geography of the globe and the realization of the world market signal a passage within the capitalist mode of production. Most significant, the spatial divisions of the three Worlds (First, Second, and Third) have been scrambled so that we continually find the First World in the Third, the Third in the First, and the Second almost nowhere at all. Capital seems to be faced with a smooth world-or really, a world defined by new and complex regimes of differentiation and homogenization, deterritorialization and reterritorialization. The construction of the paths and limits of these new global flows has been accompanied by a transformation of the dominant productive processes themselves, with the result that the role of industrial factory labor has been reduced and priority given instead to communicative, cooperative, and affective labor. In the postmodernization of the global economy, the creation of wealth tends ever more toward what we will call biopolitical production, the production of social life itself, in which the economic, the political, and the cultural increasingly overlap and invest one another.

Many locate the ultimate authority that rules over the processes of globalization and the new world order in the United States. Proponents praise the United States as the world leader and sole superpower, and detractors denounce it as an imperialist oppressor. Both these views rest on the assumption that the United States has simply donned the mantle of global power that the European nations have now let fall. If the nineteenth century was a British century, then the twentieth century has been an American century; or really, if modernity was European, then postmodernity is American. The most damning charge critics can level, then, is that the United States is repeating the practices of old European imperialists, while proponents celebrate the United States as a more efficient and more benevolent world leader, getting right what the Europeans got wrong. Our basic hypothesis, however, that a new imperial form of sovereignty has emerged, contradicts both these views. The United States does not, and indeed no nation-state can today, form the center of an imperialist project. Imperialism is over. No nation will be world leader in the way modern European nations were.

position in Empire, but this privilege derives not from its similarities to the old European imperialist powers, but from its differences. These differences can be recognized most clearly by focusing on the properly imperial (not imperialist) foundations of the United States constitution, whereby "constitution" we mean both the formal constitution, the written document along with its various amendments and legal apparatuses, and the material constitution, that is, the continuous formation and re-formation of the composition of social forces. Thomas Jefferson, the authors of the Federalist, and the other ideological founders of the United States were all inspired by the ancient imperial model; they believed they were creating on the other side of the Atlantic a new Empire with open, expanding frontiers, where power would be effectively distributed in networks. This imperial idea has survived and matured throughout the history of the United States constitution and has emerged now on a global scale in its fully realized form.

We should emphasize that we use "Empire" here not as a metaphor, which would require demonstration of the resemblances between today's world order and the Empires of Rome, China, the Americas, and so forth, but rather as a concept, which calls primarily for a theoretical approach.² The concept of Empire is characterized fundamentally by a lack of boundaries: Empire's rule has no limits. First and foremost, then, the concept of Empire posits a regime that effectively encompasses the spatial totality, or really that rules over the entire "civilized" world. No territorial boundaries limit its reign. Second, the concept of Empire presents itself not as a historical regime originating in conquest, but rather as an order that effectively suspends history and thereby fixes the existing state of affairs for eternity. From the perspective of Empire, this is the way things will always be and the way they were always meant to be. In other words, Empire presents its rule not as a transitory moment in the movement of history, but as a regime with no temporal boundaries and in this sense outside of history or at the end of history. Third, the rule of Empire operates on all registers of the social order extending down to the depths of the social world. Empire not only manages a territory and a population but also creates the very world it inhabits. It not only regulates human interactions but also seeks directly to rule over human nature. The object of its rule is social life in its entirety, and thus Empire presents the paradigmatic form of biopower. Finally, although the practice of Empire is continually bathed in blood, the concept of Empire is always dedicated to peace—a perpetual and universal peace outside of history.

The Empire we are faced with wields enormous powers of oppression and destruction, but that fact should not make us nostalgic in any way for the old forms of domination. The passage to Empire and its processes of globalization offer new possibilities to the forces of liberation. Globalization, of course, is not one thing, and the multiple processes that we recognize as globalization are not unified or univocal.

Our political task, we will argue, is not simply to resist these processes but to reorganize them and redirect them toward new ends. The creative forces of the multitude that sustain Empire are also capable of autonomously constructing a counter-Empire, an alternative political organization of global flows and exchanges. The struggles to contest and subvert Empire. as well as those to construct a real alternative, will thus take place on the imperial terrain itself-indeed, such new struggles have already begun to emerge. Through these struggles and many more like them, the multitude will have to invent new democratic forms and a new constituent power that will one day take us through and beyond Empire.

The genealogy we follow in our analysis of the passage from imperialism to Empire will be first European and then Euro-American, not because we believe that these regions are the exclusive or privileged source of new ideas and historical innovation, but simply because this was the dominant geographical path along which the concepts and practices that animate today's Empire developed-in step, as we will argue, with the development of the capitalist mode of production.³ Whereas the genealogy of Empire is in this sense Eurocentric, however, its present powers are not limited to any region. Logics of rule that in some sense originated in Europe and the United States now invest practices of domination throughout the globe. More important, the forces that contest Empire and effectively prefigure an alternative global society are themselves not limited to any geographical region. The geography of these alternative powers, the new cartography, is still waiting to be written-or really, it is being written today through the resistances, struggles, and desires of the multitude.

In writing this book we have tried to the best of our abilities to employ a broadly interdisciplinary approach.⁴ Our argument aims to be equally philosophical and historical, cultural and economic, political and anthropological. In part, our object of study demands this broad interdisciplinarity, since in Empire the boundaries that might previously have justified narrow disciplinary approaches are increasingly breaking down. In the imperial world the economist, for example, needs a basic knowledge of cultural production to understand the economy, and likewise the cultural critic needs a basic knowledge of economic processes to understand culture. That is a reguirement that our project demands. What we hope to have contributed in this book is a general theoretical framework and a toolbox of concepts for theorizing and acting in and against Empire.⁵

Like most large books, this one can be read in many different ways: front to back, back to front, in pieces, in a hopscotch pattern, or through correspondences. The sections of Part 1 introduce the general problematic of Empire. In the central portion of the book, Parts 2 and 3, we tell the story of the passage from modernity to postmodernity, or really from imperialism to Empire. Part 2 narrates the passage primarily from the standpoint of the history of ideas and culture from the early modern period to the present. The red thread that runs throughout this part is the genealogy of the concept of sovereignty. Part 3 narrates the same passage from the standpoint of production, whereby production is under- SOURCE: Empire stood in a very broad sense, ranging from economic production to the production of subjectivity. This narrative spans a shorter period and focuses primarily on the transformations of capitalist production from the late nineteenth century to the present. The internal structures of Parts 2 and 3 thus correspond: the first sections of each treat the modern, imperialist phase: the middle sections deal with the mechanisms of passage; and the final sections analyze our postmodern, imperial world.

We structured the book this way in order to emphasize the importance of the shift from the realm of ideas to that of production. The Intermezzo between Parts 2 and 3 functions as a hinge that articulates the movement from one standpoint to the other. We intend this shift of standpoint to function something like the moment in Capital when Marx invites us to leave the noisy sphere of exchange and descend into the hidden abode of production. The realm of production is where social inequalities are clearly revealed and, moreover, where the most effective resistances and alternatives to the power of Empire arise. In Part 4 we thus try to identify these alternatives that today are tracing the lines of a movement beyond Empire. This book was begun well after the end of the Persian Gulf War and completed well before the beginning of the war in Kosovo. The reader should thus situate the argument at the midpoint between those two signal events in the construction of Empire.

NOTES

- 1. On the declining sovereignty of nation-states and the transformation of sovereignty in the contemporary global system, see Saskia Sassen, Losing Control? Sovereignty in an Age of Globalization (New York: Columbia University Press, 1996).
- 2 On the concept of Empire, see Maurice Duverger, "Le concept d'empire," in Maurice Duverger, ed., Le concept d'empire (Paris: PUF, 1980), pp. 5–23. Duverger divides the historical examples into two primary models, with the Roman Empire on one side and the Chinese, Arab, Mesoamerican, and other Empires on the other. Our analyses pertain primarily to the Roman side because this is the model that has animated the Euro-American tradition that has led to the contemporary world order
- "Modernity is not a phenomenon of Europe as an independent 3 system, but of Europe as center." Enrique Dussel, "Beyond Eurocentrism: The World System and the Limits of Modernity, ' in Fredric Jameson and Masao Miyoshi, eds., The Cultures of Globalization (Durham: Duke University Press, 1998), pp. 3-31; quotation p. 4
- 4 Two interdisciplinary texts served as models for us throughout the writing of this book: Marx's Capital and Deleuze and Guattari's A Thousand Plateaus.
- Ours is certainly not the only work that prepares the terrain for the analysis and critique of Empire. Although they do not use the term "Empire," we see the work of numerous authors

oriented in this direction: they include Fredric Jameson. David Harvey, Arjun Appadurai, Gayatri Spivak, Edward Said, Giovanni Arrighi, and Arif Dirlik, to name only some of the best known

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ALL THE CATASTROPHES Al Gore Delivering His Nobel Lecture in the Oslo City Hall Al Gore 10.12.2007

Your Majesties, Your Royal Highnesses, Honorable members of the Norwegian Nobel Committee. Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen.

I have a purpose here today. It is a purpose I have tried to serve for many years. I have prayed that God would show me a way to accomplish it.

Sometimes, without warning, the future knocks on our door with a precious and painful vision of what might be. One hundred and nineteen years ago, a wealthy inventor read his own obituary, mistakenly published

years before his death. Wrongly believing the inventor had just died, a newspaper printed a harsh judgment of his life's work, unfairly labeling him "The Merchant of Death" because of his invention-dynamite. Shaken by this condemnation, the inventor made a fateful choice to serve the cause of peace.

Seven years later. Alfred Nobel created this prize and the others that bear his name.

Seven years ago tomorrow, I read my own political obituary in a judgment that seemed to me harsh and mistaken-if not premature. But that unwelcome verdict also brought a precious if painful gift: an opportunity to search for fresh new ways to serve my purpose. Unexpectedly, that quest has brought me here. Even though I fear my words cannot match this moment, I pray what I am feeling in my heart will be communicated clearly enough that those who hear me will say, "We must act."

The distinguished scientists with whom it is the greatest honor of my life to share this award have laid before us a choice between two different futures-a choice that to my ears echoes the words of an ancient prophet: "Life or death, blessings or curses. Therefore, choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live."

We, the human species, are confronting a planetary emergency-a threat to the survival of our civilization that is gathering ominous and destructive potential even as we gather here. But there is hopeful news as well: we have the ability to solve this crisis and avoid the worst-though not all-of its consequences, if we act boldly, decisively and quickly.

However, despite a growing number of honorable exceptions, too many of the world's leaders are still best described in the words Winston Churchill applied to those who ignored Adolf Hitler's threat: "They go on in strange paradox, decided only to be undecided, resolved to be irresolute, adamant for drift, solid for fluidity, all powerful to be impotent."

So today, we dumped another 70 million tons of global-warming pollution into the thin shell of atmosphere surrounding our planet, as if it were an open sewer. And tomorrow, we will dump a slightly larger amount, with the cumulative concentrations now trapping more and more heat from the sun.

As a result, the earth has a fever. And the fever is rising. The experts have told us it is not a passing affliction that will heal by itself. We asked for a second opinion. And a third. And a fourth. And the consistent conclusion, restated with increasing alarm, is that something basic is wrong.

We are what is wrong, and we must make it right. Last September 21, as the Northern Hemisphere tilted away from the sun, scientists reported with unprecedented distress that the North Polar ice cap is "falling off a cliff." One study estimated that it could be completely gone during summer in less than 22 years. Another new study, to be presented by U.S. Navy researchers later this week, warns it could happen in as little as 7 years.

Seven years from now.

In the last few months, it has been harder and harder to misinterpret the signs that our world is spinning

out of kilter. Major cities in North and South America. Asia and Australia are nearly out of water due to massive droughts and melting glaciers. Desperate farmers are losing their livelihoods. Peoples in the frozen Arctic and on low-lying Pacific islands are planning evacuations of places they have long called home. Unprecedented wildfires have forced a half million people from their homes in one country and caused a national emergency that almost brought down the government in another. Climate refugees have migrated into areas already inhabited by people with different cultures, religions, and traditions, increasing the potential for conflict. Stronger storms in the Pacific and Atlantic have threatened whole cities. Millions have been displaced by massive flooding in South Asia. Mexico. and 18 countries in Africa. As temperature extremes have increased, tens of thousands have lost their lives. We are recklessly burning and clearing our forests and driving more and more species into extinction. The very web of life on which we depend is being ripped and frayed. We never intended to cause all this destruction, just as Alfred Nobel never intended that dynamite be used for waging war. He had hoped his invention would promote human progress. We shared that same worthy goal when we began burning massive quantities of coal, then oil and methane.

Even in Nobel's time, there were a few warnings of the likely consequences. One of the very first winners of the Prize in chemistry worried that, "We are evaporating our coal mines into the air." After performing 10,000 equations by hand, Svante Arrhenius calculated that the earth's average temperature would increase by many degrees if we doubled the amount of CO_2 in the atmosphere.

Seventy years later, my teacher, Roger Revelle, and his colleague, Dave Keeling, began to precisely document the increasing CO₂ levels day by day.

But unlike most other forms of pollution, CO_2 is invisible, tasteless, and odorless—which has helped keep the truth about what it is doing to our climate out of sight and out of mind. Moreover, the catastrophe now threatening us is unprecedented—and we often confuse the unprecedented with the improbable.

We also find it hard to imagine making the massive changes that are now necessary to solve the crisis. And when large truths are genuinely inconvenient, whole societies can, at least for a time, ignore them. Yet as George Orwell reminds us: "Sooner or later a false belief bumps up against solid reality, usually on a battlefield."

In the years since this prize was first awarded, the entire relationship between humankind and the earth has been radically transformed. And still, we have remained largely oblivious to the impact of our cumulative actions.

Indeed, without realizing it, we have begun to wage war on the earth itself. Now, we and the earth's climate are locked in a relationship familiar to war planners: "Mutually assured destruction."

More than two decades ago, scientists calculated that nuclear war could throw so much debris and

smoke into the air that it would block life-giving sunlight from our atmosphere, causing a "nuclear winter." Their eloquent warnings here in Oslo helped galvanize the world's resolve to halt the nuclear arms race. Now science is warning us that if we do not quickly reduce the global warming pollution that is trapping so much of the heat our planet normally radiates back out of the atmosphere, we are in danger of creating a permanent "carbon summer."

As the American poet Robert Frost wrote, "Some say the world will end in fire; some say in ice." Either, he notes, "would suffice."

But neither need be our fate. It is time to make peace with the planet.

We must quickly mobilize our civilization with the urgency and resolve that has previously been seen only when nations mobilized for war. These prior struggles for survival were won when leaders found words at the 11th hour that released a mighty surge of courage, hope and readiness to sacrifice for a protracted and mortal challenge.

These were not comforting and misleading assurances that the threat was not real or imminent; that it would affect others but not ourselves; that ordinary life might be lived even in the presence of extraordinary threat; that Providence could be trusted to do for us what we would not do for ourselves.

No, these were calls to come to the defense of the common future. They were calls upon the courage, generosity and strength of entire peoples, citizens of every class and condition who were ready to stand against the threat once asked to do so. Our enemies in those times calculated that free people would not rise to the challenge; they were, of course, catastrophically wrong.

O ← Now comes the threat of climate crisis—a threat that is real, rising, imminent, and universal. Once again,

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it is the 11th hour. The penalties for ignoring this challenge are immense and growing, and at some near point would be unsustainable and unrecoverable. For now we still have the power to choose our fate, and the remaining question is only this: Have we the will to act vigorously and in time, or will we remain imprisoned by a dangerous illusion?

Mahatma Gandhi awakened the largest democracy on earth and forged a shared resolve with what he called "Satyagraha"—or "truth force."

In every land, the truth—once known—has the power to set us free.

Truth also has the power to unite us and bridge the distance between "me" and "we," creating the basis for common effort and shared responsibility.

There is an African proverb that says, "If you want to go quickly, go alone. If you want to go far, go together." We need to go far, quickly.

We must abandon the conceit that individual, isolated, private actions are the answer. They can and do help. But they will not take us far enough without collective action. At the same time, we must ensure that in mobilizing globally, we do not invite the establishment of ideological conformity and a new lock-step "ism." That means adopting principles, values, laws, and treaties that release creativity and initiative at every level of society in multifold responses originating concurrently and spontaneously.

This new consciousness requires expanding the possibilities inherent in all humanity. The innovators who will devise a new way to harness the sun's energy for pennies or invent an engine that's carbon negative may live in Lagos or Mumbai or Montevideo. We must ensure that entrepreneurs and inventors everywhere on the globe have the chance to change the world.

When we unite for a moral purpose that is manifestly good and true, the spiritual energy unleashed can transform us. The generation that defeated fascism throughout the world in the 1940s found, in rising to meet their awesome challenge, that they had gained the moral authority and long-term vision to launch the Marshall Plan, the United Nations, and a new level of global cooperation and foresight that unified Europe and facilitated the emergence of democracy and prosperity in Germany, Japan, Italy and much of the world. One of their visionary leaders said, "It is time we steered by the stars and not by the lights of every passing ship."

In the last year of that war, you gave the Peace Prize to a man from my hometown of 2000 people, Carthage, Tennessee. Cordell Hull was described by Franklin Roosevelt as the "Father of the United Nations." He was an inspiration and hero to my own father, who followed Hull in the Congress and the U.S. Senate and in his commitment to world peace and global cooperation. My parents spoke often of Hull, always in tones of reverence and admiration. Eight weeks ago, when you announced this prize, the deepest emotion I felt was when I saw the headline in my hometown paper that simply noted I had won the same prize that Cordell Hull had won. In that moment, I knew what my father and mother would have felt were they alive. Just as Hull's generation found moral authority in rising to solve the world crisis caused by fascism, so too can we find our greatest opportunity in rising to solve the climate crisis. In the Kanji characters used in both Chinese and Japanese, "crisis" is written with two symbols, the first meaning "danger," the second "opportunity." By facing and removing the danger of the climate crisis, we have the opportunity to gain the moral authority and vision to vastly increase our own capacity to solve other crises that have been too long ignored.

We must understand the connections between the climate crisis and the afflictions of poverty, hunger, HIV-Aids and other pandemics. As these problems are linked, so too must be their solutions. We must begin by making the common rescue of the global environment the central organizing principle of the world community.

Fifteen years ago, I made that case at the "Earth Summit" in Rio de Janeiro. Ten years ago, I presented it in Kyoto. This week, I will urge the delegates in Bali to adopt a bold mandate for a treaty that establishes a universal global cap on emissions and uses the market in emissions trading to efficiently allocate

resources to the most effective opportunities for speedy reductions.

This treaty should be ratified and brought into effect everywhere in the world by the beginning of 2010 two years sooner than presently contemplated. The pace of our response must be accelerated to match the accelerating pace of the crisis itself.

Heads of state should meet early next year to review what was accomplished in Bali and take personal responsibility for addressing this crisis. It is not unreasonable to ask, given the gravity of our circumstances, that these heads of state meet every three months until the treaty is completed.

We also need a moratorium on the construction of any new generating facility that burns coal without the capacity to safely trap and store carbon dioxide. And most important of all, we need to put a price on carbon—with a CO_2 tax that is then rebated back to the people, progressively, according to the laws of each nation, in ways that shift the burden of taxation from employment to pollution. This is by far the most effective and simplest way to accelerate solutions to this crisis.

The world needs an alliance—especially of those nations that weigh heaviest in the scales where earth is in the balance. I salute Europe and Japan for the steps they've taken in recent years to meet the challenge, and the new government in Australia, which has made solving the climate crisis its first priority.

But the outcome will be decisively influenced by two nations that are now failing to do enough: the United States and China. While India is also growing fast in importance, it should be absolutely clear that it is the two largest CO_2 emitters—most of all, my own country—that will need to make the boldest moves, or stand accountable before history for their failure to act.

Both countries should stop using the other's behavior as an excuse for stalemate and instead develop an agenda for mutual survival in a shared global environment.

These are the last few years of decision, but they can be the first years of a bright and hopeful future if we do what we must. No one should believe a solution will be found without effort, without cost, without change. Let us acknowledge that if we wish to redeem squandered time and speak again with moral authority, then these are the hard truths:

The way ahead is difficult. The outer boundary of what we currently believe is feasible is still far short of what we actually must do. Moreover, between here and there, across the unknown, falls the shadow. That is just another way of saying that we have to expand the boundaries of what is possible. In the words of the Spanish poet, Antonio Machado, "Pathwalker, there is no path. You must make the path as you walk." We are standing at the most fateful fork in that path. So I want to end as I began, with a vision of two futures—each a palpable possibility—and with a prayer that we will see with vivid clarity the necessity of choosing between those two futures, and the urgency of making the right choice now.

The great Norwegian playwright, Henrik Ibsen, wrote, "One of these days, the younger generation will come knocking at my door." while working at the agency as a systems analyst. The documents, some of which have been published in The Post and Britain's Guardian newspaper, de-

The future is knocking at our door right now. Make no mistake, the next generation will ask us one of two questions. Either they will ask: "What were you thinking; why didn't you act? "

Or they will ask instead: "How did you find the moral courage to rise and successfully resolve a crisis that so many said was impossible to solve?"

We have everything we need to get started, save perhaps political will, but political will is a renewable resource.

So let us renew it, and say together: "We have a purpose. We are many. For this purpose we will rise, and we will act."

SOURCE: http://www.nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/peace/ laureates/2007/gore-lecture_en.html

ALL THE CRIMINALS U.S. Charges Snowden with Espionage Peter Finn and Sari Horwitz 21.06.2013

292 ← Federal prosecutors have filed a criminal complaint against Edward Snowden, the former National Security Agency contractor who leaked a trove of documents about top-secret surveillance programs,

documents about top-secret surveillance programs, and the United States has asked Hong Kong to detain him on a provisional arrest warrant, according to U.S. officials.

Snowden was charged with theft, "unauthorized communication of national defense information" and "willful communication of classified communications intelligence information to an unauthorized person," according to the complaint. The last two charges were brought under the 1917 Espionage Act. The complaint, which initially was sealed, was filed in the Eastern District of Virginia, a jurisdiction where Snowden's former employer, Booz Allen Hamilton, is headquartered and a district with a long track record of prosecuting cases with national security implications. After The Washington Post reported the charges, senior administration officials said late Friday that the Justice Department was barraged with calls from lawmakers and reporters and decided to unseal the criminal complaint.

A Justice Department spokeswoman declined to comment.

Snowden flew to Hong Kong last month after leaving his job at an NSA facility in Hawaii with a collection of highly classified documents that he acquired

while working at the agency as a systems analyst. The documents, some of which have been published in The Post and Britain's Guardian newspaper, detailed some of the most-secret surveillance operations undertaken by the United States and Britain, as well as classified legal memos and court orders underpinning the programs in the United States.

The 30-year-old intelligence analyst revealed himself June 9 as the leaker in an interview with The Guardian and said he went to Hong Kong because it provided the "cultural and legal framework to allow me to work without being immediately detained."

Snowden subsequently disappeared from public view; it is thought that he is still in the Chinese territory. Hong Kong has its own legislative and legal systems but ultimately answers to Beijing, under the "one country, two systems" arrangement.

The leaks have sparked national and international debates about the secret powers of the NSA to infringe on the privacy of Americans and foreigners. Officials from President Obama on down have said they welcome the opportunity to explain the importance of the programs and the safeguards they say are built into them. Skeptics, including some in Congress, have said the NSA has assumed the power to soak up data about Americans that was never intended under the law.

There was never any doubt that the Justice Department would seek to prosecute Snowden for one of the most significant national security leaks in the country's history. The Obama administration has shown a particular propensity to go after leakers and has launched more investigations than any previous administration. This White House is responsible for bringing six of the nine total indictments ever brought under the 1917 Espionage Act. Snowden will be the seventh individual when he is formally indicted.

Justice Department officials had already said that a criminal investigation of Snowden was underway and was being run out of the FBI's Washington field office in conjunction with lawyers from the department's National Security Division.

By filing a criminal complaint, prosecutors have a legal basis to make the detention request of the authorities in Hong Kong. Prosecutors now have 60 days to file an indictment, probably under seal, and can then move to have Snowden extradited from Hong Kong for trial in the United States.

Snowden, however, can fight the extradition effort in the courts in Hong Kong. Any battle is likely to reach Hong Kong's highest court and could last many months, lawyers in the United States and Hong Kong said.

The United States has an extradition treaty with Hong Kong, and U.S. officials said cooperation with the Chinese territory, which enjoys some autonomy from Beijing, has been good in previous cases.

The treaty, however, has an exception for political offenses, and espionage has traditionally been treated as a political offense. Snowden's defense team in Hong Kong is likely to invoke part of the extradition treaty with the United States, which states that suspects will not be turned over to face criminal trial for offenses of a "political character."

Typically in such cases, Hong Kong's chief executive must first decide whether to issue a warrant for the accused's arrest. But the extradition treaty also says that in exceptional cases a provisional warrant can be issued by a Hong Kong judge without the chief executive's approval. The judge must give the chief executive notice, however, that he has issued the warrant. A spokesperson at the office of Hong Kong chief executive Leung Chun-Ying said there was no information on Snowden's case. The police department did not respond to calls or e-mails. At the police station for Central District in Hong Kong Island, police officers on duty said they had not heard anything about Snowden. If Snowden is arrested, he would appear before a judge. Bail would be unlikely and, instead, Snowden would be sent to the Lai Chi Kok maximum-security facility in Kowloon, a short drive from the high-end Mira Hotel, where he is last known to have stayed in Hong Kong.

Snowden could also remain in Hong Kong if the Chinese government decides that it is not in the defense or foreign policy interests of the government in Beijing to have him sent back to the United States for trial. Another option would be for Snowden to apply for asylum with the United Nations High Commission for Refugees, which handles most asylum requests in Hong Kong. The UNHCR was closed Saturday morning and did not immediately respond to requests for comment via e-mail and phone. The asylum application process can take months or even years because Hong Kong has a severe backlog. The Hong Kong government cannot formally surrender individuals until their asylum applications have been processed. Snowden also could attempt to reach another jurisdiction and seek asylum there before the authorities in Hong Kong act.

Jia Lynn Yang in Hong Kong contributed to this report. SOURCE: http://www.washingtonpost.com/world/national-security/ us-charges-snowden-with-espionage/2013/06/21/507497d8-dab1-11e2-a016-92547bf094cc_story.html

ALL THE FOREIGNERS A Land of Money and Fear: The Swiss Vote Against 'Mass Migration' David Nauer 10.02.2014

Switzerland's economic success is enviable, yet its people fear decline. On Sunday, voters approved a plan to reintroduce immigration quotas. The move is

likely to create significant problems for the country's relations with the EU—and could be expensive. When a country is doing well, you can usually see it. Take Zurich, Switzerland, for example. The city has changed so much in just a few years that parts of it are almost unrecognizable. Entire new districts have sprung up with chic apartments. Office towers have shot up. Shops, restaurants and bars are full, despite the fact that a beer can be a bit steep at a price of six francs, or five euros. The people have money.

293 ← Experts are united in their opinion that this prosperity is the product of Switzerland's networked economy.

The country has profited enormously from open borders and from an influx of qualified foreign workers. Indeed, the European Union is its largest trading partner. Despite this, a razor-thin majority of Swiss voted in favor on Sunday of an initiative to reintroduce restrictions to the number of foreigners allowed to live and work in the country. Some 50.3 percent of eligible Swiss voters cast ballots in favor of the initiative introduced by the right-leaning, nationalist Swiss People's Party—rejecting immigration policies of recent years that have been highly successful.

A CONTRADICTORY SELF-IMAGE

How is this possible? One important reason is the contradictory self-image of the Swiss. Switzerland views itself as a nation forged by the will of the people—a community that decided to come together and create a state. The truth is precisely the opposite—the Swiss state wasn't forged by will. Switzerland's regions haven't come together because it is their inner-most wish to do so. The reasoning is more profane. The German-language areas don't want to belong to Germany, the Suisse romande don't want to become part of Italy. Instead, they are Swiss.

But an identity built on the rejection of an alternative has its weaknesses. Ever since the charisma associated with William Tell and the Old Swiss Confederacy faded, the mythological underpinnings of oft-evoked Swiss exceptionalism have vanished. The only thing remaining to substitute for a national identify is prosperity. Being richer than those surrounding you—it's still something.

But there's a flipside: Those who have a lot also have a lot to lose. And the prospect of having to share the francs that have piled up with immigrants can quickly spiral into existential angst. To exaggerate just a little: There wouldn't be much left in being Swiss if the country's standard of living were to regress to that of the Germans or, God forbid, the French or the Italians.

BOAT IS FULL SLOGANS

Of course, no one would dare to say that openly. Instead they use what they allege to be rational arguments, like trains that are too full, urban sprawl or congested motorways. Even liberal voters are susceptible to these kinds of the-boat-is-full slogans. The Swiss have even come up with their own politically

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correct term for the apparent woes caused by mass migration: Dichtestress, or "crowding stress"—a term used in biology to describe the stress effects on animals of overcrowding. What the Swiss really mean is that they are afraid of change.

Ironically, the rural areas where many of the "yes" votes on the SVP initiative originated—particularly in the German-speaking part of the country—are the least affected by immigration. Residents of the large cities, by contrast, where local trains and trams might actually get a little full sometimes, largley rejected the initiative.

So what happens next? The so-called bilateral path, the country's carefully worked out relationship with the EU, which Switzerland has never sought to join, seems to have reached a preliminary end. The government in Bern will now have to attempt to renegotiate its treaty with the EU on the freedom of movement.

THE END OF FREE MOVEMENT?

It's not as if the borders will suddenly become impermeable. German doctors, Portuguese construction workers and Italian waiters won't be forced to leave tomorrow.

But the country does plan to reintroduce quotas on the number of immigrants that can come to the country. Under the referendum, the government now has three years to implement the provisions. It is unlikely that officials in Brussels will be prepared to offer the Swiss much by way of concessions. The EU has enough of its own problems at the moment and is likely to be even less inclined to fulfill the special wishes of this island of prosperity at its center. If the freedom of movement treaty is allowed to lapse, then other agreements between Switzerland and the EU will also have to be phased out because of their legal interconnectedness. Switzerland's membership in the Schengen area of border-free travel could also hang in the balance. Air traffic, agriculture, research and the energy industry could become the first sectors to suffer under the new isolation. It would also slam the brakes on many companies because it would limit their ability to find qualified foreign employees. It's bizarre: The Swiss are reestablishing their borders out of fear of economic decline. But it may come at a very high price. Meanwhile, the immigration debate in Switzerland will continue, with a new, more radical initiative in the pipelines to wall the country off from the rest of the world. A group of environmental activists and growth critics want to limit immigration in Switzerland to 0.2 percent of the population each year. They hope to put the plan before voters next year. And although it is possible that the Swiss will come to realize by then that they are a part of Europe, it isn't verv likelv.

SOURCE: http://www.spiegel.de/international/europe/ analysis-of-swiss-vote-against-mass-migration-a-952531.html

ALL THE INTELLECTUALS One World Speech Delivered at the Carnegie Council Peter Singer 2003

If we agree with the notion of a global community, then we must extend our concepts of justice, fairness, and equity beyond national borders by supporting measures to decrease global warming and to increase foreign aid, argues Peter Singer.

INTRODUCTION

Joanne Myers: On behalf of the Carnegie Council I would like to thank you for joining us this morning as we welcome our guest, Peter Singer, author of *One World: The Ethics of Globalization.*

The world has been utterly transformed in recent years by a phenomenon affecting us all, what we call globalization. Although there was a time when it was possible for citizens of one country to think of themselves as owing no obligation to the people of other nations, admittedly that was long ago. Today national borders have less meaning as issues of trade, environment, and health, along with incredible technological advances of the last century, have left us with a legacy of connectedness we cannot ignore.

Globalization has changed the way societies work and the way individuals think and interact with one another. In such a world, what do we ethically and morally owe our fellow human beings? This question lies at the heart of Professor Singer's book.

As globalization moves forward, he asks: What ethics should govern the ethics of nations and of individuals? This question poses an enormous challenge, but it is one that Professor Singer will help us to address as he lays out the ethical problems we face and the politically difficult but morally compelling path we must opt for. Professor Singer is best known in the area of applied ethics, starting with his best-selling *Animal Liberation*. His work is often marked by a strong commitment to utilitarianism and by a wish to displace the morality of what he has referred to as the Judeo-Christian inheritance.

He has been described as intellectually astute, morally serious, and a person who is able to examine important questions with integrity, rigor, and originality. His strength lies in his ability to follow difficult paths further than other scholars care to do, which has led some to challenge his positions.

As The New Yorker once wrote, "Peter Singer may be the most controversial philosopher alive, but he is also among the most influential."

Despite the debate over some of his views, there can be no dispute about his credentials and his preeminence in the field of bioethics. He was educated at the University of Melbourne and then at Oxford. In 1977 he returned to Monash University in Melbourne where he founded the Center for Human Bioethics. Professor Singer was the founding president of the International Association of Bioethics and founding co-editor of its official journal.

In 1994 he won the National Book Council of Australia's prize for the best nonfiction book published in Australia. This was for his work *Rethinking of Life and Death*. His books, which are several, also include *Democracy and Disobedienceand and Practical Ethics*. All are written with his trademark clarity and originality. They have been translated into over fifteen languages and are widely taught in ethics classes throughout Europe and the United States. In 1998 he was appointed the Ira W. Decamp Professor of Bioethics at the University Center for Human Values at Princeton.

Professor Singer, the Carnegie Council has always been a forum for the consideration of ethics and new ideas, even if at times some of these ideas make us uncomfortable. I invite you to challenge us in a healthy and invigorating debate to ensure that the threats of today will not destroy our hopes for tomorrow. Thank you for joining us.

REMARKS

Peter Singer: Looking through the list, I notice that many of you are very hands-on in matters relating to globalization and international affairs. So I will begin by explaining my approach in the book, and how I see my role in the debate, before going on to talk about the specific themes and issues.

My background is as a philosopher with a specialization in applied or practical ethics. So if I come to the questions raised by globalization, my approach is to ask: What sort of ethical stance should we take to these issues? What stance can be better defended or justified regarding these issues than others?

You may see what I am doing as skating over the surface and somehow not having a real connection with what actually goes on in the real world where political leaders are making tough decisions.

There are conflicting forces that are involved in an interplay of politics and ethics and a variety of other thoughts when people make these decisions. I am not claiming that one has only to lay out a logical and rational argument to say "this is what ought to happen" for it then to follow that it does happen.

But, at the same time, I am also disagreeing with what you might think of as a realist conception, that it is simply a matter of national interests that are at play and ethics has nothing to do with it. On the contrary, people generally do prefer to do what they see as right and they like to be able to justify what they are doing in ethical terms.

The particular interest at stake will bend their conceptions of what is right, but at some point there is a pull in both directions. So if you can show that the dissonance between what we ought to be doing and what we are doing is sharp, clear and inescapable, then perhaps what we ought to be doing does have some effect in the long run on what we are doing. As a contribution to sharpening our conceptions

about what we ought to be doing, in the belief that this plays a role in what we end up doing, I have written this book to further the debate.

I am looking at the idea that we have heard so often over the last few years, that globalization is moving us together in various ways. I sketch briefly some of the reasons, some as simple as technology and infrastructure. Our economies are more closely meshed. The Internet means that New York banks can hire clerks in India to balance their books overnight, and that links those economies in ways that would not be possible if relying on air mail.

When we are talking about issues like foreign aid, that CNN can get a camera crew into someplace where there is poverty or a famine and we can see in our living rooms the images of what is happening instantly, makes a difference in how we feel about being one world and one community. And then there is the move toward economic globalization ³/₄ free trade, liberalization.

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← If we take this seriously, what should we be thinking ethically? In what way should our ethical thought change

on a range of issues, such as global warming, climate change; economic issues, particularly trade liberalization, the debate over the WTO that was sparked by demonstrations in Seattle in December 1999, and questions about the WTO's role; issues of national sovereignty in relationship to the right to intervene in another country to prevent genocide or crimes against humanity; and, fourthly, the question of foreign aid? How should we think about this if we take seriously this idea of being a global community?

In general, our ethics has been nationally focused ³/₄ that is, we have seen national borders as being highly significant ethically as well as politically. We need to question whether that should remain the case; and, if not, then where do we go from there? For a brief example of ethics being focused nationally, look at the best-known, most-discussed work on justice to be published since the Second World War, John Rawls's *A Theory of Justice*, 500-odd pages presenting a theory of justice, but all of it focused on justice within our own community.

So although Rawls comes up with the idea that the principles of justice require us to focus on raising the minimum level in society and permitting inequalities only insofar as they contribute to raising the level of the worst off in society, what he means by that is exactly the worst off in society. He never explains the obligations of justice between societies; what does one wealthy society owe to another, much poorer society? It is extraordinary that such a large book on justice fails to address what is surely one of the most pressing questions of justice in the world today.

A couple of years back, Rawls published *The Law of Peoples*, a much thinner volume, in which he does address that question. And the concept of justice still is focused primarily on justice in societies, and the obligations of societies to each other are seen as

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much more limited than the obligations of justice within society.

So it is that perspective that I am questioning. Should we continue to think of justice on a national basis? One of the clearest cases where that must be challenged is in the first of my themes, the question of climate change. Think about the difference that it makes to our conceptions of thinking ethically either within a community or globally once we understand that things that people do entirely within their own territory 34 like, for example, decisions about what kinds of vehicles we drive 34 could lead to making it impossible for, let's say, villages in Bangladesh to continue to farm low-lying delta lands where tens of millions of Bangladeshis make their living, because it may contribute to the rise in sea levels, which may mean that those lands become inundated and too salty to farm. Or it may contribute to changes in climate patterns in sub-Saharan Africa, which eliminates the reliable rainfall needed to grow crops.

I argue that we cannot continue to say, "nations should do what is in their best interests." There is a tendency for leaders to say, "Governments should always do what is in the national interest." Now, you might think that is a very reasonable response. But if every national leader answers the question that way, then we may well have a "tragedy of the commons" in the way that Hardin made famous some years back, that we all hope that others will do the right thing but that we can continue to have the advantages of not controlling our emissions.

The atmosphere is a commons, and it has, as we have now discovered, limited capacities to soak up our waste gases, in particular our carbon dioxide. If the atmosphere is a global resource, we must ask: how should it be divided up? There are a number of different possibilities. One that comes to mind as a possibly fair starting point is to say: there's no particular reason why any citizen of the world has a greater claim to a share of that common resource than any other. None of us have owned it in the past. none of us have created it, so why not just say that every citizen of the world has an equal share to it? What would happen if you were to take that view? You could take a notional acceptable output of greenhouse gases, which is, let's say, what the Kyoto Protocol would produce if everyone signed on and then divide it by the population of the world. What do you find?

You find that China and India, for example, are not yet using their per capita share. China is at around 75 percent and India only at about 35 percent of its per capita share. The United States, on the other hand, is using five times its per capita share.

So on that basis, the idea that it would not be evenhanded for the United States to make a modest reduction starts to look rather shaky. And the idea that China and India have to be banned before the United States should make any reduction is also dubious, because you could say, "At least they can rise to 100 percent of their share before they should be banned." It is very hard to think of a principle of fairness that

would allow the United States to continue to produce anything like its present output of greenhouse gases while other nations, which are also significantly poorer nations than the United States, are producing less than their per capita share, or so much smaller amounts.

My book explores a variety of different principles of fairness. The conclusion that I reach is that there is no acceptable ethical principle that allows the United States to continue to produce the amount of greenhouse gases that it does, let alone to continue to increase its output, which seems to be happening under the current arrangements, while this will cause significant disturbance and disruption to the lives of many people elsewhere in the world.

So here is one example where thinking ethically not on the national level but on the global level has very practical implications, and implications which should make a difference to the behavior of particular countries.

SOURCE: http://www.utilitarianism.net/singer/by/20031029.htm

ALL THE INFRASTRUCTURES Why Sweden Has so Few Road Deaths S.N. 26.02.2014

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← Last year 264 people died in road crashes in Sweden, a record low. Although the number of cars in

circulation and the number of miles driven have both doubled since 1970, the number of road deaths has fallen by four-fifths during the same period. With only three of every 100,000 Swedes dying on the roads each year, compared with 5.5 per

100,000 across the European Union, 11.4 in America and 40 in the Dominican Republic, which has the world's deadliest traffic, Sweden's roads have become the world's safest. Other places such as New York City are now trying to copy its success. How has Sweden done it?

Since reaching a peak in road deaths in the 1970s. rich countries have become much better at reducing the number of traffic accidents. (Poor countries, by contrast, have seen an increasing death toll, as car sales have accelerated.) In 1997 the Swedish parliament wrote into law a "Vision Zero" plan, promising to eliminate road fatalities and injuries altogether. "We simply do not accept any deaths or injuries on our roads," says Hans Berg of the national transport agency. Swedes believe—and are now proving—that they can have mobility and safety at the same time. Planning has played the biggest part in reducing accidents. Roads in Sweden are built with safety prioritised over speed or convenience. Low urban speed limits, pedestrian zones and barriers that separate cars from bikes and oncoming traffic have helped. Building 1,500 kilometres (900 miles) of "2+1" roadswhere each lane of traffic takes turns to use a middle lane for overtaking-is reckoned to have saved around 145 lives over the first decade of Vision Zero. And 12,600 safer crossings, including pedestrian bridges and zebra-stripes flanked by flashing lights and protected with speed-bumps, are estimated to have halved the number of pedestrian deaths over the past five years. Strict policing has also helped: now less than 0.25% of drivers tested are over the alcohol limit. Road deaths of children under seven have plummeted—in 2012 only one was killed, compared with 58 in 1970.

Will the Swedes ever hit their "zero" target? Roadsafety campaigners are confident that it is possible. With deaths reduced by half since 2000, they are well on their way. The next step would be to reduce human error even further, for instance through cars that warn against drink-driving via built-in breathalysers. Faster implementation of new safety systems, such as warning alerts for speeding or unbuckled seatbelts, would also help. Eventually, cars may do away with drivers altogether. This may not be as far off as it sounds: Volvo, a car manufacturer, will run a pilot programme of driverless cars in Gothenburg in 2017, in partnership with the transport ministry. Without erratic drivers, cars may finally become the safest form of transport.

SOURCE: http://www.economist.com/blogs/economist-explains/ 2014/02/economist-explains-16

ALL THE BUREAUCRACIES How the Chinese Bureaucracy Decides J. M. Norton 10.2013

The Chinese bureaucracy has been toughening its stance toward the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK) regime, seeking to rein in the latter's nuclear and missile programs. Specifically, the People's Republic of China's Ministry of Commerce (MOFCOM), the Ministry of Industry and Information Technology (MIIT), the General Administration of Customs (GAC), and the China Atomic Energy Authority (CAEA) recently published announcement number 59. The announcement came with a 236-page appendix, which details a comprehensive list of banned exports, and, in particular, dual-use goods and technologies that could contribute to the advancement of the DPRK's weapons of mass destruction and missile programs.

Hong Lei, a spokesperson for China's Ministry of Foreign Affairs (MFA), said the restrictions are intended to "encourage de-nuclearization" on Korea's peninsula. This recent development reflects an unprecedented shift in China's nonproliferation policies and practices, not only because it targets a specific country with the harshest sanctions to come out of the bureaucracy vet, but also because it covers an extraordinary range of goods and technologies. This significant change in China's nonproliferation policies and practices provides incisive insight into the bureaucratic complexities and decision-making process of the Chinese system as well as the internal and external factors that drive this policy change. Why did the Chinese bureaucracy take these measures and why now? And what factors have had more or less impact on this issue in the Chinese mind and why? Although China observers tend to characterize the Chinese political system as an authoritarian, topdown model with the Standing Committee of the Politburo making the decisions and the relevant bodies implementing the decrees, the classification is an oversimplification. When attempting to grasp how decisions are made for any specific policy in the Chinese system, it is imperative to start with a basic assumption that every bureaucracy that has even the vaguest interest in that policy has been asked to comment on the preliminary proposal. In the case of the DPRK and nonproliferation, the key decision-making agencies include the State Council, the Central Military Commission (CMC), MOFCOM, MIIT, GAC, CAEA, State Administration for Science Technology and Industry for National Defense (SASTIND), the MFA, and state-owned enterprises—specifically the enterprises involved with the manufacture and trade of dual-use goods and technologies. Also part of this agency list is the Chinese military establishment, which since around 2008 has been increasingly

integrated into and becoming an important player in shaping China's nonproliferation policies and practices.

297 ← The Chinese bureaucracy could best be described not as a hierarchical decision-making structure but rather

as a series of concentric circles, with some circles overlapping. Generally the initial policy proposal sits at the center of the structure. The bureaucracies with the most interest in the policy and its outcome are situated in the circles closest to the center. And those with varying degrees of interest and even the most vague interest in the policy are located in a descending order of interest in each subsequent circle out to the most distant points of the concentric circle schematic.

The concentric circle structure is one that Dr. Pan Wei, a Professor of International Studies at Peking University uses to explain the relationship between Chinese society and state, but I also find it useful to analyze the Chinese bureaucracy decision-making process in other realms, such as nonproliferation. In this unique decision-making environment, the Chinese officials within and among each agency operating within the bureaucracy have disagreements about the policy changes. And counter to conventional wisdom about the process of decision-making in China, the officials engage in negotiations, bargaining, and logrolling with other agencies located within the concentric structure to promote their agendas and interests in the policy under consideration.

Sometimes this decision-making process results in changes in the agency. It also allows officials within the bureaucracy to manipulate the consensus in one direction or another. Whether changes occur within an agency or whether the consensus is manipulated is contingent upon the scope and the importance of the issue at hand. The DPRK is a major national security and foreign policy issue, so it is most likely that both foregoing conditions occurred. Some agencies within the bureaucracy experienced a change, and others manipulated the consensus to push through this dramatic policy shift. But ultimately the input of the agencies having to operationalize and enforce compliance with the policy is given greater weighting than the institutions with a vague interest in the policy and its outcome; in other words, those agencies sitting closest to the center of the concentric circle structure are the most powerful actors for that particular policy issue. And in the case of China's nonproliferation policies and practices toward the DPRK, this means the aforementioned strategic trade agencies are the most important players.

This concentric circle decision-making approach explains the gradual shift in China's policy toward the DPRK. Evidence that the Chinese bureaucracy was moving toward a policy shift regarding the DPRK surfaced in 2010 in the media. This suggests that prior to 2010 the bureaucracy was debating its DPRK policy and was moving toward some decision. But no clear policy outcome occurred until now—three years later. This eventual outcome indicates the bureaucracy was tied up in negotiations, bargaining, and logrolling. And because the Chinese system is not a top-down decision-making one, it took time to reconcile divergent opinions within and among the bureaucracy. The duration could mean the more powerful decision-making agencies in the strategic trade bureaucracy were reluctant to implement any policy change, the nature and scope of a policy change was closely scrutinized, and/or some actors, such as some provincial officials who stand to lose tax revenue from the loss of manufacture and export of dual-use commodities, resisted a policy change. Part of the decision-making process is how Chinese officials interpret the initial policy proposal before them. This offers more insight into why some policies work slowly through the bureaucracy. The officials working within the Chinese bureaucracy examine issues through different lenses of analysis. Some bureaucrats look at the initial proposal from the viewpoint of whether it fits with the current ideology; today the bureaucracy is arguably built on an ideology consisting of Marxism adapted to China's national peculiarities, which includes facilitating nation-building activities while avoiding outright adoption of the Western experience, as well as nationalism and pragmatism. Others examine the proposal from the viewpoint of whether it is within the current national strategies; the national strategies consist of maintaining internal integrity and stability, moving toward fully establishing the Chinese modern state through national unification, achieving wealth and power, and ultimately attaining what Dr. Yan Xuetong of Tsinghua University terms "comprehensive national power." This concept means translating the country's wealth and power into increased power status within the international environment. The bureaucracy required time to evaluate and reconcile how a policy shift toward the DPRK is in line with the current ideology and national strategies. In time the officials worked the issue through the bureaucracy, made an exception to the direction of the policy, and eventually made a clear break with past policy. Previously the Chinese leadership aimed to balance both stability on Korea's peninsula and its denuclearization; but the current policy indicates that the highest priority for the Chinese now is Korea's denuclearization. This specific outcome, which took a period of time to reach, means the policy shift was completely intentional and is unlikely to be reversed. The Chinese bureaucracy took the policy shift one step further and publicly announced it. In doing so, it sent a message to the international community that it is serious about enacting and enforcing the new and exacting nonproliferation measures. But more importantly, the public announcement sends a clear signal to potential domestic violators that the Chinese bureaucracy means business. In other words, the bureaucracy has established sufficient consensus and enough political will with the principal agencies and at the highest levels to implement, enforce, and punish violators; and the penalties can be guite severe as they range from fines to threats of agency closure.

In the DPRK case, both internal and external variables shape the Chinese bureaucracy's decision-making process. Internally the Chinese leadership is more interested in maintaining stability and internal integrity, stamping out corruption, expanding co-option of segments of society, working toward national unification, and eventually achieving comprehensive national power. It also wants to address current economic, environmental, and social challenges that further complicate and threaten to undermine the foregoing agenda. The leadership is concerned that external factors could destabilize the trajectory of the current domestic experiment. Meanwhile, China's external environment and in particular the Northeast Asia region is more and more volatile, in part due to the DPRK and in part due to Japan as well as the United States.

As for the DPRK, a nuclear-armed North Korean regime with delivery means might cause the Japanese and American leadership to take action, such as a pre-emptive strike. This in turn might force the Chinese bureaucracy to divert attention and resources away from the domestic agenda to deal with the DPRK issue. As for Japan and the U.S., both governments in part cite the threat posed by the DPRK as a justification for Japan's military transformation, expanded Japan-U.S. security cooperation, and increased U.S. military presence throughout the region. These developments are problematic for the Chinese leadership, particularly because it looks more and more like the Japanese leadership, with substantial help from the U.S., is carving out a new sphere of influence in Northeast Asia. This trend sits poorly with the majority of the Chinese population that prefers a more assertive Chinese policy toward Japan.

In response, the Chinese bureaucracy ultimately instituted significant constraints on the DPRK's weapons programs, aiming to decrease the effects of external factors on the internal ones. And last but certainly not least, the Chinese bureaucracy could earn some political capital internationally for making such a bold and decisive move at a time when it appears the DPRK regime has hit a tipping point. The Chinese bureaucracy's new nonproliferation policy toward the DPRK regime should have significant impact on stultifying Pyongyang's efforts to advance its nuclear and missile programs. But the key is moving the policy into practice: Will the Chinese bureaucracy be able to mobilize resources and coordinate activities to enforce total and sustained compliance with the new nonproliferation policy?

SOURCE: www.thediplomat.com/2013/10/ how-the-chinese-bureaucracy-decides/?allpages=yes

BEING SAFE NSA Letter to Its "Extended" Family NSA 13.09.2013

National Security Agency Central Security Service Fort George G. Meade, Maryland 20755-6000 13 September 2013

Dear NSA/CSS family:

298 ← We are writing to you, our extended NSA/CSS family, in light of the unauthorized disclosure of classified

information by a former contractor employee. We want to put the information you are reading and hearing about in the press into context and reassure you that this Agency and its workforce are deserving and appreciative of your support. As a family member of an NSA/CSS employee, whether civilian or military, you are an essential element in the successful conduct of our job of protecting and defending our country. Your support helps each of us dedicate ourselves to our mission, encouraging us to do our best on behalf of the Nation. We, along with the rest of the NSA/CSS workforce, greatly value that support.

Some media outlets have sensationalized the leaks to the press in a way that has called into question our motives and wrongly cast doubt on the integrity and commitment of the extraordinary people who work here at NSA/CSS-your loved one(s). It has been discouraging to see how our Agency frequently has been portrayed in the news as more of a rogue element than a national treasure. You've seen the dedication, skill and integrity that those employees bring to their iob each and every workday, contributing to the accomplishments of this Agency over the past 61 years. For more than 6 decades, NSA/CSS has been responsible for protecting the United States and its allies through its information assurance and signals intelligence mission. All of the things we do to conduct our mission are lawful. Our activities are overseen, as appropriate, by the Department of Defense, the Department of Justice, the Office of the Director of National Intelligence, the U.S. Senate, the US. House of Representatives, and the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court-that represents all three branches of the government.

In concert with our mission, NSA/CSS employees are trained from the first day on the job, and regularly thereafter, to respect the privacy and civil liberties of U.S. citizens. We go to great lengths to achieve our goal of no mistakes. However, we are human and because the environment of law and technology within which we operate is so complex and dynamic, mistakes sometimes do occur. That's where the unique aspect of our culture comes into play. We self-report

those mistakes, analyze them, and take action to correct the root causes. Our mistakes are reported to our oversight bodies in the Congress, the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court, and the Executive Branch, as appropriate. Some of the those reports have been leaked to the press, and have been mischaracterized to portray us as irresponsible and careless; nothing could be further from the truth. Our accuracy rates in what we do are phenomenal. It is also important to understand these errors in context. Each error does not mean we have gathered a U.S. citizen's email or listened to their phone call; the overwhelming majority are errors of failure to comply with internal procedures. Those procedures are designed to detect mistakes early enough in our processes to prevent or minimize the inadvertent exposure of information about the people in the U.S. There are some in the media who are taking the time to actually study the leaked material, and they have drawn conclusions that are very different from those who are in it for a quick headline. One such legal scholar wrote that we should make our case more forcefully by responding, "Shameful as it is that these documents were leaked, they actually should give the public great confidence both in NSA's internal oversight mechanisms and in the executive and judicial oversight mechanisms outside the agency. They show no evidence of any intentional spying on Americans or abuse of civil liberties. They show a low rate of the sort of errors any complex system of technical collection will inevitably yield. They show robust compliance procedures on the part of the NSA"1. We couldn't agree more.

The other big story being missed by many in the media is how effective NSA/CSS is in accomplishing its mission. In open hearings earlier this year, we spoke to Congress about how NSA/CSS actions contributed to keeping the Nation and its allies safe from 54 different terrorist plots. That's just part of the great work that your family members are doing every day. Regardless of position, every employee has contributed to the important work of securing networks, supporting our warfighters, and providing unique insights into foreign intelligence targets. Together we have saved the lives of countless American service members in Iraq and Afghanistan, stopped terrorist attacks in the U.S. and abroad, and provided the President, his Cabinet, and military commanders with the information they needed to make critical decisions to protect this nation. And this has not been without risk. The NSA/CSS Memorial Wall lists the names of 171 cryptologists who have died in the line of duty since the Agency's inception in 1952.

Over the coming weeks and months, more stories will appear. To help separate fact from fiction, we will continue to make available to your family member materials they can bring home to help you understand that our activities are lawful, appropriate, and effective. There are materials available now on our public website, nsa.gov. In addition, the Office of the Director of National Intelligence hosts a website of declassified documents at icontherecord.tumblr.com. Let us, again, say how much your continued encouragement and support mean to us and your family member(s) here at the Agency. We have weathered storms before and we will weather this one together, as well. You are an integral part of NSA/CSS' success in defending America and its allies. Like you, we are incredibly proud of the people of the National Security Agency/Central Security Service and are honored to be part of their team. Thank you for all that you do to help us succeed.

SIGNATURE John C. Inglish Deputy Director, NSA

SIGNATURE Keith B. Alexander General, U.S. Army Director, NSA/Chief, CSS

 Lawfare: The NSA, the Washington Post, and the Administration. Benjamin Wittes, 18 August 2013
 SOURCE: www.dissenter.firedoglake.com/2013/09/19/nsa-sendsletter-to-its-extended-family-to-reassure-them-that-they-willweather-this-storm/

ALL THE TECHNOLOGIES Self-Driving Cars Will Bristle with Sensors Stephen Shankland 03.09.2013

Self-driving cars are analogous to another autonomous entity, the human being: the car's computer serves the controlling role that our brain does, while its sensors do what our own senses do.

But in the computing-infused future of automobiles, the parallel only goes so far when it comes to sensors. Not only are cars able to detect radio and light waves that humans can't, they also never get drowsy and they can see in all directions at the same time. The shift to self-driving cars will turn vehicles into roaming sensoriums connected to heavy-duty computers. Google's self-driving cars, for instance, use quad-core PCs that each second process 1.3 million laser measurements and make 20 driving decisions. The sensor transition has already begun with the arrival of very small computer systems called microcontrollers that are in charge of cars' traction control systems, engines, airbags, and antilock brakes.

But more sensors and data processing are required as cars take more steps down the path of autonomy. Cars are gaining the ability to parallel park on their own, for example, and to apply the brakes to prevent

Let us, again, say how much your continued encouragement and support mean to us and your family member(s) here at the Agency. We have weathered storms before and we will weather this one together,

> These sorts of features are possible because of electronics deeply embedded in car control systems. Steering wheels no longer directly turn gears, brake pedals no longer directly push hydraulic fluid, and accelerator pedals no longer directly pull throttle cables. Instead, computer microcontrollers interpret the controls' mechanical changes and then take the appropriate actions. This "drive by wire" technology means electronics already are an essential part of driving. That change opened the door for computers to supplement human judgment.

> To give computers control over driving, more sensors are needed. Gyroscopes and accelerometers tell the car when anti-rollover maneuvers are appropriate. Gauges wirelessly beam tire pressure to the car's control system. Ultrasonic sound systems warn of lurking obstacles when parking. Ambient light sensors turn headlights on and off. Moisture detectors turn on windshield wipers.

> That's today's leading-edge technology. Tomorrow, a host of new sensors will become common. Radar will detect nearby cars for collision avoidance. Cameras will keep track of road lanes and read traffic signs. And perhaps most powerfully, lidar (light detection and ranging) laser sensors could generate a constantly updated 3D map of the car's vicinity. Highend lidar detectors are very expensive right now, but they've already made a showing, for example in Volvo's City Safety system that detects when cars ahead are stopping. Self-driving car systems from Bosch and Google are crowned by lidar scanners.

> Lidar is great, but it has problems. Building that capability into bumpers is convenient but exposes the requisite gadgetry to damage; Alberto Broggi, a professor of computer engineering at the University of Parma in Italy who was named an IEEE senior member for his autonomous vehicle work, said the units he uses in his research cost about \$20,000 apiece.

> "Every year I talk to the laser guys," Broggi said. "They always tell me next year we will see lasers drop to 300 [euros, or \$400] each. Next year, next year, Next year." Sensors are getting cheaper as they move to microprocessor-derived manufacturing methods. "There is a big evolution of technology, making elements smaller," said Hannu Laatikainen, an executive vice president of Murata, which sells accelerometers and avroscopes to carmakers.

> Don't expect too much skimping, though, because these sensors will be the foundation of life-anddeath decisions. In cases where sensors come up with conflicting information, a computer could survey several sensors for a majority opinion. But the best situation would be to get accurate, reliable information at the outset.

299 ← People accustomed to being in charge of a car might well be alarmed at the idea of ceding control to a

own, for example, and to apply the brakes to prevent computer. But it's also important to remember that

computers have much better attention spans than humans. They don't get drowsy, and they can look in all directions at all times with multiple sensors. People will have time to get used to the idea, too, since the technological systems begin by augmenting human drivers rather than replacing them outright. Bill Gross, CEO of startup incubator Idealab, said Google's self-driving cars slurp up 750 megabytes of data per second to do the job. That's a lot of dataand equally important, a lot of data processing. Basing decisions on live data gathered in the moment lets the cars handle unexpected events such as pedestrians walking into the roadway and gradually take more responsibility.

Today, tilt sensors apply parking brakes automatically, stability control takes over aspects of steering and braking to keep cars from rolling over, and parking assistance puts parallel parking into the car's hands. Next comes traffic-jam assistance, where the car takes over accelerating, braking, and staying in the lane when in start-and-stop traffic. Later will come technology that helps cars change lanes or take exits. Eventually, the entire driving operation will become fully autonomous, Wallace predicted. Sensors will spread throughout cars-perhaps even to tires themselves. Today's cars have tire-pressure monitors built into valve stems, but they rely on batteries that can run out of power. Building them into tires could mean they could be self-powered through a process called energy harvesting, said Bert Gyselinckx, general manager of the Holst Centre R&D lab in the Netherlands.

"You put a harvester on one specific site on the surface inside a tire," and every time that part of the tire hits the road, a force about 100 times that of the Earth's gravity hits the harvester, Gyselinckx said. A capacitor, sensitive to the resulting pressures, generates a little electrical current that can be stored in a battery. It produces "a couple hundred microwatts" of power, enough to power a wireless transmitter to send information to the car control system.

Gyselinckx estimates that self-powered pressure monitors will be built into tires in about three years, with strain gauges arriving in six or seven.

Tire sensors can do more. Monitoring strains within each tire can show whether a car is accelerating, braking, or slipping, information that can be beamed to the car's electronic stability control system. SOURCE: www.news.cnet.com/8301-11386_3-57595741-76/ self-driving-cars-will-bristle-with-sensors/

300-305

IT'S MY GOOD **RIGHT**

ALL THE PROTESTS The Return of Revolution Socialist Worker 01.02.2011

Many of the great struggles of the past can be brought to mind by their year alone: 1917 and the Russian Revolution. 1968 and the French May. 1989 and the revolutions against Stalinism in Eastern Europe. 1979 and the fall of the Shah of Iran. 2011 is only a month old, but it already seems likely

that it will be remembered as the year of the great revolt across the Arab world.

One dictator has been toppled already-Zine El Abidine Ben Ali fled Tunisia after 23 years of iron-fisted rule. Another may be gone by the time you read this—Hosni Mubarak's reign over Egypt hung by a of Sidi Bouzid who survived as a street vendor, set thread at the end of January. In Jordan, Algeria, Yemen and elsewhere, other tyrants are facing their most serious challenge in decades.

No one can know the outcome of the struggles underway now. In Egypt, the ruling elite will try to find a new face to put in charge of a "peaceful transition," as Secretary of State Hillary Clinton has pointedly called for-but will the masses accept a new face on the old order? Mubarak might still try to order a bloodbath—but would the military and the regime's security apparatus follow those orders? Millions of Equptians will rally around moderate opposition figures like Mohamed ElBaradei-but will the emerging working-class movement push to the fore a more radical alternative?

No one knows the answers to these questions now. but we do know this: The revolt against the tyrants has put the word "revolution" on the lips of people everywhere and reshaped the politics of the Middle East and the world.

The images from the streets of Cairo, Tunis and elsewhere are electrifying—even the U.S. cable news networks, so used to peddling celebrity gossip and Washington's political trivia, seemed to grasp the importance of the struggle before their eyes.

The scenes bring to mind Leon Trotsky's famous words about the revolution he was a part of making in Russia: "The most indubitable feature of a revolution is the direct interference of the masses in historic events. In ordinary times, the state-be it monarchical or democratic-elevates itself above the nation. and history is made by specialists in that line of business-kings, ministers, bureaucrats, parliamentarians, journalists. But at those crucial moments when the old order becomes no longer endurable to the masses, they break over the barriers excluding them from the political arena, sweep aside their traditional representatives, and create by their own interference the initial groundwork for a new regime."



← The early stages of such a revolution are unfolding today, and they have much to teach people

around the world who have been radicalized by the failures of capitalism and awakened to the hope that the struggle from below-whether it comes on the streets of Tunis and Cairo, or Paris and London, or more modestly in cities in the U.S.—has the potential to change the world for the better.

According to just about every mainstream media analysis, the revolts in Egypt and Tunisia "came out of nowhere." Nothing could be further from the truth. The struggles in these countries and elsewhere in the Arab world have been brewing for years, as Egyptian journalist and activist Hossam el-Hamalawy told an interviewer for Al Jazeera. "[R]evolt has been in the air over the past few years," he said. "Revolutions don't happen out of the blue."

In Tunisia, the wave of mobilizations that drove out Ben Ali are traced back to a single horrifying act. After police assaulted him and confiscated his stand, Mohamed Bouazizi, a university-educated resident

himself on fire. But this became the symbol for millions of people who felt their lives were pushed beyond endurance by a system of vast economic inequality and vicious repression.

This backdrop of grinding poverty made worse by the world economic crisis is as important to understanding events as the corruption of the regimes in Tunis and Cairo. In particular, rising prices for food-which have shot up several times in recent years not because of worldwide shortages, but because of financial speculation in rich countries-were tinder for revolt in Equpt in 2008 and again today.

Western political leaders now claim to be glad that Ben Ali was pushed out-and they sternly warn that reforms are necessary in Egypt. But the U.S. and other Western powers backed the dictators to the hilt before-and celebrated these countries, despite their vast gap between a wealthy elite and the impoverished majority, as economic "success stories" and models of stability.

But when the rebellions came in Tunisia and Egypt, they spread with incredible speed. So did the political questions they raised-anger over unemployment and high food prices guickly expanded into discontent over political freedoms long denied. In Tunisia, the chant of the demonstrators was "Bread, water and no Ben Ali."

Nadia Marzouki of the Middle East Research and Information Project described Tunisia's uprising as "an organic convergence of various currents of discontent," ranging from the unemployed and poor residents of the country's south to students, lawyers and professionals in the cities-with "each group harboring specific grievances and using its own symbolic vocabulary, but all united in overall purpose," Marzouki concluded.

Once Ben Ali was toppled, the political differences between these social forces-rooted above in social class-emerged in the form of conflicts over what should come next. But the virtually unanimous hatred of Ben Ali gave the rebellion its seemingly universal character.

Likewise in Egypt, where Tunisia's toppling of Ben Ali was the final inspiration for an upheaval that was years in the making, the determination to see Mubarak fall has been the heart of the mass protests. This turned the streets of Cairo and other cities into what the Russian revolutionary Lenin called the "festival of the oppressed"-as the images of struggle sent around the world by Internet make clear.

A wave of revolt that began with the self-immolation of a street vendor in a rural Tunisian town was crashing against a police state backed to the hilt by the U.S. government-one that had endured decades of previous challenges and seemed, just weeks before, to be firmly in control over a docile population.

In Tunisia, the Ben Ali regime recognized the threat represented by the mobilization and offered concessions, but too late. In Egypt, too, Mubarak dismissed the government and tried to install new figures not tainted by their association with his regime. But far

WE ARE THE WORLD

from satisfying demonstrators, this only emboldened them to continue their protests. This is another echo of the great struggles of the past-the old order's offer of reform can inspire confidence among the masses of people to fight for revolution.

After Ben Ali fled for Saudi Arabia, the country's elite tried to impose a "unity government" that incorporated figures from the opposition, but left power in the hands of officials from the dictator's old ruling party. This opened up a new stage in the struggle, with the rural poor organizing a caravan to the capital of Tunis to demand that the government exclude Ben Ali's cronies.

Salem Ben Yahia, a filmmaker and former political prisoner in Tunisia, was surely speaking for the demonstrators on the streets of Cairo as well when he told The Guardian: "We don't want our revolution hijacked. We forced a dictator out the door, and now he's come back in the window... Police have already shot at us and beaten us to stop us protesting, but we come back again like a tide."

This dynamic illustrates a lesson that all great social movements of the past have learned: The struggle for freedom and democracy can't be left to those at the top. Capitalism is supposed to promote democracy, according to its defenders, but the business and political elite of the U.S. and other nations are perfectly willing to tolerate dictatorship if their interests are best served that way. Achieving genuine democracy—in Tunisia or Egypt or the U.S.—depends above all on the struggle from below.

SOURCE: https://www.socialistworker.org/2011/02/01/return-of-revolution

BEING PART OF IT Who Are the Farc-Ep? Peace Delegation **Revolutionary Armed Forces**

of Colombia—People's Army 29.06.2013

← The Revolutionary Armed Forces 302 of Colombia—People's Army is a

political-military organization, Colombian insurgency, proudly subversive. We don't have anything to do with delinquency or banditry. We are Marxist-Leninist and Bolivarian, also communists, not "pro-soviet" or "pro-Castro", although we do feel identified with the principles of both revolutions, in particular with the Cuban Revolution, which continues to illuminate the world with pride and dignity. Moreover, these qualifications are part of the Cold War terminology.

We use pseudonyms as our "nom de guerre", which is usually the name of an outstanding comrade or loved one. The term "alias" used by the bourgeois press has negative connotations as it refers to bandits or delinquents, which we are not.

We have never kidnapped. When we arrested a person, generally because of his unwillingness to pay revolutionary taxes, we called that a "financial detention", not kidnapping. In February 2012, we took the sovereign decision to stop realizing financial detentions.

The detentions because of political reasons can't be considered kidnapping either: they are forms of exercising popular justice, especially against corrupt politicians. It's the implementation of our Law 003 against corruption.

Military and policemen captured in combat aren't kidnapped either; they are called prisoners of war, according to international laws.

As People's Army we undertake military actions against our class enemy and their repressive apparatus. Our actions never aim at doing any harm to the civil population. Generally, our actions are being presented as attacks against the population by the mass media, as part of their war of disinformation. It is noteworthy that for the mass media there are two classes of fallen in combat: ours are casualties.

dead in combat; theirs are assassinated or killed. We have a legislature, subordination to the higher

command and a solid chain of command, structure and all the qualities that legitimate us as a belligerent force, apart from the popular support we have. It's absolutely false that we are isolated or that we have lost our political route.

Drug-trafficking is a lethal issue for popular interests, inherent to capitalism, where easy and quick money-making prevails. Our theory and our praxis show that we don't have anything to do with it. From the Pentagon, the north-Americans trace policies for their local servants, to use drug-trafficking as an excuse for their re-colonization plans.

Another recurrent topic in the disinformation media is terrorism. There is no definition of it. The great Spanish playwright and writer Alfonso Sastre defines the situation very well, when he says that the resistance of the weak is called terrorism, while the outrage of the powerful is called justice.

The guerrilla struggle is a legitimate way of conquering the rights of people. In our case, the violent and repressive character of the government, obeying orders of the United States, didn't leave any other option, and since the moment we started our struggle until now, the reasons of the confrontation not only haven't been resolved; they have increased.

For us, the war isn't our goal. That's why we have always held high our banners and our proposals for peace. The State, the dominant class, the White House and the different governments have repeatedly interrupted the attempts to find peace through dialogues, when they become aware that the guerrilla's unconditional capitulation, as they pretend, is not possible.

This is a new attempt. We approach it with certainty in the family enhance social and intergenerational and faith. It's possible to find a solution, as the causes of the war are being resolved. SOURCE: http://farc-epeace.org/index.php/

general-information-farc-ep.html

BEING UPSET La Manif Pour Tous 2014

"MARIAGE POUR TOUS" ("MARRIAGE FOR ALL") IS SAME-SEX "MARIAGE" IMPOSED ON ALL!

> ← The "Mariage pour tous" bill wreaks havoc on the Civil Code, replacing the words "husband" and "wife",

"father" and "mother" with unisex, undifferentiated terminology (notable "parents"). This bill intends to erase sexual differentiation and complementarity from the law and to jeopardize the foundation of human identity: sexual difference and the resulting structure of parentage. It paves the way for a new, "social" parentage unrelated to human reality. It creates a framework for a new anthropological order founded not on sex but on gender, that is, sexual preference.

"MARIAGE POUR TOUS" IS THE END OF GENEALOGY FOR ALL!

With plenary adoption for two men or two women, children will be considered, by law, born of two parents of the same sex, thus willingly deprived of a father or a mother. They will be deprived of half their origins. This is profoundly discriminatory and unjust for children.

"MARIAGE POUR TOUS" WILL INEVITABLY LEAD TO ASSISTED REPRODUCTIVE **TECHNOLOGIES FOR ALL!**

The number of adoptable children in France is smaller than the number of couples waiting to adopt; hence, same-sex couples will adopt children created by PMA (procréation "médicalement" assistée-medically assisted procreation) for women, and by GPA (gestation pour autrui—surrogacy) for men. Some hundred députés (representatives) have sponsored amendments calling for these developments, and the Prime Minister has announced they would be featured in a "complementary law on the family".

M/W CIVIL MARRIAGE AND F/M/C PARENTAGE MEAN EQUALITY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL!

The universal man/woman norm and natural parentage

cohesion. Despite this, we do not brush aside the specific issues concerning homosexual persons. Some legal measures already address these issues: these measures can be bettered without shattering M/W civil marriage and real parentage.

BECAUSE WE BEAR A HISTORIC **RESPONSIBILITY...**

... for preserving our civil statuses, our society, and our humanity, let us stand up with determination, with no homophobia: the people and civil society will be in the streets again, with their mayors, their elected officials, their moral leaders, to demand a General Assemblage on marriage, parentage and children's rights, and to demand that this bill be withdrawn.

EVERY ONE OF US IS BORN OF A MAN AND A WOMAN, EVERY ONE OF US IS AFFECTED! The people of France must stand up for its children, its future... and humankind, made up of man and woman.

OUR ETHICS

La Manif Pour Tous is a profoundly pacific movement which is non-partisan and nondenominational. It determinedly opposes itself to the "marriage for all" law and to homophobia.

This charter outlines the principles underlying the actions of La Manif Pour Tous.

PRINCIPLE 1:

SERVING A CLEAR OBJECTIVE

The objective of the actions of La Manif Pour Tous is to address loud and clear messages to the nation's elected representatives and to the citizens. These messages express the refusal of same-sex marriage, adoption for all, PMA (medically assisted procreation) for all, GPA (surrogacy), and the enacting of gender theory. They also concern the opposition to all forms of homophobia. Finally, they involve defending democracy by calling on the head of state, the government and the parliamentarians to hear the French people on this law.

PRINCIPLE 2:

RESPECTING THE HUMAN PERSON

The actions of La Manif Pour Tous are undertaken in the respect of the human person. This implies never endangering another's life, observing a profound respect for our political adversaries (whether or not it is mutual), and distinguishing persons from their functions and mandates. The actions of La Manif Pour Tous are conducted in the respect of the private lives of all people. In addition, its actions must never create provocations: La Manif Pour Tous respects everyone's personal history.

PRINCIPLE 3: **RESPECTING THE COMMON GOOD** La Manif Pour Tous is a constructive movement. Its

actions cannot bring about any destruction or irreversible deterioration of goods. La Manif Pour Tous condemns all forms of violence.

PRINCIPLE 4:

MAINTAINING POPULAR SUPPORT

La Manif Pour Tous is a popular and grassroots movement. Through its opposition to "marriage for all," this movement is a catalyst for the expression of the French people. The actions of La Manif Pour Tous cannot hinder or block the French people. They must garner its support as much as possible. La Manif Pour Tous refuses to fall into the trap of demagoguery and expresses itself on the themes developed in its objectives, exposed in principle 1. *SOURCE: www.lamanifpourtous.fr/en/*

THE GOOD AND THE BAD George Bush's Speech on Iraq George Bush 28.06.2005

WASHINGTON—The full text of President Bush's June 28, 2005, remarks on the war in Iraq:

Thank you and good evening. I am pleased to visit Fort Bragg—"Home of the Airborne and Special Operations Forces." It is an honor to speak before you tonight. My greatest responsibility as president is to protect the American people, and that is your calling as well. I thank you for your service, your courage and your sacrifice. I thank your families, who support you in your vital work. The soldiers and families of Fort Bragg have contributed mightily to our efforts to secure our country and promote peace. America is grateful—and so is your commanderin-chief.

The troops here and across the world are fighting a global war on terror. This war reached our shores on September 11, 2001. The terrorists who attacked us—and the terrorists we face—murder in the name of a totalitarian ideology that hates freedom, rejects tolerance, and despises all dissent. Their aim is to remake the Middle East in their own grim image of tyranny and oppression—by toppling governments, driving us out of the region, and exporting terror.

To achieve these aims, they have continued to kill in Madrid, Istanbul, Jakarta, Casablanca, Riyadh, Bali, and elsewhere. The terrorists believe that free societies are essentially corrupt and decadent, and with a few hard blows they can force us to retreat. They are mistaken. After September 11, I made a commitment to the American people: This Nation will not wait to be attacked again. We will take the fight to the enemy. We will defend our freedom.

304 ← Iraq is the latest battlefield in this war. Many terrorists who kill innocent men, women, and children on the streets of Baghdad are followers of the same murderous ideology that took the lives of our citizens in New York, Washington, and Pennsylvania. There is only one course of action against them: to defeat them abroad before they attack us at home. The commander in charge of Coalition operations in

Iraq—who is also senior commander at this base— General John Vines, put it well the other day. He said: "We either deal with terrorism and this extremism abroad, or we deal with it when it comes to us."

Our mission in Iraq is clear. We are hunting down the terrorists. We are helping Iraqis build a free nation that is an ally in the war on terror. We are advancing freedom in the broader Middle East. We are removing a source of violence and instability—and laying the foundation of peace for our children and our grandchildren.

The work in Iraq is difficult and dangerous. Like most Americans, I see the images of violence and bloodshed. Every picture is horrifying—and the suffering is real. Amid all this violence, I know Americans ask the question: Is the sacrifice worth it? It is worth it, and it is vital to the future security of our country. And tonight I will explain the reasons why.

Some of the violence you see in Iraq is being carried out by ruthless killers who are converging on Iraq to fight the advance of peace and freedom. Our military reports that we have killed or captured hundreds of foreign fighters in Iraq who have come from Saudi Arabia, Syria, Iran, Egypt, Sudan, Yemen, Libya and other nations. They are making common cause with criminal elements, Iragi insurgents, and remnants of Saddam Hussein's regime who want to restore the old order. They fight because they know that the survival of their hateful ideology is at stake. They know that as freedom takes root in Iraq, it will inspire millions across the Middle East to claim their liberty as well. And when the Middle East grows in democracy, prosperity, and hope, the terrorists will lose their sponsors, lose their recruits, and lose their hopes for turning that region into a base for attacks on America and our allies around the world.

Some wonder whether Iraq is a central front in the war on terror. Among the terrorists, there is no debate. Hear the words of Usama bin Laden: "This Third World War... is raging" in Iraq. "The whole world is watching this war." He says it will end in "victory and glory or misery and humiliation."

The terrorists know that the outcome will leave them emboldened, or defeated. So, they are waging a campaign of murder and destruction. And there is no limit to the innocent lives they are willing to take. We see the nature of the enemy in terrorists who exploded car bombs along a busy shopping street in Baghdad—including one outside a mosque. We see the nature of the enemy in terrorists who sent a suicide bomber to a teaching hospital in Mosul. And we see the nature of the enemy in terrorists who behead civilian hostages and broadcast their atrocities for the world to see.

These are savage acts of violence—but they have not brought the terrorists any closer to achieving their strategic objectives. The terrorists—both foreign and Iraqi—failed to stop the transfer of sovereignty. They failed to break our Coalition and force a mass withdrawal by our allies. They failed to incite an Iraqi civil war. They failed to prevent free elections. They failed to stop the formation of a democratic Iraqi government that represents all of Iraq's diverse population. And they failed to stop Iraqis from signing up in large numbers with the police forces and the army to defend their new democracy.

The lesson of this experience is clear: The terrorists can kill the innocent—but they cannot stop the advance of freedom. The only way our enemies can succeed is if we forget the lessons of September 11, if we abandon the Iraqi people to men like Zarqawi and if we yield the future of the Middle East to men like bin Laden. For the sake of our Nation's security, this will not happen on my watch.

A little over a year ago, I spoke to the Nation and described our Coalition's goal in Iraq. I said that America's mission in Iraq is to defeat an enemy and give strength to a friend—a free, representative government that is an ally in the war on terror, and a beacon of hope in a part of the world that is desperate for reform. I outlined the steps we would take to achieve this goal: We would hand authority over to a sovereign Iraqi government. We would help Iraqis hold free elections by January 2005. We would continue helping Iraqis rebuild their nation's infrastructure and economy. We would encourage more international support for Iraq's democratic transition, and we would enable Iraqis to take increasing responsibility for their own security and stability.

In the past year, we have made significant progress: One year ago today, we restored sovereignty to the Iraqi people.

In January 2005, more than eight million Iraqi men and women voted in elections that were free and fair—and took place on time.

We continued our efforts to help them rebuild their country. Rebuilding a country after three decades of tyranny is hard—and rebuilding while at war is even harder. Our progress has been uneven—but progress is being made. We are improving roads, and schools, and health clinics and working to improve basic services like sanitation, electricity, and water. And together with our allies, we will help the new Iraqi government deliver a better life for its citizens. SOURCE: http:// www.foxnews.com/story/2005/06/28/ transcript-bush-speech-on-iraq/

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OUT FOR MOSCOW, BUT ENDS UP IN PARIS INSTEAD.

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I deem it. Esteemed Reader, superfluous to necessity at this juncture to acquaint you in exacting detail with the occurrences, the unfoldings, indeed the happenstance surrounding the events that—astonishing to the mind that is inclined toward reason though they may seem—are certain to have befallen, enveloped or, is it fair to say, been visited upon, Orlando, at some point subsequent to Princess Sasha's ship sliding off the receding ice from the frozen river Thames into a rain-sodden estuary, and after his encounter with two ale-touting poets at the Mermaid Tavern in the relative vicinity of Blackfriars. Other chroniclers will have had cause greater, and means more powerful, than mine to relate with some authority how he—and of Orlando at that time still being a 'he' there could be little doubt, and certainly none reasonable-had spurned the advances of the taller-than-usual Archduchess Harriet Griselda of Finster-Ahorn and Scand-op-Boom (in the Romanian territory) and had himself posted by the King as Ambassador Extraordinary to Constantinople, where, having practiced diplomacy with admirable alacrity, and after laying on some splendid entertainments, he fell into an inexplicable, or at any rate unexplained, trance lasting seven days, and how finally, and in spite of the vain muffling attempts by the Ladies of Purity, Chastity and Modesty (though this may be interpreted in an allegorical sense) Orlando woke up to an equally allegorical trumpet blast of 'TRUTH!', rose, stood upright in complete nakedness and-the trumpets still pealing 'truth! truth!'-appeared before himself, before the world, and thus before us, as a woman.

It is thanks to the skills and the unwavering adherence to Truth of said chroniclers that we know how Lady Orlando, in character and disposition unaltered, in her memory perhaps some little haziness, some dimmed clarity permitting—unchanged, had spent time with the gipsies on a mountain before returning back, at last, to England, there to take care, before anything else, of some matters pertaining to her person and the legality of said person's irrefutably newly defined standing in the world.

Accepting then that this was so and not otherwise and allowing therefore no argument or disputation for the timebeing over the whys and wherefores of Lady Orlando's new state of being, I take it upon myself, with your permission, Dear Reader, to regale you instead with the events those former ones ensuing, which, I warrant, shall reveal themselves to be of no less importance in our heroine's life's proceedings than many others, even though, admittedly, few changes and alterations would ever have been, nor ever prove to be, of a similarly profound and incisive nature as those experienced by her in Constantinople and mentioned afore.

Was it coincidence, or was it fate, or was it an underlying wistful memory, or was it none of the above, or all of the above together, that prompted Orlando to yearn more than for any place for Moscow, as she stood by the Oak Tree—subject of her poem long in the composing—and beheld how the land surrounding her lay covered in snow, how the trees stood barren and bare against the dark grey low lying clouds and how the gloomy skies so adorned seemed to suggest nothing so much as endings, and how endings were in the distant recess of her mind forever associated with death? Never had she been to Russia. nor had she felt in a long time this desire for distance, for winter, for melancholy-or was it merely a still lingering longing for Sasha? Which, Orlando couldn't tell-and not in recent months or years had she felt overcome so with the caressing ache of despair as now, but certain she felt, the youthful verses she'd carried so long and so fond so close to her bosom now resonating in fragments through her newly-troubled mind, that Moscow was where she needed to go, and no sooner had this realisation lodged itself in her mind than the decision was made: some post, some

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purpose, some position in Russia would surely be hers for the asking, provided she asked the right person, and Orlando had not ever been, nor was she now going to be, one not to know whom to ask! Down she strode, wrapped in her cloak, a walking staff in her hand, relishing the air which struck her chin hard and fresh now with the clean chill edge of resolution: Moscow it would be, she would arrive there in April, maybe in time, just, for Easter.

Straight for London did Orlando make, after an evening's preparations, deliberations and also one or two minor prevarications: 'Is it wanton to do so?' she asked herself, pacing two steps south-south-west in the library, where she was wont to go when her mind felt unease, 'when there is clearly so much here to look after, so much business to attend to; when so many matters of weight and import are to be seen to about the house with its three hundred and sixty-five bedrooms, its kitchens and drawing rooms, its attics and cellars, its outhouses and stables, with all the land about it, the orchards and the fields, and the Oak Tree?' she pondered. 'But alack! What are they to me!' next she exclaimed, with an inflexion that suggested more protestation than guery, 'when I have no meaning here and no purpose, other than to sit out my time? What, indeed, is my time?' she wondered to herself, as she stood and paused briefly, facing her gamine figure in the looking glass, before pacing back two steps north-north-east to the window overlooking the frozen paths that led to the frozen pond where the half-frozen ducks skidded on the ice comically without intention, and in doing so stoked that glint of a memory once remembered, that warmth of a love once embraced and then discarded—no not discarded! Had torn away from her! That's what it had been, had it not, a love torn away from her, back then when she still was a man?---and still she stood again, now resolute and determined. Putting herself up at her townhouse for just a few days, which readily turned into three weeks, Orlando made enquiries, procured provisions, arranged documents for travel, and, having paid no less than three visits to the still very young Prime Minister (barely four years older than she was herself now), and dined with him and his friend twice (the second time, it should perhaps be noted, on the part of the two politicians, somewhat reluctantly), a commission, passage and lodgings were finally in place, and nothing stood in the way of Orlando setting off to Moscow, representing, once more, the crown, although this time, on account of her gender, in an unofficial capacity, of which neither the Prime Minister nor his friend was able to be entirely certain what exactly it was; but they were glad, her undisputed charms and delightful conversation notwithstanding, to be rid of her with little prospect of her inviting herself round to the 'vast, awkward house' at Downing Street for further dinners, at least for the time-being.

"It is not," said William Wilberforce over port in the withdrawing room, "entirely clear to me what a woman, with no vote in her own country, little if any education (or at any rate none evidenced and proven) and a personal history that may be declared dubious if one were charitably inclined, somewhat suspect if one were less so, may hope to achieve with the Russians; but then none of our most skilled emissaries have ever, to the best of my knowledge, achieved anything with the Russians either, and so why should we not, in the spirit of that greater parity between the sexes that we strive to explain to our nation as something to be aspired to, and in service of equanimity at our own dining table, appoint ourselves a lady Envoy, Special as inevitably she would have to be. The Russians, I daresay, will be enthralled to her: her French, it appears, is impeccable."

"Quite so," replied William Pitt (who was, among the Williams the elder, but indeed, among the Pitts the Younger), and proceeded to refill their glasses (the butler for the evening having been stood down so they might enjoy some little privacy, at last).

On the eve of her departure, Orlando went for a stroll in St James's to clear, we may assume, her mind and to reflect,

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it seems likely, on the immense undertaking that spread out before of her, as vast, she felt, as the Siberian steppes themselves (although she had no intention, on this occasion, to venture east of Moscow at all). The weather was unusually clement for the time of year-it was still only late February—and it would be many years, she surmised, before she would set foot on England again. This did not discomfit her unduly, nor did it make her happy; rather, she felt the time had come to embolden herself and take her destiny, such as it was, into her own hands and find, if not meaning as such, and not, perhaps, even purpose, then at the very least an application of herself to something meaningful, something purposeful, although what this might be she felt she could not know; what she knew in her heart was that she would find it as long as she did not allow herself to be thrown off course again, as she sensed she had done on too many occasions before.

Pleased with the reassuring certainty this thought furnished her mind withal, Orlando sat down on a bench overlooking the water in the edifying twilight of a portentous day nearing its close, and that mind was now at considerable ease, her face in a calm, almost serene repose, with her gloved hands gently crossed over the walking stick resting on her knees, when a young gentleman just about her age, or maybe two or three years younger still, cutting an unreasonably dashing figure for this time of year in a Royal Navy uniform professing a rank higher than the soft down on his cheeks and upper lip would appear to permit, stopped in his tracks as he walked by, turned to face her directly, stood upright as a pillar, took a brief but courteous bow, banged his heels-somewhat sharply, Orlando thought-together and spake, in a voice much more in keeping with his years than his rank:

"Madam, may I ask the provenance of your cane?"

Orlando looked down at her hands and gave the Malacca just the slightest of twists.

"I brought it home from Constantinople, it was a gift..." At that her eyes lost focus for a brief moment, as the memory in her mind gained sharpness in turn:

"...it was left me, by a friend."

"It is a fine piece of wood," said the young man, with not a hint of irony, bowed again and seemed about to turn, when Orlando explained:

"It belonged to Charles Wootton Fitzpaine, Ambassador to Penang at the time, he had it made especially, with wood from the Calamus; would you like to try it?"

The young officer beamed like a child at the suggestion, and as Orlando got up and handed him the stick, she noticed that he was just about an inch shorter than she. He bowed his brief, almost curt, bow again and exercised the Malacca up and down the pathway with such vigour, such joy, that Orlando couldn't help falling guite hopelessly in love with him, in the way that one can only fall when there are less than twenty-four hours in which to do so. Orlando felt the pang in her heart that announced this passion, recognised it, knew how perfectly impossible and hopeless a sensation it was, how preciously unwelcome, how infuriatingly delicious, how insanely inconvenient and yet how apposite, and, with a world-weary sigh descended back on her bench to watch him turn on his heels, twirl the stick, and strut like a boy, the dimples in his cheeks irresistibly calling. Once again he halted and the dimples vanished:

"Why are you sad?" he enquired with innocence as light as a fresh summer breeze and concern as grave as the seas on which he must sail.

"Please," said Orlando, "accept it from me as something to remember me by." She rose again, she curtsied, she walked away. She got no further than seven paces before he had overtaken her and stood in front of her once again:

"I know not your name."

"Will you walk me to your ship, Captain?"

"I am a Master and Commander only, my lady, and my ship lies in Gravesend, some twenty-odd miles hence..."

"Then walk me to my house, my Master and Commander, it stands in Mayfair, but eight hundred yards from here."

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At this point in our narration, Most Valued Reader, it behoves us well to let the drape of night descend on Lady Orlando and her gentleman naval officer on their enjoined own, for it is not done to pry into the affairs of the newly acquainted when the circumstances demand that they be so readily befriended lest the too small window of opportunity should close, and that-should their hearts be so inclined—they become enamoured ere they must part, or never taste the delights of love at all. Suffice it then for us to know that morning came in its wanton glory, and neither Orlando nor her young lover were willing just yet to disentwine. Luncheon passed, then tea time and supper, but still did no-one emerge from the house, other than the housekeeper who was sent for fresh fruit near sundown. Meantime, also at Gravesend, and no more than a half dozen piers downstream of the naval vessel from which the officer had taken his temporary leave, a captain of a merchant brig bound for the Baltic, who had been told to expect a passenger on official duty, finding that this passenger remained absent and made no sign of boarding any time soon, and knowing that he was no more able to stay his departure than to stem the tide, was left with no choice but to lift anchor without her, and so for the second time a ship set sail for St Petersburg that Orlando should have been on, but wasn't, only this time amorousness was what kept her, rather than propelling him thither.

A second night passed much in the vein of the first, and both Orlando and the young officer would have happily had it turn into a third, and even a fourth, had not the call of duty rung out overbearingly loud in the officer's ear, and unlike Orlando, he was in no position to let his ship sail without him unless he was to face the harshest of consequences.

"Stow me away on her, withersoever she sail," whispered Orlando in that same ear, and the tickle of her voice and the warmth of her breath softened the rude noise that duty had made, and the sailor took Orlando as well as some of her cases—albeit far fewer than originally intended for Moscow, including one or two of her hats, but really none of her furs-and brought them onboard, straight into his cabin past the gawp and cat whistle of some crew and a highly raised eyebrow accompanied by an admiring smile from his captain. He, in turn, was something of a roque and rascal of the old school and, once on the North Sea. had no compunction to intersect the course of a merchant ship and send his own gang onboard to press some of her topmen and boatswains into service, substituting them for his least capable crew. Orlando was aghast: she had been at sea before and she had heard sailors' tales of hardship and woe, but she knew from the faces of the dejected men who appeared now on board like slaves to a galleon that she must leave before her sense of justice and indignation made her speak up and cause a commotion or, indeed, a mutiny, for while she could not brook the treatment of the men she witnessed, nor could she reconcile with her conscience bringing the young gentleman who had taken her on at some risk to himself into trouble, and so before the ropes were untied, Orlando, with only her purse of gold on her, and wearing her most comfortable hat, jumped ship onto the other vessel, blowing a heartfelt, tender kiss to the Master and Commander who stood upright to attention and saluted her, respect and affection twinkling on his again-dimpled smile.

The captain of the merchant ship, robbed of his best hands on deck, had little choice but to detour to Bruges, which he did not want to do, as there was nothing there of interest or use to him, other than a handful of desperate men whom he could hire for a pittance. Orlando took this as her opportunity to land, and what was true of the captain was true of her too: Bruges held no attractions for her whatsoever and so—recalling faintly, as in a dream, an interest she once had, a fascination with, the city—she decided to aim for Paris: one of the nearest and also, though it belong to enemy land, one of the best.

CHAPTER 2 — IN WHICH ORLANDO MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF FREE-SPIRITED WOMEN AND MEN AND REALISES SHE IS, HERSELF, QUITE THE REVOLUTIONARY.

Many were the things Orlando was used to being able to do at his whim and fancy when he was a man, that she now, as a woman, found to be fraught with irksome complication. Travelling on her own from Bruges to Paris was one of them and arriving in Paris during a revolution was quite another. Some people may say that this would be obvious, but it was not obvious to Orlando, even though she had become aware of this new handicap to her constitution from the first day she had realised what, so as not to say who, she now was. With the constraints that decorum, dress, manner, speech, physical power and decency now put on her ability to manoeuvre, it mattered a great deal that she was a well to do member of the English aristocracy and had brought with her, securely sequestered upon her person, a not inconsiderable portion of her wealth, purely to cover for the eventuality that she might find herself in some need. And in need she now was: she soon recognised that the only way she would be allowed to journey in comparative safety and relative peace was to hire a coach and horses for her exclusive use and have it accompanied by not one but two British soldiers whom she bought free from a French garrison near Ghent, where they were being held captives as prisoners of war, a situation she knew about and was able to take advantage of—and this, it should be added, at a place she was able to reach—only thanks to the intervention of an elderly monk who saw it as his religious duty to deliver the damsel he perceived to be in distress safely into their hands under the borrowed cloak of one of his own order's vestments. It involved negotiations, parlays, transactions and parting with inordinate amounts of currency, but eventually the deal was concluded and Orlando could be escorted through a revolution-riven France right to the heart of the upheaval, and just in time for the second most momentous occasion in her prolonged progression towards a divestment of her king and queen.

If it was not without danger to traverse France in a southerly, or, indeed, any, direction as a woman, it was not entirely without challenge to establish a household in Paris towards the end of that Summer, the year being 1789, and the government of the country having been wrested from the sovereign and given to the Third Estate, by the people making up the Third Estate, or certainly a significant proportion thereof, and therefore of the country as a whole, seeing that the Third Estate, after the clergy and the nobility, made up all but two or three in a hundred Frenchmen and women. It was only just over two months since the Bastille, reviled emblem of arbitrary justice and absolute power, had been identified as a source of gunpowder, stormed, occupied and dismantled; and Orlando soon found herself caught up in a heady mixture of political agitation and unending debates in the salons of the houses of the people she let know that she was in town and therefore was in turn almost immediately invited to. There was an intoxicating whiff of the new in the air, of ideas never heretofore considered possible, let alone plausible, of the equality of men being not merely an ideal to aspire to but an inalienable right, of the questioning of old rules thus becoming an inescapable necessity, of the deposing of the old regime therefore being the only reasonable course of action and, reason being the paragon of human achievement, of that course of action having turned imperative. Orlando had had time, since her arrival in Bruges, to send word to Mr Pitt that due to circumstances so unforeseen as to adjudge them unforeseeable, both on land and at sea, she had found herself unable to voyage to Russia and was instead now heading for Paris, an item of news that was greeted by the Prime Minister with dismay and relief in unequal measure. His relief, though undeniable, was moderate, but at least this meant that his agonised and somewhat long-winded, so as not to say incoherent, explanations to

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the Ambassador in Moscow as to what precisely the Lady Orlando might consider to be her business when she got there now proved irrelevant and superfluous, and that he no longer had to trouble himself with the prospect of answering any more questions about the purpose of this particular posting. His dismay, conversely, was large, because it also meant there was now something of a proverbial loose cannon abroad: an English member of society in Paris who was in constant danger of being kidnapped, murdered or, possibly worst of all, crudely indoctrinated with radical ideas. Then again, it was pointed out to him (and not, it should be noted, by his friend William) she was only a woman and would therefore pose no real threat to anyone, other than perhaps to herself, something which could be mitigated against by encouraging her to stay at one of her distant relatives' houses and to pass her time playing cards until this inconvenience of a revolution had blown over. That the inconvenience would be temporary, of this both Williams could no longer be entirely certain, but knowing that their own country had gone through a similar convulsion not so long ago and quickly seen sense, reinstated the king and since then practised a model of parliamentary constitutional monarchy with such success that the English felt entitled to call theirs the 'Cradle of Democracy' and a 'Land of The Free', they were, though concerned, still relatively sanguine about the prospects of France similarly settling down presently into a new period of comparative calm: an optimism that all too soon was to prove, although well-founded, ill honoured by the unruly French...

Orlando was surprised at how much and how quickly she felt at home in Paris. Like many an Englishman or Englishwoman, she had never seen cause to take either France or the French very seriously before, and the fact that they had grown into a powerful nation with an important capital city at its heart and a colonial presence abroad would have been an irrelevance to her, other than for the nuisance inherent in the French tilting the balance of power in favour of the rebellious American states and thus losing the British Empire half of the continent not long ago. But the spirited vigour with which both men and women, mostly of her age and across many layers of society now talked about the ideals of mankind and the nature of statehood, elevating the concepts of liberty, fraternity and equality to a rallying cry around a new flag that stood for the universal rights of citizens, irrespective of their birth, state or even creed, now filled Orlando's heart too with rousing passions and great hopes for a future guite different to any past she'd ever known. The French men and women whom Orlando associated with in turn saw in her a fresh and kindred spirit, a revolutionary in her own right, and they respected her for throwing caution so bravely to the wind and standing her own ground so resolutely. One or two, it was true, were not without suspicion: what of the two British officers she had freed and, their service of bringing her safely to Paris accomplished, released from duty so nonchalantly? Whence her articulate vocabulary in political affairs and the subtleties of diplomacy, as a woman? What of her scope of knowledge in history cultur-

woman? What of her scope of knowledge in history cultural, military and social? Only a spy, some surmised, could be so acquainted, only a spy and a *man* so equipped, quipped some others, but Orlando felt certain she had nothing to prove and set out to prove it all the same, more—as so often in her life was the case—by accident (or divine intervention) than by design.

Orlando had fallen asleep in the small hours on a *chaise* that was none too *longue* and far from comfortable, but several glasses of wine and cognac and many hours of avid conversation had made her head heavy, her heart weary and her legs seemingly non-existent, and so surrender to slumber she did. Her guests had continued debating for a while and then by and by had made their way either to their own homes in the vicinity or to one of several available guest chambers in the house Orlando had taken for the as yet indefinite duration of her stay. She herself,

since gone to bed, and a parting guest had covered her with his cloak for a blanket. She had dreamt of Crete and of being held in the strong but tender arms of Hermes, and seemed, as in a distant memory, to recall the ancient treasures and the bold encounters of her travels, but she did so in a nonsensical, jumbled up, wild melée of scenes and characters and colours and voices that made for a frightful cacophony, when-minutes only after she'd shut her eyes as it seemed to her, though in reality some two or three hours had passed—she woke up to the beating of a drum and the riotous shouts and calls and clamours of a rabble. Orlando threw off the cloak, which she recognised as belonging to a young poet whose ebony locks and Roman nose made him appear not unlike a god in his very own right, she thought, and whose considerate gesture in leaving it here for her for the night gifted her with a wistful smile, heaved herself up to look out of the window onto the Rue de Rivoli where-lo and behold!-a column of hundreds, nay thousands, of people was coming towards her and soon passing below; but they were unlike any crowd Orlando had ever seen: they were, almost all of them, women and they were not dressed like ladies, but wore the garb of fishermen's wives and market vendors; they were loud and brash, brandishing knives, banging on drums, and demanding bread. Orlando was riveted: she had seen scenes of riot before, in Constantinople, she had spent time with simple country folk in the mountains, but never before had she come face to face with the wrath of women scorned in their very existence. She threw on the poet's cloak, grabbed her convenient hat and ran out into the rain of this drabbest, but still most cataclysmic, of October mornings.

though, had been left to doze, as her small staff had long

Orlando quickly caught up with the front of the march, and was able to make out the odd detail about its origin on the way: it had started in a corner of the market of the *faubourg* St Antoine, and quickly it had grown in numbers, in volume and in intensity, as first other market women and then other women and some men along the route had joined, and now, a couple of miles into the centre and past the Bastille, what had started out as a posse had grown into a battalion and they were going to get what they wanted: bread from the town hall, the *Hôtel de Ville*, just round the corner. Orlando couldn't help but march along, for of course they needed bread! Bread, she knew, had been scarce for the poor and risen in price to levels they could not afford, so how were they to feed their children; she herself, Orlando, would have given them bread from her own kitchen, had she thought of fetching some, but it would not have been enough for more than two or three dozen of them; better, surely, that they went to the stores of the city and took what they needed in order to survive.

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At the Hôtel, near chaos ensued, as the women demanded not just bread, but weapons as well, and it was only thanks to the swift and diligent action of a former guardsman whom the women knew and respected that they stopped short of burning down the building after ransacking its stores and held back from putting to death the store master too. Orlando was as intoxicated by the energy, the power, the hunger and the lust for living that drove these women, as she was scared of the fierceness of their cries and the anger in their eyes; but she was also inspired by their determination and convinced by their cause: of course it was wrong that the city held rich stores of bread for the wealthy few when the multitudes of the poor barely made it alive through the day. Of course the privileges of her own class here were too many, with none of them paying taxes but all of them living in luxury; and in fact Orlando was convinced that most of them knew it and wanted a change themselves, or if they didn't know it yet and were afraid of change, they could have it explained to them in ways that they would be able to understand. But right now, the change that these women proclaimed and demanded, before Orlando's very eyes, revealed itself to be a change of a different and much more encompassing

nature, and before Orlando knew it she was marching with the women of Paris out of the city and on to Versailles!

CHAPTER 3 — IN WHICH WORLDS COLLIDE AND ORLANDO COMES FACE-TO-FACE WITH DEATH, DESTRUCTION, DEVOTION, DELIGHT AND DETERMI-NATION (THOUGH NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER).

It would not correspond to Truth sufficiently to stand up to close scrutiny if it were claimed by me, in this place, Dear Reader, that on her march from Paris to Versailles, in midst the shouts and calls and cries of the poissardes and their growing band of supporters-mostly women but also some men, and notable among them the aforementioned former guard and vaingueur of the Bastille, Stanislas-Marie Maillard-Orlando was not entirely in her element, even though, going on everything we know of her, nothing about her present circumstances at this time bore any resemblance to anything she had ever experienced before, and even though, among the noise of the drums and the rattling of the knives and the clanging of the makeshift weapons, she could barely make out more than every fifth or sixth word in any one sentence that the women, in their coarse and shrill voices, uttered to her, and even though not one of these women whom she had joined near the front of the march had so much as an ounce of understanding as to who Orlando was, or what compelled her to be there with them. But then neither did Orlando really comprehend what was happening to her, nor did she feel she needed to be able to decipher the words when the heartfelt tone of the voices she heard was so clear, nor did she have time to wonder at the surge of emotions that coursed through her veins, or how new and unprecedented they were: Orlando felt free. Orlando felt she was equal to them and they equal to her; not in wealth, not in standing, not in education, but in nature, in spirit and in power; and,

yes, she felt she was among sisters. Six hours it took them to reach Versailles and at times it felt like a carnival, a parade, at other times it was dangerous and felt quite pointless. Rumours swept through the masses: the guards have been alerted, they will welcome us with muscats and cannons. The drizzle made their dresses heavy with damp and caked their shoes in mud; their feet grew blisters, their joints soon ached, but their righteous ire and their cause and their hunger drove them on, and Orlando did as they did and dragged her skirts through the mud and sang their songs, which she learnt as they walked; and as they walked, more people joined, and new rumours reached them that the National Guard had sided with them and was now on the march to Versailles to protect them: and other rumours still that their commander had warned the Royal Guard at the palace and all was already lost; but nothing to these women who had nothing to lose could be lost, and nothing therefore could stop them now, for they were on their way now and their demand now was not only that the king mend his ways and sign the declaration of rights, but that he come back with them and move his household to Paris, for in the rarefied palace and gardens of Versailles, which they had heard looked like an artist's impression of Paradise itself, he was not only out of reach but also out of touch and what king could claim that he ruled for the people if he was not in touch with his people?

When the women, and the men that accompanied them, arrived at Versailles, exhausted, wet, and—the supplies they had brought with them from the town hall having run out—even hungrier than before, they found that other women and men from the surrounding villages had received word and had come out to welcome them, and also here to welcome them were members of the newly named National Constituent Assembly, which was still at Versailles, having started out as the old *Estates-Général* earlier in the year. As the women piled into the Assembly chamber, proceedings in there became very informal, 403

because over their shouts and demands, the speakers could barely be heard, and so while several of the politicians decided to mingle and converse with the women, none, it appeared, commanded their proper attention, let alone their respect; none, that is, except one.

Maximilien de Robespierre cut a fine figure with his handsome round face, friendly brown eyes and bright, approachable smile; wearing a dark coat of professional hem and a compact, unostentatious white wig that lent him a simple, dependable gravitas rather than frivolity or pompous decorum. He was a well-spoken man with an intelligent mind and, in his oratory as his demeanour, unambiguous and straight: he not only welcomed the women, he expressed their cause better than they had heard it expressed before. Not only did he have words of support, he had a grasp of their reality, so it seemed, and the women naturally warmed to him. If it was an age of reason, this, and if the movement that had been unleashed was one that embraced humanity and compassion and fidelity to the ideals of the common good, then no clearer, no stronger, no better voice could be heard to give it credence than that of Monsieur de Robespierre. But of all the women who had poured into the Assembly and were now lounging on the benches, nursing the blisters on their feet and drying off their hair, their hands and their faces, none was likely to be as rapt as Orlando, because, for all his rhetoric or their own democratic fervour, none saw in him an equal; what they saw in him was a sympathetic member of a different class, not the ruling class, for sure, but a separate class from them, for although he was, like them, a member of the Third Estate, he was, in every other way, unlike them.

Nor was he like Orlando. Orlando, as she understood herself to be, and as she had no cause to understand herself otherwise, was a lady of considerable wealth and social standing, and although almost nothing about her current appearance betrayed any of this, she was nevertheless, by dint of this, her 'birth', part of the nobility (depending on how far back we allow ourselves to look into her unusual parentage, partly possibly also of deity, though neither she, nor anybody else, seemed, at this particular moment, likely to be at all aware of this). Significantly, also, Orlando, unlike almost any of the women around her, was educated, and educated not only in the basics of literacy and numeracy, but in a classical, even philosophical sense, which is why it was now with unabashed fascination and a great deal of comprehension that she was listening to this young politician, by profession, as it turned out, a lawyer, who talked a language she had never heard before: one of real, profound radicalism. Each man should have a vote, he declared, none should live in fear of death as a form of punishment, the National Assembly, of course, must be the seat of power in government. The women did not expect more of him: none argued they, too, should have the vote, and few thought it at this point. The demands he made not on their behalf only, but on everybody's behalf, were sound and reasonable, and as he spoke the anger, the fury, the danger abated: the women knew it in their hearts, they would get their way; and when the king agreed to receive a delegation of them, they went, a half dozen of them selected from their midst (Orlando not among them), and returned in no small measure charmed and pacified and furnished with reassurances of food; and when, somewhat later in the day, came forward the promise of the king's impending signature on the Declaration of the Rights of Men and Citizens, some felt that this battle was now surely won. Indeed, a few, surrounding the former guardsman Maillard, had already begun their long journey home, although most kept milling around the grounds awaiting the final outcome of events.

After he had spoken, Maximilien de Robespierre was wandering about the Assembly, chatting here and there and listening intently to what the *poissardes*, in their, to Orlando, incomprehensible patois had to say, apparently untroubled by their choice of words or their pronunciation,

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either of which had, during the day, sufficed on numerous occasions to make Orlando's hair stand ever so slightly on end. As she sat on a bench that resembled a giant, rectangular, leather-upholstered pouf, watching him make his way through the throng, never once putting a foot wrong, never once wavering in his attention, never once yawning or demurring or betraying any sign that any of these women were anything other than ladies who had every right to be here and postulate their grievances and voice their demands, Orlando felt a flame of emotion kindle within her that she had not felt in a long time. Not since, as a slightly younger man she had espied across the ice of a deep frozen river the exquisite shape of an even younger Russian princess had the part of her belly just below her diaphragm so felt alive, had her pulse so inexplicably quickened, had her breath so readily grown rapid as now; now, she knew long before she could reason, she felt long before she could speak it, she feared long before she feared she might ever regret it, she fell in love and her love was so powerful, so compulsive, and yet so serene, that she couldn't but sit there and watch and wait and know that within minutes he would pass by her and he would see her and he would-gentleman that he wasrecognise in her what she saw in him, and would look into her eyes, the deep brown pools of his pupils as large and profound as hers, and he would smile his irresistible smile and extend his hand and bow ever so slightly, and she would rise and curtsey in a manner completely commensurate with his bow, and this would be the end of the matter and also the beginning, for what else would there now remain but for him to lead her by the hand, without words, without poetry or protestations, and guide her to his dwelling near the rear of the palace, where, humble though it may be, it would still be palatial to them and afford them, over several hours and long into the night, a heavenly, sun-god-sent paradise all of their own. And this is precisely how matters now did unfold.

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When on a previous, and outwardly similar occasion we found it advisable to draw a veil of discretion over the proceedings and let human nature take its follied course, now we find ourselves compelled to accompany the dashing lawyer to his apartment, together with Orlando, for there were many matters that engaged their minds much more and long before they gave way to other, no less passionate, but for our eyes less seemly urges. For naturally these two were attracted to each other, how could they not; and naturally they beheld each other favourablythis stands to reason when both were favoured with such favourable aspects-naturally, too, they delighted in each other's company, when the thrill of recognising their emotional equal in the other rippled through each of their nerves and sinews, but beyond all that they quickly uncovered, in a few minutes of conversation that led them from the Assembly hall to the private chambers of the Assembly members, that theirs was a meeting, also, and maybe foremost, of *minds!* And what minds these were: agile, curious, nourished yet hungry for more, open to the movements and accidental actions of people on earth as much as to the motions and prescribed paths of the stars in the skies. Nothing was so sacred as not to be questioned, nothing stood so high as not to be reached for, no scope was so wide as not to be encompassed, within the mind itself. Maximilien de Robespierre might have found this kind of connection with another man as easily as with a woman, he felt, more easily even, perhaps, because there was in the coming together of minds something noble, and pure, they both felt: in the abstraction of thought from the messy business of intercourse on the physical plane there was, to them both, exultation. And now, naturally, their talk was of Rousseau and Montesquieu, and of course they discussed, and delighted in, Voltaire, and beyond that in Descartes, and Locke and even Immanuel Kant.

You will forgive me, Cherished Reader, if at this point I once more shy away from relating in full all aspects appertaining to the story I have undertaken to acquaint you

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with, and do not venture to delve into the particulars of their discourse, as their discourse was variform and expansive on subjects ranging far, ideas reaching wide, questions probing deep and ideals scaling high. Such was the nature of their discourse, and the intent, and the substance, that the hours passed in compressed concentrates of themselves, and before either of them was able to feel the fatigue that was bound to creep up on them after such expenditure of thought and breath, the sun again began to make its wondrous presence felt, not yet by rising above the parkland trees and shining its glinted rays upon the water fountains in the gardens, but as an aura before dawn: the purple-hued glow that ascends slowly as it chases away the darkness of night. Orlando should have slumped and sunk into her Louis Quatorze chair from weary tiredness, considering that she'd had little sleep the night before, conversing, as she did, at length with her friends at her own salon, and bearing in mind, furthermore, that she had walked, at not a moment's notice or preparation, thirteen miles in the rain alongside rabble-rousing women whose chants and shouts and curt-phrased talk she could not understand; and yet Orlando was wide awake and fully alert to the speeches of this man, for although Orlando was his only audience, he addressed her with the energy and conviction of an orator, and conversely when it was her turn to speak, Robespierre sat rapt in silence relishing each finely formulated phrase in well-taught French that Orlando faultlessly produced. Sometimes, as when it came to the barbarity of state-sanctioned executions, torture and coercion, they agreed; often, as when the extension of universal suffrage to both men and women was discussed, they clashed; sometimes, as when the existence of an all-knowing, all-powerful, all-benign but in his or her ways most mysterious Divine Being was examined, they knew not how to say with precision what they meant but respected that they meant different things in different ways and, temporarily awed by the imponderability of the magnitude of their deliberation, fell into a moment ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

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of agreeable silence, during which the ongoing din and never-ceasing hubbub, all through the night, of the women camped outside—who had since been joined by, and were bantering with, the National Guard—was the only thing that penetrated their peace; and then a brilliant quote or a magnificent insight once heard or read or invented in another debate or right now off the cuff would come to either of them, and, like a spark jumping from the amber into the tinder, a new blaze would crackle with heat and light and the all-consuming yet life-rendering force of intellectual fire.

It was towards the sixth hour of the morning of the sixth day of October of the year of the Lord 1789 that the noise of the clamour outside the palace grew louder and the clanging of footsteps inside grew faster and the general hum of a large mass of people being about swell into a regular commotion, and as Orlando and Robespierre went to see what was the cause, so early, when the light of the day was only just beginning to filter in through the majestic glass windows, of such unrest, they saw that some of the crowd had entered the palace through a side door and were looking for none other than the queen herself. Panic and fear quickly gripped the few members of the Royal Guard dotted about the palace and within minutes a shot rang through the marble court, and another soon followed, and cries went up, murder! execution!, and a lifeless body was carried outside, which elicited screams of pain, loss and anger among those who had come here, and more and more of them, now more hurt, more enraged, and more savage than ever before, stormed into the palace, seeking out guards, finding them, beating them, pulling at their uniforms and hair, tearing into their flesh and breaking their bones and sawing off the head of one of their number, small as it had been to start with, and sticking it on a pike and parading it outside to the cheers and the jeers of the masses, and another guard fell and the queen ran from her chambers across the palace to

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bang on the king's chambers' doors, where by a hair's breadth she and her maids found refuge, and only after further long minutes did finally the fury slowly abate, and some semblance of calm was for the moment restored as the members of the National Guard who had come in support of the marchers cleared the palace and entered a dialogue with their brethren from the Royal Guard; and seeing this horror and rage and uncontrolled rampage, Maximilien de Robespierre bethought himself of the danger that was here for a member of the English aristocracy and offered, nay insisted, to usher Orlando out of the reach of the women she so boldly had marched in solidarity with.

Orlando was not afraid for her safety but she was appalled at the scenes of violence she witnessed and she was glad, at this moment, to be helped into a carriage and to be sitting next to the man she had spent an entire night with in a pure exchange of ideas, and within minutes of pulling out of the gates, as the road ahead of them lay open and straight and the horses' hooves fell into a steady canter, she could no longer resist the drooping weight of her eyelids and, tilting in unconscious comfort against her protector, she finally, finally fell asleep.

CHAPTER 4 — IN WHICH ORLANDO WAKES UP IN A NEAR-STRANGER'S ARMS AND RESOLVES TO STAY WITHIN HIS EMBRACE FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.

Orlando could not tell how long she'd slept, nor could she hazard a guess what hour it was; she could not make out, through her sleep-worn gaze, what house she had been sheltered in, nor did she remember for several long moments which city this was, what country even, or what century. All had, for her, blurred into one: she could not say if what she felt was real and what she now remembered ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

was a dream or whether this was still a dream and what she experienced was real. The look on the face of a man she would only later learn was named Tardivet, staring down at her, severed, cruelly and crudely, from its shoulders and triumphantly but without ceremony stuck upon a pike, had haunted her sleep and she was sure now, as her body began to compose itself into waking, that she must have tossed in her sleep, and turned, and maybe cried out; she had been afraid, after all; the bravery of her previous day now shook her to the core and she shuddered so hard that the arm and the chest against which she had been resting her head now moved a little and, with a groan, the man the limb and the torso belonged to also came to and from a dishevelled round face those clever, kind eves looked at Orlando, and the man's lips formed into a charming grin that made Orlando give off a girlish laugh. Like naughty children they laughed, and Orlando now remembered it all, and in sequence, and she knew who this man was who had spent the night sitting up next to her, allowing himself to be used as a prop, as a cushion, who had somehow evidently succeeded in heaving her up from the carriage-she remembered the carriage, and the horses bolting through the gates of a palace invaded by a bloodthirsty mob-into his apartment here in the centre of Paris, and who had made no attempt at soliciting, given no signal to want, invited no demonstration of feeling, anything other than an amicable, and entirely mutual, affection, of the kind of respect and, yes, the word here seems appropriate, devotion, a gentleman would afford a good friend. When Orlando had, from the first, been drawn towards this man who in physical height was not even her equal, but who in stature succeeded in making himself appear solid and large, she now, at last, felt the urge to surrender, and surrender, without further ado now, she did. All of a sudden, now, the words were none more: their eyes gazed into each other and with their bodies already so closely aligned, that thing that exists between two human beings when everything that needs

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to be said has already been said, and everything that has not yet been spoken can be said without words, now took over and not Orlando nor her host knew who now led whom as they made from the *chaise* of the *salon* to the *lit* of the *boudoir*, dispensing with pieces of clothing one at a time while moving along.

Now, then, is the time to draw that veil of discretion we earlier felt we could do without, for nothing so ill pleases the Diligent Reader as to have his imagination sullied by depictions in public of what belongs in the private sphere. Suffice it to say that once again it was not a sphere that Orlando felt willing or bound to leave in a hurry. What Monsieur de Robespierre lacked in bulk and build he made up in prowess and skill and Orlando for one had, her more recent acquaintances notwithstanding, not before experienced quite the like. Orlando might have stayed with Maximilien de Robespierre for a goodly while longer: she did not easily tire of an intelligent man's society at the worst of times, and these, by any standard, to her, were verily among the best of times, and they were so for Monsieur de Robespierre too. In fact, history was to show, not so long after, that while Orlando had yet in store for her many encounters and experiences that could match this and any previous ones—the arc of her existence reaching so uncommonly wide across the fabric of time-de Robespierre really would never in his comparatively short life delight in anything quite so resoundingly joyous and blissful as these few days with Orlando. Yes, his fame would soar, and his significance in the world had far from peaked, but where the fountain of happiness was concerned, he did well to drink from it in gulps of unrestrained pleasure now, because for him it would soon dry up, not ever to replenish again. Neither of them could know this, as they lay in each others' arms, in the promising young man's bed, having partaken of each other without guilt or shame or regret; and in the relative quiet of a momentarily peaceful Paris morning, their thoughts did turn to the future and to tasks at hand, and maybe this is what poets have meant when they have spoken of a Paradise Lost. because now these two suddenly found, having tasted of the tree of knowledge of each other, that they were no longer as at ease with each other in matters of the mind as they had been before. Perhaps the gloss of a beckoning fruit obliterates and outshines any blemishes that, the apple once eaten into and its core now perching exposed on the sideboard, conspire to make it look rotten, or if not rotten then at the very least spotted with flaws. Questions that had previously seemed matters merely of opinion now in the light of a newly drawn dawn revealed themselves to be fundamental, and where Orlando and de Robespierre diverged, the chasm that opened up between them was no longer easily bridged. Foremost on Orlando's mind, having more, and more wide-ranging experience of living, both as a man and as a woman, was how could from a revolution so radical and encompassing as this the entire female sex be excluded and, as seemed to be the intention of her lover, banished away from the platform of politics into the domestic domain of raising and nurturing offspring? More categorical, still, and even more difficult to reconcile for Orlando was the pull of the instincts, of 'nature', to one type of behaviour, when the push of the intellect, of 'civilisation', so clearly dictated another. Orlando felt not at all inured to this kind of dilemma and it disturbed her to find that no matter how great, how capable, how inventive a mind was at work, the most basic forces were never entirely tamed, but rather, they seemed held at bay, but how securely and for how long, no-one could tell.

"Yet, is it not always thus?" enquired of her Robespierre. He knew, as she did, that the moment was approaching when they would have to part, but it troubled him to see her so troubled, and he sought to cheer her and revive her spirit and in reviving her spirt fan a little her passion for him, not for it to be consumed once again, but for him to know that they parted as friends, and not only as friends, but as veritable *conspirators* who could believe in the ideals he believed in and who would find ways always to 413

hold them up high. "Why should we," he further argued, "measure ourselves by our failings, suffer ourselves to be judged by our faults? All men have faults, have they not, and so do all women. Is it not then the cause that we embrace and the purity of our intention that may lead us to glory? Not glory for ourselves but glory for the people in whose name we have thus embraced the cause? Allow that we should be imperfect, Orlando: expect not to be beyond reproach. Demand of yourself that your design be noble, thus will the road that you take lead you ultimately to your goal."

Orlando was not convinced she would find it so, but she smiled at him, and seeing her face returned to good weather, he smiled her his bright and knowing grin too and they kissed, and Orlando got up from the bed and she spake: "It is time that I should leave you to proceed with your revolution. Remember me in your hour of need." She did not know whence the thought that he might soon face an hour of need had entered her mind, but entered it had and so she gave it expression, and washed and dressed and made to leave. Maximilien de Robespierre, having watched her, jumped off his bed and dashed around her, and fell on his knee before her just by the door and said: "Lady Orlando, will you marry me?" Orlando looked at him with kindness and, making sure not to laugh, but with friendship and warmth in her voice, said: "That, I fear, Monsieur de Robespierre, would be going one step too far." And, ruffling the short tuft of hair that was forever normally hidden under his wig, but now lay innocent before her like that of a child, she left by the staircase that led to the ground.

CHAPTER 5 — IN WHICH ORLANDO REFLECTS ON HER MISSION, REPORTS BACK TO THE WILLIAMS AND AS A REWARD FOR HER LABOURS IS PROMISED A POSTING TO PRUSSIA...

Orlando remained in Paris for nine months precisely. There was no symbolic meaning nor was there any natural imperative for this particular period being allowed to elapse before she once more undertook a strenuous journey, it was, as is often the case, merely a confluence of coincidences that appeared to conspire to make it just so. During all this time, she had no more conference with Maximilien de Robespierre, although their paths on a number of occasions crossed nearly and once also really and on that occasion they both seemed delighted to recognise and acknowledge each other, but nothing more. For Orlando to recognise de Robespierre had become exceptionally easy because in the months after their encounter, he rose to the top of the revolutionary pile and was seen in person and depicted in print frequently; that he in turn should so immediately remember Orlando could only be less obviously attributed to the impact the time they had spent together had made on him and of course to some not insignificant extent also to her strikingly handsome appearance.

On the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, the 4th July 1799, Orlando was out in the streets with her friends, old and new, with the students, the women, the poets, the philosophers, the Americans and the English as well as the French, and, as one of them put it, they danced with their arms locked together and their hearts open wide; and their voices rejoiced as all was still hopeful and good. Paris, capital of the erstwhile most powerful nation in Europe, had changed that nation's destiny forever, and the drivers of this change had been the people: not the already powerful, not the elite, the First or the Second Estate, but the common people, the Third Estate, the people of the workshops, of the boutiques and of the ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

professions, the people of the markets, even, the women, the *poissardes*, who had come to fetch the king from his palace, and who had actually succeeded in doing just that: the royal family had come back with them from Versailles to an empty, abandoned Tuileries palace in Paris, where the king, resigned to his fate, had asked to be brought a copy of the History of Charles I of England: he whom the English had executed during their revolution only four decades ago.

It was in no small measure that revolution which elevated the English among the celebrants now to the status of cherished guests, for their French brothers and sisters saw them as kin, their forerunners, their pioneers who had achieved what they now too were going to achieve, to turn their absolute monarchy into a parliamentary monarchy, in which the king would be a servant to the people and not the people serfs to the king: it was a goal worth achieving, and achieved it now practically was; and nobody, on that heady summer day only a year into their sea change, could know or foresee what was about to befall them. Even those who had never liked or trusted the king, nor let alone his coquettish Austrian gueen, did not predict that he would attempt to flee rather than commit himself to the new order, and none who knew Robespierre could have foretold that his name would soon become forever synonymous with The Terror, that this man who had spoken so eloquently against capital punishment would soon preside over the execution of the king and the queen and thousands upon thousands of others who were to be deemed, or even just suspected of being, enemies of the revolution. None, perhaps, other than Orlando: Orlando, by now, and possibly so equipped through the many and varied and often unorthodox experiences she had been permitted to gather since first she set off, as a simple shepherd youth, from her island in Crete, nearly two thousand years ago, possessed a sixth sense for these matters, and it was this unquantifiable sense, this disguiet, that prompted her, shortly after the anniversary celebrations, to arrange for a passage home before the tide in Paris would turn again, and the mood change from hope and elation to suspicion and paranoia instead.

William Pitt and William Wilberforce were surprised. each of them, how delighted they both were to hear that the Lady Orlando was safely returned and desired to dine with them once again so as to better acquaint them with her observations-she was going to use the word 'adventures', but then thought better of it and tore up the note and started writing it over again-in France. It had been as she had stood on the deck of yet another ship, sailing past the white cliffs of Dover, that she had found the time and the peace and the quiet, at last, to reflect upon her time in Paris and the things she had seen and partaken of there, and she imagined herself, as if in a dream, sailing towards Alexandria once again, and this reminded her of the purpose and the reason she had set out in the first place, and she realised that she hadn't paid any attention to, nor made any investigation into, not even sought any further knowledge of, the fabric of the city of Paris. It was as if it had passed her by, it had held no meaning for her, no importance: yet it was a fine city with an exceptional cathedral and boulevards that would be the envy of any ambitious mayor, or, for that matter, slightly vain god; but she hadn't, she now had to admit to herself, given them any thought. What she did bring back from this city was neither learning, an education and wisdom, as she had done from Alexandria, nor was it art and architecture and science and maps, as she had done from Florence, nor was it characters and their stories, as she had done from London; what she was carrying with her newly now was a sense of self as a woman and as a human being and an ideal of what a society could be, but also a deep understanding that the differences between human beings were small, that the greats who described human nature and fought for the rights of men and spelled these rights out in charters and who spoke in the loftiest terms of the values of 417

mankind, were all, when it came to it, just as human and as susceptible to the same simple follies and desires as everyone else, and that chief among these desires was, after all, perhaps simply the desire to be desired in return. And this, while gliding toward Albion, had made Orlando smile to herself, for she knew a thing or two about desiring and being desired...

The dinner at Downing Street, to which Orlando so routinely had invited herself, was held in the embrace of an atmosphere that was markedly different to the one she had encountered before she had left for, ostensibly, Moscow. When, at the time, the two Williams appeared to be indulging Orlando for reasons that they themselves could scarcely explain, and the conversation was, on their part, always, if polite, then also somewhat bemused, because neither of them could, if truth continue to, as it has been, be told, really be entirely certain why Orlando was even there or who, precisely, she genuinely was, then now, by contrast, they seemed to know exactly why she was there, and who she was, and they hung upon her every word, taking it in and asking innumerable questions about Paris, about the French people, about the king, about the queen, about Robespierre, about everything, and Orlando became aware, as she was relating what she had seen and experienced, that the Prime Minister was exceptionally nervous about the developments in France and that his disposition towards the revolution was rapidly evolving and becoming more sceptical, critical and apprehensive. Orlando in turn felt some unease, because when at previous dinners she had been full of exuberant enthusiasm for her taking on an ambassadorial role in Moscow, she now wondered whether what had turned into an extended stay in Paris was forcing her, retroactively, into the role of a spy. Orlando was anguished about this thought, because she by now counted many of the people she had met and associated with in Paris her friends and she could not be at ease with the notion that anything

ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

about what she was saying could be construed or let alone used against them in an involuntary betrayal.

The Williams both seemed to understand, and they reassured her, and thanked her, profusely, and suggested there may be another post for her, in the foreseeable future, in Prussia. It would not be the first time, nor would it be the last, that Orlando ended up not guite where she was supposed to go, but for now that did not matter one jot to Orlando; Orlando was glad to have been of use somehow, though how exactly, she couldn't tell: still, she felt she had been of use to the intellectuals of Paris, she had been of use to the poissardes, she had been of use to the man who was turning into the leader of the French Revolution and she was being of use to her Prime Minister, and therefore, by extension to the country and to the world, and that, for Orlando, was, though not everything a woman could wish for, good enough to be getting on with just for the moment...

565-597 ← Orlando in Vienna

478

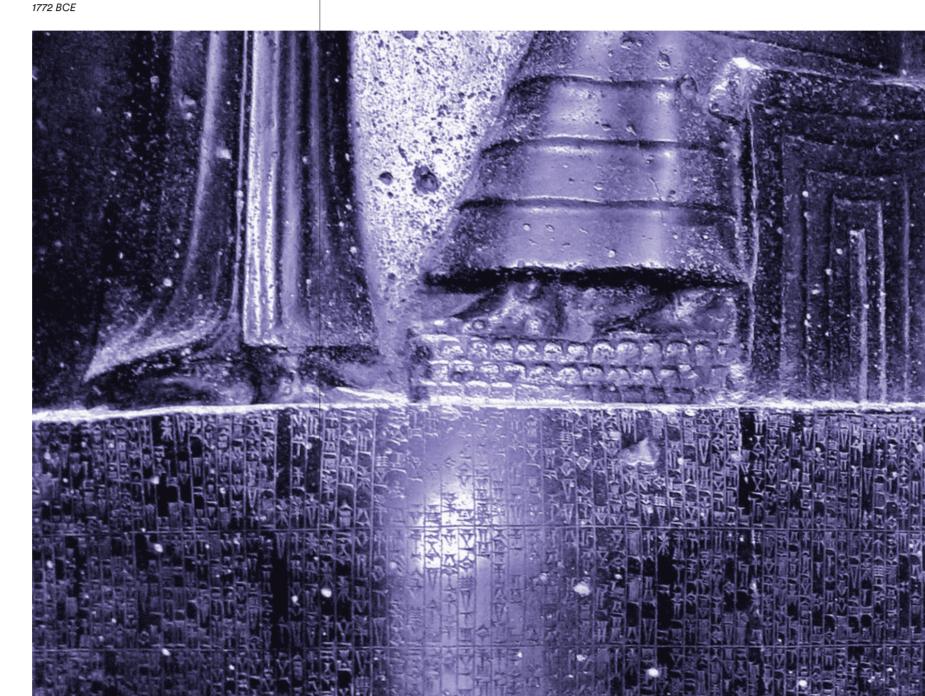
 \leftarrow 148. If a man take a wife, and she be seized by disease, if he then desire to take a second wife he shall not put away his wife, who has been attacked by disease,

but he shall keep her in the house which he has built and support her so long as she lives.

149. If this woman does not wish to remain in her husband's house, then he shall compensate her for the dowry that she brought with her from her father's house, and she may go.

CODE OF HAMMURABI

478-561 PARADE OF MAS TER **PIECES**



PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

480 ← 'When I look at you, Enkidu, You seem to be like a god. Why the wild beasts? Why the roaming over the steppe? Come with me, Come to ramparted Uruk. There the holy temple of Eanna Where the Great God An lives, Come with me, Enkidu, to the holy dwelling.

THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH





THE BOOK OF GENESIS 1391–1271 BCE

481 ← 30. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.

31. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

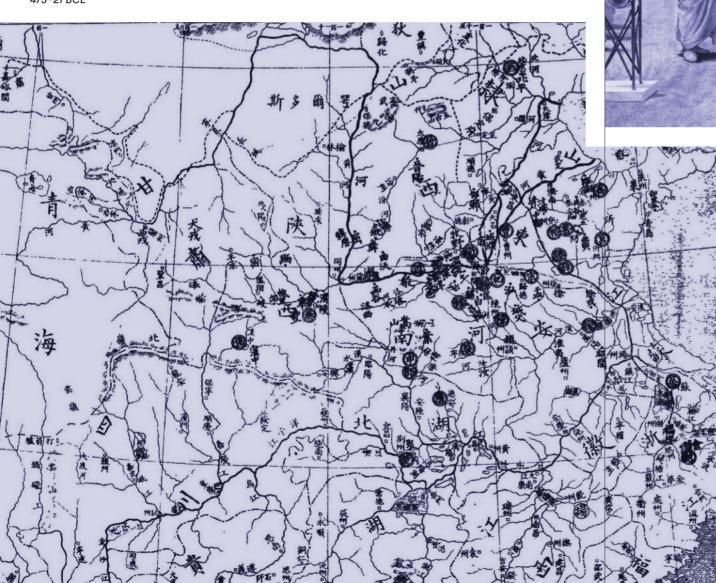
482 ← CHAPTER I. 1. The Master said, 'is it not pleasant to learn with a constant perseverance and applica-

tion? 2. 'Is it not delightful to have friends coming from distant quarters?' 3. 'Is he not a man of complete virtue, who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?'

CHAP. II. 1. The philosopher Yu said, 'They are few who, being filial and fraternal, are fond of offending against their superiors. There have been none, who, not liking to offend against their superiors, have been fond of stirring up confusion. 2. 'The superior man bends his attention to what is radical. That being established, all practical courses naturally grow up. Filial piety and fraternal submission!—are they not the root of all benevolent actions?'

CONFUCIAN ANALECTS Confucius

475–21 BCE





THE LAWS OF THE TWELVE TABLES
451 BCE

483 ← LAW IX. In the afternoon, let the judge grant the right to bring the action, and render his decision in the presence of the plaintiff and the defendant. LAW X. The setting of the sun shall be the extreme limit of time within which a judge must render his decision.



486

Masyn

WY DACHING TY MACON

TOTAL CONTRACTOR

NNM MAR

E CAAS

nutivent

← Some persons in fact believe that Solon deliberately made the laws indefinite, in order that the final

427

decision might be in the hands of the people. This, however, is not probable, and the reason no doubt was that it is impossible to attain ideal perfection when framing a law in general terms; for we must judge of his intentions, not from the actual results in the present day, but from the general tenor of the rest of his legislation.

THE ATHENIAN CONSTITUTION Aristotle 350 BCE

TIMAEUS Plato 360 BCE

← Out of the indivisible and unchange-485 able, and also out of that which is divisible and has to do with material bodies, he compounded a third and intermediate kind of essence, partaking of the nature of the same and of the other, and this compound he placed accordingly in a mean between the indivisible, and the divisible and material. He took the three elements of the same, the other, and the essence, and mingled them into one form, compressing by force the reluctant and unsociable nature of the other into the same.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

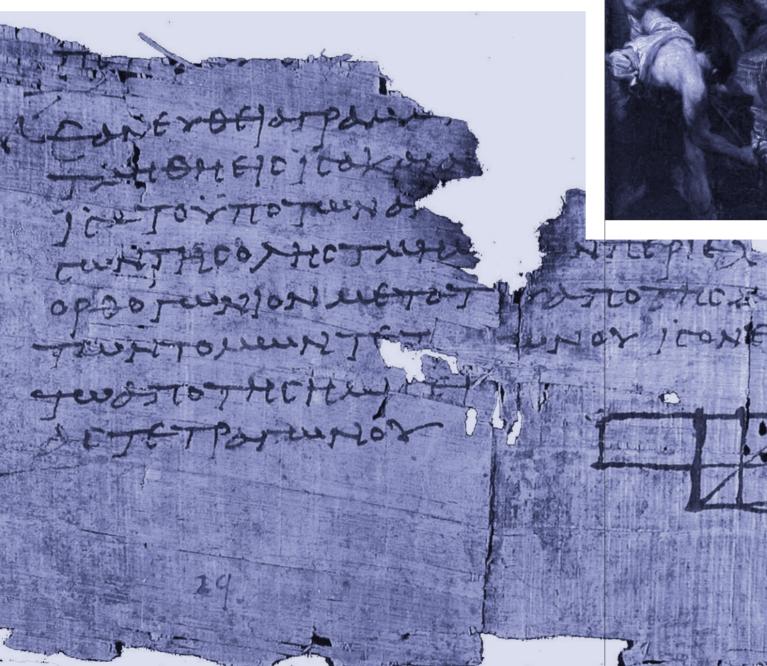
488 ← Of quadrilateral figures, a square is that which is both equilateral and right-angled; an oblong that which is right-angled but not equilateral; a rhombus that which is equilateral but not right-angled; and a rhomboid that which has its opposite sides and angles equal to one another but is neither equilateral

nor right-angled. And let quadrilaterals other than these be called trapezia.

Parallel straight lines are straight lines which, being in the same plane and being produced indefinitely in both directions, do not meet one another in either direction.'

EUCLID'S ELEMENTS

300 BCE





DE LEGIBUS Marcus Tullius Cicero 50 BCE

489 ← [18 deep

← [18] Q: Truly, brother, you trace deeply and, as is proper, to the fountain head of what we are asking

about. Those who pass on the civil law otherwise are passing on not so much ways of justice as ways of litigating.

M: That is not so, Quintus; ignorance of the law is more litigious than knowledge of it. But this later; now let us see the beginnings of law. Therefore, it has pleased very learned men to commence with law-probably rightly, if only, as the same men define it, law is highest reason, implanted in nature, which orders those things that ought to be done [and] prohibits the opposite. 490 ← "Not even at that time was I more concerned for the empire of the universe, when each of the snake-

footed monsters was endeavoring to lay his hundred arms on the captured skies. For although that was a dangerous enemy, yet that war was with but one stock, and sprang from a single origin. Now must the race of mortals be cut off by me, wherever Nereus roars on all sides of the earth; this I swear by the Rivers of Hell, that glide in the Stygian grove beneath the earth. All methods have been already tried; but a wound that admits of no cure, must be cut away with the knife, that the sound parts may not be corrupted."

METAMORPHOSES Ovid 8 CE





HISTORIA NATURALIS Gaius Plinius Secundus 77 CE

492

← Nature's Work, and yet very Nature itself. It is Madness that some have thought in their Mind to measure it;

yea, and durst in Writing set down the Dimensions thereof: that others again, by Occasion hereupon taken, or on this founded, have taught, That there are Worlds innumerable: as if we are to believe so many Natures as there are Heavens: or if all were reduced to one, yet there should be so many Suns and Moons, with the Rest also of those immeasurable and innumerable Stars in that one:

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES



CONFESSIONS Augustine of Hippo 397

4933 ← 42. Thus, when one man says, "Moses meant what I mean," and another says, "No, he meant what I do," I think that I speak more faithfully when I say, "Why could he not have meant both if both opinions are true?" And if there should be still a third truth or a fourth one, and if anyone should seek a truth quite different in those words, why would it not be right to believe that Moses saw all these different truths, since through him the one God has tempered the Holy Scriptures to the understanding of many different people, who should see truths in it even if they are different? 494 ← For to enemies

← For to this earthly city belong the enemies against whom I have to defend the city of God. Many of them,

indeed, being reclaimed from their ungodly error, have become sufficiently creditable citizens of this city; but many are so inflamed with hatred against it, and are so ungrateful to its Redeemer for His signal benefits, as to forget that they would now be unable to utter a single word to its prejudice, had they not found in its sacred places, as they fled from the enemy's steel, that life in which they now boast themselves. Are not those very Romans, who were spared by the barbarians through their respect for Christ, become enemies to the name of Christ?

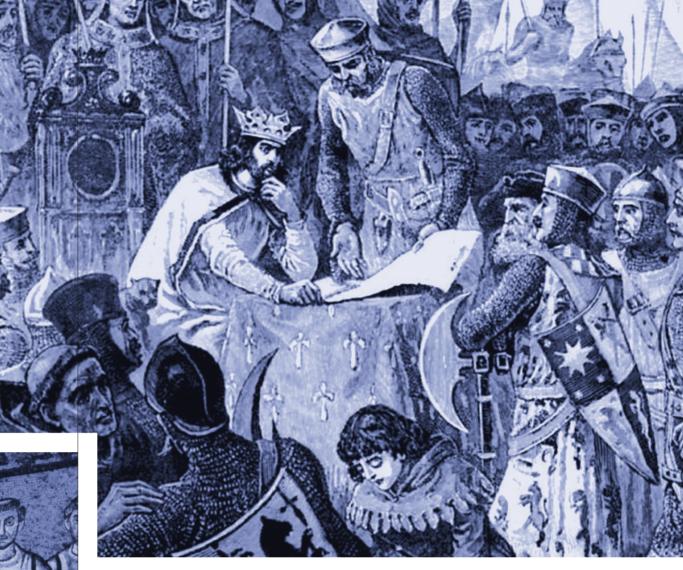
CIVITAS DEI Augustine of Hippo 426



← The Emperor Justinian to the 496 Senate of the City of Constantinople. Those things which seem to many former Emperors to require correction, but which none of them ventured to carry into effect, We have decided to accomplish at the present time with the assistance of Almighty God; and to diminish litigation by the revision of the multitude of constitutions which are contained in the Three Codes; namely, the Gregorian, the Hermogenian, and the Theodosian, as well as in those other Codes promulgated after them by Theodosius of Divine Memory, and by other Emperors, who succeeded him, in addition to those which We Ourselves have promulgated, and to combine them in a single Code, under Our auspicious name, in which compilation should be included not only the constitutions of the three above-mentioned Codes, but also such new ones as subsequently have been promulgated.

CORPUS IURUS CIVILIS By order of Justinian I 529–534





MAGNA CARTA Feudal Barons 1215

497 ← (1) Th be free, a

← (1) That the English Church shall be free, and shall have her whole rights and her liberties inviolable; and

we will this to be observed in such a manner, that it may appear from thence, that the freedom of elections, which was reputed most requisite to the English Church, which we granted, and by our Charter confirmed, and obtained the Confirmation of the same, from our Lord Pope Innocent the Third, before the rupture between us and our Barons, was of our own free will: which Charter we shall observe, and we will it to be observed with good faith, by our heirs for ever.

We have also granted to all the Freemen of our Kingdom, for us and our heirs for ever, all the underwritten Liberties, to be enjoyed and held by them and by their heirs, from us and from our heirs.

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PARADE OF MASTERPIECES
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436

 \leftarrow 3. We excommunicate and 498 anathematize him because he has not allowed the vacancies in certain bishoprics and churches to be filled, thereby imperilling the liberty of the church, and destroying the true faith, because in the absence of the pastor there is no one to declare unto the people the word of God or to care for their souls.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF FREDERICK II 1239



SUMMA THEOLOGICA Thomas Aquinas 1265-1274

499

← Objection 2: Further, what is not against the nature of anything, can agree with it. Now to be infinite is not

against the nature of magnitude; but rather both the finite and the infinite seem to be properties of quantity. Therefore it is not impossible for some magnitude to be infinite.

Objection 3: Further, magnitude is infinitely divisible, for the continuous is defined as that which is infinitely divisible, as is clear from Phys. iii. But contraries are concerned about one and the same thing. Since therefore addition is opposed to division, and increase opposed to diminution, it appears that magnitude can be increased to infinity. Therefore it is possible for magnitude to be infinite.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

← They tell me I shine, by my wisdom 501 and wit. Midst the rest of my kind, as the moon in the night. "A truce to your idle discourses!" I cry, "What's knowledge, indeed, unattended by might?" If you offered me, knowledge and wisdom and all, with my inkhorn and papers, in pawn for a mite, To buy one day's victual, the pledge they'd reject And cast, like an unread petition, from sight. Sorry, indeed, is the case of the poor, And his life, what a load of chagrin and despite!

ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS 1300



lings } on ye tege a pe allant star, lefed at move pe by brittened a brent whomay i alke; he tulk par of reams of rectan \$ sport Butty trued for his witherne pe tredest once the her ware commas preather which being par fyei depreted primers a preview process Wetness of an ve whole The auth des fro rache romaine arroune rudos he donie. prove dobbance per mure he bares won friett tier on pe french flod felie bents n meny varifies fullinge unetworth betters where dienes a country douter never har wout i me t oft vere bliffe epinar fullete bars Bernd fone and anen raspretaren branden en ante mente find bold prodan permit baret part lette " Filom They the true true 187 Superior Semipresen ma folor han fallen here oft the drain of par 1960 con par ill rome " when abethin we deside the and her de relle SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT Anonymous

1300

503

← 'Why, thrash on, you wild man, threaten no longer; it seems your heart is warring with your own self.'

'Forsooth,' quoth the other, 'so fiercely you speak, I'll not a moment longer delay your errand I vow.' Then he takes up his stance to strike,

pouts lips and puckers his brow;

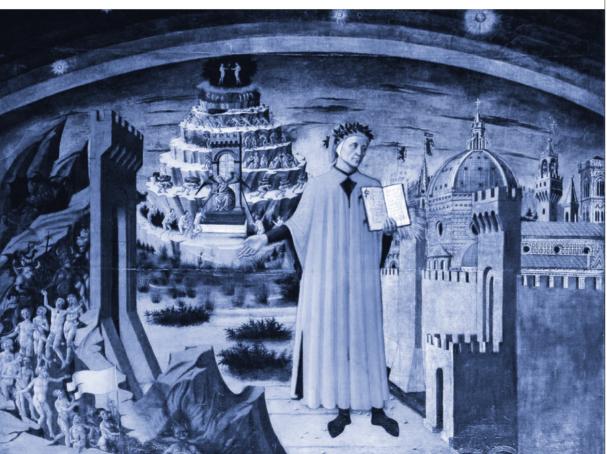
Nothing there for him to like who hopes for no rescue now.

505 ← But tell me what thou think'st of it thyself." And I: "What seems to us up here diverse, Is caused, I think, by bodies rare and dense."

And she: "Right truly shalt thou see immersed In error thy belief, if well thou hearest The argument that I shall make against it.

Lights many the eighth sphere displays to you Which in their quality and quantity May noted be of aspects different."

DIVINE COMEDY Dante Alighieri 1308–1321





SECRETUM Petrarca 1353

506

← If I could say words like these at that time of life, what shall I say now that I am more advanced in age and more

experienced in what life is? For everything I see or hear or feel or think seems, unless I deceive myself, connected in my mind with that last end. And yet the question still remains, what is it that holds me back? **S. Augustine:** Give humble thanks to God who so regards you and guides you with his merciful rein, and so pricks you with his spur. It is not surely possible that he who thus has the thought of death before him day by day should ever be doomed to death eternal.



THE DECAMERON Giovanni Boccaccio 1350

507 ← Thus dismissed by their new queen the gay company sauntered gently through a garden, the young men saying sweet things to the fair ladies, who wove fair garlands of divers sorts of leaves and sang love-songs. Having thus spent the time allowed them by the

queen, they returned to the house, where they found that Parmeno had entered on his office with zeal; for in a hall on the ground-floor they saw tables covered with the whitest of cloths, and beakers that shone like silver, and sprays of broom scattered everywhere.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

509

← One day in that season, as I was waiting at the Tabard Inn at Southwark, about to make my pilgrim-

age with devout heart to Canterbury, it happened that there came at night to that inn a company of twenty-nine various people, who by chance had joined together in fellowship. All were pilgrims, riding to Canterbury. The chambers and the stables were spacious, and we were lodged well. But in brief, when the sun had gone to rest, I had spoken with every one of them and was soon a part of their company, and agreed to rise early to take our way to where I have told you.

THE CANTERBURY TALES Geoffrey Chaucer ~1390





LE MORTE D'ARTHUR Sir Thomas Malory 1485

510

← BUT then through the fair speech of the gentlewoman, and by the means that she made, the most part

of the barons would not assent thereto. And then they let carry home the dead queen, and much dole was made for her. Then this meanwhile Merlin delivered King Meliodas out of prison on the morn after his queen was dead. And so when the king was come home the most part of the barons made great joy. But the sorrow that the king made for his queen that might no tongue tell.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

511 ← At what rate soever the world talks of me (for I am not ignorant what an ill report Folly has got, even among the

most foolish), yet that I am that she, that only she, whose deity recreates both gods and men, even this is a sufficient argument, that I no sooner stepped up to speak to this full assembly than all your faces put on a kind of new and unwonted pleasantness.

So suddenly have you cleared your brows, and with so frolic and hearty a laughter given me your applause, that in truth as many of you as I behold on every side of me seem to me no less than Homer's gods drunk with nectar and nepenthe; whereas before, you sat as lumpish and pensive as if you had come from consulting an oracle.

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY Desiderius Erasmus 1509



PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

 \leftarrow Every one admits how praiseworthy 513 it is in a prince to keep faith, and to live with integrity and not with craft. Nevertheless our experience has been that those princes who have done great things have held good faith of little account, and have known how to circumvent the intellect of men by craft, and in the

end have overcome those who have relied on their word. You must know there are two ways of contesting, the one by the law, the other by force; the first method is proper to men, the second to beasts: but because the first is frequently not sufficient, it is necessary to have recourse to the second.

THE PRINCE

Niccolò Machiavelli 1532



AMORE ET STVDIO ELVCIDANDAE ueritatishee fubferipta difputabunt Vuittenbergæ, Præfidete R. P. Martino Luther, Artifi & S. Theologia Magiffro, eiuf. deing ibidem lectore Ordinatio. Quare petit ut qui non poffunt uerhis præfentes nobifeum difceptare, agant id literis ab-fentes. In nomine domini noftri lefu Chrifti, Amen.



delium, poenitentiam effe uolait. Quod uerbă ptenitenția de pcenitenția facra/ mentali/.i. confellionis & latifiactionis qua facerdotum minifterio celebratur) non po-

Ominus & Magifter nofter lefus Chriftus, di

cendo poenitentiã agite & c.omnem uitam fi

- ii) Non tamen fola intedit interiore; immo interior nulla eft, nifi foris operetar utarias carnis mortificationes.
- iiii Manet itag poena donce manet odium fuif .i.poenitentia uera intus) feilicet ufgr ad introitum regni cælorum.
- Papa non uult nec poteft, ullas poenas remittere; præter cas, quas arbitrio uel fuo uel canonum impofuir,
- Papa no poteft remittere ullam culpa, nifi declarado & approbando remiffam a deo. Aut certe remittedo cafus referuatos
- fibi, quibus contêptis culpa prorfus remaneret. Nutlli prorfus remittit deus culpam, quin fimul eum fubijciat humiliarum in omnibus facerdoti fuo uicario,
- Canones prenitentiales foli uiuentibus funt impoliti; nihiles morituris, fecundă coldem debet imponi.
- Inde bene nobis facit fpirituffanctus in Papa; excipiedo infuis decretis femper articulum mortis & neceffitatis,
- Indocte & male facilit facerdotes ij qui morituris poenitetias canonicas in purgatorium referuant.
- Zizania illa de mutanda poena Canonica in poena purgato/ rij, uidentus cente dormientibus Epifcopis feminata. Olim pernæ canonicæ nö polt, fed ante abfolutionem impo-
- nebantur, tanif tentamenta uera contritionis,

DISPVTATIO DE VIRTVTE INDVLGEN.

- Morituri, per mortem omnia foluunt, & legibus canond morxin tui tam funt, habentes iure caru relaxationem.
- Imperfecta fanitas feu charitas morituri, necellario fecum fert miin magnii timorem, tărocp maiore, quâto minor fuericipla,
- Hictimor& horror, fatis eft, fe folo(ut alia taceam) facere poer XV nam purgatorij, cum fit proximus defperationis horrori.
- Videntur, infernus, purgatorium, crelum differre; ficut defpe-ratio, prope defperatio, fecuritas differunt, Neceffarium uideeur animabus in purgatorio ficut minui hor **zvi**
- xvii rorem, ita augeri charitatem.
- Nec probati uidetur ullis, aut rationibus, aut fcripturis, of fint xvin extra fratum meriti feu augendæ charitatis,
- Nechoc probată effe uidetur, o fint de fita beatitudine certa & fectura, faltem oës, licet nos certillimi fimus, Igië Papa per remillionă plenariă omniŭ pcenară, non fimpli citer omniă intelligit, fed a feipo tămodo impofitară, rix
- XX
- Errantitace indulgentiare prædicatores ij. qui dicunt per Par xri pæindulgentias, homine ab omni pæna folui & faluari,
- Quin nullam remittit animabus in purgatorio, qua in hacui-IX ta debuillent fecundum Canones foluere.
- sotij Siremifloulla omniti omnino pænatti pöt alieut dari; certă eft eam no nifi perfectiflunis.i, pauciflimis dari.
- xxiiij Falti ob id neceffeeft, maiorem partë populi; per indifferentë illam & magnificam poene foluce promifionem. xxv Qualë potettatë habet Papa i purgatoriti gnaliter talë habet glibet Epifeopus & curat⁹in fua diocefi, & parochia fpiliter.
- Optime facit Papa, qu no poteftate clauis (quă nullam habet) fed per modum fulfragi, dat animabus remilionem, Hominë prædicant, qui flatim, ut iaclus nūmus in ciftam tin-nienit, cuolare dicunt animam.
- Certu eft numo in ciftam tinniente, augeri quæftum & auari/ ciam polle; fulfragin autecclefize eft in arbitrio dei folius,
- Quis feit fi omnes animæin purgatorio uelint redimi, ficut de fancto Seuerino & pafchali factum narratur?
- Nullus fecurus eft de veritate fuie contritionis : multo minus 4 3 1

95 THESES Martin Luther 1517

participation?"

← 86. Again:—"Why does not the 515 pope, whose wealth is to-day greater than the riches of the richest, build just this one church of St. Peter with his own money, rather than with the money of poor believers?" 87. Again: -- "What is it that the pope remits, and what participation does he grant to those who, by

perfect contrition, have a right to full remission and



1548

← THE first annotation is, that by the 516 name itself of Spiritual Exercises is understood any method of examining one's own conscience; also of meditating, contemplating, praying mentally and vocally, and, finally, of performing any other spiritual operations, as will be said hereafter. For as, to walk, to travel, and to run, are bodily exercises; so also, to prepare and dispose the soul to remove all ill-ordered affections, and after their removal to seek and find the will of God with respect to the ordering of one's own life, and the salvation of one's soul, are called Spiritual Exercises.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

← Thunder. Enter the three Witches. 517First Witch: Where hast thou beene. Sister? Second Witch: Killing Swine Third Witch: Sister, where thou? First Witch: A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe, And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht: Give me, quoth I. Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes. Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' Tiger: But in a Syve Ile thither sayle, And like a Rat without a tayle, lle doe, lle doe, and lle doe. Second Witch: Ile give thee a Winde. First Witch: Th'art kinde. Third Witch: And I another.

MACBETH William Shakespeare 1606



518 ← To this end I have taken the Copernican side in the discourse, proceeding as with a pure mathematical hypothesis and striving by every artifice to represent it as superior to supposing the earth motionless-not, indeed absolutely, but as against the arguments of some professed Peripatetics. These men indeed deserve not even that name, for they do not walk about; they are content to adore the shadows, philosophizing not with due circumspection but merely from having memorized a few ill-understood principles.

DIALOGUES CONCERNING TWO CHIEF WORLD SYSTEMS Galileo Galilei 1632



DIALOGO GOVACIONAL CON PRI DIALOGO CON PAORIDINARIO DELLO SOPRAORDINARIO DELLO STVDIO DI PISA. E Filofofo, e Matematico primario del SERENISSIMO ODUE NE i CONGRETI di quattro giornate fi difcorre fopra i due MASSIMI SISTEMI DEL MONDO DOLEMAICO, E COPERNICANO; Proponendo indeterminatamente le ragioni Filofofiche, e Naturali tanto per l'ona, quanto per l'altra parte.

IN FIORENZA, Per Gio:Batifta Landini MDCXXXII.

CON LICENZA DE' SYPERIORI.

DISCOURSE ON METHOD René Descartes 1637

519 ← For I found myself involved in so many doubts and errors, that I was convinced I had advanced no farther in all my attempts at learning, than the discovery at every turn of my own ignorance. And yet I was studying in one of the most celebrated Schools in Europe, in which I thought there must be learned men, if such were anywhere to be found. I had been taught all that others learned there; and not contented with the sciences actually taught us, I had, in addition, read all the books that had fallen into my hands, treating of such branches as are esteemed the most curious and rare.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES



LEVIATHAN Thomas Hobbes 1651

← And because the condition of Man, (as hath been declared in the precedent Chapter) is a condition of Warre of every one against every one; in which case every one is governed by his own Reason; and there is nothing he can make use of, that may not be a help unto him, in preserving his life against his enemyes; It followeth, that in such a condition, every man has a Right to every thing; even to one another's body. And therefore, as long as this naturall Right of every man to every thing endureth, there can be no security to any man, (how strong or wise soever he be,) of living out the time, which Nature ordinarily alloweth men to live. ← RULES OF REASONING IN PHILOSOPHY. RULE I.

We are to admit no more causes of natural things than such as are both true and sufficient to explain their appearances.

To this purpose the philosophers say that Nature does nothing in vain, and more is in vain when less will serve; for Nature is pleased with simplicity, and affects not the pomp of superfluous causes.

THE MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY Sir Isaac Newton

1687



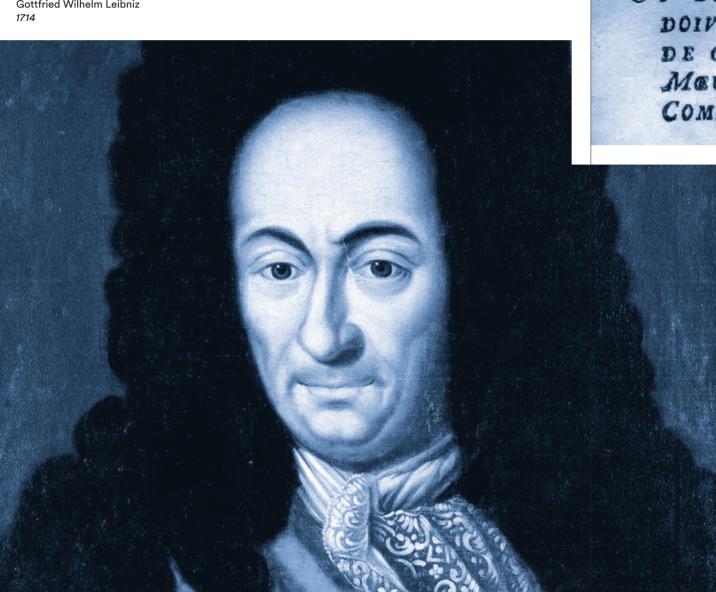
PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

524 shall here speak, is nothing but a simple substance, which enters

into compounds. By 'simple' is meant 'without parts.' (Theod. 10.) 2. And there must be simple substances, since there are compounds: for a compound is nothing but a collection or aggregatum of simple things.

 \leftarrow 1. The Monad, of which we

THE MONADOLOGY Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz



DE L'ESPRIT DES LOIX

OU DU RAPPORT QUE LES LOIX DOIVENT AVOIR AVEC LA CONSTITUTION DE CHAQUE GOUVERNEMENT, LES MOURS, LE CLIMAT, LA RELIGION, LE COMMERCE, &C.

> THE SPIRIT OF LAWS Montesquieu 1750

525

← But, in a monarchical government, where it is of the utmost importance that human nature should not be

debased nor dispirited, there ought to be no slavery. In democracies, where they are all upon an equality, and in aristocracies, where the laws ought to use their utmost endeavours to procure as great an equality as the nature of the government will permit, slavery is contrary to the spirit of the constitution: it only contributes to give a power and luxury to the citizens which they ought not to have.



528

 \leftarrow **1**. That our knowledge is in no way extended by analytical judgments, but that all they effect is to put the concepts which we possess into better order and render them more intelligible. 2. That in synthetical judgments I must have besides the concept of the subject something else (x) on which the understanding relies in order to know that a predicate, not contained in the concept, nevertheless belongs to it.

CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON Immanuel Kant 1788



UNITED STATES DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress Assembled 1776

← We hold these Truths to be self-527 evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness -That to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just Powers

from the Consent of the Governed, that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these Ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new Government, laying its Foundation on such Principles, and organizing its Powers in such Form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

← Having read with great pleasure a 531 pamphlet which you have lately published I dedicate this volume to you: to induce you to reconsider the subject, and maturely weigh what I have advanced respecting the rights of woman and national education: and I call with the firm tone of humanity; for my arguments, Sir, are dictated by a disinterested spirit—I plead for my sex, not for myself. Independence I have long considered as the grand blessing of life, the basis of every virtue-and independence I will ever secure by contracting my wants, though I were to live on a barren heath.

A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

Mary Wollstonecraft



DÉCLARATION DES DROITS DE L'HOMME ET DU CITOYEN cretes par l'Assemblée Nationale dans les séances

24 ct 26 aoûst 178

PRÉAMBULE

LES représantains du peuple francois constitués en assemblée nationale, considérant que l'ignorance, oubli ou le méprie des drotés de lhomme sont les seules sités des maléneurs publics et de la corruption des gouvernemen résolu d'exposendans une d'obration solemnelle, les droits naturels inglienables et sacres de lhomme, alin que cette décla ation, constamment présente a tous les membres du comps locial leur rappelle sans cesse leurs droits et leurs devoirs in que les actes du pouvoir legislatif et ceux du pouvoir exé utif, pouvant être à chaque instant comparés avec le but de toute lauteuron politique, en saient plus respectés, afin que Le reclamations des citogens, fondées désormais sur des princies simples et incontestables, tournent toujours au maintien de la constitution et du honheur de tous. EN consequence, l'assemblée nationale reconnoit et déclare

ARTICLE PREMIER

en presence et sous les auspices de l'Étre suprême les droits autvans de l'homme et du citoven

VII.

NUL homme ne peut être accusé arreté ni détenu que dans les cas déterminés par la lai, ec selon les formes qu'elle a prescrites, ceux qui collici. tent, expédient, exécutent ou font exécuter des ordres arbitraires, doivent être punis, mais tout citoyen appelé ou saisi en vertu de la loi, doit obeir a linstant, il se reud coupable par la résistance. par la résisiance. L'Aloi ne doit établir que des peines ser ictement et évidem

ment nécessaire, et nul ne peut être puni qu'en vertu dune loi établie et promulguée antérierement au délit, et légale ment appliquée.

TOUT homme étant présumé innocent jusqu'à cequ'il ait été déclaré coupable, s'il est jugé indispensable de l'arrêter, oute riqueur qui ne serait pas nécessaire pour s'assurer de sa prisonne doit être sérvirement réprimée par la lot. NUL ne doit être inquiété pour ses opinions, mêmes religi, esses pourui que leur manifestation ne trouble pas lordre public établi par la loi.

DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN AND THE CITIZEN French National Assembly

1789

 \leftarrow 2. The aim of every political 532 association is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of man. These rights are liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression. 3. The sources of all sovereignty resides essential-

ly in the nation; no body, no individual can exercise authority that does not proceed from it in plain terms.



534

← The Palais seen from the court or from the garden was a fantastic sight, a grotesque combination of

461

walls of plaster patchwork which had once been whitewashed, of blistered paint, heterogeneous placards, and all the most unaccountable freaks of Parisian squalor; the green trellises were prodigiously the dingier for constant contact with a Parisian public. So, upon either side, the fetid, disreputable approaches might have been there for the express purpose of warning away fastidious people; but fastidious folk no more recoiled before these horrors than the prince in the fairy stories turns tail at sight of the dragon or of the other obstacles put between him and the princess by the wicked fairy.

PALAIS ROYAL (LOST ILLUSIONS) Honoré de Balzac 1837–1843



FAUST

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe 1808

← I've studied now Philosophy 533 And Jurisprudence, Medicine,-And even, alas! Theology,-From end to end, with labor keen; And here, poor fool! with all my lore I stand, no wiser than before: I'm Magister-yea, Doctor-hight, And straight or cross-wise, wrong or right, These ten years long, with many woes, I've led my scholars by the nose,-And see, that nothing can be known! That knowledge cuts me to the bone. I'm cleverer, true, than those fops of teachers, Doctors and Magisters, Scribes and Preachers; Neither scruples nor doubts come now to smite me, Nor Hell nor Devil can longer affright me.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

537 ← How delightful a speculation then is it, that man is endowed by allbountiful nature with an unlimited power of multiplying his species! I would look out upon the cheerless and melancholy world which has just been described, and imagine it all cultivated, all improved, all variegated with a multitude of human beings, in a state of illumination, of innocence, and of active benevolence, to which the progress of thought, and the enlargement of mind seem naturally to lead, beyond any thing that has yet any where been realised. I would count up the acres and the square miles of the surface of the earth, and consider them all as the estate in fee simple of the human intellect.

OF POPULATION. An Enquiry Concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind William Godwin

William Go 1820





LES MISÉRABLES Victor Hugo 1862

538

← So long as there shall exist, by virtue of law and custom, decrees of damnation pronounced by society,

artificially creating hells amid the civilization of earth, and adding the element of human fate to divine destiny; so long as the three great problems of the century—the degradation of man through pauperism, the corruption of woman through hunger, the crippling of children through lack of light—are unsolved; so long as social asphyxia is possible in any part of the world;—in other words, and with a still wider significance, so long as ignorance and poverty exist on earth, books of the nature of Les Misérables cannot fail to be of use.

542 ← A THROW OF THE DICE NEVER, EVEN WHEN TRULY CAST IN THE ETERNAL CIRCUMSTANCE OF A SHIPWRECK'S DEPTH,

UN COUP DE DÉS JAMAIS N'ABOLIRA LE HASARD Stéphane Mallarmé 1897

muet

La lucide et seigneuriale aigrette au front invisible scintille puis ombrage une stature mignonne ténébreuse en sa torsion de sirène

par d'impatientes squames ultimes

SI

que

rire

de vertige

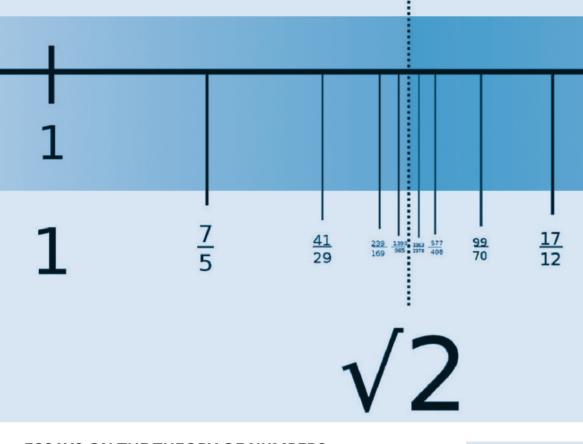
- debout

le temps de souffleter bifurquées

un roc

faux manoir tout de suite évaporé en brumes

> qui imposa une borne à l'infini



ESSAYS ON THE THEORY OF NUMBERS Richard Dedekind 1887

← In science nothing capable of 540 proof ought to be accepted without proof. Though this demand seems so reasonable yet I cannot regard it as having been met even in the most recent methods of laying the foundations of the simplest science; viz., that part of logic which deals with the theory of numbers. In speaking of arithmetic (algebra, analysis) as a part of logic I mean to imply that I consider the numberconcept entirely independent of the notions or intuitions of space and time, that I consider it an immediate result from the laws of thought. My answer to the problems propounded in the title of this paper is, then, briefly this: numbers are free creations of the human mind; they serve as a means of apprehending more easily and more sharply the difference of things.



IN SEARCH OF LOST TIME Marcel Proust 1913

543 ← I feel that there is much to be said for the Celtic belief that the souls

of those whom we have lost are held captive in some inferior being, in an animal, in a plant, in some inanimate object, and so effectively lost to us until the day (which to many never comes) when we happen to pass by the tree or to obtain possession of the object which forms their prison. Then they start and tremble, they call us by our name, and as soon as we have recognised their voice the spell is broken. We have delivered them:

they have overcome death and return to share our life. And so it is with our own past. It is a labour in vain to attempt to recapture it: all the efforts of our intellect must prove futile. The past is hidden somewhere outside the realm, beyond the reach of intellect, in some material object (in the sensation which that material object will give us) which we do not suspect. And as for that object, it depends on chance whether we come upon it or not before we ourselves must die. not c 1.11 these

545 ← 1 The world is everything that is the case.

 $\hfill 1.1\,$ The world is the totality of facts, not of things.

1.11 The world is determined by the facts, and by these being all the facts.

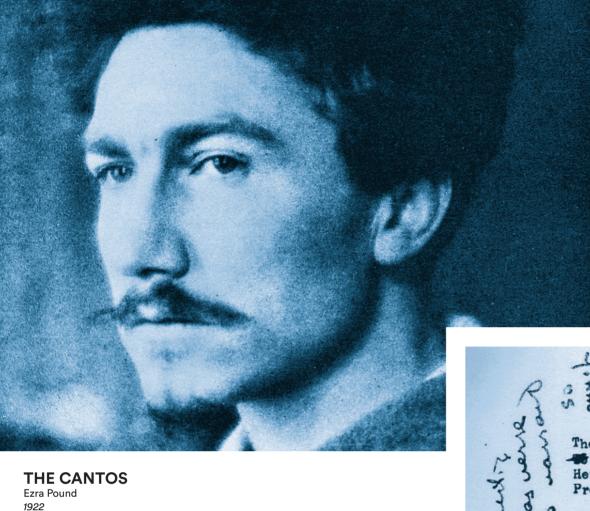
1.12 For the totality of facts determines both what is the case, and also all that is not the case.

1.13 The facts in logical space are the world.

1.2 The world divides into facts.

1.21 Any one can either be the case or not be the case, and everything else remains the same.

TRACTATUS LOGICO-PHILOSOPHICUS Ludwig Wittgenstein 1921



THE CANTOS Fzra Pound 1922

← Père Henri Jacques would speak 547 with the Sennin, on Rokku, Mount Rokku between the rock and

the cedars. Polhonac. As Gyges on Thracian platter set the feast, Cabestan, Tereus,

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

← The chemist said it would be 548 alright, but I've never been the same. You are a proper fool, I said. Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said, What you get married for if you don't want children? HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,

And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot— HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

THE WASTE LAND

T. S. Eliot 1922

3

R

The typist home at teatime, who begins - clear Set) Didid Diddidid away her (broken) breakfast, lights Her stove, and lays out squalid food to time; Prepares the room and sets the room to rights. versions

Out of the window perilously spread Her drying combinations meet the sun's last rays, and on the divan piled, (at night her bed), Are stockings, dirty camisoles, and stays.

A Gright cimono wraps her as she sorawle In nervetess torpor on the window seat;) A touch of art is given by the false Japanese print, purchased in Oxford Stre lidging.

I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs, Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest, Knowing the manar of these crawling buge I too awaited the expected guest.

A youth of twentyone, spotted about the face, One of those simple loiterers whom we say We may have seen in any public place At almost any hour of night or day.

He, the young man carbuncular, Chip attars

Pride has not firet him with anbitious rego, His hair is thick with grease, and thick with sourf, manhap his inclinations touch the stage -Not sharp enough to associate with the turf.

and



552

← This, however, is emphatically not the economic problem which society faces. And the economic

471

calculus which we have developed to solve this logical problem, though an important step toward the solution of the economic problem of society, does not yet provide an answer to it. The reason for this is that the "data" from which the economic calculus starts are never for the whole society "given" to a single mind which could work out the implications and can never be so given.

THE USE OF KNOWLEDGE IN SOCIETY Friedrich A. Hayek 1945

WHAT ARE MASTER-PIECES AND WHY ARE THERE SO FEW OF THEM? Getrude Stein 1936

550 ← The reason why is any of you try it is extremely difficult the knowing not having identity. just not to be you are you because your little dog knows you. The second you are you because your little dog knows you you cannot make a master-piece and that is all of that. It is not extremely difficult not to have identity but it

One might say it is impossible but that it is not impossible is proved by the existence of master-pieces which are just that. They are knowing that there is no identity and producing while identity is not. That is what a master-piece is.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES



← ARTICLE 1.

All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood.

ARTICLE 2.

Everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration, without distinction

of any kind, such as race, colour, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status. Furthermore, no distinction shall be made on the basis of the political, jurisdictional or international status of the country or territory to which a person belongs, whether it be independent, trust, non-self-governing or under any other limitation of sovereignty.

UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS United Nations

1948



determined

WE THE PEOPLES OF

THE UNITED NATIONS

brought untold sorrow to mankind, and

to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has

to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human

to establish conditions under which justice and respect for the obligations arising from

person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small, and

treaties and other sources of international law can be maintained a

1945

← WE THE PEOPLES OF THE 554 UNITED NATIONS DETERMINED to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has

brought untold sorrow to mankind, and to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small, and

to establish conditions under which justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of international law can be maintained. and

to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom,



← All we talk about are multiplicities, lines, strata and segmentarities, lines of flight and intensities, machinic assemblages and their various types, bodies without organs and their construction and selection, the plane of consistency, and in each case the units of measure. Stratometers, deleometers, BwO units of density, BwO units of convergence: Not only do these constitute a quantification of writing, but they define writing as always the measure of something else. Writing has nothing to do with signifying. It has to do with surveying, mapping, even realms that are yet to come.

Google

A THOUSAND PLATEAUS Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari 1980

1. Introduction: Rhizome



Google Search

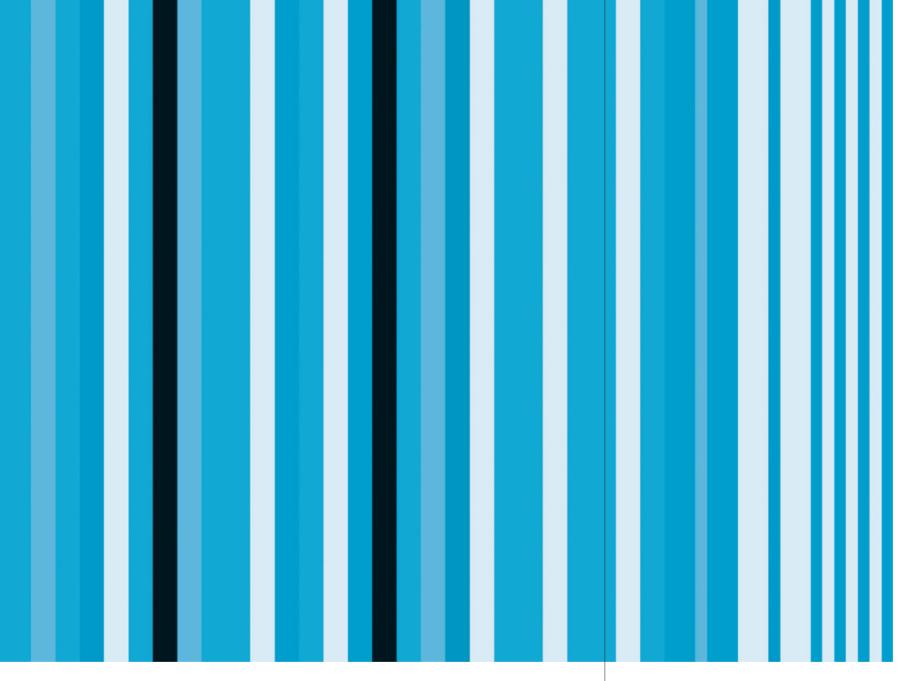
I'm Feeling Lucky

Boogle.com.sg offered in: 中文(简体) Bahasa Melayu தமிழ்

TEN THINGS WE KNOW TO BE TRUE Google 1998

558 ← We first wrote these "10 things" when Google was just a few years old. From time to time we revisit this list to see if it still holds true. We hope it does—and you can hold us to that.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES



LISBON TREATY 2007

560 ← By this Treaty, the HIGH CON-TRACTING PARTIES establish among themselves a EUROPEAN UNION, hereinafter called 'the Union', on which the Member States confer competences to attain objectives they have in common.

This Treaty marks a new stage in the process of creating an ever closer union among the peoples of Europe, in which decisions are taken as openly as possible and as closely as possible to the citizen.

420-477 PARADE OF MAS TER **PIECES**

CODE OF HAMMURABI

1. If any one ensnare another, putting a ban upon

him, but he can not prove it, then he that ensnared

2. If any one bring an accusation against a man, and

the accused go to the river and leap into the river, if

he sink in the river his accuser shall take possession

of his house. But if the river prove that the accused is

not guilty, and he escape unhurt, then he who had

brought the accusation shall be put to death, while

he who leaped into the river shall take possession of

the house that had belonged to his accuser.

1772 BCE

him shall be put to death.

charged, he shall, if it be a capital offense charged. be put to death.

4. If he satisfies the elders to impose a fine of grain or money, he shall receive the fine that the action produces.

5. If a judge try a case, reach a decision, and present his judgment in writing: if later error shall appear in his decision, and it be through his own fault, then he shall pay twelve times the fine set by him in the case, and he shall be publicly removed from the judge's bench, and never again shall he sit there to render judgement.

(...)

50. If he give a cultivated corn-field or a cultivated sesame-field, the corn or sesame in the field shall belong to the owner of the field, and he shall return the money to the merchant as rent.

51. If he have no money to repay, then he shall pay in corn or sesame in place of the money as rent for what he received from the merchant, according to the royal tariff.

52. If the cultivator do not plant corn or sesame in the field, the debtor's contract is not weakened.

53. If any one be too lazy to keep his dam in proper condition, and does not so keep it; if then the dam break and all the fields be flooded, then shall he in whose dam the break occurred be sold for money. and the money shall replace the corn which he has caused to be ruined.

54. If he be not able to replace the corn, then he and his possessions shall be divided among the farmers whose corn he has flooded.

55. If any one open his ditches to water his crop, but is careless, and the water flood the field of his neighbor, then he shall pay his neighbor corn for his loss. (...)

100. ...interest for the money, as much as he has received, he shall give a note therefor, and on the day, when they settle, pay to the merchant.

101. If there are no mercantile arrangements in the place whither he went, he shall leave the entire amount of money which he received with the broker to give to the merchant.

102. If a merchant entrust money to an agent (broker) for some investment, and the broker suffer a loss in the place to which he goes, he shall make good the capital to the merchant.

103. If, while on the journey, an enemy take away from him anything that he had, the broker shall swear by God and be free of obligation.

104. If a merchant give an agent corn, wool, oil, or any other goods to transport, the agent shall give a receipt for the amount, and compensate the merchant therefor. Then he shall obtain a receipt form the merchant for the money that he gives the merchant.

105. If the agent is careless, and does not take a receipt for the money which he gave the merchant, he can not consider the unreceipted money as his own. (...)

3. If any one bring an accusation of any crime be- 147. If she has not borne him children, then her fore the elders, and does not prove what he has mistress may sell her for money.

\leftarrow 148. If a man take a wife, and she 420 be seized by disease, if he then desire to take a second wife he shall not put

away his wife, who has been attacked by disease. but he shall keep her in the house which he has built and support her so long as she lives.

149. If this woman does not wish to remain in her husband's house, then he shall compensate her for the dowry that she brought with her from her father's house, and she may go.

150. If a man give his wife a field, garden, and house and a deed therefor, if then after the death of a mina. her husband the sons raise no claim, then the mother may bequeath all to one of her sons whom she prefers, and need leave nothing to his brothers.

151. If a woman who lived in a man's house made an agreement with her husband, that no creditor can arrest her, and has given a document therefor: if that man, before he married that woman, had a debt, the creditor can not hold the woman for it. But if the woman, before she entered the man's house, had contracted a debt, her creditor cannot arrest her husband therefor.

152. If after the woman had entered the man's house, both contracted a debt, both must pay the merchant

153. If the wife of one man on account of another man has their mates (her husband and the other man's wife) murdered, both of them shall be impaled. 154. If a man be guilty of incest with his daughter, he shall be driven from the place (exiled).

155. If a man betroth a girl to his son, and his son have intercourse with her, but he (the father) afterward defile her, and be surprised, then he shall be bound and cast into the water (drowned).

156. If a man betroth a girl to his son, but his son has not known her, and if then he defile her, he shall pay her half a gold mina, and compensate her for all that she brought out of her father's house. She may marry the man of her heart.

(...)

195. If a son strikes his father, his hands shall be hewn off.

196. If a man put out the eye of another man, his eye shall be put out. [An eye for an eye]

197. If he break another man's bone, his bone shall be broken.

198. If he put out the eye of a freed man, or break the bone of a freed man, he shall pay one gold mina. **199.** If he put out the eye of a man's slave, or break the bone of a man's slave, he shall pay one-half of its value.

200. If a man knocks out the teeth of his equal, his teeth shall be knocked out. [A tooth for a tooth]

201. If he knocks out the teeth of a freed man, he shall pay one-third of a gold mina.

202. If any one strikes the body of a man higher in rank than he, he shall receive sixty blows with an oxwhip in public.

203. If a freeborn man strikes the body of another free-born man or equal rank, he shall pay one gold mina.

204. If a freed man strike the body of another freed man, he shall pay ten shekels in money.

205. If the slave of a freed man strikes the body of a freed man, his ear shall be cut off.

206. If during a guarrel one man strike another and wound him, then he shall swear, "I did not injure him wittingly," and pay the physicians.

207. If the man die of his wound, he shall swear similarly, and if he (the deceased) was a free-born man, he shall pay half a mina in money.

208. If he was a freed man, he shall pay one-third of

(...)

237. If a man hire a sailor and his boat, and provide it with corn, clothing, oil and dates, and other things of the kind needed for fitting it: if the sailor is careless, the boat is wrecked, and its contents ruined. then the sailor shall compensate for the boat which was wrecked and all in it that he ruined.

238. If a sailor wreck any one's ship, but saves it, he shall pay the half of its value in money.

239. If a man hires a sailor, he shall pay him six gur of corn per vear.

240. If a merchantman run against a ferryboat, and wreck it, the master of the ship that was wrecked shall seek justice before God; the master of the merchantman, which wrecked the ferryboat, must com-

pensate the owner for the boat and all that he ruined. 241. If any one impresses an ox for forced labor, he shall pay one-third of a mina in money.

242. If any one hires oxen for a year, he shall pay four aur of corn for plow-oxen.

243. As rent of herd cattle he shall pay three gur of corn to the owner.

244. If any one hires an ox or an ass, and a lion kill it in the field, the loss is upon its owner.

245. If any one hire oxen, and kill them by bad treatment or blows, he shall compensate the owner, oxen for oxen.

(...)

275. If any one hires a ferryboat, he shall pay three gerahs in money per day.

276. If he hires a freight-boat, he shall pay two and one-half gerahs per day.

277. If any one hires a ship of sixty gur, he shall pay one-sixth of a shekel in money as its hire per day.

278. If any one buy a male or female slave, and before a month has elapsed the benu-disease be developed, he shall return the slave to the seller, and receive the money which he had paid.

279. If any one buy a male or female slave, and a third party claim it, the seller is liable for the claim.

280. If while in a foreign country a man buy a male or female slave belonging to another of his own country; if when he return home the owner of the male or female slave recognize it: if the male or female slave be a native of the country, he shall give them back without any money.

281. If they are from another country, the buyer shall declare the amount of money paid therefor to the merchant, and keep the male or female slave.

282. If a slave says to his master: "You are not my

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

master," if they convict him his master shall cut off his ear. SOURCE: http://www.sacred-texts.com/ane/ham/bam05.htm He has not been taught it.

THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH 1600–900 BCE

TABLET II For six days and seven nights Enkidu made love to that girl And the girl said to him She said to Enkidu: ← 'When Llook at you, Enkidu,

You seem to be like a god. Why the wild beasts? Why the roaming over the steppe? Come with me. Come to ramparted Uruk. There the holy temple of Eanna Where the Great God An lives. Come with me, Enkidu, to the holy dwelling. To the temple, Sky God's house, For Gilgamesh of many deeds lives there. You are so like him. You will love him as yourself. Rise up from the earth. Come to a shepherd's bed!' There came upon his heart The truth of what she said. He heard her words And they were good. She divided her clothing in two, One garment for him, One for her Holding his hand she led him Led him like a child. And they came to the hut of the shepherds Which is in the sheepfold. All the shepherds gathered round him, Pressed round him, were drawn to him Thronged round the wild man. Of her instruction the priestess is proud, This is a man who is like Gilgamesh in form, Taller he is in form. He was born in the mountains, And like the star-essence of the Sky Father An, his strength is more powerful. And Enkidu sat at their table That he might eat of their produce. But he knew the milk of wild creatures. Which he sucked in the wilds. The shepherds placed their own food before him, and He choked, he looked, He stared at it, at them, Enkidu knows nothing of this,

What is this drink? This strong drink? He has not been taught it. Bread was set before him-he knows it not. Beer was set before him—he knows it not. Enkidu did not eat bread, He squeezed his eves together, stared. The girl then spoke: She said to Enkidu: 'Enkidu, eat that food. It is our due in life. Drink this strong drink. It is what is done here.' So Enkidu ate the food. Ate until he was full. He drank that strong drink Seven cups of it. He felt so free, he felt so happy He rejoiced so in his heart! His face became radiant. He rubbed all the shaggy growth, The hair of his body. He annointed himself with oil And thus he became a man. He donned clothing-Look! He is like a man! He takes up his weapon. He attacks the lions So the shepherds might have peace at night. He caught wolves, He captured lions. And the chief cattlemen could rest. Enkidu was their watchman. A man of strength, An unparalled hero! To the shepherds he said: 'I am a man now. I can eat bread at the table, I can drink strong drink. But I have the strength of he who roams the steppe. I am stronger than you. No one is stronger. You see I catch wolves, You see I capture lions. Because of me the shepherds can rest at night. Because of me the chief catlemen can lie down. I am become the king of the sheepfold.' And Enkidu sat at the table, He ate the food He drank the strong drink He felt good in his heart. He made merry Then he looked up And saw a man He told the airl: 'Girl, bring the man. Why is he here? I must know his name!' The girl called the man, Went to him, said to him: 'Sir, where are you going? Why have you taken this, your difficult course?'

The man spoke, spoke to Enkidu:

'Into the people's special place. Their very own meeting-house. Even into it has he intruded! Set aside rules and laws for wedlock! On the city he heaped shame! Strange practices he has imposed Upon a city helpless to resist. For the king of ramparted Uruk Has altered the unaltered way, Abused, changed the practices. Any new bride from the people is his; Gilgamesh, king of ramparted Uruk. He may mate with any new bride. Before the lawful husband may have her. The gods have ordained this In their wisdom, by their will. It was so decreed from the moment of birth When his umbilical cord was cut out.' At the man's words The face of Enkidu paled. Fury grew within his heart, His eyes became frightful to look upon Enkidu spoke his anger, Said to the man: 'This cannot continue to be! I will go to ramparted Uruk. I will meet Gilgamesh I will bring his excesses to an end!' Enkidu set out for Uruk. Enkidu walked in front The girl walked behind When he entered ramparted Uruk The people thronged round him When he stopped in the street, In Uruk of the ramparts, Saying of him: 'He is like Gilgamesh in form! He is smaller in size But stronger in bone. He is a match for Gilgamesh! He is the strongest of the steppe, strength is his, Milk of wild creatures He once sucked. There will be endless clash of arms in Uruk!' The nobles reioiced: 'Here is a hero For all who are honourable! To match divine Gilgamesh Here is his equal!' Now for the Goddess of Love Is the bed made ready Of the evening, ready to receive Gilgamesh for his pleasures. Now he is coming along But Enkidu appears in the street And bars his way To Gilgamesh is opposed The might of Enkidu The divine Gilgamesh is face to face With his equal, Enkidu of the steppes. The king of ramparted Uruk

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Sees his equal, who has strength. Smaller in size, but stronger of bone Like unto Gilgamesh to the hair. Gilgamesh sees his shaggy growth-On the steppe the grass Sprouts in as much abundance Gilgamesh drew himself up And stood before him In the market-place of the land Was where they met, And Enkidu blocked the gate With his foot and Would not let Gilgamesh enter There they grappled their belts and wrestled like champions Rushing wind meets rushing wind. Heart to heart against-Holding fast like bulls. They shattered absolutely the doorpost of the holy gate And the wall shook with this fateful act. The doorway of the house of the family Where the bride awaited Gilgamesh, There they struggled. They fought in the street, They battled in the market. But in the end, Brought Enkidu to the earth, His own foot still on the ground. And won the contest. His anger vanished He turned away But when he turned away Enkidu said to him Spoke to Gilgamesh: 'As one single and unique Your mother bore you She the wild cow of the steerfolds, She, Ninsun the Wise, she the Strong You are raised above all men You are king of the people by decree Of Enlil, son of the Great God An!' SOURCE: http://king-of-heroes.co.uk/the-epic-of-gilgamesh/ robert-temple-translation/tablet-ii/

THE BOOK OF GENESIS 1391–1271 BCE

1. In the beginning God created the heaven and the $\ensuremath{\mathsf{earth}}$.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.
 And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

4. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

5. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

6. And God said. Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters

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7. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. 8. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

9. And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.

10. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good.

11. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.

12. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

13. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

14. And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night: and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for davs, and years:

15. And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so. 16. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also.

17. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth,

18. And to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good.

19. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

20. And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

21. And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

22. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.

23. And the evening and the morning were the fifth dav.

24. And God said. Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so.

kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that ine myself on three points:-whether, in transacting

creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

26. And God said. Let us make man in our image. after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

27. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

28. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

29. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

← 30. And to every beast of the .23 earth, and to every fowl of the air, and

to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.

31. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

SOURCE: http://www.kingjamesbibleonline.org/Genesis-Chapter-1/

CONFUCIAN ANALECTS Confucius

475-21 BCE

BOOK I

← CHAPTER I. 1. The Master said. 424 'is it not pleasant to learn with a

constant perseverance and application? 2. 'Is it not delightful to have friends coming from distant guarters?' 3. 'Is he not a man of complete virtue, who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?'

CHAP. II. 1. The philosopher Yu said, 'They are few who, being filial and fraternal, are fond of offending against their superiors. There have been none, who, not liking to offend against their superiors, have been fond of stirring up confusion. 2. 'The superior man bends his attention to what is radical. That being established, all practical courses naturally grow up. Filial piety and fraternal submission!-are

they not the root of all benevolent actions?'

CHAP. III. The Master said, 'Fine words and an insinuating appearance are seldom associated with true virtue.'

25. And God made the beast of the earth after his CHAP. IV. The philosopher Tsang said, 'I daily exam-

business for others. I may have been not faithful:whether, in intercourse with friends, I may have been not sincere:-whether I may have not mastered and practised the instructions of my teacher.' CHAP. V. The Master said, 'To rule a country of a thousand chariots, there must be reverent attention to business, and sincerity: economy in expenditure. and love for men; and the employment of the people at the proper seasons.'

CHAP. VI. The Master said, 'A youth, when at home, should be filial, and, abroad, respectful to his elders. He should be earnest and truthful. He should overflow in love to all, and cultivate the friendship of the good. When he has time and opportunity, after the performance of these things, he should employ them in polite studies.'

CHAP. VII. Tsze-hsia said, 'If a man withdraws his mind from the love of beauty, and applies it as sincerely to the love of the virtuous; if, in serving his parents, he can exert his utmost strength; if, in serving his prince, he can devote his life; if, in his intercourse with his friends, his words are sincere:-although men say that he has not learned. I will certainly say that he has.'

CHAP. VIII. 1. The Master said, 'If the scholar be not grave, he will not call forth any veneration, and his learning will not be solid. 2. 'Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles. 3. 'Have no friends not equal to yourself. 4. 'When you have faults, do not fear to abandon them.'

CHAP. IX. The philosopher Tsang said, 'Let there be a careful attention to perform the funeral rites to parents, and let them be followed when long gone with the ceremonies of sacrifice;-then the virtue of the people will resume its proper excellence.'

CHAP. X. 1. Tsze-ch'in asked Tsze-kung, saying, 'When our master comes to any country, he does not fail to learn all about its government. Does he ask his information? Or is it given to him?' 2. Tsze-kung said, 'our master is benign, upright, courteous, temperate, and complaisant, and thus he gets his information. The master's mode of asking information!—is it not different from that of other men?'

CHAP. XI. The Master said. 'While a man's father is alive, look at the bent of his will: when his father is dead, look at his conduct. If for three years he does not alter from the way of his father, he may be called filial.' CHAP. XII. 1. The philosopher Yu said, 'In practising the rules of propriety, a natural ease is to be prized. In the ways prescribed by the ancient kings, this is the excellent quality, and in things small and great we follow them. 2. 'Yet it is not to be observed in all cases. If one, knowing how such ease should be prized, manifests it, without regulating it by the rules of propriety, this likewise is not to be done.'

CHAP. XIII. The philosopher Yu said, 'When agreements are made according to what is right, what is spoken can be made good. When respect is shown according to what is proper, one keeps far from shame and disgrace. When the parties upon whom a man leans are proper persons to be intimate with, he can make them his guides and masters.'

CHAP. XIV. The Master said, 'He who aims to be a man of complete virtue in his food does not seek to gratify his appetite, nor in his dwelling place does he seek the appliances of ease: he is earnest in what he is doing, and careful in his speech; he frequents the company of men of principle that he may be rectified:such a person may be said indeed to love to learn."

CHAP. XV. 1. Tsze-kung said, What do you pronounce concerning the poor man who yet does not flatter, and the rich man who is not proud?' The Master replied, 'They will do; but they are not equal to him, who, though poor, is yet cheerful, and to him, who, though rich, loves the rules of propriety.' 2. Tsze-kung replied, 'It is said in the Book of Poetry, "As you cut and then file, as you carve and then polish."-The meaning is the same. I apprehend, as that which you have just expressed.' 3. The Master said, 'With one like Ts'ze, I can begin to talk about the odes. I told him one point, and he knew its proper sequence.' CHAP. XVI. The Master said, 'I will not be afflicted at men's not knowing me; I will be afflicted that I do

not know men.' SOURCE: http://www.yellowbridge.com/onlinelit/analects01.php

THE LAWS OF THE **TWELVE TABLES** 451 BCE

TABLE I.

CONCERNING THE SUMMONS TO COURT. LAW I. When anyone summons another before the tribunal of a judge, the latter must, without hesitation, immediately appear.

LAW II. If, after having been summoned, he does not appear, or refuses to come before the tribunal of the judge, let the party who summoned him call upon any citizens who are present to bear witness. Then let him seize his reluctant adversary; so that he may be brought into court, as a captive, by apparent force. LAW III. When anyone who has been summoned to court is guilty of evasion, or attempts to flee, let him be arrested by the plaintiff.

LAW IV. If bodily infirmity or advanced age should prevent the party summoned to court from appearing, let him who summoned him furnish him with an animal, as a means of transport. If he is unwilling to accept it, the plaintiff cannot legally be compelled to provide the defendant with a vehicle constructed of boards, or a covered litter.

LAW V. If he who is summoned has either a sponsor or a defender, let him be dismissed, and his representative can take his place in court.

LAW VI. The defender, or the surety of a wealthy man, must himself be rich; but anyone who desires to

[29-29] All men. Socrates, who have any degree of

TIMAEUS Plato 360 BCE

right feeling, at the beginning of every enterprise, whether small or great, always call upon God. And we, too, who are going to discourse of the nature of the universe, how created or how existing without creation, if we be not altogether out of our wits, must invoke the aid of Gods and Goddesses and prav that our words may be acceptable to them and consistent with themselves. Let this, then, be our invocation of the Gods, to which I add an exhortation of myself to speak in such manner as will be most intelligible to you, and will most accord with my own intent. First then, in my judgment, we must make a distinction and ask, what is that which always is and has no becoming; and what is that which is always becoming and never is? That which is apprehended by intelligence and reason is always in the same state; but that which is conceived by opinion with the help of sensation and without reason, is always in a process of becoming and perishing and never really is. Now everything that becomes or is created must of necessity be created by some cause, for without a cause nothing can be created. The work of the creator, whenever he looks to the unchangeable and fashions the form and nature of his work after an unchangeable pattern, must necessarily be made fair and perfect; but when he looks to the created only, and uses a created pattern, it is not fair or perfect. Was the heaven then or the world, whether called by this or by any other more appropriate name-assuming the name, I am asking a question which has to be asked at the beginning of an enquiry about anything—was the world, I say, always in existence and without beginning? Or created, and had it a beginning? Created, I reply, being visible and tangible and having a body, and therefore sensible; and all sensible things are apprehended by opinion and sense and are in a process of creation and created. Now that which is created must, as we affirm, of necessity be created by a cause. But the father and maker of all this universe is past finding out; and even if we found him, to tell of him to all men would be impossible. And there is still a question to be asked about him: Which of the patterns had the artificer in view when he made the world, --- the pattern of the unchangeable, or of that which is created? If the world be indeed fair and the artificer good, it is manifest that he must have looked to that which is eternal: but if what cannot be said without blasphemy is true. then to the created pattern. Everyone will see that he must have looked to the eternal: for the world is the fairest of creations and he is the best of causes. And having been created in this way, the world has been framed in the likeness of that which is apprehended by reason and mind and is unchangeable, and must therefore of necessity, if this is admitted, be a copy

of something. Now it is all-important that the beginning of everything should be according to nature. And in speaking of the copy and the original we may assume that words are akin to the matter which they describe; when they relate to the lasting and permanent and intelligible, they ought to be lasting and unalterable, and, as far as their nature allows, irrefutable and immovable-nothing less. But when they express only the copy or likeness and not the eternal things themselves, they need only be likely and analogous to the real words. As being is to becoming, so is truth to belief. If then, Socrates, amid the many opinions about the gods and the generation of the universe, we are not able to give notions which are altogether and in every respect exact and consistent with one another, do not be surprised. Enough, if we adduce probabilities as likely as any others; for we must remember that I who am the speaker, and you who are the judges, are only mortal men, and we ought to accept the tale which is probable and enquire no further. (....)

[35–36] Now God did not make the soul after the body, although we are speaking of them in this order; for having brought them together he would never have allowed that the elder should be ruled by the younger; but this is a random manner of speaking which we have, because somehow we ourselves too are very much under the dominion of chance. Whereas he made the soul in origin and excellence prior to and older than the body, to be the ruler and mistress, of whom the body was to be the subject. And he made her out of the following elements and on this wise:

> ← Out of the indivisible and unchangeable, and also out of that which is divisible and has to do with material

bodies, he compounded a third and intermediate kind of essence, partaking of the nature of the same and of the other, and this compound he placed accordingly in a mean between the indivisible, and the divisible and material. He took the three elements of the same, the other, and the essence, and mingled them into one form, compressing by force the reluctant and unsociable nature of the other into the same.

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When he had mingled them with the essence and out of three made one, he again divided this whole into as many portions as was fitting, each portion being a compound of the same, the other, and the essence. And he proceeded to divide after this manner:-First of all, he took away one part of the whole [1], and then he separated a second part which was double the first [2], and then he took away a third part which was half as much again as the second and three times as much as the first [3], and then he took a fourth part which was twice as much as the second [4], and a fifth part which was three times the third [9], and a sixth part which was eight times the first [8], and a seventh part which was twenty-seven times the first [27]. After this he filled up the double intervals [i. e. between 1, 2, 4, 8] and the triple [i. e. between 1, 3, 9, 27], cutting off yet other portions

do so can come to the assistance of a person who is poor, and occupy his place.

LAW VII. When litigants wish to settle their dispute among themselves, even while they are on their way to appear before the Prætor, they shall have the right to make peace; and whatever agreement they enter into, it shall be considered just, and shall be confirmed. LAW VIII. If the plaintiff and defendant do not set-

tle their dispute, as above mentioned, let them state their cases either in the Comitium or the Forum, by making a brief statement in the presence of the judge, between the rising of the sun and noon; and, both of them being present, let them speak so that each party may hear.

425 ← LAW IX. In the afternoon, let the judge grant the right to bring the

action, and render his decision in the presence of the plaintiff and the defendant.

LAW X. The setting of the sun shall be the extreme limit of time within which a judge must render his decision. (...)

TABLE IX.

CONCERNING PUBLIC LAW.

LAW I. No privileges, or statutes, shall be enacted in favor of private persons, to the injury of others contrary to the law common to all citizens, and which individuals, no matter of what rank, have a right to make use of.

LAW II. The same rights shall be conferred upon, and the same laws shall be considered to have been enacted for all the people residing in and beyond Latium, that have been enacted for good and steadfast Roman citizens.

LAW III. When a judge, or an arbiter appointed to hear a case, accepts money, or other gifts, for the purpose of influencing his decision, he shall suffer the penalty of death.

LAW IV. No decision with reference to the life or liberty of a Roman citizen shall be rendered except by the vote of the Greater Comitia.

LAW V. Public accusers in capital cases shall be appointed by the people.

LAW VI. If anyone should cause nocturnal assemblies in the City, he shall be put to death.

LAW VII. If anyone should stir up war against his country, or delivers a Roman citizen into the hands of the enemy, he shall be punished with death.

TABLE X.

CONCERNING RELIGIOUS LAW.

LAW I. An oath shall have the greatest force and effect, for the purpose of compelling good faith. LAW II. Where a family adopts private religious

rites every member of it can, afterwards, always make use of them.

LAW III. No burial or cremation of a corpse shall take place in a city.

LAW IV. No greater expenses or mourning than is proper shall be permitted in funeral ceremonies.

LAW V. No one shall, hereafter, exceed the limit

established by these laws for the celebration of funeral rites.

LAW VI. Wood employed for the purpose of constructing a funeral pyre shall not be hewn, but shall be rough and unpolished.

LAW VII. When a corpse is prepared for burial at home, not more than three women with their heads covered with mourning veils shall be permitted to perform this service. The body may be enveloped in purple robes, and when borne outside, ten flute players, at the most, shall accompany the funeral procession.

LAW VIII. Women shall not during a funeral lacerate their faces, or tear their cheeks with their nails; nor shall they utter loud cries bewailing the dead.

LAW IX. No bones shall be taken from the body of a person who is dead, or from his ashes after cremation, in order that funeral ceremonies may again be held elsewhere. When, however, anyone dies in a foreign country, or is killed in war, a part of his remains may be transferred to the burial place of his ancestors.

LAW X. The body of no dead slave shall be anointed; nor shall any drinking take place at his funeral, nor a banquet of any kind be instituted in his honour. LAW XI. No wine flavoured with myrrh, or any other precious beverage, shall be poured upon a corpse while it is burning; nor shall the funeral pile be sprinkled with wine.

LAW XII. Large wreaths shall not be borne at a funeral; nor shall perfumes be burned on the altars. LAW XIII. Anyone who has rendered himself deserving of a wreath, as the reward of bravery in war, or through his having been the victor in public contests or games, whether he has obtained it through his own exertions or by means of others in his own name, and by his own money, through his horses, or his slaves, shall have a right to have the said wreath placed upon his dead body, or upon that of any of his ascendants, as long as the corpse is at his home, as well as when it is borne away; so that, during his obsequies, he may enjoy the honor which in his lifetime he acquired by his bravery or his good fortune.

LAW XIV. Only one funeral of an individual can take place; and it shall not be permitted to prepare several biers.

LAW XV. Gold, no matter in what form it may be present, shall, by all means, be removed from the corpse at the time of the funeral; but if anyone's teeth should be fastened with gold, it shall be lawful either to burn, or to bury it with the body.

LAW XVI. No one, without the knowledge or consent of the owner, shall erect a funeral pyre, or a tomb, nearer than sixty feet to the building of another. LAW XVII. No one can acquire by usucaption either the vestibule or approach to a tomb, or the tomb itself. LAW XVIII. No assembly of the people shall take place during the obsequies of any man distinguished in the State.

SOURCE: http://www.constitution.org/sps/sps01_1.htm

the right of every person who so willed to claim redress on behalf of any one to whom wrong was being done; thirdly, the institution of the appeal to the iurvcourts: and it is to this last, they say, that the masses have owed their strength most of all, since, when the democracy is master of the voting-power, it is master of the constitution. Moreover, since the laws were not drawn up in simple and explicit terms (but like the one concerning inheritances and wards of state), disputes inevitably occurred, and the courts had to decide in every matter, whether public or private.



← Some persons in fact believe that Solon deliberately made the laws indefinite, in order that the final

decision might be in the hands of the people. This, however, is not probable, and the reason no doubt was that it is impossible to attain ideal perfection when framing a law in general terms; for we must judge of his intentions, not from the actual results in the present day, but from the general tenor of the rest of his legislation.

PART 42

The present state of the constitution is as follows. The franchise is open to all who are of citizen birth by both parents. They are enrolled among the demesmen at the age of eighteen. On the occasion of their enrollment the demesmen give their votes on oath, first whether the candidates appear to be of the age prescribed by the law (if not, they are dismissed back into the ranks of the boys), and secondly whether the candidate is free born and of such parentage as the laws require. Then if they decide that he is not a free man, he appeals to the law-courts, and the demesmen appoint five of their own number to act as accusers; if the court decides that he has no right to be enrolled, he is sold by the state as a slave, but if brass voucher marked with the numeral 3 (because he wins his case he has a right to be enrolled among the demesmen without further question. After this the Council examines those who have been enrolled. and if it comes to the conclusion that any of them is less than eighteen years of age, it fines the demesmen who enrolled him. When the youths (Ephebi) have passed this examination, their fathers meet by their tribes, and appoint on oath three of their fellow tribesmen, over forty years of age, who, in their opinion, are the best and most suitable persons to have charge of the youths; and of these the Assembly elects one from each tribe as guardian, together with a director, chosen from the general body of Athenians, to control the while. Under the charge of these persons the youths first of all make the circuit of the temples; then they proceed to Piraeus, and some of them garrison Munichia and some the south shore. The Assembly also elects two trainers, with subordinate instructors, who teach them to fight in heavy armour, to use the bow and javelin, and to discharge a catapult. The guardians receive from the state a drachma apiece for their keep, and the youths four obols apiece. Each guardian receives the allowance for all the members of his tribe and buys

the necessary provisions for the common stock (they mess together by tribes), and generally superintends everything. In this way they spend the first year. The next year, after giving a public display of their military evolutions, on the occasion when the Assembly meets in the theatre, they receive a shield and spear from the state: after which they patrol the country and spend their time in the forts. For these two years they are on garrison duty, and wear the military cloak, and during this time they are exempt from all taxes. They also can neither bring an action at law, nor have one brought against them, in order that they may have no excuse for requiring leave of absence; though exception is made in cases of actions concerning inheritances and wards of state, or of any sacrificial ceremony connected with the family. When the two years have elapsed they thereupon take their position among the other citizens. Such is the manner of the enrollment of the citizens and the training of the youths.

PART 68

Most of the courts consist of 500 members ...; and when it is necessary to bring public cases before a jury of 1,000 members, two courts combine for the purpose, the most important cases of all are brought 1,500 jurors, or three courts. The ballot balls are made of brass with stems running through the centre, half of them having the stem pierced and the other half solid. When the speeches are concluded, the officials assigned to the taking of the votes give each juror two ballot balls, one pierced and one solid. This is done in full view of the rival litigants, to secure that no one shall receive two pierced or two solid balls. Then the official designated for the purpose takes away the jurors' staves, in return for which each one as he records his vote receives a he gets three obols when he gives it up). This is to ensure that all shall vote; since no one can get a voucher unless he votes. Two urns, one of brass and the other of wood, stand in the court, in distinct spots so that no one may surreptitiously insert ballot balls; in these the jurors record their votes. The brazen urn is for effective votes, the wooden for unused votes; and the brazen urn has a lid pierced so as to take only one ballot ball, in order that no one may put in two at a time.

When the jurors are about to vote, the crier demands first whether the litigants enter a protest against any of the evidence; for no protest can be received after the voting has begun. Then he proclaims again, 'The pierced ballot for the plaintiff, the solid for the defendant'; and the juror, taking his two ballot balls from the stand, with his hand closed over the stem so as not to show either the pierced or the solid ballot to the litigants, casts the one which is to count into the brazen urn, and the other into the wooden urn.

PART 69

When all the jurors have voted, the attendants take the urn containing the effective votes and discharge

from the mixture and placing them in the intervals, so this account that lon was invited to accept the post that in each interval there were two kinds of means. the one exceeding and exceeded by equal parts of its extremes [as for example 1, 4/3, 2, in which the mean 4/3 is one-third of 1 more than 1, and one-third of 2 less than 2], the other being that kind of mean which exceeds and is exceeded by an equal number. Where there were intervals of 3/2 and of 4/3 and of 9/8. made by the connecting terms in the former intervals, he filled up all the intervals of 4/3 with the interval of 9/8, leaving a fraction over; and the interval which this fraction expressed was in the ratio of 256 to 2432. And thus the whole mixture out of which he cut these portions was all exhausted by him. This entire compound he divided length-ways into two parts, which he joined to one another at the centre like the letter X, and bent them into a circular form. connecting them with themselves and each other at the point opposite to their original meeting-point; and, comprehending them in a uniform revolution upon the same axis, he made the one the outer and the other the inner circle. Now the motion of the outer circle he called the motion of the same, and the motion of the inner circle the motion of the other or diverse. The motion of the same he carried round by the side to the right, and the motion of the diverse diagonally to the left. And he gave dominion to the motion of the same and like, for that he left single and undivided: but the inner motion he divided in six places and made seven unequal circles having their intervals in ratios of two and three, three of each. and bade the orbits proceed in a direction opposite to one another; and three [Sun, Mercury, Venus] he made to move with equal swiftness, and the remaining four [Moon, Saturn, Mars, Jupiter] to move with unequal swiftness to the three and to one another, but in due proportion.

SOURCE: http://classics.mit.edu/Plato/timaeus.html

THE ATHENIAN CONSTITUTION Aristotle 350 BCE

PART 3

Now the ancient constitution, as it existed before the time of Draco, was organized as follows. The magistrates were elected according to qualifications of birth and wealth. At first they governed for life, but subsequently for terms of ten years. The first magistrates, both in date and in importance, were the King, the Polemarch, and the Archon. The earliest of these offices was that of the King, which existed from ancestral antiquity. To this was added, secondly, the office of Polemarch, on account of some of the kings proving feeble in war; for it was on

on an occasion of pressing need. The last of the three offices was that of the Archon, which most authorities state to have come into existence in the time of Medon. Others assign it to the time of Acastus, and adduce as proof the fact that the nine Archons swear to execute their oaths 'as in the days of Acastus,' which seems to suggest that it was in his time that the descendants of Codrus retired from the kingship in return for the prerogatives conferred upon the Archon. Whichever way it may be, the difference in date is small; but that it was the last of these magistracies to be created is shown by the fact that the Archon has no part in the ancestral sacrifices, as the King and the Polemarch have, but exclusively in those of later origin. So it is only at a comparatively late date that the office of Archon has become of great importance, through the dignity conferred by these later additions. The Thesmothetae were many years afterwards, when these offices had already become annual, with the object that they might publicly record all legal decisions, and act as guardians of them with a view to determining the issues between litigants. Accordingly their office, alone of those which have been mentioned, was never of more than annual duration.

Such, then, is the relative chronological precedence of these offices. At that time the nine Archons did not all live together. The King occupied the building now known as the Boculium, near the Prytaneum, as may be seen from the fact that even to the present day the marriage of the King's wife to Dionysus takes place there. The Archon lived in the Prytaneum, the Polemarch in the Epilyceum. The latter building was formerly called the Polemarcheum, but after Epilycus, during his term of office as Polemarch, had rebuilt it and fitted it up, it was called the Epilyceum. The Thesmothetae occupied the Thesmotheteum. In the time of Solon, however, they all came together into the Thesmotheteum. They had power to decide cases finally on their own authority, not, as now, merely to hold a preliminary hearing. Such then was the arrangement of the magistracies. The Council of Areopagus had as its constitutionally assigned duty the protection of the laws; but in point of fact it administered the greater and most important part of the government of the state, and inflicted personal punishments and fines summarily upon all who misbehaved themselves. This was the natural consequence of the facts that the Archons were elected under qualifications of birth and wealth, and that the Areopagus was composed of those who had served as Archons; for which latter reason the membership of the Areopagus is the only office which has continued to be a life-magistracy to the present day.

PART 9

Such, then, was his legislation concerning the magistracies. There are three points in the constitution of Solon which appear to be its most democratic features: first and most important, the prohibition of loans on the security of the debtor's person; secondly,

them on to a reckoning board having as many cavities as there are ballot balls, so that the effective votes, whether pierced or solid, may be plainly displayed and easily counted. Then the officials assigned to the taking of the votes tell them off on the board, the solid in one place and the pierced in another, and the crier announces the numbers of the votes, the pierced ballots being for the prosecutor and the solid for the defendant. Whichever has the majority is victorious; but if the votes are equal the verdict is for the defendant. Each juror receives two ballots, and uses one to record his vote, and throws the other away.

Then, if damages have to be awarded, they vote again in the same way, first returning their pay-vouchers and receiving back their staves. Half a gallon of water is allowed to each party for the discussion of the damages. Finally, when all has been completed in accordance with the law, the jurors receive their pay in the order assigned by the lot.

SOURCE: http://classics.mit.edu/Aristotle/athenian_const.1.1.html

EUCLID'S ELEMENTS Euclid 300 BCE

ELEMENTS BOOK 1: FUNDAMENTALS OF PLANE GEOMETRY INVOLVING STRAIGHT-LINES

DEFINITIONS

A point is that which has no part.

A line is breadthless length.

The ends of a line are points.

A straight line is a line which lies evenly with the points on itself.

A surface is that which has length and breadth only. The edges of a surface are lines.

A plane surface is a surface which lies evenly with the straight lines on itself.

A plane angle is the inclination to one another of two lines in a plane which meet one another and do not lie in a straight line.

And when the lines containing the angle are straight, the angle is called rectilinear.

When a straight line standing on a straight line makes the adjacent angles equal to one another, each of the equal angles is right, and the straight line standing on the other is called a perpendicular to that on which it stands.

An obtuse angle is an angle greater than a right angle. An acute angle is an angle less than a right angle. A boundary is that which is an extremity of anything. A figure is that which is contained by any boundary or boundaries.

A circle is a plane figure contained by one line such

that all the straight lines falling upon it from one point among those lying within the figure equal one another. And the point is called the center of the circle.

A diameter of the circle is any straight line drawn through the center and terminated in both directions by the circumference of the circle, and such a straight line also bisects the circle.

A semicircle is the figure contained by the diameter and the circumference cut off by it. And the center of the semicircle is the same as that of the circle.

Rectilinear figures are those which are contained by straight lines, trilateral figures being those contained by three, quadrilateral those contained by four, and multilateral those contained by more than four straight lines. Of trilateral figures, an equilateral triangle is that which has its three sides equal, an isosceles triangle that which has two of its sides alone equal, and a scalene triangle that which has its three sides unequal.

Further, of trilateral figures, a right-angled triangle is that which has a right angle, an obtuse-angled triangle that which has an obtuse angle, and an acuteangled triangle that which has its three angles acute.

428 ← Of quadrilateral figures, a square is that which is both equilateral and

right-angled; an oblong that which is right-angled but not equilateral; a rhombus that which is equilateral but not right-angled; and a rhomboid that which has its opposite sides and angles equal to one another but is neither equilateral nor right-angled. And let quadrilaterals other than these be called trapezia.

Parallel straight lines are straight lines which, being in the same plane and being produced indefinitely in both directions, do not meet one another in either direction. (...)

ELEMENTS BOOK 7: ELEMENTARY NUMBER THEORY

DEFINITIONS

A unit is that by virtue of which each of the things that exist is called one.

A number is a multitude composed of units.

A number is a part of a number, the less of the greater, when it measures the greater;

But parts when it does not measure it.

The greater number is a multiple of the less when it is measured by the less.

An even number is that which is divisible into two equal parts.

An odd number is that which is not divisible into two equal parts, or that which differs by a unit from an even number.

An even-times-even number is that which is measured by an even number according to an even number. An even-times-odd number is that which is measured by an even number according to an odd number. An odd-times-odd number is that which is measured by an odd number according to an odd number.

A prime number is that which is measured by a unit alone.

Numbers relatively prime are those which are measured by a unit alone as a common measure.

A composite number is that which is measured by some number.

Numbers relatively composite are those which are measured by some number as a common measure. A number is said to multiply a number when the latter is added as many times as there are units in the former. And, when two numbers having multiplied one another make some number, the number so produced be called plane, and its sides are the numbers which have multiplied one another.

And, when three numbers having multiplied one another make some number, the number so produced be called solid, and its sides are the numbers which have multiplied one another.

A square number is equal multiplied by equal, or a number which is contained by two equal numbers. And a cube is equal multiplied by equal and again by equal, or a number which is contained by three equal numbers.

Numbers are proportional when the first is the same multiple, or the same part, or the same parts, of the second that the third is of the fourth.

Similar plane and solid numbers are those which have their sides proportional.

A perfect number is that which is equal to the sum its own parts.

SOURCE: aleph0.clarku.edu/~djoyce/java/elements/bookVII/ bookVII.html#guide

DE LEGIBUS Marcus Tullius Cicero 50 BCE

BOOK 1

[In the section that follows the discussion among Cicero (M for Marcus), Atticus Pomponius (A) and Quintus (Q) is turning to the topic of the law and, as the reader will see, with a zealous interest in the true foundations or bases for any good legal order.]

[13] A: Therefore, in this spare time, as you say, why do you not explain to us these very things themselves and write about civil law more precisely than the others? For I remember that you have studied law from the earliest time of your life, when I myself also kept coming to Scaevola [famed jurist and teacher]. You have never seemed to me to have so given yourself to speaking that you scorned civil law.

M: You call me to a long conversation, Atticus. Nevertheless, unless Quintus prefers that we discuss something else, I will undertake it; and since we are free, I will speak.

Q: Indeed I would gladly listen. For what would I rather discuss, or how would I better spend this day?

[14] M: Therefore, why don't we proceed to our paths and seats? When there has been enough walking, we will rest. Surely we will have no lack of delight as we inquire into one topic after another.

A: That is fine with us, and indeed, if it pleases you, this way to the Liris along its bank and through the shade. But now I beg you to begin to explain what you feel about civil law.

M: Shall I? I think that they are the highest sort of men in our state who have regularly interpreted it to the people and given legal advice. But although they have made great claims, they have dealt with small things. For what is so great as the law of the state? But what is so tiny as this service of those who are asked for advice, even though it is necessary to the people? In fact I do not think that those who were in charge of this service have been ignorant of universal law, but they have trained in what they call civil [law] only so far as they wanted to furnish this service to the people. Yet it is thin material for study although necessary in practice. So to what do you call me, or what are you urging on me? That I produce pamphlets on the law about rainwater falling from the eaves of houses or the law about walls of houses? Or that I compose formulas for covenants and judgments? Those things have been attentively written by many people, and they are lower than what I think is expected of me.

[15] A: But if you ask what I expect, since you have written on the best form of a republic, the sequel seems to be that you also write on laws. For I see that that Plato of yours did so, at whom you marvel, whom you rank ahead of all, whom you greatly cherish.

M: Then do you want this: as with Clinias the Cretan and Megillus the Spartan [fictional characters in Plato's Laws], as he describes, during a summer day in the cypress groves and woodland paths of Cnossos, often stopping, occasionally resting, he argues about the institutions of republics and about the best laws, so let us, walking among these very tall poplar trees on the green and shady bank and then lingering, seek something fuller concerning these same matters than forensic practice calls for?

[16] A: Indeed I desire to hear those very things. M: What does Quintus say?

Q: [There's] no subject [I want to hear about] more. **M:** And indeed rightly. For recognize that in no kind of arguing are more honorable things brought into the open: what nature has granted to man, what a number of the best things the human mind encompasses, what service we have been born and brought into light in order to perform and accomplish, what is the connection between men [and gods], and what natural fellowship there is among them. For when these things have been explained, the source of laws and right can be found.

[17] A: So you don't think that the discipline of law should be drawn from the praetor's edict, as many do now, or from the Twelve Tables [archaic set of basic Roman laws], as earlier people did, but from within the profoundest philosophy? M: In fact, Pomponius, in this conversation we do in that book, and since all laws should be adapted to not seek how to safequard interests in law, or how to respond to each consultation. That very thing may be a great matter, and it is, which formerly was undertaken by many famous men and is now undertaken by one man of the highest authority and knowledge [Servius Sulpicius]. But in this debate we must embrace the entire cause of universal right and laws, so that what we call civil [law] may be confined to a kind of small, narrow place. For we must explain the nature of law, and this must be traced from human nature. We must consider laws by which states ought to be ruled: then we must treat these laws and orders of peoples that have been composed and delineated, in which indeed what are called the civil laws of our people will not be hidden.

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← [18] Q: Truly, brother, you trace deeply and, as is proper, to the fountain head of what we are asking

about. Those who pass on the civil law otherwise are passing on not so much ways of justice as ways of litigating.

M: That is not so, Quintus; ignorance of the law is more litigious than knowledge of it. But this later; now let us see the beginnings of law.

Therefore, it has pleased very learned men to commence with law-probably rightly, if only, as the same men define it, law is highest reason, implanted in nature, which orders those things that ought to be done [and] prohibits the opposite.

When the same reason has been strengthened and perfected in the human mind, it is law. [19] And so they think that law is prudence, the force of which is such as to order people to act rightly [and] forbid them to transgress. And they think this thing has been called [according to] the Greek name for granting to each his own, while I think it comes from our word for choosing. For as they put the force of fairness into law, we put the force of choice into it. And nevertheless each one is appropriate to law. But if it is thus rightly said, as indeed in general it usually seems to me, the beginning of right should be drawn from law. For this is a force of nature; this is the mind and reason of the prudent man; this is the rule of right and wrong. But since our entire speech is in the people's business, sometimes it will be necessary to speak popularly and to call that a law which, when written, consecrates what it wants by either ordering [or forbidding], as the crowd calls it. Indeed let us take the beginning of establishing right from that highest law, which was born, before any law was written, for generations in common [corrupt text here], or before a state was established at all.

[20] Q: That is truly more convenient and suitable for the method of conversation we have begun. M: Then do you want us to trace the birth of right itself from its source? Once we have found it, there will be no doubt how to judge what we are seeking. Q: Truly I think it must so be done.

A: Join me as well to your brother's sentiment. M: Since, then, we should maintain and preserve the form of the republic that Scipio taught to be the best

that kind of state, and since customs should be sown and not everything should be consecrated in writing, I will trace the root of right from nature, with which as our leader we should pursue the entire debate. SOURCE: http://www.nlnrac.org/classical/cicero/documents/de-legibus

METAMORPHOSES

Ovid 8 CE

BOOK THE FIRST. THE ARGUMENT.

My design leads me to speak of forms changed into new bodies. Ye Gods, (for you it was who changed them,) favor my attempts, and bring down the lengthened narrative from the very beginning of the world, even to my own times.

FABLE VI.

Jupiter, having seen the crimes of this impious race of men, calls a council of the Gods, and determines to destroy the world.

When the Father of the Gods, the son of Saturn, beheld this from his loftiest height, he groaned aloud; and recalling to memory the polluted banquet on the table of Lycaon, not yet publicly known, from the crime being but lately committed, he conceives in his mind vast wrath, and such as is worthy of Jove, and calls together a council; no delay detains them, thus summoned.

There is a way on high, easily seen in a clear sky, and which, remarkable for its very whiteness, receives the name of the Milky Way. Along this is the way for the Gods above to the abode of the great Thunderer and his royal palace. On the right and on the left side the courts of the ennobled Deities are thronged, with open gates. The Gods of lower rank inhabit various places; in front of the Way, the powerful and illustrious inhabitants of Heaven have established their residence. This is the place which, if boldness may be allowed to my expression, I should not hesitate to style the palatial residence of Heaven. When, therefore, the Gods above had taken their seats in the marble hall of assembly; he himself, elevated on his seat, and leaning on his sceptre of ivory, three or four times shook the awful locks of his head, with which he makes the Earth, the Seas, and the Stars to tremble. Then, after such manner as this, did he open his indignant lips:-

← "Not even at that time was I more concerned for the empire of the universe, when each of the snakefooted monsters was endeavoring to lay his hundred arms on the captured skies. For although that was a dangerous enemy, yet that war was with but one stock, and sprang from a single origin. Now must the race of mortals be cut off by me, wherever Nereus roars on all sides of the earth; this I swear by the Rivers of Hell, that glide in the Stygian grove beneath the earth. All methods have been already tried: but a wound that admits of no cure, must be cut away with the knife, that the sound parts may not be corrupted.

I have as subjects Demigods, and I have the rustic Deities, the Nymphs, and the Fauns, and the Satyrs, and the Sylvans, the inhabitants of the mountains: these, though, as yet, we have not thought them worthy of the honor of Heaven, let us, at least, permit to inhabit the earth which we have granted them. And do you, ye Gods of Heaven, believe that they will be in proper safety, when Lycaon, remarkable for his cruelty, has formed a plot against even me, who own and hold sway over the thunder and yourselves?"

All shouted their assent aloud, and with ardent zeal they called for vengeance on one who dared such crimes. Thus, when an impious band madly raged to extinguish the Roman name in the blood of Cæsar, the human race was astonished with sudden terror at ruin so universal, and the whole earth shook with horror. Nor was the affectionate regard, Augustus, of thy subjects less grateful to thee, than that was to Jupiter. Who, after he had, by means of his voice and his hand, suppressed their murmurs, all of them kept silence. Soon as the clamor had ceased, checked by the authority of their ruler. Jupiter again broke silence in these words:

"He, indeed, (dismiss your cares) has suffered dire punishment; but what was the offence and what the retribution, I will inform you. The report of the iniguity of the age had reached my ears; wishing to find this not to be the truth, I descended from the top of Olympus, and, a God in a human shape, I surveyed the earth. 'Twere an endless task to enumerate how great an amount of guilt was everywhere discovered: the report itself was below the truth."

FABLE XIV.

Jupiter assumes the shape of a Bull, and carrying off Europa, swims with her on his back to the isle of Crete. When the grandson of Atlas had inflicted this punishment upon her words and her profane disposition, he left the lands named after Pallas, and entered the skies with his waving wings. His father calls him on one side; and, not owning the cause of his love, he says, "My son, the trusty minister of my commands, banish delay, and swiftly descend with thy usual speed, and repair to the region which looks towards thy Constellation mother on the left side, (the natives call it Sidonis by name) and drive towards the seashore, the herd belonging to the king, which thou seest feeding afar upon the grass of the mountain." Thus he spoke; and already were the bullocks, driven from the mountain, making for the shore named, where the daughter of the great king, attended by Tyrian virgins, was wont to amuse herself. Majesty

and love but ill accord, nor can they continue in the same abode. The father and the ruler of the Gods. whose right hand is armed with the three-forked flames, who shakes the world with his nod, laving aside the dignity of empire, assumes the appearance of a bull; and mixing with the oxen, he lows, and, in all his beauty, walks about upon the shooting grass. For his color is that of snow, which neither the soles of hard feet have trodden upon, nor the watery South wind melted. His neck swells with muscles; dewlaps hang from between his shoulders. His horns are small indeed, but such as you might maintain were made with the hand, and more transparent than a bright gem. There is nothing threatening in his forehead; nor is his eye formidable; his countenance expresses peace.

The daughter of Agenor is surprised that he is so beautiful, and that he threatens no attack; but although so gentle, she is at first afraid to touch him. By and by she approaches him, and holds out flowers to his white mouth. The lover rejoices, and till his hoped-for pleasure comes, he gives kisses to her hands; scarcely, oh, scarcely, does he defer the rest. And now he plays with her, and skips upon the green grass; and now he lays his snow-white side upon the yellow sand. And, her fear now removed by degrees, at one moment he gives his breast to be patted by the hand of the virgin; at another, his horns to be wreathed with new-made garlands. The virgin of royal birth even ventured to sit down upon the back of the bull, not knowing upon whom she was pressing. Then the God, by degrees moving from the land, and from the dry shore, places the fictitious hoofs of his feet in the waves near the brink. Then he goes still further, and carries his prize over the expanse of the midst of the ocean. She is affrighted, and, borne off, looks back on the shore she has left; and with her right hand she grasps his horn, while the other is placed on his back; her waving garments are ruffled by the breeze.

SOURCE: http://www.gutenberg.org/files/21765/21765-h/files/ Met I-III.html#bookII fableXIV

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

each of them holds its own, bound as it were by the restless Circuit of the World itself: which, running evermore upon itself, the Earth falleth to be lowest, and in the Middle of the Whole: and the same hanging steadily by the Pole of the Universe, poiseth those Elements by which it hangeth. Thus it alone resteth unmovable, whilst the whole Frame of the World turneth about it: and as it is united by all, so all of them rest upon the same.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE SEVEN PLANETS.

BETWEEN the Earth and Sky, there hang in the Air above named, seven Stars, divided one from another at distinct Distances; and these, on account of their variable Motion, we call Wandering Planets; whereas, indeed, none wander less than they. In the midst of them the Sun taketh his Course, as being the greatest and most powerful of all: the very Ruler, not of Times and Seasons only, and of the Earth, but also of the Stars and Sky itself. We ought to believe this Sun to be the very Life and (to speak more plainly) the Soul of the whole World, and the principal Governance of Nature; and, considering his Operations, nothing less than a divine Power. He it is that giveth Light to all Things, and scatters their Darkness: he hideth the other Stars: he ordereth the Seasons in their alternative Course; he tempereth the Year, which ariseth ever fresh again for the Good of the World. He disperseth the Sadness of the Sky, and cleareth the Cloudiness of the Mind of Man: to other Stars, likewise, he lendeth his own Light. Most excellent and glorious he is, as seeing all, and hearing all; as, I see, is the Opinion of Homer (the Prince of Learning) regarding him alone.

SOURCE: http://ia700302.us.archive.org/29/items/ plinysnaturalhis00plinrich/plinysnaturalhis00plinrich.pdf

CONFESSIONS Augustine of Hippo *397*

BOOK THIRTEEN CHAPTER XXIX

40. But he who understands "In the beginning he made" as if it meant, "At first he made," can truly interpret the phrase "heaven and earth" as referring only to the "matter" of heaven and earth, namely, of the prior universal, which is the intelligible and corporeal creation. For if he would try to interpret the phrase as applying to the universe already formed, it then might rightly be asked of him, "If God first made this, what then did he do afterward?" And, after the universe, he will find nothing. But then he must, however unwillingly, face the question, How is this

the first if there is nothing afterward? But when he said that God made matter first formless and then formed, he is not being absurd if he is able to discern what precedes by eternity, and what proceeds in time; what comes from choice, and what comes from origin. In eternity, God is before all things; in the temporal process, the flower is before the fruit: in the act of choice, the fruit is before the flower; in the case of origin, sound is before the tune. Of these four relations, the first and last that I have referred to are understood with much difficulty. The second and third are very easily understood. For it is an uncommon and lofty vision. O Lord, to behold thy eternity immutably making mutable things, and thereby standing always before them. Whose mind is acute enough to be able, without great labor, to discover how the sound comes before the tune? For a tune is a formed sound; and an unformed thing may exist, but a thing that does not exist cannot be formed. In the same way, matter is prior to what is made from it. It is not prior because it makes its product, for it is itself made; and its priority is not that of a time interval. For in time we do not first utter formless sounds without singing and then adapt or fashion them into the form of a song, as wood or silver from which a chest or vessel is made. Such materials precede in time the forms of the things which are made from them. But in singing this is not so. For when a song is sung, its sound is heard at the same time. There is not first a formless sound, which afterward is formed into a song; but just as soon as it has sounded it passes away, and you cannot find anything of it which you could gather up and shape. Therefore, the song is absorbed in its own sound and the "sound" of the song is its "matter." But the sound is formed in order that it may be a tune. This is why, as I was saying, the matter of the sound is prior to the form of the tune. It is not "before" in the sense that it has any power of making a sound or tune. Nor is the sound itself the composer of the tune; rather, the sound is sent forth from the body and is ordered by the soul of the singer, so that from it he may form a tune. Nor is the sound first in time, for it is given forth together with the tune. Nor is it first in choice, because a sound is no better than a tune, since a tune is not merely a sound but a beautiful sound. But it is first in origin, because the tune is not formed in order that it may become a sound, but the sound is formed in order that it may become a tune. From this example, let him who is able to understand see that the matter of things was first made and was called "heaven and earth" because out of it the heaven and earth were made. This primal formlessness was not made first in time, because the form of things gives rise to time; but now, in time, it is intuited together with its form. And yet nothing can be related of this unformed matter unless it is regarded as if it were the first in the time series though the last in value-because things formed are certainly superior to things unformed-and it is preceded by the eternity of the Creator, so that from nothing there might be made

that from which something might be made.

HISTORIA NATURALIS Gaius Plinius Secundus 77 CE

CHAPTER I.

WHETHER THE WORLD BE FINITE, AND BUT ONE. THE World, and that which, by another Name, Men have thought Good to call Heaven (under the Compass of which all Things are covered), we ought to believe, in all Reason, to be a Divine Power, eternal, immense, without Beginning, and never to perish. What is beyond the Compas thereof, neither is it fit for Men to search, nor within Man's Understanding to conceive. Sacred it is, everlasting, infinite, all in all, or rather itself all and absolute: limited, yet seeming infinite: in all Motions, certain; though in Appearance uncertain: comprehending in itself all both without and within:

431 ← Nature's Work, and yet very Nature itself. It is Madness that some have thought in their Mind to measure it; yea, and durst in Writing set down the Dimensions thereof: that others again, by Occasion hereupon taken, or on this founded, have taught, That there are Worlds innumerable: as if we are to believe so many Natures as there are Heavens: or if all were reduced

to one, yet there should be so many Suns and Moons, with the Rest also of those immeasurable and innumerable Stars in that one:

as though in this plurality of Worlds we should not always meet with the same Question still at every Turn of our Thought, for Want of some End to rest upon: or, if this infiniteness could possibly be assigned to Nature, the Work-mistress of all; the same might not be understood more easily in that one Heaven which we see; so great a Work as it is. Now surely it is more than Madness to quit this, and to keep seeking without, as if all Things within were well and clearly known already: as if any Man could take the Measure of another Thing, who knoweth not his own: or the Mind of Man might see those Things which the Work itself may not receive. CHAPTER IV. WHY THE WC FOR my own Pa of all Nations. I the Name of O perfect Neature called Signifer, Twelve living O

CHAPTER II.

OF THE FIGURE OF THE WORLD.

THAT the Form of the World is round, in the Figure of a perfect Globe, its Name in the first Place, and the Consent of all Men agreeing to call it in Latin Orbis (a Globe), as also many natural Reasons, evidently shew. For not only because such a Figure every Way falleth and bendeth upon itself, is able to uphold itself, includeth and containeth itself, having need of no joints for this purpose, as finding in any Part thereof no End or Beginning: or because this Form agreeth best to that Motion, whereby continually it must turn about (as hereafter will appear): but also because the Eyesight doth approve the same; because, look which Way soever you will, it appeareth convex, and even on all sides; a Thing not incident to any other Figure.

CHAPTER III. THE MOTION OF THE WORLD.

THAT the World thus framed, in a continued Circuit, with unspeakable Swiftness turneth round in the Space of four-and-twenty Hours, the ordinary Rising and Setting of the Sun leaves no Room to doubt. Whether it being in Height exceedingly great, and therefore the Sound of so huge a Frame, whilst it is whirled about unceasingly, cannot be heard with our Ears, I cannot easily imagine: no more, by Hercules! than I may vouch the Ringing of the Stars that are driven round therewith, and roll their own Spheres: or determine, that as the Heaven moveth, it represents a pleasant and incredibly sweet Harmony: although to us within, by Day and Night, it seemeth to roll on in Silence. That there is imprinted on it the Figures of living Creatures, and of all Kinds of Things besides without Number, as also that the Body thereof is not all over smooth and slippery (as we see in Birds' Eggs), which excellent Authors have termed Tenerum, is shewn by Arguments; for by the Fall of natural Seeds of all Things from thence, and those for the most Part mixed one with another, there are produced in the World, and in the Sea especially, an immense Number of monstrous Shapes. Besides this, our Sight testifieth the same; for in one Place there appeareth the Resemblance of a Chariot, in another of a Bear, or a Bull, and of a Letter (A), and principally the middle Circle over our Head, where it is more white than the Rest.

CHAPTER IV. WHY THE WORLD IS CALLED MUNDUS.

FOR my own Part, I am ruled by the general Consent of all Nations. For, the World, which the Greeks, by the Name of Ornament, called $\kappa \delta \sigma \mu o \varsigma$, we, for the perfect Neatness and absolute Elegance thereof, have termed Mundus. And we have named the Sky Calum, because it is engraven, according as M. Varro interpreteth it. Amid the Order of Things therein contributes to this, and especially the defined Circle called Signifer, or the Zodiac, divided by the Forms of Twelve living Creatures, through which is the Sun's Track; preserving the same Course for so many Ages.

CHAPTER V. OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS.

I SEE no doubt regarding the Number of the Elements, that they are four. The highest, Fire: from whence are those bright Eyes of so many shining Stars. The next, Spirit, which the Greeks and our Countrymen by one Name called Air: this Element is vital, and it soon passeth through all, and is intrinsically mixed in the Whole: by the Power whereof, the Earth hangeth suspended in the midst, together with the fourth Element, of Water. Thus, by a mutual embracing of each other, divers Natures are linked together: and so the light Elements are restrained by the heavier, that they do not fly off: and, on the contrary, the massier are held up, that they fall not down, by means of the lighter, which seek to mount aloft. So, through an equal Endeavour to the Contrary,

CHAPTER XXX

41. In this discord of true opinions let Truth itself bring concord, and may our God have mercy on us all, that we may use the law rightly to the end of the commandment which is pure love. Thus, if anyone asks me which of these opinions was the meaning of thy servant Moses, these would not be my confessions did I not confess to thee that I do not know. Yet I do know that those opinions are true-with the exception of the carnal ones-about which I have said what I thought was proper. Yet those little ones of good hope are not frightened by these words of thy Book, for they speak of high things in a lowly way and of a few basic things in many varied ways. But let all of us, whom I acknowledge to see and speak the truth in these words. love one another and also love thee, our God, O Fountain of Truth-as we will if we thirst not after vanity but for the Fountain of Truth. Indeed, let us so honor this servant of thine, the dispenser of this Scripture, full of thy Spirit, so that we will believe that when thou didst reveal thyself to him, and he wrote these things down, he intended through them what will chiefly minister both for the light of truth and to the increase of our fruitfulness.

CHAPTER XXXI

432 ← 42. Thus, when one man says, "Moses meant what I mean," and another says, "No, he meant what

I do," I think that I speak more faithfully when I say, "Why could he not have meant both if both opinions are true?" And if there should be still a third truth or a fourth one, and if anyone should seek a truth quite different in those words, why would it not be right to believe that Moses saw all these different truths, since through him the one God has tempered the Holy Scriptures to the understanding of many different people, who should see truths in it even if they are different?

Certainly-and I say this fearlessly and from my heart—if I were to write anything on such a supreme authority, I would prefer to write it so that, whatever of truth anyone might apprehend from the matter under discussion, my words should re-echo in the several minds rather than that they should set down one true opinion so clearly on one point that I should exclude the rest, even though they contained no falsehood that offended me. Therefore, I am unwilling, O my God, to be so headstrong as not to believe that this man [Moses] has received at least this much from thee. Surely when he was writing these words, he saw fully and understood all the truth we have been able to find in them, and also much besides that we have not been able to discern, or are not yet able to find out, though it is there in them still to be found.

CHAPTER XXXII

43. Finally, O Lord—who art God and not flesh and blood—if any man sees anything less, can anything lie hid from "thy good Spirit" who shall "lead me into the land of uprightness," which thou thyself, through

those words, wast revealing to future readers, even though he through whom they were spoken fixed on only one among the many interpretations that might have been found? And if this is so, let it be agreed that the meaning he saw is more exalted than the others. But to us, O Lord, either point out the same meaning or any other true one, as it pleases thee. Thus, whether thou makest known to us what thou madest known to that man of thine, or some other meaning by the agency of the same words, still do thou feed us and let error not deceive us. Behold, O Lord, my God, how much we have written concerning these few words-how much, indeed! What strength of mind, what length of time, would suffice for all thy books to be interpreted in this fashion? Allow me, therefore, in these concluding words to confess more briefly to thee and select some one. true, certain, and good sense that thou shalt inspire, although many meanings offer themselves and many indeed are possible. This is the faith of my confession, that if I could say what thy servant meant, that is truest and best, and for that I must strive. Yet if I do not succeed, may it be that I shall say at least what thy Truth wished to say to me through its words, just as it said what it wished to Moses.

SOURCE: www.iclnet.org/pub/resources/text/m.sion/agcon-21.htm

CIVITAS DEI Augustine of Hippo 426

BOOK I.

PREFACE, EXPLAINING HIS DESIGN IN UNDERTAKING THIS WORK.

The glorious city of God is my theme in this work, which you, my dearest son Marcellinus, suggested, and which is due to you by my promise. I have undertaken its defence against those who prefer their own gods to the Founder of this city,-a city surpassingly glorious, whether we view it as it still lives by faith in this fleeting course of time, and sojourns as a stranger in the midst of the ungodly, or as it shall dwell in the fixed stability of its eternal seat, which it now with patience waits for, expecting until "righteousness shall return unto judgment," and it obtain, by virtue of its excellence, final victory and perfect peace. A great work this, and an arduous one; but God is my helper. For I am aware what ability is requisite to persuade the proud how great is the virtue of humility, which raises us, not by a quite human arrogance, but by a divine grace, above all earthly dignities that totter on this shifting scene. For the King and Founder of this city of which we speak, has in Scripture uttered to His people a dictum of the

divine law in these words: "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." But this, which is God's prerogative, the inflated ambition of a proud spirit also affects, and dearly loves that this be numbered among its attributes, to

"Show pity to the humbled soul, And crush the sons of pride."

And therefore, as the plan of this work we have undertaken requires, and as occasion offers, we must speak also of the earthly city, which, though it be mistress of the nations, is itself ruled by its lust of rule.

CHAP. 1.—OF THE ADVERSARIES OF THE NAME OF CHRIST, WHOM THE BARBARIANS FOR CHRIST'S SAKE SPARED WHEN THEY STORMED THE CITY.

433 ← For to this earthly city belong the enemies against whom I have to defend the city of God. Many of them,

indeed, being reclaimed from their ungodly error, have become sufficiently creditable citizens of this city; but many are so inflamed with hatred against it, and are so ungrateful to its Redeemer for His signal benefits, as to forget that they would now be unable to utter a single word to its prejudice, had they not found in its sacred places, as they fled from the enemy's steel, that life in which they now boast themselves. Are not those very Romans, who were spared by the barbarians through their respect for Christ, become enemies to the name of Christ? The reliquaries of the martyrs and the churches of the apostles bear witness to this; for in the sack of the city they were open sanctuary for all who fled to them, whether Christian or Pagan. To their very threshold the blood-thirsty enemy raged; there his murderous fury owned a limit. Thither did such of the enemy as had any pity convey those to whom they had given guarter, lest any less mercifully disposed might fall upon them. And, indeed, when even those murderers who everywhere else showed themselves pitiless came to those spots where that was forbidden which the license of war permitted in every other place, their furious rage for slaughter was bridled, and their eagerness to take prisoners was quenched. Thus escaped multitudes who now reproach the Christian religion, and impute to Christ the ills that have befallen their city; but the preservation of their own life-a boon which they owe to the respect entertained for Christ by the barbarians—they attribute not to our Christ, but to their own good luck. They ought rather, had they any right perceptions, to attribute the severities and hardships inflicted by their enemies, to that divine providence which is wont to reform the depraved manners of men by chastisement, and which exercises with similar afflictions the righteous and praise-worthy, —either translating them, when they have passed through the trial, to a better world, or detaining them still on earth for ulterior purposes. And they ought to attribute it to the spirit of these Christian times, that, contrary to the

custom of war, these blood-thirsty barbarians spared them, and spared them for Christ's sake, whether this mercy was actually shown in promiscuous places, or in those places specially dedicated to Christ's name, and of which the very largest were selected as sanctuaries, that full scope might thus be given to the expansive compassion which desired that a large multitude might find shelter there. Therefore ought they to give God thanks, and with sincere confession flee for refuge to His name, that so they may escape the punishment of eternal fire-they who with lying lips took upon them this name, that they might escape the punishment of present destruction. For of those whom you see insolently and shamelessly insulting the servants of Christ, there are numbers who would not have escaped that destruction and slaughter had they not pretended that they themselves were Christ's servants. Yet now, in ungrateful pride and most impious madness, and at the risk of being punished in everlasting darkness, they perversely oppose that name under which they fraudulently protected themselves for the sake of enjoying the light of this brief life.

CHAP. 2.—THAT IT IS QUITE CONTRARY TO THE USAGE OF WAR, THAT THE VICTORS SHOULD SPARE THE VANQUISHED FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR GODS.

There are histories of numberless wars, both before the building of Rome and since its rise and the extension of its dominion; let these be read, and let one instance be cited in which, when a city had been taken by foreigners, the victors spared those who were found to have fled for sanctuary to the temples of their gods; or one instance in which a barbarian general gave orders that none should be put to the sword who had been found in this or that temple. Did not Æneas see

"Dying Priam at the shrine, Staining the hearth be made divine?"

Did not Diomede and Ulysses

"Drag with red hands, the sentry slain, Her fateful image from your fane, Her chaste locks touch, and stain with gore The virgin coronal she wore?"

Neither is that true which follows, that

"Thenceforth the tide of fortune changed, And Greece grew weak."

For after this they conquered and destroyed Troy with fire and sword; after this they beheaded Priam as he fled to the altars. Neither did Troy perish because it lost Minerva. For what had Minerva herself first lost, that she should perish? Her guards perhaps? No doubt; just her guards. For as soon as they were slain, she could be stolen. It was not, in fact, the men who were preserved by the image, but the image by the men. How, then, was she invoked to defend the city and the citizens, she who could not defend her own defenders? SOURCE: http://www.catholicculture.org/culture/library/fathers/ view.cfm?recnum=3274

CORPUS IURUS CIVILIS By Order of Justinian I 529-534

FIRST PREFACE.

CONCERNING THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A NEW CODE.

← The Emperor Justinian to the

434 Senate of the City of Constantinople. Those things which seem to many former Emperors to require correction, but which none of them ventured to carry into effect. We have decided to accomplish at the present time with the assistance of Almighty God; and to diminish litigation by the revision of the multitude of constitutions which are contained in the Three Codes; namely, the Gregorian, the Hermogenian, and the Theodosian, as well as in those other Codes promulgated after them by Theodosius of Divine Memory, and by other Emperors, who succeeded him, in addition to those which We Ourselves have promulgated, and to combine them in a single Code, under Our auspicious name, in which compilation should be included not only the constitutions of the three above-mentioned Codes, but also such new ones as subsequently have been promulgated.

(1) Therefore, having in view the accomplishment of this extensive work, as well as the maintenance of the public welfare. We have chosen, as being competent for a task involving such labor and care, John, a most eminent man, Ex-Quæstor of our Sacred Palace, and of consular, as well as patrician dignity; Leontius, a man of the highest standing, an officer in the army, an Ex-Prætorian Prefect, of consular and patrician dignity; Phocas, a most illustrious man, an officer of the army, also of consular and patrician dignity; Basilis, a most excellent man, Ex-Prætorian Prefect of the East, and of patrician rank; Thomas, a most glorious man, Quæstor of our Sacred Palace, and Ex-Consul; Tribonian, a distinguished man of great authority, and invested with magisterial dignity; Constantine, an illustrious man, one of the Stewards of Our bounty, Master of Requests, and of Our Judicial Inquiries; Theophilus, a most eminent man, and one of the members of our Sacred Consistory, a Doctor of Laws in this Fair City; and Dioscorous and Præsentinus, most learned jurists of the Prætorian Tribunal.

(2) To these We have especially entrusted the suppression of superfluous preambles, so far as this can be done without affecting the efficacy of the laws,

as well as of such enactments as are similar or contradictory, and, in addition to this, the division of the laws; and it will be to the advantage to omit such as have fallen into desuetude, to give expression in concise terms to those which are included in the said three Codes, and in the New Constitutions, and to place them under suitable titles, adding and omitting portions of the same, and, indeed, changing their phraseology where convenience requires it. Bringing under one head enactments which are scattered through various constitutions, and rendering their meaning clearer; so that the order of the said constitutions may appear not only from the days and the consulate when they were enacted, but also from their composition itself, by placing those primarily published in the first place, and those which follow in the second. And if any laws should be found in the three ancient codes without the date and the name of the consul, or if any new constitutions have been inserted among them, they should be so arranged that no doubt may arise with reference to their general application, in such a way that rescripts addressed to certain individuals, or originally issued

by pragmatic sanction, may obtain the effect of general constitutions, where, for the public welfare, they have been included in a new code. (...)

SECOND PREFACE.

CONCERNING THE CONFIRMATION OF THE CODE OF JUSTINIAN.

The maintenance of the integrity of the government depends upon two things, namely, the force of arms and the observance of the laws: and, for this reason, the fortunate race of the Romans obtained power and precedence over all other nations in former times, and will do so forever, if God should be propitious; since each of these has ever required the aid of the other, for, as military affairs are rendered secure by the laws, so also are the laws preserved by force of arms. Therefore, We have, with reason, directed Our attention. Our aims, and Our labors, in the first place, to the maintenance of the public welfare, and have corrected matters relating to the army in many ways, and thus provided for everything; as We have by means of old laws not only brought matters into a better condition, but We also have promulgated new laws, and by Our just administration, or with additional expense, We have preserved those already enacted, and afterwards by publishing new ones, have established them most firmly for the obedience of Our subjects.

(1) But as it was necessary to reduce the vast number of the constitutions contained in the three old codes, as well in the others compiled in former times, and to clear up their obscurity by means of proper definitions, We have applied Ourselves with willing mind to the accomplishment of this work for the common good; and, after having selected men conspicuous for their legal learning and ability, as well as for their experience in business, and tireless zeal for the interests of the State, We have committed this great task to them under certain limitations, and have directed

them to collect into a single code, to be designated by Our auspicious name, the constitutions of the three ancient codes, namely the Gregorian, Hermogenian, and Theodosian compilations, as well as all those subsequently promulgated by Theodosius of Divine Memory, and the other princes who have succeeded him: together with such constitutions as have been issued during Our reign; and to see that any preambles which are not confirmed by subsequent decrees, and any constitutions which are contradictory, or should be suppressed, as well as such as have been repealed by others of later date, or which are of the same character — except those which, by conferring upon them Our sanction to a certain extent, We have considered to be susceptible of division, and by such division of these ancient laws some new principle may appear to arise.

(...) (3) Therefore We have had in view the perpetual validity of this Code in your tribunal, in order that all litigants, as well as the most accomplished advocates, may know that it is lawful for them, under no circumstances, to cite constitutions from the three ancient codes, of which mention has just been made, or from those which at the present time are styled the New Constitutions, in any judicial inquiry or contest; but that they are required to use only the constitutions which are included in this Our Code, and that those who venture to act otherwise will be liable to the crime of forgery; as the citation of the said constitutions of Our Code, with the opinions of the ancient interpreters of the law, will be sufficient for the disposal of all cases. No doubt as to their validity should arise where any of them appears without a date and without the name of the consul, or because they may have been addressed to certain private individuals; as there can be no question whatever that all have the force of general constitutions; and even if there should be some of them from which anything has been taken, or to which anything has been added, or which have been changed in certain respects (which We have specially permitted the most excellent men aforesaid to do), We grant to no one the right to cite the said constitutions, as they are stated in the books of the ancient authorities, but merely to mention the opinions of the latter, as being of legal effect when they are not opposed to the constitutions of this Our Code.

(...)

SOURCE: http://www.constitution.org/sps/sps12.htm

MAGNA CARTA Feudal Barons 1215

John, by the Grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and Earl of Anjou, to his Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Earls, Barons, Justiciaries, Foresters, Sheriffs, Governors, Officers, and to all Bailiffs, and his faithful subjects,-Greeting.

Know ve, that We, in the presence of God, and for the salvation of our own soul, and of the souls of all our ancestors, and of our heirs, to the honor of God, and the exaltation of the Holy Church and amendment of our Kingdom, by the counsel of our venerable fathers, Stephen Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Henry Archbishop of Dublin, William of London, Peter of Winchester, Joceline of Bath and Glastonbury, Hugh of Lincoln, Walter of Worcester, William of Coventry, and Benedict of Rochester, Bishops; Master Pandulph our Lord the Pope's Subdeacon and familiar, Brother Almeric, Master of the Knights-Templars in England, and of these noble persons, William Mareschal Earl of Pembroke, William Earl of Salisbury, William Earl of Warren, William Earl of Arundel, Alan de Galloway Constable of Scotland, Warin Fitz-Gerald, Hubert de Burgh Seneschal of Poictou. Peter Fitz-Herbert. Hugh de Nevil. Matthew Fitz-Herbert, Thomas Basset, Alan Basset, Philip de Albiniac, Robert de Roppel, John Mareschal, John Fitz-Hugh, and others our liegemen; have in the First place granted to God, and by this our present Charter, have confirmed, for us and our heirs for ever:

35 \leftarrow (1) That the English Church shall be free, and shall have her whole rights and her liberties inviolable; and

we will this to be observed in such a manner, that it may appear from thence, that the freedom of elections, which was reputed most requisite to the English Church, which we granted, and by our Charter confirmed, and obtained the Confirmation of the same, from our Lord Pope Innocent the Third, before the rupture between us and our Barons, was of our own free will: which Charter we shall observe, and we will it to be observed with good faith, by our heirs for ever.

We have also granted to all the Freemen of our Kingdom, for us and our heirs for ever, all the underwritten Liberties, to be enjoyed and held by them and by their heirs, from us and from our heirs. (2) If any of our Earls or Barons, or others who hold of us in chief by military service, shall die, and at his death his heir shall be of full age, and shall owe a relief, he shall have his inheritance by the ancient relief; that is to say, the heir or heirs of an Earl, a whole Earl's Barony for one hundred pounds: the heir or heirs of a Baron for a whole Barony, by one hundred pounds; the heir or heirs of a Knight, for a whole Knight's Fee,

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

Pigogna, and Bondenum, and the dioceses of Ferrara. Bondenum, and Lucca, and the land of Sardinia, contrary to the oath which he swore to the church.

9. We excommunicate and anathematize him because he has occupied and wasted the lands of some of the nobles of his kingdom which were held by the church.

10. We excommunicate and anathematize him because he has robbed the churches of Monreale. Cefalu, Catania, Squillace, and the monasteries of Mileto, Santa Eufemia, Terra Maggiore, and San Giovanni in lamæ

11. We excommunicate and anathematize him because he has robbed many bishoprics, churches, and monasteries of his kingdom of almost all their goods through his unjust trials.

12. We excommunicate and anathematize him because he has not entirely restored to the Templars and Hospitallers the property of which he had despoiled them, as he agreed to do in the treaty of peace.

13. Because he has extorted taxes and other payments from the churches and monasteries of his kingdom contrary to the treaty of peace.

14. We excommunicate him and anathematize him because he has compelled the prelates of churches and abbots of the Cistercian and of other orders to make monthly contributions for the erection of new castles.

15. We excommunicate and anathematize him because he has treated the adherents of the papal party as if they were under the ban, confiscating their property, exiling them, and imprisoning their wives and children, contrary to the treaty of peace.

16. We excommunicate and anathematize him because he has hindered the recovery of the Holy Land and the restoration of the Roman empire.

We absolve all his subjects from their oaths of fidelity to him, forbidding them to show him fidelity as long as he is under excommunication. We shall admonish him again to give up oppressing and injuring the nobles, the poor, the widows and orphans, and others of his land, and then we shall proceed to act ourselves in the matter. For all and each of these causes, in regard to which we have frequently admonished him to no purpose, we excommunicate and anathematize him. In regard to the accusation of heresy which is made against Frederick, we shall consider and act upon this in the proper place and time. SOURCE: http://www.forgottenbooks.com/ readbook_text/A_Source_Book_for_Medieval_Histo-

rv 1000231122/275

SUMMA THEOLOGICA **Thomas Aquinas** 1265-1274

WHETHER AN ACTUALLY INFINITE MAGNITUDE CAN EXIST?

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Objection 1: It seems that there can be something actually infinite in magnitude. For in mathematics there is no error, since "there is no lie in things abstract," as the Philosopher says (Phys. ii). But mathematics uses the infinite in magnitude; thus, the geometrician in his demonstrations says, "Let this line be infinite." Therefore it is not impossible for a thing to be infinite in magnitude.

> ← Objection 2: Further, what is not against the nature of anything, can agree with it. Now to be infinite is not

against the nature of magnitude; but rather both the finite and the infinite seem to be properties of quantity. Therefore it is not impossible for some magnitude to be infinite.

Objection 3: Further, magnitude is infinitely divisible, for the continuous is defined as that which is infinitely divisible, as is clear from Phys. iii. But contraries are concerned about one and the same thing. Since therefore addition is opposed to division, and increase opposed to diminution, it appears that magnitude can be increased to infinity. Therefore it is possible for magnitude to be infinite.

Objection 4: Further, movement and time have quantity and continuity derived from the magnitude over which movement passes, as is said in Phys. iv. But it is not against the nature of time and movement to be infinite, since every determinate indivisible in time and circular movement is both a beginning and an end. Therefore neither is it against the nature of magnitude to be infinite.

On the contrary, Every body has a surface. But every body which has a surface is finite: because surface is the term of a finite body. Therefore all bodies are finite. The same applies both to surface and to a line. Therefore nothing is infinite in magnitude.

I answer that, It is one thing to be infinite in essence, and another to be infinite in magnitude. For granted that a body exists infinite in magnitude, as fire or air, yet this could not be infinite in essence, because its essence would be terminated in a species by its form, and confined to individuality by matter. And so assuming from these premises that no creature is infinite in essence, it still remains to inquire whether any creature can be infinite in magnitude.

We must therefore observe that a body, which is a complete magnitude, can be considered in two ways; mathematically, in respect to its quantity only; and naturally, as regards its matter and form.

Now it is manifest that a natural body cannot be actually infinite. For every natural body has some determined substantial form. Since therefore the accidents follow upon the substantial form, it is necessary that determinate accidents should follow upon a

by one hundred shillings at most: and he who owes less, shall give less, according to the ancient custom of fees

(3) But if the heir of any such be under age, and in wardship, when he comes to age he shall have his inheritance without relief and without fine.

(4) The warden of the land of such heir who shall be under age, shall not take from the lands of the heir any but reasonable issues, and reasonable customs, and reasonable services, and that without destruction and waste of the men or goods, and if we commit the custody of any such lands to a Sheriff, or any other person who is bound to us for the issues of them and he shall make destruction or waste upon the ward-lands we will recover damages from him and the lands shall be committed to two lawful and discreet men of that fee, who shall answer for the issues to us, or to him to whom we have assigned them. And if we shall give or sell to any one the custody of any such lands, and he shall make destruction or waste upon them, he shall lose the custody; and it shall be committed to two lawful and discreet **1.** By the authority of the Father, Son, and Holy men of that fee, who shall answer to us in like manner as it is said before.

(5) But the warden, as long as he hath the custody of the lands, shall keep up and maintain the houses, parks, warrens, ponds, mills, and other things belonging to them, out of their issues; and shall restore to the heir when he comes of full age, his whole estate, provided with ploughs and other implements of husbandry, according as the time of Wainage shall require, and the issues of the lands can reasonably afford.

(6) Heirs shall be married without disparagement, so that before the marriage be contracted, it shall be notified to the relations of the heir by consanguinity. (7) A widow, after the death of her husband, shall immediately, and without difficulty have her marriage and her inheritance; nor shall she give any thing for her dower, or for her marriage, or for her inheritance, which her husband and she held at the day of his death: and she may remain in her husband's house forty days after his death, within which time her dower shall be assigned.

(8) No widow shall be compelled to marry herself, while she is willing to live without a husband; but yet she shall give security that she will not marry herself without our consent, if she hold of us, or without the consent of the lord of whom she does hold, if she hold of another.

(9) Neither we nor our Bailiffs, will seize any land or 5. We excommunicate and anathematize him berent for any debt, while the chattels of the debtor are sufficient for the payment of the debt; nor shall the sureties of the debtor be compelled, while the principal debtor is able to pay the debt; and if the principal debtor fail in payment of the debt, not having wherewith to discharge it, the sureties shall answer for the debt: and if they be willing, they shall have the lands and rents of the debtor, until satisfaction be made to them for the debt which they had before paid for him, unless the principal debtor can shew himself acquitted thereof against the said sureties.

(10) If any one hath borrowed any thing from the Jews, more or less, and die before that debt be paid. the debt shall pay no interest so long as the heir shall be under age, of whomsoever he may hold; and if that debt shall fall into our hands, we will not take any thing except the chattel contained in the bond ()

SOURCE: http://www.let.rug.nl/usa/documents/before-1600/ magna-charta.php#noot2

THE EXCOMMUNICATION **OF FREDERICK II** 1239

Spirit, and of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and by our own authority, we excommunicate and anathematize Frederick, the so-called emperor, because he has incited rebellion in Rome against the Roman church, for the purpose of driving the pope and his brothers [the cardinals] from the apostolic seat, thus violating the dignity and honor of the apostolic seat, the liberty of the church, and the oath which he swore to the church.

2. We excommunicate and anathematize him because he ordered his followers to prevent our brother. the venerable bishop of Preneste, the legal legate, from proceeding on his mission to the Albigenses, upon which we had sent him for the preservation of the Catholic faith.

 \leftarrow 3. We excommunicate and .36 anathematize him because he has not allowed the vacancies in certain bishop-

rics and churches to be filled, thereby imperilling the liberty of the church, and destroying the true faith, because in the absence of the pastor there is no one to declare unto the people the word of God or to care for their souls....

4. We excommunicate and anathematize him because the clergy of his kingdom are imprisoned, proscribed, and slain, and because the churches of God are despoiled and profaned.

cause he has not permitted the church of Sorana to be rebuilt.

6. We excommunicate and anathematize him because he has seized the nephew of the king of Tunis and kept him from coming to the Roman church to be baptized.

7. We excommunicate and anathematize him because he has imprisoned Peter Saraceno, a Roman noble, who was sent as a messenger to us by the king of England.

8. We excommunicate and anathematize him because he has seized the lands of the churches of Ferrara, determinate form; and among these accidents is to infinity. Therefore it is possible for an infinite mulquantity. So every natural body has a greater or smaller determinate quantity. Hence it is impossible for a natural body to be infinite. The same appears from movement; because every natural body has some natural movement; whereas an infinite body could not have any natural movement: neither direct, because nothing moves naturally by a direct movement unless it is out of its place; and this could not happen to an infinite body, for it would occupy every place, and thus every place would be indifferently its own place. Neither could it move circularly; forasmuch as circular motion requires that one part of the body is necessarily transferred to a place occupied by another part, and this could not happen as regards an infinite circular body: for if two lines be drawn from the centre, the farther they extend from the centre, the farther they are from each other; therefore, if a body were infinite, the lines would be infinitely distant from each other; and thus one could never occupy the place belonging to any other.

The same applies to a mathematical body. For if we imagine a mathematical body actually existing, we must imagine it under some form, because nothing is actual except by its form; hence, since the form of quantity as such is figure, such a body must have some figure, and so would be finite; for figure is confined by a term or boundary.

Reply to Objection 1: A geometrician does not need to assume a line actually infinite, but takes some actually finite line, from which he subtracts whatever he finds necessary: which line he calls infinite.

Reply to Objection 2: Although the infinite is not against the nature of magnitude in general, still it is against the nature of any species of it; thus, for instance, it is against the nature of a bicubical or tricubical magnitude, whether circular or triangular, and so on. Now what is not possible in any species cannot exist in the genus; hence there cannot be any infinite magnitude, since no species of magnitude is infinite.

Reply to Objection 3: The infinite in quantity, as was shown above, belongs to matter. Now by division of the whole we approach to matter, forasmuch as parts have the aspect of matter; but by addition we approach to the whole which has the aspect of a form. Therefore the infinite is not in the addition of magnitude, but only in division.

Reply to Objection 4: Movement and time are whole, not actually but successively; hence they have potentiality mixed with actuality. But magnitude is an actual whole; therefore the infinite in quantity refers to matter, and does not agree with the totality of magnitude; yet it agrees with the totality of time and movement: for it is proper to matter to be in potentiality.

WHETHER AN INFINITE MULTITUDE CAN EXIST?

Objection 1: It seems that an actually infinite multitude is possible. For it is not impossible for a potentiality to be made actual. But number can be multiplied

titude actually to exist.

Objection 2: Further, it is possible for any individual of any species to be made actual. But the species of figures are infinite. Therefore an infinite number of actual figures is possible.

Objection 3: Further, things not opposed to each other do not obstruct each other. But supposing a multitude of things to exist, there can still be many others not opposed to them. Therefore it is not impossible for others also to coexist with them, and so on to infinitude; therefore an actual infinite number of things is possible.

On the contrary, It is written, "Thou hast ordered all things in measure, and number, and weight" (Wis. 11:21).

I answer that. A twofold opinion exists on this subject. Some, as Avicenna and Algazel, said that it was impossible for an actually infinite multitude to exist absolutely; but that an accidentally infinite multitude was not impossible. A multitude is said to be infinite absolutely, when an infinite multitude is necessary that something may exist. Now this is impossible; because it would entail something dependent on an infinity for its existence; and hence its generation could never come to be, because it is impossible to pass through an infinite medium.

A multitude is said to be accidentally infinite when its existence as such is not necessary, but accidental. This can be shown, for example, in the work of a carpenter requiring a certain absolute multitude; namely, art in the soul, the movement of the hand, and a hammer; and supposing that such things were infinitely multiplied, the carpentering work would never be finished, forasmuch as it would depend on an infinite number of causes. But the multitude of hammers, inasmuch as one may be broken and another used, is an accidental multitude; for it happens by accident that many hammers are used, and it matters little whether one or two, or many are used, or an infinite number, if the work is carried on for an infinite time. In this way they said that there can be an accidentally infinite multitude.

This, however, is impossible; since every kind of multitude must belong to a species of multitude. Now the species of multitude are to be reckoned by the species of numbers. But no species of number is infinite; for every number is multitude measured by one. Hence it is impossible for there to be an actually infinite multitude, either absolute or accidental. Likewise multitude in nature is created; and everything created is comprehended under some clear intention of the Creator; for no agent acts aimlessly. Hence everything created must be comprehended in a certain number. Therefore it is impossible for an actually infinite multitude to exist, even accidentally. But a potentially infinite multitude is possible; because the increase of multitude follows upon the division of magnitude; since the more a thing is divided, the greater number of things result. Hence, as the infinite is to be found potentially in the division of the continuous, because we thus approach matter, as

was shown in the preceding article, by the same rule, the infinite can be also found potentially in the If he lift up his voice to complain of his case. He finds addition of multitude.

tual according to its mode of being; for instance, a day is reduced to act successively, and not all at once. Likewise the infinite in multitude is reduced to act successively, and not all at once; because every multitude can be succeeded by another multitude to infinity.

Reply to Objection 2: Species of figures are infinite by infinitude of number. Now there are various species of figures, such as trilateral, guadrilateral and so on; and as an infinitely numerable multitude is not all at once reduced to act, so neither is the multitude of figures.

Reply to Objection 3: Although the supposition of some things does not preclude the supposition of others, still the supposition of an infinite number is opposed to any single species of multitude. Hence it is not possible for an actually infinite multitude to exist. SOURCE: http://www.ccel.org/a/aquinas/summa/FP/FP007.html

ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS 1300

THE THREE APPLES.

The Khalif Haroun er Reshid summoned his Vizier Jaafer one night and said to him, 'I have a mind to go down into the city and question the common people of the conduct of the officers charged with its government; and those of whom they complain, we will depose, and those whom they commend, we will advance.' Quoth Jaafer. 'I hear and obey.' So the Khalif and Jaafer and Mesrour went down into the town and walked about the streets and markets till, as they were passing through a certain alley, they came upon an old man walking along at a leisurely pace, with a fishing-net and a basket on his head and a staff in his hand, and heard him repeat the following verses:

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← They tell me I shine, by my wisdom and wit, Midst the rest of my kind, as the moon in the night.

"A truce to your idle discourses!" I cry, "What's knowledge, indeed, unattended by might?" If you offered me, knowledge and wisdom and all,

with my inkhorn and papers, in pawn for a mite, To buy one day's victual, the pledge they'd reject And cast, like an unread petition, from sight. Sorry, indeed, is the case of the poor, And his life, what a load of chagrin and despite!

In summer, he's pinched for a living and cowers O'er the fire-pot in winter, for warmth and for light. The curs of the street dog his heels, as he goes,

And the scurviest rascal may rail at the wight. not a soul who will pity his plight.

Reply to Objection 1: Every potentiality is made ac- Since such is the life and the lot of the poor. It were better he lay in the graveyard forthright!

When the Khalif heard this, he said to Jaafer, 'See

yonder poor man and note his verses, for they show his necessity.' Then he went up to him and said, 'O old man, what is thy trade?' 'O my lord,' replied he, 'I am a fisherman, with a family to maintain; and I have been out since mid-day, but God has not vouchsafed me aught wherewith to feed them, and indeed I abhor myself and wish for death.' Quoth the Khalif, 'Wilt thou go back with me to the Tigris and cast thy net vet once more on my account, and I will buy of thee whatever comes up for a hundred dinars?' 'On my head be it!' answered the fisherman joyfully. 'I will go back with you.' So he returned with them to the river-bank and cast his net and waited awhile, then drew it up and found in it a chest, locked and heavy. The Khalif lifted it and found it weighty; so he gave the fisherman a hundred dinars, and he went his way; whilst Mesrour carried the chest to the palace, where he set it down before the Khalif and lighted the candles. Then Jaafer and Mesrour broke open the chest and found in it a basket of palm-leaves, sewn together with red worsted. This they cut open and found within a bundle wrapped in a piece of carpet. Under the carpet was a woman's veil and in this a young lady, as she were an ingot of silver, slain and cut in pieces. When the Khalif saw this, he was sore enraged and afflicted; the tears ran down his cheeks and he turned to Jaafer and said, "O dog of a Vizier, shall folk be murdered in my capital city and thrown into the river and their death laid to my account on the Day of Judgment? I must avenge this woman on her murderer and put him to death without mercy! And as surely as I am descended from the sons of Abbas, an thou bring me not him who slew her, that I may do her justice on him. I will hang thee and forty of thy kinsmen at the gate of my palace!' Quoth Jaafer, 'Grant me three days' respite.' And the Khalif said, 'I grant thee this.' So Jaafer went out from before him and returned to his house, full of sorrow and saying to himself, 'How shall I find him who killed the damsel, that I may bring him before the Khalif? If I bring other than the right man, it will be laid to my charge by God. Indeed, I know not what to do.' Then he kept his house three days, and on the fourth day, the Khalif sent one of his chamberlains for him and said to him, 'Where is the murderer of the damsel?' 'O Commander of the Faithful,' replied the Vizier, 'am I inspector of murdered folk, that I should know who killed her?' The Khalif was enraged at his answer and commanded to hang him before his palace-gate and that proclamation should be made in the streets of Baghdad, 'Whoso hath a mind to witness the hanging of Jaafer the Barmecide, Vizier of the Khalif, and of forty of his kin, before the gate of the Khalif's palace, let him come out to see!' So the people came out from all quarters to witness the

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

execution of Jaafer and his kinsmen, not knowing the reason. Then they set up the gallows and made Jaafer and the others stand underneath in readiness: but whilst they awaited the Khalif's signal for the execution and the people wept for Jaafer and his kinsmen, behold, a handsome and well-dressed young man, with shining face and bright black eves, flower-white forehead, downy whiskers and rosy cheeks and a mole like a grain of ambergris, pressed through the crowd, till he stood before Jaafer and said to him, 'I come to deliver thee from this strait, O chief of the Amirs and refuge of the poor! I am he who killed the woman ve found in the chest: so hang me for her and do her justice on me!' When Jaafer heard this, he rejoiced at his own deliverance, but grieved for the young man; and whilst they were yet talking. behold, a man far advanced in years made his way when he saluted them and said, 'O Vizier and noble lord, credit not what this young man says. None killed the damsel but I; so do thou avenge her on me, or I do accuse thee before God the Most High.' Then said the youth, 'O Vizier, this is a doting old man, who knows not what he says: it was I killed her, so do thou avenge her on me.' 'O my son,' said the old man, 'thou art young and desirest the things of the world, and I am old and weary of the world. I will ransom thee and the Vizier and his kinsmen with my life. None killed the damsel but I; so God on thee, make haste to hang me, or there is no living for me after her!' The Vizier marvelled at all this and taking the youth and the old man, carried them before the Khalif and said to him. 'O Commander of the Faithful. I bring thee the murderer of the damsel.' 'Where is he?' asked the Khalif, and Jaafer answered, 'This youth says he killed her, but this old man gives him the lie and affirms that he himself killed her: and behold, they are both in thy hands.' The Khalif looked at them and said, 'Which of you killed the damsel?' The youth replied, 'It was I.' And the old man, 'Indeed, none killed her but myself.' Then the Khalif said to Jaafer, 'Take them and hang them both.' But the Vizier replied, 'If one of them be the murderer, to hang the other were unjust.' 'By Him who vaulted the heavens and spread out the earth like a carpet,' cried the youth, 'it was I killed her!' And he set forth the circumstance of her death and how they had found her body, so that the Khalif was certified that he was the murderer, whereat he wondered and said to him, 'Why didst thou slay the damsel wrongfully and what made thee come and accuse thyself thus and confess thy crime without being beaten?' 'Know, O Commander of the Faithful,' answered the young man, 'that this damsel was my wife and the daughter of this old man, who is my father's brother, and she was a virgin when I married her. God blessed me with three male children by her. and she loved me and served me, and I also loved her with an exceeding love and saw no evil in her. We lived happily together till the beginning of this month, when she fell grievously ill. I fetched the doctors to her and she recovered slowly; and I would have had her take a bath; but she said, "There is something I long for, before I go to the bath." "What is it?" asked

I, and she replied, "I have a longing for an apple, that I may smell it and bite a piece of it." So I went out into the city at once and sought for apples, but could find none, though, had they been a dinar apiece. I would have bought them. I was vexed at this and went home and said to my wife, "By Allah, my cousin, I can find none." She was distressed, being vet weak, and her weakness increased greatly on her that night, and I passed the night full of anxiety. As soon as it was day, I went out again and made the round of the gardens, but could find no apples anywhere. At last I met an old gardener, of whom I enquired for them, and he said to me. "O my son, this fruit is rare with us and is not now to be found but in the garden of the Commander of the Faithful at Bassora, where the gardener keeps them for the Khalif's table.' I returned home, troubled at my ill-success, and my love and concern for her moved me to undertake the journey to Bassora. So I set out and travelled thither and bought three apples of the gardener there for three dinars, with which I returned to Baghdad, after having been absent fifteen days and nights, going and coming. I went in to my wife and gave her the apples; but she took no pleasure in them and let them lie by her side; for weakness and fever had increased on her and did not leave her for ten days, at the end of which time she began to mend. So I left the house and went to my shop, where I sat buying and selling. About mid-day a great ugly black slave came into the bazaar, having in his hand one of the three apples, with which he was playing; so I called to him and said, "Prithee, good slave, tell me whence thou hadst that apple, that I may get the fellow to it." He laughed and answered, "I had it of my mistress; for I had been absent and on my return I found her lying ill, with three apples by her side: and she told me that the cuckold her husband had made a journey for them to Bassora, where he had bought them for three dinars. So I ate and drank with her and took this one from her." When I heard this, the world grew black in my eves, and I rose and shut my shop and went home. beside myself for excess of rage. I looked for the apples and finding but two of them, said to my wife, "Where is the third apple?" Quoth she, "I know not what is come of it." This convinced me of the truth of the slave's story, so I took a knife and coming behind her, without word said, got up on her breast and cut her throat; after which I hewed her in pieces and wrapping her in her veil and a piece of carpet, sewed the whole up hurriedly in the basket. Then I put the basket in the chest and locking it up, set it on my mule and threw it into the Tigris with my own hands. So, God on thee, O Commander of the Faithful, make haste to hang me, for I fear lest she sue for vengeance on me at the Day of Resurrection! For when I had thrown her into the river, unknown of any, I returned home and found my eldest boy weeping, though he knew not what I had done with his mother; and I said to him "Why dost thou weep, my son?" He replied, "I took one of my mother's apples and went down with it into the street to play with my brothers, when lo, a tall black slave snatched it from my hand, saying,

'Whence hadst thou this?' Quoth I. 'My father journeved to Bassora for it and brought it to my mother. who is ill, with two other apples for which he paid three dinars. Give it back to me and do not get me into trouble for it.' He paid no heed to my words and I demanded the apple a second and a third time; but he beat me and went away with it. I was afraid that my mother would beat me on account of the apple; so for fear of her, I went without the city with my brothers and abode there until night closed in upon us, and indeed I am in fear of her: so by Allah, O my father, say nothing to her of this, or it will add to her illness." When I heard what the child said. I knew that the slave was he who had forged a lie against my wife and was certified that I had killed her wrongfully. So I wept sore, and presently, this old man, her father, came in and I told him what had passed; and he sat down by my side and wept and we ceased not weeping half the night. This was five days ago and from that time to this, we have never ceased to bewail her and mourn for her, sorrowing sore for that she was unjustly put to death. All this came of the lying story of the slave, and this was the manner of my killing her; so I conjure thee, by the honour of thy forefathers, make haste to kill me and do her justice on me, for there is no living for me after her.' The Khalif wondered at his story and said, 'By Allah, the young man is excusable, and I will hang none but the accursed slave!' Then he fumed to Jaafer and said to him, 'Bring me the accursed slave, who was the cause of this calamity, and if thou bring him not in three days, thou shalt suffer in his stead.' And Jaafer went out, weeping and saying, 'Verily, I am beset by deaths; the pitcher does not come off for ave unbroken. I can do nothing in this matter; but He who saved me the first time may save me again. By Allah, I will not leave my house during the three days that remain to me, and God who is the Truth shall do what He will.' So he kept his house three days, and on the fourth day, he summoned Cadis and witnesses and made his last dispositions and bade farewell to his children, weeping. Presently in came a messenger from the Khalif and said to him, 'The Commander of the Faithful is beyond measure wroth and sends to seek thee and swears that the day shall not pass without thy being hanged.' When Jaafer heard this, he wept and his children and slaves and all that were in the house wept with him. Then they brought him his little daughter, that he might bid her farewell. Now he loved her more than all his other children; so he pressed her to his breast and kissed her and wept over his separation from her; when lo, he felt something round in her bosom and said to her, 'What's this in thy bosom?' 'O my father,' answered she, 'it is an apple with the name of our lord the Khalif written on it. Our slave Rihan brought it to me four days ago and would not let me have it, till I gave him two dinars for it.' When Jaafer heard this, he put his hand into her bosom and took out the apple and knew it and rejoiced, saying, 'O swift Dispeller of trouble!' Then he sent for the slave and said to him, 'Harkye Rihan, whence hadst thou this apple?' 'By Allah, O my lord,' replied

he, 'though lying might get me off, yet is it safer to tell the truth! I did not steal it from thy palace nor from the palace of His Highness nor the garden of the Commander of the Faithful. The fact is that some days ago, I was passing along a certain alley of this city, when I saw some children playing and this apple in the hand of one of them. So I snatched it from him, and he wept and said, "O youth, this apple is my mother's and she is ill. She longed for apples, and my father journeyed to Bassora and bought her three for three dinars, and I took one of them to play with." But I paid no heed to what he said and beat him and went off with the apple and sold it to my little mistress for two dinars.' When Jaafer heard this, he wondered that the death of the damsel and all this misery should have been caused by his slave and grieved for the relation of the slave to himself, whilst rejoicing over his own delivery: and he repeated the following verses: If through a servant misfortune befall thee, Spare not to save thine own life at his cost. Servants in plenty thou'lt find to replace him, Life for life never, once it is lost.

Then he carried the slave to the Khalif, to whom he related the whole story; and the Khalif wondered greatly and laughed till he fell backward and ordered the story to be recorded and published among the folk. Then said Jaafer, 'O Commander of the Faithful, wonder not at this story, for it is not more marvellous than that of Noureddin Ali of Cairo and his son Bedreddin Hassan.' 'What is that?' asked the Khalif; 'and how can it be more marvellous than this story?' 'O Commander of the Faithful,' answered Jaafer, 'I will not tell it thee except thou pardon my slave.' Quoth the Khalif, 'If it be indeed more marvellous than that of the three apples, I grant thee thy slave's life; but if not, I will kill him.'

SOURCE: http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/8655/pg8655.html

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT 1300

90

'Gawain,' quoth the green man, 'God may you guard! Indeed you are welcome, knight, to my place, and you have timed your travel as true man should. And you know the covenant pledged between us: at this time twelvemonth gone you took what befell, that I should at this New Year promptly requite. And we are in this valley verily alone; here are no ranks to sever us, serve as you will. Heft your helm off your head, and have here your pay. Ask no more debate than I did of you then when you whipped off my head at a single blow.' 'Nay, by God,' quoth Gawain, 'who lent me a soul, I shall bear you no grudge for the grief that befalls. Strike but the one stroke, and I shall stand still and offer no hindrance, come work as you like, I swear.'

He leant down his neck, and bowed, and showed the white flesh all bare, as if he were no way cowed; for to shrink he would not dare.

91

Then the man in green readies him swiftly, girds up his grim blade, to smite Gawain; with all the strength in his body he bears it aloft. manages it mightily as if he would mar him. Had he driven it down as direly as he aimed, one had been dead of the deed who was dauntless ever. But Gawain glanced at the grim blade sideways. as it came gliding down on him to destroy him, and his shoulders shrank a little from the sharp edge. The other man with a shrug the slice withholds, and then reproves the prince with many proud words: 'You are not Gawain,' quoth the man, 'held so great, that was never afraid of the host by hill or by vale, for now you flinch for fear ere you feel harm. Such cowardice of that knight have I never heard. I neither flinched nor fled, friend, when you let fly, nor cast forth any quibble in King Arthur's house. My head flew off, at my feet, yet fled I never; yet you, ere any harm haps, are fearful at heart. And I ought to be branded the better man, I say, therefore.'

Quoth Gawain: 'I flinched once, Yet so will I no more:

Though if my head fall on the stones, I cannot it restore.'

92

'Be brisk, man, by your faith, and bring me to the point. Deal me my destiny and do it out of hand, for I shall stand your stroke, and start no more till your axe has hit me-have here my troth.' 'Have at you, then,' quoth the other, and heaves it aloft and glares as angrily as if he were mad. He menaces him mightily, but touches him not, swiftly withholding his hand ere it might hurt. Gawain gravely it bides and moves not a muscle, but stands still as a stone or the stump of a tree that is riven in rocky ground with roots a hundred. Then merrily again he spoke, the man in green: 'So now you have your heart whole, it me behoves. Hold you safe now the knighthood Arthur gave you, and keep your neck from this cut, if ever it may!' Gawain full fiercely with anger then said:

439 ← 'Why, thrash on, you wild man, threaten no longer;

it seems your heart is warring with your own self.'

'Forsooth,' quoth the other, 'so fiercely you speak, I'll not a moment longer delay your errand I vow.'

Then he takes up his stance to strike, pouts lips and puckers his brow;

Nothing there for him to like who hopes for no rescue now.

93

Up the weapon lifts lightly, is let down fair, and the blade's border beside the bare neck. Though heaved heavily it hurt him not more. but nicked him on the one side, and severed the skin. The sharp edge sank in the flesh through the fair fat, so that bright blood over his shoulders shot to the earth. And when the knight saw his blood blotting the snow, he spurted up, feet first, more than a spear-length, seized swiftly his helm and on his head cast it. shrugged with his shoulders his fine shield under. broke out his bright sword, and bravely he spokenever since he was a babe born of his mother had he ever in this world a heart half so blithe-'Back man, with your blade, and brandish no more! I have received a stroke in this place without strife, and if you offer another I'll readily requite you and yield it you swiftly again-of that be you sureas foe.

But one stroke to me here falls; the covenant stated so, arranged in Arthur's halls, so lay your weapon, now, low!'

94

The other then turned away and on his axe rested. set the haft to the earth and leant on the head, and looked at the lord who held to his ground, how doughty, and dread-less, enduring he stands armed, without awe; in his heart he him liked. Then he spoke merrily in a mighty voice, and with a ringing roar to the knight he said: 'Bold man be not so fierce in this field. No man here has mistreated you, been unmannerly, nor behaved but by covenant at King's court made. I hit with a stroke, and you have it, and are well paid; I release you from the rest of all other rights. If I had been livelier, a buffet perchance I could have worked more wilfully, to bring you anger. First I menaced you merrily with a single feint, and rent you with no riving cut, rightly offered for the pledge that we made on the very first night; for you truthfully kept troth and dealt with me true, all the gain you gave me, as good men should. The next blow for the morn, man, I proffered; you kissed my fair wife, the kisses were mine. For both these days I brought you but two bare feints, without scathe. Truth for the truth restore.

then man need dread no wraith. On the third you failed for sure, and so took that blow, in faith.' SOURCE: http://glenavalon.com/gawaingreenknight04.html

DIVINE COMEDY

Dante Alighieri 1308–1321

PARADISO: CANTO II

O Ye, who in some pretty little boat, Eager to listen, have been following Behind my ship, that singing sails along,

Turn back to look again upon your shores; Do not put out to sea, lest peradventure, In losing me, you might yourselves be lost.

The sea I sail has never yet been passed; Minerva breathes, and pilots me Apollo, And Muses nine point out to me the Bears.

Ye other few who have the neck uplifted Betimes to th' bread of Angels upon which One liveth here and grows not sated by it,

Well may you launch upon the deep salt-sea Your vessel, keeping still my wake before you Upon the water that grows smooth again.

Those glorious ones who unto Colchos passed Were not so wonder-struck as you shall be, When Jason they beheld a ploughman made!

The con-created and perpetual thirst For the realm deiform did bear us on, As swift almost as ye the heavens behold.

Upward gazed Beatrice, and I at her; And in such space perchance as strikes a bolt And flies, and from the notch unlocks itself,

Arrived I saw me where a wondrous thing Drew to itself my sight; and therefore she From whom no care of mine could be concealed,

Towards me turning, blithe as beautiful, Said unto me: "Fix gratefully thy mind On God, who unto the first star has brought us."

It seemed to me a cloud encompassed us, Luminous, dense, consolidate and bright As adamant on which the sun is striking.

Into itself did the eternal pearl Receive us, even as water doth receive A ray of light, remaining still unbroken.

If I was body, (and we here conceive not How one dimension tolerates another, Which needs must be if body enter body,)

More the desire should be enkindled in us That essence to behold, wherein is seen

How God and our own nature were united.

There will be seen what we receive by faith, Not demonstrated, but self-evident In guise of the first truth that man believes.

I made reply: "Madonna, as devoutly As most I can do I give thanks to Him Who has removed me from the mortal world.

But tell me what the dusky spots may be Upon this body, which below on earth Make people tell that fabulous tale of Cain?"

Somewhat she smiled; and then, "If the opinion Of mortals be erroneous," she said, "Where'er the key of sense doth not unlock,

Certes, the shafts of wonder should not pierce thee Now, forasmuch as, following the senses, Thou seest that the reason has short wings.

440 ← But tell me what thou think'st of it thyself." And I: "What seems to us up here diverse, Is caused, I think, by bodies rare and dense."

And she: "Right truly shalt thou see immersed In error thy belief, if well thou hearest The argument that I shall make against it.

Lights many the eighth sphere displays to you Which in their quality and quantity May noted be of aspects different.

If this were caused by rare and dense alone, One only virtue would there be in all Or more or less diffused, or equally.

Virtues diverse must be perforce the fruits Of formal principles; and these, save one, Of course would by thy reasoning be destroyed.

Besides, if rarity were of this dimness The cause thou askest, either through and through This planet thus attenuate were of matter,

Or else, as in a body is apportioned The fat and lean, so in like manner this Would in its volume interchange the leaves.

Were it the former, in the sun's eclipse It would be manifest by the shining through Of light, as through aught tenuous interfused.

This is not so; hence we must scan the other, And if it chance the other I demolish, Then falsified will thy opinion be.

But if this rarity go not through and through, There needs must be a limit, beyond which Its contrary prevents the further passing,

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

And thence the foreign radiance is reflected. Even as a colour cometh back from glass. The which behind itself concealeth lead.

Now thou wilt say the sunbeam shows itself More dimly there than in the other parts, By being there reflected farther back.

From this reply experiment will free thee If e'er thou try it, which is wont to be The fountain to the rivers of your arts.

Three mirrors shalt thou take, and two remove Alike from thee, the other more remote Between the former two shall meet thine eyes.

Turned towards these, cause that behind thy back Be placed a light, illuming the three mirrors And coming back to thee by all reflected.

Though in its quantity be not so ample The image most remote, there shalt thou see How it perforce is equally resplendent.

Now, as beneath the touches of warm rays Naked the subject of the snow remains Both of its former colour and its cold.

Thee thus remaining in thy intellect, Will I inform with such a living light, That it shall tremble in its aspect to thee.

Within the heaven of the divine repose Revolves a body, in whose virtue lies The being of whatever it contains.

The following heaven, that has so many eyes, Divides this being by essences diverse, Distinguished from it, and by it contained.

The other spheres, by various differences. All the distinctions which they have within them Dispose unto their ends and their effects.

Thus do these organs of the world proceed, As thou perceivest now, from grade to grade; Since from above they take, and act beneath.

Observe me well, how through this place I come Unto the truth thou wishest, that hereafter Thou mayst alone know how to keep the ford

The power and motion of the holy spheres, As from the artisan the hammer's craft. Forth from the blessed motors must proceed.

The heaven, which lights so manifold make fair. From the Intelligence profound, which turns it, The image takes, and makes of it a seal.

And even as the soul within your dust Through members different and accommodated To faculties diverse expands itself. So likewise this Intelligence diffuses Its virtue multiplied among the stars. Itself revolving on its unity.

Virtue diverse doth a diverse alloyage Make with the precious body that it quickens. In which, as life in you, it is combined.

From the glad nature whence it is derived, The mingled virtue through the body shines, Even as gladness through the living pupil.

From this proceeds whate'er from light to light Appeareth different, not from dense and rare: This is the formal principle that produces.

According to its goodness, dark and bright." SOURCE: http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/1004/pg1004.html

SECRETUM Petrarca

1353

Petrarch: Yes, that is my view also; in the meanwhile, however, have you not forgotten my first question? S. Augustine: What was it?

Petrarch: Concerning what keeps me back. I asked you why I am the only one to whom the profound meditation on Death, that you said was so full of benefit, brings no good whatever.

S. Augustine: In the first place it is perhaps because you look on death as something remote, whereas when one thinks how very short life is and how many divers kind of accidents befall it, you ought not think death is far away. "What deludes almost all of us," as Cicero says, "is that we regard death from a-far off." Some correctors-I would prefer to call them corruptors-of the text have wished to change the reading by inserting a negative before the verb, and have maintained that he ought to have said, "We do NOT regard death from afar off." For the rest, there is no one in his senses who does not see death one way or another, and in reality Cicero's word prospicere means to see from afar. The one thing that makes so many people suffer confusion in their ideas on death is that they are wont to forecast for their own life some limit, which is indeed possible according to nature, but at which, nevertheless, very few arrive. Hardly any one, in fact, dies of whom the poet's line might not be quoted-

"Grey hairs and length of years he for himself expected."

The fault may touch you nearly, for your age, your vigorous constitution and temperate way of life perchance have fostered a like hope in your heart. Petrarch: Please do not suspect that of me. God keep me from such madness—

"As in that monster false to put my trust!"

If I may borrow the words Virgil puts in the mouth of his famous pilot Palinurus. For I too am cast upon a wide ocean, cruel and full of storms. I sail across its angry waves and struggle with the wind; and the little boat I steer shivers and seems to be letting in the water in every part. I know well she cannot hold out for long, and I see I have no hope at all of safety unless the Almighty Pity put forth His strong right hand touched by Virgil with pen almost inspired when he and guide my vessel rightly ere it be too late, and bring me to shore—

"So that I who have lived upon the water may die in "The soul of men still shine with heavenly fire, port."

Of this I think I should have a good hope, because it has never been my lot to put any confidence in those riches and power on which I see so many of my contemporaries, yes, and older men as well, relying. For what folly would it be to pass all one's life in toil and poverty and care, heaping up riches, just to die at last and have no time to enjoy them? So, then, in truth, I regard this dark shadow of death, not as something afar off, but very nigh and ever at the doors. And I have not forgotten in certain little verse I wrote in my youth at the end of a letter to a friend-

"E'en while we speak, along a thousand ways With stealthy steps up to our very door Death creeps." 441

← If I could say words like these at that time of life, what shall I say now that

I am more advanced in age and more experienced in what life is? For everything I see or hear or feel or think seems, unless I deceive myself, connected in my mind with that last end. And yet the question still remains, what is it that holds me back?

S. Augustine: Give humble thanks to God who so regards you and guides you with his merciful rein, and so pricks you with his spur. It is not surely possible that he who thus has the thought of death before him day by day should ever be doomed to death eternal.

But since you feel, and rightly so, that something still is wanting, I will try and unfold to you what it is, and, if God so please, remove it also; to the end that you may arise and with free, uplifted mind shake off that old bondage that so long has kept you down.

Petrarch: O would that indeed you may prove able so to help me, and I on my part be capable of receiving such a boon!

S. Augustine: It shall be yours if you wish. The thing is not impossible. But in the nature of man's actions two things are required, and if either be wanting, the action will come to nought. There must be will, and that will must be so strong and earnest that it can deserve the name of purpose.

Petrarch: So let it be.

S. Augustine: Do you know what stands in the way of your purpose of heart?

Petrarch: That is what I want to know; what for so long I have earnestly desired to understand.

S. Augustine: Then listen. It was from Heaven your soul came forth: never will I assert a lower origin than that. But in its contact with the flesh, wherein it is imprisoned, it has lost much of its first splendor. Have no doubt of this in your mind. And not only is it so, but by reason of the length of time it has in a manner fallen asleep; and, if one may so express it, forgotten its own beginning and its heavenly Creator. And these passions that are born in the soul through its connection with the body, and that forgetfulness of its nobler nature, seem to me to have been writes—

That tells from whence they come, save that the flesh And limbs of earth breed dullness, hence spring fears. Desire, and grief and pleasures of the world, And so, in darkness prisoned, they no more Look upward to heaven's face."

Do you not in the poet's words discern that monster with four heads so deadly to the nature of man? Petrarch: I discern very clearly the fourfold passion of our nature, which, first of all, we divide in two as it has respect to past and future, and then subdivide again in respect of good and evil so, by these four winds distraught, the rest and quietness of man's soul is perished and gone.

S. Augustine: You discern rightly, and the words of the Apostle are fulfilled in us, which say, 'The corruptible body presseth down the soul and the early tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things. Of a truth the countless forms and images of things visible, that one by one are brought into the soul by the senses of the body, gather there in the inner center in a mass, and the soul, not being akin to these or capable of learning them, they weigh it down and overwhelm it with their contrariety. Hence that plague of too many impressions tears apart and wounds the thinking faculty of the soul. and with its fatal, distracting complexity bars the way of clear meditation, whereby it would mount up to the threshold of the One Chief Good.

SOURCE: http://petrarch.petersadlon.com/read_secrets. html?s=dialogue_1.html

THE DECAMERON Giovanni Boccaccio 1350

-Beginneth here the first day of the Decameron, in which, when the author has set forth, how it came to pass that the persons, who appear hereafter met together for interchange of discourse,

they, under the rule of Pampinea, discourse of such matters as most commend themselves to each in turn.-

In Florence, despite all that human wisdom and forethought could devise to avert it, as the cleansing of the city from many impurities by officials appointed for the purpose, the refusal of entrance to all sick folk, and the adoption of many precautions for the preservation of health; despite also humble supplications addressed to God, and often repeated both in public procession and otherwise, by the devout; towards the beginning of the spring of the said year the doleful effects of the pestilence began to be horribly apparent by symptoms that shewed as if miraculous. Not such were they as in the East, where an issue of blood from the nose was a manifest sign of inevitable death: but in men and women alike it first betrayed itself by the emergence of certain tumours in the groin or the armpits, some of which grew as large as a common apple, others as an egg, some more, some less, which the common folk called gavoccioli. From the two said parts of the body this deadly gavocciolo soon began to propagate and spread itself in all directions indifferently; after which the form of the malady began to change, black spots or lightsome enough, where you may wander at will, livid making their appearance in many cases on the arm or the thigh or elsewhere, now few and large, now minute and numerous. And as the gavocciolo had been and still was an infallible token of approaching death, such also were these spots on whomsoever they shewed themselves. Which maladies seemed to set entirely at naught both the art of the physician and the virtues of physic; indeed, whether it was that the disorder was of a nature to defy such treatment, or that the physicians were at fault-besides the gualified there was now a multitude both of men and of women who practised without having received the slightest tincture of medical scienceand, being in ignorance of its source, failed to apply the proper remedies; in either case, not merely were those that recovered few, but almost all within three days from the appearance of the said symptoms, sooner or later, died, and in most cases without any fever or other attendant malady.

(...)

Pampinea's speech was received with the utmost applause, and with one accord she was chosen queen for the first day. Whereupon Filomena hied her lightly to a bay-tree, having often heard of the great honour in which its leaves, and such as were deservedly crowned therewith, were worthy to be holden; and having gathered a few sprays, she made thereof a goodly wreath of honour, and set it on Pampinea's head: which wreath was thenceforth. while their company endured, the visible sign of the wearer's sway and sovereignty.

No sooner was Queen Pampinea crowned than she bade all be silent. She then caused summon to her presence their four maids, and the servants of the three young men, and, all keeping silence, said to them:—"That I may shew you all at once, how, well still giving place to better, our company may flourish

and endure, as long as it shall pleasure us, with order meet and assured delight and without reproach. I first of all constitute Dioneo's man, Parmeno, my seneschal, and entrust him with the care and control of all our household, and all that belongs to the service of the hall. Pamfilo's man, Sirisco, I appoint treasurer and chancellor of our exchequer: and be he ever answerable to Parmeno. While Parmeno and Sirisco are too busy about their duties to serve their masters, let Filostrato's man, Tindaro, have charge of the chambers of all three. My maid, Misia, and Filomena's maid, Licisca, will keep in the kitchen, and with all due diligence prepare such dishes as Parmeno shall bid them. Lauretta's maid. Chimera, and Fiammetta's maid, Stratilia we make answerable for the ladies' chambers, and wherever we may take up our guarters, let them see that all is spotless. And now we enjoin you, one and all alike, as you value our favour, that none of you, go where you may, return whence you may, hear or see what you may, bring us any tidings but such as be cheerful." These orders thus succinctly given were received with universal approval. Whereupon Pampinea rose, and said gaily: -"Here are gardens, meads, and other places deand take your pleasure; but on the stroke of tierce, let all be here to breakfast in the shade."

← Thus dismissed by their new queen 442 the gay company sauntered gently through a garden, the young men

saying sweet things to the fair ladies, who wove fair garlands of divers sorts of leaves and sang love-songs. Having thus spent the time allowed them by the queen, they returned to the house, where they found that Parmeno had entered on his office with zeal; for in a hall on the ground-floor they saw tables covered with the whitest of cloths, and beakers that shone like silver, and sprays of broom scattered everywhere

So, at the bidding of the queen, they washed their hands, and all took their places as marshalled by Parmeno. Dishes, daintily prepared, were served, and the finest wines were at hand; the three serving-men did their office noiselessly; in a word all was fair and ordered in a seemly manner; whereby the spirits of the company rose, and they seasoned their viands with pleasant jests and sprightly sallies. Breakfast done, the tables were removed, and the gueen bade fetch instruments of music; for all, ladies and young men alike, knew how to tread a measure, and some of them played and sang with great skill: so, at her command, Dioneo having taken a lute, and Fiammetta a viol, they struck up a dance in sweet concert; and, the servants being dismissed to their repast, the queen, attended by the other ladies and the two young men, led off a stately carol; which ended they fell to singing ditties dainty and gay. Thus they diverted themselves until the gueen, deeming it time to retire to rest, dismissed them all for the night. So the three young men and the ladies withdrew to their several guarters, which were in different parts of the palace. There they found the beds well made,

and abundance of flowers, as in the hall; and so they undressed, and went to bed.

Shortly after none (4) the queen rose, and roused the rest of the ladies, as also the young men, averring that it was injurious to health to sleep long in the daytime. They therefore hied them to a meadow, where the grass grew green and luxuriant, being nowhere scorched by the sun, and a light breeze gently fanned them. So at the gueen's command they all ranged themselves in a circle on the grass, and hearkened while she thus spoke:-

"You mark that the sun is high, the heat intense, and the silence unbroken save by the cicalas among the olive-trees. It were therefore the height of folly to quit this spot at present. Here the air is cool and the prospect fair, and here, observe, are dice and chess. Take, then, your pleasure as you may be severally minded; but, if you take my advice, you will find pastime for the hot hours before us, not in play, in which the loser must needs be vexed, and neither the winner nor the onlooker much the better pleased, but in telling of stories, in which the invention of one may afford solace to all the company of his hearers. You will not each have told a story before the sun will be low, and the heat abated, so that we shall be able to go and severally take our pleasure where it may seem best to each. Wherefore, if my proposal meet with your approval-for in this I am disposed to consult your pleasure—let us adopt it: if not, divert yourselves as best you may, until the vesper hour." SOURCE: http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/3726/pg3726.html

THE CANTERBURY TALES **Geoffrey Chaucer** ~1390

HERE BEGINS THE BOOK OF THE TALES OF CANTERBURY.

THE PROLOGUE

When the sweet showers of April have pierced to the root the dryness of March and bathed every vein in moisture by which strength are the flowers brought forth; when Zephyr also with his sweet breath has given spirit to the tender new shoots in the grove and field, and the young sun has run half his course through Aries the Ram, and little birds make melody and sleep all night with an open eye, so nature pricks them in their hearts; then people long to go on pilgrimages to renowned shrines in various distant lands, and palmers to seek foreign shores. And especially from every shire's end in England they make their way to Canterbury, to seek the holy blessed martyr who helped them when they were sick.

← One day in that season, as I was waiting at the Tabard Inn at

Southwark, about to make my pilgrimage with devout heart to Canterbury, it happened that there came at night to that inn a company of twenty-nine various people, who by chance had ioined together in fellowship. All were pilarims. riding to Canterbury. The chambers and the stables were spacious, and we were lodged well. But in brief, when the sun had gone to rest, I had spoken with every one of them and was soon a part of their company, and agreed to rise early to take our way to where I have told you.

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Nevertheless, while I have time and space, before this tale goes further, I think it is reasonable to tell you all the qualities of each of them, as they appeared to me. what sort of people they were, of what station and how they were fashioned. I will begin with a knight. There was a Knight and a worthy man, who, from the time when he first rode abroad, loved chivalry, faithfulness and honor, liberality and courtesy. He was valiant in his lord's war and had campaigned, no man farther, in both Christian and heathen lands, and ever was honored for his worth. He was at Alexandria when it was won; many times in Prussia he sat in the place of honor above knights from all nations; he had fought in Lithuania and in Russia, and no Christian man of his did so more often; he had been in Granada at the siege of Algeciras and in Belmaria; he was at Lyeys and in Attalia when they were won, and had landed with many noble armies in the Levant. He had been in fifteen mortal battles, and had thrice fought for our faith in the lists at Tremessen and always slain his foe; he had been also, long before, with the lord of Palathia against another heathen host in Turkey; and ever he had great renown. And though he was valorous, he was prudent, and he was as meek as a maiden in his bearing. In all his life he never yet spoke any discourtesy to any living creature, but was truly a perfect gentle knight. To tell you of his equipment, his horses were good but he was not gaily clad. He wore a jerkin of coarse cloth all stained with rust by his coat of mail, for he had just returned from his travels and went to do his pilgrimage.

His son was with him, a young Squire, a lover and a lusty young soldier. His locks were curled as if laid in a press. He may have been twenty years of age, of average height, amazingly nimble and great of strength. He had been, at one time, in a campaign in Flanders, Artois, and Picardy, and had borne himself well, in so little time, in hope to stand in his lady's grace. His clothes were embroidered, red and white, like a meadow full of fresh flowers. All the day long he was singing or playing upon the flute; he was as fresh as the month of May. His coat was short, with long, wide sleeves. Well could he sit a horse and ride, make songs, joust and dance, draw and write. He loved so ardently that at night-time he slept no more than a nightingale. He was courteous, modest and helpful, and carved before his father at table.

They had a Yeoman with them; on that journey they would have no other servants. He was clad in a coat

and hood of green, and in his hand he bore a mighty bow and under his belt a neat sheaf of arrows, bright and sharp, with peacock feathers. He knew how to handle his gear like a good veoman; his arrows did not fall short on account of any poorly adjusted feathers. His head was cropped and his face brown. He understood well all the practice of woodcraft. He wore a gay arm-guard of leather and at one side a sword and buckler; at the other a fine dagger, well fashioned and as sharp as a spear-point; on his breast an image of St. Christopher in bright silver, and over his shoulder a horn on a green baldric. He was a woodsman indeed. I believe.

There was also a nun, a Prioress, guiet and simple in her smiling; her greatest oath was "by Saint Loy." She was named Madame Eqlantine. Well she sang the divine service, intoned in a seemly manner in her nose, and spoke French elegantly, after the manner of Stratford-atte-Bow, for of Parisian French she knew nothing. She had been well taught the art of eating, and let no morsel fall from her lips, and wet but her finger-tips in the sauce. She knew how to lift and how to hold a bit so that not a drop fell upon her breast. Her pleasure was all in courtesy. She wiped her upper lip so well that no spot of grease was to be seen in her cup after she had drunk; and very dainty she was in reaching for her food. And surely she was of fine behavior, pleasant and amiable of bearing. She took pains to imitate court manners, to be stately in her demeanor and to be held worthy of reverence. But to tell you of her character, she was so charitable and so tender-hearted she would weep if she saw a mouse caught in a trap if it were dead or bleeding. She had certain small dogs, which she fed upon roasted meat or milk and finest wheaten bread. She would weep sorely if one of them died or was struck at sharply with a stick. She was all warm feeling and tender heart. Her wimple was pleated neatly. Her nose was slender, her eyes gray as glass, her mouth small and soft and red. Certainly she had a fine forehead, almost a span high; truly she was not undersized. Her cloak was neatly made, I could tell. About her arm was a coral rosary, the larger beads of green, upon which hung a brooch of shining gold; on it was engraved first an A with a crown, and after that Amor vincit Omnia.

SOURCE: http://machias.edu/faculty/necastro/chaucer/translation/ ct/01gppt.txt

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR

Sir Thomas Malory 1485

BOOK VIII CHAPTER I. How Sir Tristram de Liones was born. and how his mother died at his birth, wherefore she named him Tristram.

IT was a king that hight Meliodas, and he was lord and king of the country of Liones, and this Meliodas was a likely knight as any was that time living. And by fortune he wedded King Mark's sister of Cornwall. and she was called Elizabeth, that was called both good and fair. And at that time King Arthur reigned. and he was whole king of England, Wales, and Scotland, and of many other realms: howbeit there were many kings that were lords of many countries, but all they held their lands of King Arthur; for in Wales were two kings, and in the north were many kings; and in Cornwall and in the west were two kings; also in Ireland were two or three kings, and all were under the obeissance of King Arthur. So was the King of France, and the King of Brittany, and all the lordships unto Rome.

So when this King Meliodas had been with his wife, within a while she waxed great with child, and she was a full meek lady, and well she loved her lord, and he her again, so there was great joy betwixt them. Then there was a lady in that country that had loved King Meliodas long, and by no mean she never could get his love; therefore she let ordain upon a day, as King Meliodas rode a-hunting, for he was a great chaser, and there by an enchantment she made him chase an hart by himself alone till that he came to an old castle, and there anon he was taken prisoner by the lady that him loved. When Elizabeth, King Meliodas' wife, missed her lord, and she was nigh out of her wit, and also as great with child as she was, she took a gentlewoman with her, and ran into the forest to seek her lord. And when she was far in the forest she might no farther, for she began to travail fast of her child. And she had many grimly throes; her gentlewoman helped her all that she might, and so by miracle of Our Lady of Heaven she was delivered with great pains. But she had taken such cold for the default of help that deep draughts of death took her, that needs she must die and depart out of this world; there was none other bote.

And when this Queen Elizabeth saw that there was none other bote, then she made great dole, and said unto her gentlewoman: When ye see my lord, King Meliodas, recommend me unto him, and tell him what pains I endure here for his love, and how I must die here for his sake for default of good help; and let him wit that I am full sorry to depart out of this world from him, therefore pray him to be friend to my soul. Now let me see my little child, for whom I have had all this sorrow. And when she saw him she said thus: Ah, my little son, thou hast murdered thy mother, and therefore I suppose, thou that art a murderer so

young, thou art full likely to be a manly man in thine age. And because I shall die of the birth of thee. I charge thee, gentlewoman, that thou pray my lord, King Meliodas, that when he is christened let call him Tristram, that is as much to say as a sorrowful birth. And therewith this gueen gave up the ghost and died. Then the gentlewoman laid her under an umbre of a great tree, and then she lapped the child as well as she might for cold. Right so there came the barons, following after the queen, and when they saw that she was dead, and understood none other but the king was destroyed, then certain of them would have slain the child, because they would have been lords of the country of Liones.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

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CHAPTER II. How the stepmother of Sir Tristram had ordained poison for to have poisoned Sir Tristram.

← BUT then through the fair speech of the gentlewoman, and by the means that she made, the most part

of the barons would not assent thereto. And then they let carry home the dead queen, and much dole was made for her. Then this meanwhile Merlin delivered King Meliodas out of prison on the morn after his gueen was dead. And so when the king was come home the most part of the barons made great joy. But the sorrow that the king made for his queen that might no tongue tell.

So then the king let inter her richly, and after he let christen his child as his wife had commanded afore her death. And then he let call him Tristram, the sorrowful born child. Then the King Meliodas endured seven years without a wife, and all this time Tristram was nourished well. Then it befell that King Meliodas wedded King Howell's daughter of Brittany, and anon she had children of King Meliodas: then was she heavy and wroth that her children should not rejoice the country of Liones, wherefore this queen ordained for to poison young Tristram. So she let poison be put in a piece of silver in the chamber whereas Tristram and her children were together, unto that intent that when Tristram were thirsty he should drink that drink. And so it fell upon a day, the queen's son, as he was in that chamber, espied the piece with poison, and he weened it had been good drink, and because the child was thirsty he took the piece with poison and drank freely; and therewithal suddenly the child brast and was dead.

When the gueen of Meliodas wist of the death of her son, wit ye well that she was heavy. But yet the king understood nothing of her treason. Notwithstanding the queen would not leave this, but eft she let ordain more poison, and put it in a piece. And by fortune King Meliodas, her husband, found the piece with wine where was the poison, and he that was much thirsty took the piece for to drink thereout. And as he would have drunken thereof the queen espied him, and then she ran unto him, and pulled the piece from him suddenly. The king marvelled why she did so, and remembered him how her son was suddenly slain with poison. And then he took her by the hand, every side of me seem to me no less than Homer's

and said: Thou false traitress, thou shalt tell me what manner of drink this is, or else I shall slav thee. And therewith he pulled out his sword, and sware a great oath that he should slav her but if she told him truth. Ah! mercy, my lord, said she, and I shall tell you all. And then she told him why she would have slain Tristram, because her children should rejoice his land. Well, said King Meliodas, and therefore shall ye have the law. And so she was condemned by the assent of the barons to be burnt; and then was there made a great fire, and right as she was at the fire to take her execution, young Tristram kneeled afore King Meliodas, and besought him to give him a boon. I will well. said the king again. Then said young Tristram, Give me the life of thy queen, my stepmother. That is unrightfully asked, said King Meliodas, for thou ought of right to hate her, for she would have slain thee with that poison an she might have had her will; and for thy sake most is my cause that she should die. Sir, said Tristram, as for that, I beseech you of your mercy that you will forgive it her, and as for my part, God forgive it her, and I do; and so much it liked your highness to grant me my boon, for God's love I require you hold your promise. Sithen it is so, said the king, I will that ye have her life. Then, said the king, I give her to you, and go ye to the fire and take her, and do with her what ye will. So Sir Tristram went to the fire, and by the commandment of the king delivered her from the death. But after that King Meliodas would never have ado with her, as at bed and board. But by the good means of young Tristram he made the king and her accorded. But then the king would not suffer young Tristram to abide no longer in his court.

SOURCE: http://www.gutenberg.org/ ebooks/1251?msg=welcome_stranger#link2HCH0007

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY **Desiderius Erasmus** 1509

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An oration, of feigned matter, spoken by Folly in her own person.

> ← At what rate soever the world talks of me (for I am not ignorant what an ill report Folly has got, even among the

most foolish), yet that I am that she, that only she, whose deity recreates both gods and men, even this is a sufficient argument, that I no sooner stepped up to speak to this full assembly than all your faces put on a kind of new and unwonted pleasantness. So suddenly have you cleared your brows, and with so frolic and hearty a laughter given me your applause, that in truth as many of you as I behold on

gods drunk with nectar and nepenthe; whereas before, you sat as lumpish and pensive as if you had come from consulting an oracle.

And as it usually happens when the sun begins to show his beams, or when after a sharp winter the spring breathes afresh on the earth, all things immediately get a new face, new color, and recover as it were a certain kind of youth again: in like manner, by but beholding me you have in an instant gotten another kind of countenance; and so what the otherwise great rhetoricians with their tedious and long-studied orations can hardly effect, to wit, to remove the trouble of the mind. I have done it at once with my single look. But if you ask me why I appear before you in this strange dress, be pleased to lend me your ears, and I'll tell you: not those ears. I mean, you carry to church, but abroad with you, such as you are wont to prick up to jugglers, fools, and buffoons, and such as our friend Midas once gave to Pan. For I am disposed awhile to play the sophist with you; not of their sort who nowadays boozle young men's heads with certain empty notions and curious trifles, yet teach them nothing but a more than womanish obstinacy of scolding: but I'll imitate those ancients who, that they might the better avoid that infamous appellation of sophi or wise, chose rather to be called sophists. Their business was to celebrate the praises of the gods and valiant men. And the like encomium shall you hear from me, but neither of Hercules nor Solon, but my own dear self, that is to say, Folly. Nor do I esteem a rush that call it a foolish and insolent thing to praise one's self. Be it as foolish as they would make it, so they confess it proper: and what can be more than that Folly be her own trumpet? For who can set me out better than myself, unless perhaps I could be better known to another than to myself? Though yet I think it somewhat more modest than the general practice of our nobles and wise men who, throwing away all shame, hire some flattering orator or lying poet from whose mouth they may hear their praises, that is to say, mere lies; and yet, composing themselves with a seeming modesty, spread out their peacock's plumes and erect their crests, while this impudent flatterer equals a man of nothing to the gods and proposes him as an absolute pattern of all virtue that's wholly a stranger to it, sets out a pitiful jay in other's feathers, washes the blackamoor white, and lastly swells a gnat to an elephant. In short, I will follow that old proverb that says, "He may lawfully praise himself that lives far from neighbors." Though, by the way, I cannot but wonder at the ingratitude, shall I say, or negligence of men who, notwithstanding they honor me in the first place and are willing enough to confess my bounty, yet not one of them for these so many ages has there been who in some thankful oration has set out the praises of Folly; when yet there has not wanted them whose elaborate endeavors have extolled tyrants, agues, flies, baldness, and such other pests of nature, to their own loss of both time and sleep. And now you shall hear from me a plain extemporary speech, but so much the truer. Nor would I have you think it like the

rest of orators, made for the ostentation of wit; for these, as you know, when they have been beating their heads some thirty years about an oration and at last perhaps produce somewhat that was never their own, shall yet swear they composed it in three days, and that too for diversion: whereas I ever liked it best to speak whatever came first out.

But let none of you expect from me that after the manner of rhetoricians I should go about to define what I am, much less use any division; for I hold it equally unlucky to circumscribe her whose deity is universal, or make the least division in that worship about which everything is so generally agreed. Or to what purpose, think you, should I describe myself when I am here present before you, and you behold me speaking? For I am, as you see, that true and only giver of wealth whom the Greeks call Moria, the Latins Stultitia, and our plain English Folly. Or what need was there to have said so much, as if my very looks were not sufficient to inform you who I am? Or as if any man, mistaking me for wisdom, could not at first sight convince himself by my face the true index of my mind? I am no counterfeit, nor do I carry one thing in my looks and another in my breast. No, I am in every respect so like myself that neither can they dissemble me who arrogate to themselves the appearance and title of wise men and walk like asses in scarlet hoods, though after all their hypocrisy Midas' ears will discover their master. A most ungrateful generation of men that, when they are wholly given up to my party, are yet publicly ashamed of the name, as taking it for a reproach: for which cause, since in truth they are morotatoi, fools, and yet would appear to the world to be wise men and Thales, we'll even call them morosophous, wise fools.

Nor will it be amiss also to imitate the rhetoricians of our times, who think themselves in a manner gods if like horse leeches they can but appear to be double-tongued, and believe they have done a mighty act if in their Latin orations they can but shuffle in some ends of Greek like mosaic work, though altogether by head and shoulders and less to the purpose. And if they want hard words, they run over some worm-eaten manuscript and pick out half a dozen of the most old and obsolete to confound their reader, believing, no doubt, that they that understand their meaning will like it the better, and they that do not will admire it the more by how much the less they understand it. Nor is this way of ours of admiring what seems most foreign without its particular grace; for if there happen to be any more ambitious than others, they may give their applause with a smile, and, like the ass, shake their ears, that they may be thought to understand more than the rest of their neighbors.

But to come to the purpose: I have given you my name, but what epithet shall I add? What but that of the most foolish? For by what more proper name can so great a goddess as Folly be known to her disciples? And because it is not alike known to all from what stock I am sprung, with the Muses' good leave I'll do my endeavor to satisfy you. But yet neither the those threadbare, musty gods were my father, but Plutus, Riches; that only he, that is, in spite of Hesiod, Homer, nay and Jupiter himself, *divum pater atque* hominum rex, the father of gods and men, at whose single beck, as heretofore, so at present, all things sacred and profane are turned topsy-turyy. According to whose pleasure war, peace, empire, counsels, judgments, assemblies, wedlocks, bargains, leagues, laws, arts, all things light or serious-I want breathin short, all the public and private business of mankind is governed; without whose help all that herd of gods of the poets' making, and those few of the better sort of the rest, either would not be at all, or if they were, they would be but such as live at home and keep a poor house to themselves. And to whomsoever he's an enemy, 'tis not Pallas herself that can befriend him; as on the contrary he whom he favors may lead Jupiter and his thunder in a string. This is my father and in him I glory. Nor did he produce me from his brain, as Jupiter that sour and ill-looked Pallas; but of that lovely nymph called Youth, the most beautiful and galliard of all the rest. Nor was I, like that limping blacksmith, begot in the sad and irksome bonds of matrimony. Yet, mistake me not, 'twas not that blind and decrepit Plutus in Aristophanes that got me, but such as he was in his full strength and pride of youth; and not that only, but at such a time when he had been well heated with nectar, of which he had, at one of the banquets of the

gods, taken a dose extraordinary.

first Chaos, Orcus, Saturn, or Japhet, nor any of

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

And as to the place of my birth, forasmuch as nowadays that is looked upon as a main point of nobility, it was neither, like Apollo's, in the floating Delos, nor Venus-like on the rolling sea, nor in any of blind Homer's as blind caves: but in the Fortunate Islands, where all things grew without plowing or sowing; where neither labor, nor old age, nor disease was ever heard of; and in whose fields neither daffodil, mallows, onions, beans, and such contemptible things would ever grow, but, on the contrary, rue, angelica, bugloss, marjoram, trefoils, roses, violets, lilies, and all the gardens of Adonis invite both your sight and your smelling. And being thus born, I did not begin the world, as other children are wont, with crying; but straight perched up and smiled on my mother. Nor do I envy to the great Jupiter the goat, his nurse, forasmuch as I was suckled by two jolly nymphs, to wit, Drunkenness, the daughter of Bacchus, and Ignorance, of Pan. And as for such my companions and followers as you perceive about me, if you have a mind to know who they are, you are not like to be the wiser for me, unless it be in Greek: this here, which you observe with that proud cast of her eye, is Philantia, Self-love; she with the smiling countenance, that is ever and anon clapping her hands, is Kolakia. Flattery: she that looks as if she were half asleep is Lethe, Oblivion; she that sits leaning on both elbows with her hands clutched together is *Misoponia*, Laziness; she with the garland on her head, and that smells so strong of perfumes, is *Hedone*, Pleasure; she with those staring eyes, moving here

and there, is *Anoia*, Madness; she with the smooth skin and full pampered body is *Tryphe*, Wantonness; and, as to the two gods that you see with them, the one is *Komos*, Intemperance, the other *Eegretos hypnos*, Dead Sleep. These, I say, are my household servants, and by their faithful counsels I have subjected all things to my dominion and erected an empire over emperors themselves. Thus have you had my lineage, education, and companions.

SOURCE: http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/9371/pg9371.html

THE PRINCE Niccolò Machiavelli 1532

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CHAPTER XVIII—CONCERNING THE WAY IN WHICH PRINCES SHOULD KEEP FAITH

← Every one admits how praiseworthy it is in a prince to keep faith, and to live with integrity and not with craft.

Nevertheless our experience has been that those princes who have done great things have held good faith of little account, and have known how to circumvent the intellect of men by craft, and in the end have overcome those who have relied on their word. You must know there are two ways of contesting, the one by the law, the other by force; the first method is proper to men, the second to beasts; but because the first is frequently not sufficient, it is necessary to have recourse to the second.

Therefore it is necessary for a prince to understand how to avail himself of the beast and the man. This has been figuratively taught to princes by ancient writers, who describe how Achilles and many other princes of old were given to the Centaur Chiron to nurse, who brought them up in his discipline; which means solely that, as they had for a teacher one who was half beast and half man, so it is necessary for a prince to know how to make use of both natures, and that one without the other is not durable. A prince, therefore, being compelled knowingly to adopt the beast, ought to choose the fox and the lion; because the lion cannot defend himself against snares and the fox cannot defend himself against wolves. Therefore, it is necessary to be a fox to discover the snares and a lion to terrify the wolves. Those who rely simply on the lion do not understand what they are about. Therefore a wise lord cannot, nor ought he to, keep faith when such observance may be turned against him, and when the reasons that caused him to pledge it exist no longer. If men were entirely good this precept would not hold, but because they are bad, and will not keep faith with you, you too are not bound to observe it with them. Nor will there ever be wanting to a prince legitimate reasons to

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excuse this non-observance. Of this endless modern One prince of the present time, whom it is not well examples could be given, showing how many treaties and engagements have been made void and of no effect through the faithlessness of princes; and he who has known best how to employ the fox has succeeded best.

But it is necessary to know well how to disguise this characteristic, and to be a great pretender and dissembler; and men are so simple, and so subject to present necessities, that he who seeks to deceive will always find someone who will allow himself to be deceived. One recent example I cannot pass over in silence. Alexander the Sixth did nothing else but deceive men, nor ever thought of doing otherwise, and he always found victims; for there never was a man who had greater power in asserting, or who with greater oaths would affirm a thing, yet would observe it less; nevertheless his deceits always succeeded according to his wishes, because he well understood this side of mankind.

Therefore it is unnecessary for a prince to have all the good qualities I have enumerated, but it is very necessary to appear to have them. And I shall dare to say this also, that to have them and always to observe them is injurious, and that to appear to have them is useful; to appear merciful, faithful, humane, religious, upright, and to be so, but with a mind so framed that should you require not to be so, you may be able and know how to change to the opposite.

And you have to understand this, that a prince, especially a new one, cannot observe all those things for which men are esteemed, being often forced, in order to maintain the state, to act contrary to fidelity, friendship, humanity, and religion. Therefore it is necessary for him to have a mind ready to turn itself accordingly as the winds and variations of fortune force it, yet, as I have said above, not to diverge from the good if he can avoid doing so, but, if compelled, then to know how to set about it.

For this reason a prince ought to take care that he never lets anything slip from his lips that is not replete with the above-named five qualities, that he may appear to him who sees and hears him altogether merciful, faithful, humane, upright, and religious. There is nothing more necessary to appear to have than this last quality, inasmuch as men judge generally more by the eye than by the hand, because it belongs to everybody to see you, to few to come in touch with you. Every one sees what you appear to be, few really know what you are, and those few dare not oppose themselves to the opinion of the many, who have the majesty of the state to defend them; and in the actions of all men, and especially of princes, which it is not prudent to challenge, one judges by the result. For that reason, let a prince have the credit of conquering and holding his state, the means will always be considered honest, and he will be praised by everybody; because the vulgar are always taken by what a thing seems to be and by what comes of it; and in the world there are only the vulgar, for the few find a place there only when the many have no ground to rest on.

to name, never preaches anything else but peace and good faith, and to both he is most hostile, and either, if he had kept it, would have deprived him of reputation and kingdom many a time.

CHAPTER XIX—THAT ONE SHOULD AVOID BEING DESPISED AND HATED

Now, concerning the characteristics of which mention is made above, I have spoken of the more important ones, the others I wish to discuss briefly under this generality, that the prince must consider, as has been in part said before, how to avoid those things which will make him hated or contemptible; and as often as he shall have succeeded he will have fulfilled his part, and he need not fear any danger in other reproaches.

It makes him hated above all things, as I have said, to be rapacious, and to be a violator of the property and women of his subjects, from both of which he must abstain. And when neither their property nor their honor is touched, the majority of men live content, and he has only to contend with the ambition of a few, whom he can curb with ease in many ways. It makes him contemptible to be considered fickle, frivolous, effeminate, mean-spirited, irresolute, from all of which a prince should guard himself as from a rock; and he should endeavour to show in his actions greatness, courage, gravity, and fortitude; and in his private dealings with his subjects let him show that his judgments are irrevocable, and maintain himself in such reputation that no one can hope either to deceive him or to get round him.

That prince is highly esteemed who conveys this impression of himself, and he who is highly esteemed is not easily conspired against; for, provided it is well known that he is an excellent man and revered by his people, he can only be attacked with difficulty. For this reason a prince ought to have two fears, one from within, on account of his subjects, the other from without, on account of external powers. From the latter he is defended by being well armed and having good allies, and if he is well armed he will have good friends, and affairs will always remain guiet within when they are quiet without, unless they should have been already disturbed by conspiracy; and even should affairs outside be disturbed, if he has carried out his preparations and has lived as I have said, as long as he does not despair, he will resist every attack, as I said Nabis the Spartan did. SOURCE: http://www.gutenberg.org/files/1232/1232-h/1232-h.htm

95 THESES Martin Luther 1517

Disputation of Doctor Martin Luther on the Power and Efficacy of Indulgences by Dr. Martin Luther (1517) October 31, 1517

1. Our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, when He said Poenitentiam agite, willed that the whole life of believers should be repentance.

2. This word cannot be understood to mean sacramental penance, i.e., confession and satisfaction, which is administered by the priests.

3. Yet it means not inward repentance only: nav. there is no inward repentance which does not outwardly work divers mortifications of the flesh.

4. The penalty, therefore, continues so long as hatred of self continues; for this is the true inward repentance, and continues until our entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

5. The pope does not intend to remit, and cannot remit any penalties other than those which he has imposed either by his own authority or by that of the Canons

6. The pope cannot remit any guilt, except by declaring that it has been remitted by God and by assenting to God's remission; though, to be sure, he may grant remission in cases reserved to his judgment. If his right to grant remission in such cases were despised, the quilt would remain entirely unforgiven. 7. God remits guilt to no one whom He does not, at

the same time, humble in all things and bring into subjection to His vicar, the priest.

8. The penitential canons are imposed only on the living, and, according to them, nothing should be imposed on the dying.

9. Therefore the Holy Spirit in the pope is kind to us, because in his decrees he always makes exception of the article of death and of necessity.

10. Ignorant and wicked are the doings of those priests who, in the case of the dying, reserve canonical penances for purgatory.

11. This changing of the canonical penalty to the penalty of purgatory is quite evidently one of the tares that were sown while the bishops slept.

12. In former times the canonical penalties were imposed not after, but before absolution, as tests of true contrition.

13. The dying are freed by death from all penalties; they are already dead to canonical rules, and have a right to be released from them.

14. The imperfect health [of soul], that is to say, the imperfect love, of the dying brings with it, of necessity, great fear; and the smaller the love, the greater is the fear.

15. This fear and horror is sufficient of itself alone (to say nothing of other things) to constitute the penalty of purgatory, since it is very near to the horror of despair.

16. Hell, purgatory, and heaven seem to differ as do 94. Christians are to be exhorted that they be

despair, almost-despair, and the assurance of safety. 17. With souls in purgatory it seems necessary that horror should grow less and love increase.

18. It seems unproved, either by reason or Scripture, that they are outside the state of merit, that is to say, of increasing love.

19. Again, it seems unproved that they, or at least that all of them, are certain or assured of their own blessedness, though we may be guite certain of it. ()

82. To wit: -- "Why does not the pope empty purgatory, for the sake of holy love and of the dire need of the souls that are there, if he redeems an infinite number of souls for the sake of miserable money with which to build a Church? The former reasons would be most just: the latter is most trivial."

83. Again:-"Why are mortuary and anniversary masses for the dead continued, and why does he not return or permit the withdrawal of the endowments founded on their behalf, since it is wrong to pray for the redeemed?"

84. Again: — "What is this new piety of God and the pope, that for money they allow a man who is impious and their enemy to buy out of purgatory the pious soul of a friend of God, and do not rather, because of that pious and beloved soul's own need, free it for pure love's sake?"

85. Again: -- "Why are the penitential canons long since in actual fact and through disuse abrogated and dead, now satisfied by the granting of indulgences, as though they were still alive and in force?"

> \leftarrow 86. Again: -- "Why does not the pope, whose wealth is to-day greater than the riches of the richest, build

just this one church of St. Peter with his own money, rather than with the money of poor believers?"

87. Again:—"What is it that the pope remits, and what participation does he grant to those who, by perfect contrition, have a right to full remission and participation?"

88. Again: -- "What greater blessing could come to the Church than if the pope were to do a hundred times a day what he now does once, and bestow on every believer these remissions and participations?" 89. "Since the pope, by his pardons, seeks the salvation of souls rather than money, why does he suspend the indulgences and pardons granted heretofore, since these have equal efficacy?"

90. To repress these arguments and scruples of the laity by force alone, and not to resolve them by giving reasons, is to expose the Church and the pope to the ridicule of their enemies, and to make Christians unhappy.

91. If, therefore, pardons were preached according to the spirit and mind of the pope, all these doubts would be readily resolved; nay, they would not exist. 92. Away, then, with all those prophets who say to the people of Christ, "Peace, peace," and there is no peace!

93. Blessed be all those prophets who say to the people of Christ, "Cross, cross," and there is no cross!

diligent in following Christ, their Head, through penalties, deaths, and hell:

95. And thus be confident of entering into heaven rather through many tribulations, than through the assurance of peace.

SOURCE: http://www.iclnet.org/pub/resources/text/wittenberg/ luther/web/ninetvfive.html

SPIRITUAL EXERCISES Ignatius of Loyola 1548

THE PRAYER, Anima Christi, SOUL of Christ, sanctify me. Body of Christ, save me. Blood of Christ, inebriate me. Water of the side of Christ, wash me. Passion of Christ, strengthen me. Good Jesus, hear me: Within Thy wounds hide me: Permit me not to be separated from Thee From the malignant enemy defend me: In the hour of my death call me, And bid me come to Thee. That with Thy Saints I may praise Thee For ever and ever. Amen.

ANNOTATIONS Affording some understanding with respect to the Spiritual Exercises which follow; for the help as well of him who is to give, as of him who is to receive them.

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name itself of Spiritual Exercises is understood any method of examining one's own conscience: also of meditating, contem-

← THE first annotation is, that by the

plating, praying mentally and vocally, and, finally, of performing any other spiritual operations, as will be said hereafter. For as, to walk, to travel, and to run, are bodily exercises; so also, to prepare and dispose the soul to remove all ill-ordered affections, and after their removal to seek and find the will of God with respect to the ordering of one's own life, and the salvation of one's soul, are called Spiritual Exercises.

The second is, that he who delivers to an other the order and method of meditating or contemplating, should set forth faith fully the history of the meditation or contemplation, going briefly through the chief points only, and adding merely a very brief exposition; in order that he who is about to meditate, having taken first the foundation of the historical truth, may afterwards go over the ground and reason by himself. For the effect of this will be, that when he finds anything which may furnish something more of elucidation or of apprehension of the history, (whether this be effected by his own reasoning, or by divine illumination of the mind), he will experience a more delightful

taste and more abundant fruit, than if the matter itself had been more diffusely set forth and drawn out by another. For it is not the abundance of the knowledge, but the interior feeling and taste of the things. which is accustomed to satisfy the desire of the soul. The third is, that, whereas in all the following Spiritual Exercises we use acts of the intellect when we reason, but of the will when we are affected, we must take notice that in the operation which belongs chiefly to the will, while we converse vocally or mentally with the Lord God or His Saints, a greater reverence is required of us, than while by the use of the intellect we are employed rather in understanding. The fourth is, that, although to the following Exercises are assigned four weeks, answering to as many portions of the Exercises, each to each, viz., that in the first week the consideration may be concerning sins; in the second, concerning the life of our Lord Jesus Christ up to his entrance into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday; in the third, concerning His Passion; in the fourth, concerning His Resurrection and Ascension, adding the three methods of prayer; yet these weeks are not to be so understood, as if it were necessary that each should contain seven or eight days. For since it happens that some are slower, others more ready, in attaining what they seek, (for instance in the first week contrition, grief, and tears for their sins,) and that some are more or less agitated and tried by various spirits; it is sometimes expedient that any week should be cut down or extended, according to the nature of the subject matter. The whole time, however, of the Exercises is accustomed to be concluded in the space of thirty days, or thereabouts. The fifth is, that he who receives the Exercises is wonderfully assisted, if, coming to them with a great and liberal mind, he offers his whole desire and choice to his Creator, that, concerning himself and all that belongs to him. He may appoint that in which he may be able best to serve Him, according to His own good pleasure.

The sixth is, that he who gives the Exercises, if he perceives that the one who receives them undergoes no spiritual commotions of the mind, such as are consolations or sadnesses, nor any agitations of different spirits, ought carefully to inquire whether he performs the Exercises themselves at the prescribed times, and in what way; also, whether he observes diligently all the Additions; and let an account be asked of each thing. Now, concerning Consolations and Desolations we shall speak further on, in the First Rules about the discerning of spirits; concerning the Additions, in the end of the First Week.

The seventh is, that he who has the care of the exercising of another, if he sees him affected by desolation or temptation, ought to take care not to show himself hard or austere to him, but rather to be mild and gentle, confirming his mind to act vigorously for the future, and having laid open the wiles of our enemy, to study to dispose him for consolation, as for a thing shortly to follow.

SOURCE: https://archive.org/stream/a588350800loyouoft/ a588350800loyouoft_djvu.txt

MACBETH William Shakespeare 1606

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCAENA PRIMA. Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches. First Witch: When shall we three meet againe? In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine? Second Witch: When the Hurley-burley's done. When the Battaile's lost, and wonne. Third Witch: That will be ere the set of Sunne. First Witch: Where the place? Second Witch: Upon the Heath. Third Witch: There to meet with Macbeth. First Witch: I come, Gray-Malkin. Second Witch: Padock calls. Third Witch: Anon. All: Faire is foule, and foule is faire. Hover through the fogge and filthie ayre.

Exernt

SCAENA SECUNDA.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine. King: What bloody man is that? He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the Revolt The newest state.

Mal: This is the Serieant. Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought 'Gainst my Captivitie: Haile brave friend; Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle, As thou didst leave it.

Cap: Doubtfull it stood, As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together, And choake their Art: The mercilesse Macdonwald (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that The multiplying Villanies of Nature Doe swarme upon him) from the Westerne Isles Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd, And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling, Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake: For brave Macbeth (well hee deserves that Name) Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele, Which smoak'd with bloody execution (Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage, Till hee fac'd the Slave:

Which nev'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him, Till he unseam'd him from the Nave toth' Chops, And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements. King: O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman. Cap: As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection, Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders: So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come, Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke, No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd, Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles, But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage,

With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men. Began a fresh assault. Dismav'd not this Kina: our Captaines, Macbeth and Banquoh? Cap: Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles; Or the Hare, the Lyon: If I say sooth. I must report they were As Cannons over-charg'd with double Cracks, So they doubly redoubled stroakes upon the Foe: Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds, Or memorize another Golgotha, I cannot tell: but I am faint, My Gashes cry for helpe. King: So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds. They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here? Mal: The worthy Thane of Rosse. Lenox: What a haste lookes through his eyes? So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange. Rosse: God save the King. King: Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane? Rosse: From Fiffe, great King, Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie, And fanne our people cold. Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers, Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor, The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict. Till that Bellona's Bridegroome, lapt in proofe, Confronted him with selfe-comparisons, Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme, Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude, The Victorie fell on us. King: Great happinesse. Rosse: That now Sweno, the Norwayes King, Craves composition: Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men. Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes ynch, Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall use. King: No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive.

Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death. And with his former Title greet Macbeth.

Rosse: lle see it done. King: What he hath lost, Noble Macbeth hath wonne.

Exeunt.

SCAENA TERTIA.

← Thunder. Enter the three Witches. 449 First Witch: Where hast thou beene. Sister? Second Witch: Killing Swine Third Witch: Sister, where thou? First Witch: A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe, And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht: Give me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes. Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' Tiger: But in a Syve lle thither sayle, And like a Rat without a tayle, Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe. **Second Witch:** Ile give thee a Winde. **First Witch:** Th'art kinde. **Third Witch:** And I another.

First Witch: I my selfe have all the other, And the very Ports they blow, All the Quarters that they know, I'th' Ship-mans Card. lle drevne him drie as Hav: Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day Hang upon his Pent-house Lid: He shall live a man forbid: Wearie Sev'nights, nine times nine, Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine: Though his Barke cannot be lost, Yet it shall be Tempest-tost. Looke what I have. Second Witch: Shew me, shew me, First Witch: Here I have a Pilots Thumbe, Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

SOURCE: http://www.shakespeare-navigators.com/macbeth/T11.html

DIALOGUES CONCERNING TWO CHIEF WORLD SYSTEMS Galileo Galilei 1632

TO THE DISCERNING READER

Several years ago there was published in Rome a salutary edict which, in order to obviate the dangerous tendencies of our present age, imposed a seasonable silence upon the Pythagorean opinion that the earth moves. There were those who impudently asserted that this decree had its origin not in judicious inquiry, but in passion none too well informed. Complaints were to be heard that advisers who were totally unskilled at astronomical observations ought not to clip the wings of reflective intellects by means of rash prohibitions.

Upon hearing such carping insolence, my zeal could not be contained. Being thoroughly informed about that prudent determination, I decided to appear openly in the theater of the world as a witness of the sober truth. I was at that time in Rome; I was not only received by the most eminent prelates of that Court, but had their applause; indeed this decree was not published without some previous notice of it having been given to me. Therefore I propose in the present work to show to foreign nations that as much is understood of this

matter in Italy, and particularly in Rome, as transalpine diligence can ever have imagined. Collecting all the reflections that properly concern the Copernican system, I shall make it known that everything was brought before the attention of the Roman censorship, and that there proceed from this clime not only dogmas for the welfare of the soul, but ingenious discoveries for the delight of the mind as well.

450 ← To this end I have taken the Copernican side in the discourse, proceeding as with a pure mathematical hypothesis and striving by every artifice to represent it as superior to supposing the earth motionless-not, indeed absolutely, but as against the arguments of some professed Peripatetics. These men indeed deserve not even that name, for they do not walk about; they are content to adore

the shadows, philosophizing not with due circumspection but merely from having memorized a few ill-understood principles.

Three principal headings are treated. First, I shall try to show that all experiments practicable upon the earth are insufficient measures for proving its mobility, since they are indifferently adaptable to an earth in motion or at rest. I hope in so doing to reveal many observations unknown to the ancients. Secondly, the celestial phenomena will be examined strengthening the Copernican hypothesis until it might seem that this must triumph absolutely. Here new reflections are adjoined which might be used in order to simplify astronomy, though not because of any necessity imported by nature. In the third place, I shall propose an ingenious speculation. It happens that long ago I said that the unsolved problem of the ocean tides might receive some light from assuming the motion of the earth. This assertion of mine, passing by word of mouth, found loving fathers who adopted it as a child of their own ingenuity. Now, so that no stranger may ever appear who, arming himself with our weapons, shall charge us with want of attention to such an important matter. I have thought it good to reveal those probabilities which might render this plausible, given that the earth moves.

I hope that from these considerations the world will come to know that if other nations have navigated more, we have not theorized less. It is not from failing to take count of what others have thought that we have yielded to asserting that the earth is motionless, and holding the contrary to be a mere mathematical caprice, but (if for nothing else) for those reasons that are supplied by piety, religion, the knowledge of Divine Omnipotence, and a consciousness of the limitations of the human mind I have thought it most appropriate to explain these concepts in the form of dialogues, which, not being restricted to the rigorous observance of mathematical laws, make room also for digressions which are sometimes no less interesting than the principal argument.

Many years ago I was often to be found in the marvelous city of Venice, in discussions with Signore Giovanni Francesco Sagredo, a man of noble extraction and trenchant wit. From Florence came Signore Filippo Salviati, the least of whose glories were the eminence of his blood and the magnificence of his fortune. His was a sublime intellect which fed no more hungrily upon any pleasure than it did upon fine meditations. I often talked with these two of such matters in the presence of a certain Peripatetic philosopher whose greatest obstacle in apprehending the truth seemed to be the reputation he had acquired by his interpretations of Aristotle.

Now, since bitter death has deprived Venice and Florence of those two great luminaries in the very meridian of their years, I have resolved to make their fame live on in these pages, so far as my poor abilities will permit, by introducing them as interlocutors in the present argument. (Nor shall the good Peripatetic lack a place: because of his excessive affection toward the Commentaries of Simplicius. I have thought fit to leave him under the name of the author he so much revered, without mentioning his own). May it please those two great souls, ever venerable to my heart, to accept this public monument of my undying love. And may the memory of their eloquence assist me in delivering to posterity the promised reflections. It happened that several discussions had taken place casually at various times among these gentlemen, and had rather whetted than satisfied their thirst for learning. Hence very wisely they resolved to meet together on certain days during which, setting aside all other business, they might apply themselves more methodically to the contemplation of the wonders of God in the heavens and upon the earth. They met in the palace of the illustrious Sagredo; and, after the customary but brief exchange of compliments, Saiviati commenced as follows.

SOURCE: https://math.dartmouth.edu/~matc/Readers/renaissance. astro/7.1.DialogueFirstDay.html

DISCOURSE ON METHOD René Descartes 1637

PART I.

Good Sense is, of all things among men, the most equally distributed; for every one thinks himself so abundantly provided with it, that those even who are the most difficult to satisfy in everything else, do not usually desire a larger measure of this quality than they already possess. And in this it is not likely that all are mistaken: the conviction is rather to be held as testifying that the power of judging aright and of distinguishing Truth from Error, which is properly what is called Good Sense or Reason, is by nature equal in all men; and that the diversity of our opinions, consequently, does not arise from some being endowed with a larger share of Reason than others,

but solely from this, that we conduct our thoughts along different ways, and do not fix our attention on the same objects. For to be possessed of a vigorous mind is not enough; the prime requisite is rightly to apply it. The greatest minds, as they are capable of the highest excellencies, are open likewise to the greatest aberrations; and those who travel very slowly may yet make far greater progress, provided they keep always to the straight road, than those who, while they run, forsake it.

For myself, I have never fancied my mind to be in any respect more perfect than those of the generality; on the contrary, I have often wished that I were equal to some others in promptitude of thought, or in clearness and distinctness of imagination, or in fullness and readiness of memory. And besides these, I know of no other qualities that contribute to the perfection of the mind; for as to the Reason or Sense, inasmuch as it is that alone which constitutes us men, and distinguishes us from the brutes, I am disposed to believe that it is to be found complete in each individual; and on this point to adopt the common opinion of philosophers, who say that the difference of greater and less holds only among the accidents, and not among the forms or natures of individuals of the same species.

I will not hesitate, however, to avow my belief that it "has been my singular good fortune to have very early in life fallen in with certain tracks which have conducted me to considerations and maxims, of which I have formed a Method that gives me the means, as I think, of gradually augmenting my knowledge, and of raising it by little and little to the highest point which the mediocrity of my talents and the brief duration of my life will permit me to reach. For I have already reaped from it such fruits, that, although I have been accustomed to think lowly enough of myself, and although when I look with the eye of a philosopher at the varied courses and pursuits of mankind at large, I find scarcely one which does not appear vain and useless, I nevertheless derive the highest satisfaction from the progress I conceive myself to have already made in the search after truth, and cannot help entertaining such expectations of the future as to believe that if, among the occupations of men as men, there is any one really excellent and important, it is that which I have chosen.

After all, it is possible I may be mistaken; and it is but a little copper and glass, perhaps, that I take for gold and diamonds. I know how very liable we are to delusion in what relates to ourselves, and also how much the judgments of our friends are to be suspected when given in our favor. But I shall endeavor in this Discourse to describe the paths I have followed, and to delineate my life as in a picture, in order that each one may be able to judge of them for himself, and that in the general opinion entertained of them, as gathered from current report, I myself may have a new help toward instruction to be added to those I have been in the habit of employing.

My present design, then, is not to teach the Method which each ought to follow for the right conduct of his Reason, but solely to describe the way in which I

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

have endeavored to conduct my own. They who set means of discoursing with an appearance of truth on themselves to give precepts must of course regard themselves as possessed of greater skill than those to whom they prescribe: and if they err in the slightest particular, they subject themselves to censure. But as this Tract is put forth merely as a history, or, if you will, as a tale, in which, amid some examples worthy of imitation, there will be found, perhaps, as many more which it were advisable not to follow, I hope it will prove useful to some without being hurtful to any, and that my openness will find some favor with all.

From my childhood, I have been familiar with letters; and as I was given to believe that by their help a clear and certain knowledge of all that is useful in life might be acquired, I was ardently desirous of instruction. But as soon as I had finished the entire course of study, at the close of which it is customary to be admitted into the order of the learned, I completely changed my opinion.

← For I found myself involved in so 451 many doubts and errors, that I was convinced I had advanced no farther

in all my attempts at learning, than the discovery at every turn of my own ignorance. And yet I was studying in one of the most celebrated Schools in Europe, in which I thought there must be learned men, if such were anywhere to be found. I had been taught all that others learned there; and not contented with the sciences actually taught us. I had, in addition, read all the books that had fallen into my hands, treating of such branches as are esteemed the most curious and rare.

I knew the judgment which others had formed of me; and I did not find that I was considered inferior to my fellows, although there were among them some who were already marked out to fill the places of our instructors. And, *in fine*, our age appeared to me as flourishing, and as fertile in powerful minds as any preceding one. I was thus led to take the liberty of judging of all other men by myself, and of concluding that there was no science in existence that was of such a nature as I had previously been given to believe.

I still continued, however, to hold in esteem the studies of the Schools. I was aware that the Languages taught in them are necessary to the understanding of the writings of the ancients; that the grace of Fable stirs the mind; that the memorable deeds of History elevate it; and, if read with discretion, aid in forming the judgment; that the perusal of all excellent books is, as it were, to interview with the noblest men of past ages, who have written them, and even a studied interview, in which are discovered to us only their choicest thoughts; that Eloquence has incomparable force and beauty; that Poesy has its rav- RIGHT OF NATURE WHAT ishing graces and delights; that in the Mathematics there are many refined discoveries eminently suited to gratify the inquisitive, as well as further all the arts and lessen the labor of man; that numerous highly useful precepts and exhortations to virtue are contained in treatises on Morals; that Theology points out the path to heaven; that Philosophy affords the

all matters, and commands the admiration of the more simple: that Jurisprudence. Medicine, and the other Sciences, secure for their cultivators honors and riches; and, in fine, that it is useful to bestow some attention upon all, even upon those abounding the most in superstition and error, that we may be in a position to determine their real value, and guard against being deceived.

But I believed that I had already given sufficient time to Languages, and likewise to the reading of the writings of the ancients, to their Histories and Fables. For to hold converse with those of other ages and to travel are almost the same thing. It is useful to know something of the manners of different nations, that we may be enabled to form a more correct judgment regarding our own, and be prevented from thinking that everything contrary to our customs is ridiculous and irrational, -a conclusion usually come to by those whose experience has been limited to their own country. On the other hand, when too much time is occupied in traveling, we become strangers to our native country; and the over-curious in the customs of the past are generally ignorant of those of the present. Besides, fictitious narratives lead us to imagine the possibility of many events that are impossible: and even the most faithful histories, if they do not wholly misrepresent matters, or exaggerate their importance to render the account of them more worthy of perusal, omit, at least, almost always the meanest and least striking of the attendant circumstances: hence it happens that the remainder does not represent the truth, and that such as regulate their conduct by examples drawn from this source, are apt to fall into the extravagances of the knighterrants of Romance, and to entertain projects that exceed their powers.

SOURCE: http://literature.org/authors/descartes-rene/ reason-discourse/chapter-01.html

LEVIATHAN **Thomas Hobbes**

1651

CHAPTER XIV. OF THE FIRST AND SECOND NATURALL LAWES, AND OF CONTRACTS

The RIGHT OF NATURE, which Writers commonly call Jus Naturale, is the Liberty each man hath, to use his own power, as he will himselfe, for the preservation of his own Nature; that is to say, of his own Life; and consequently, of doing any thing, which in his own Judgement, and Reason, hee shall conceive to be the aptest means thereunto.

LIBERTY WHAT

By LIBERTY, is understood, according to the proper signification of the word, the absence of external Impediments: which Impediments, may oft take away part of a man's power to do what hee would: but cannot hinder him from using the power left him, according as his judgement, and reason shall dictate to him.

A LAW OF NATURE WHAT

A LAW OF NATURE, (Lex Naturalis,) is a Precept, or generall Rule, found out by Reason, by which a man is forbidden to do, that, which is destructive of his life, or taketh away the means of preserving the same; and to omit, that, by which he thinketh it may be best preserved. For though they that speak of this subject, use to confound Jus, and Lex, Right and Law; yet they ought to be distinguished; because RIGHT, consisteth in liberty to do, or to forbeare; Whereas LAW, determineth, and bindeth to one of them: so that Law, and Right, differ as much, as Obligation, and Liberty; which in one and the same matter are inconsistent.

NATURALLY EVERY MAN HAS RIGHT TO EVERYTHING

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← And because the condition of Man, (as hath been declared in the precedent Chapter) is a condition of

Warre of every one against every one; in which case every one is governed by his own Reason; and there is nothing he can make use of, that may not be a help unto him, in preserving his life against his enemves:

It followeth, that in such a condition, every man has a Right to every thing; even to one another's body. And therefore, as long as this naturall Right of every man to every thing endureth, there can be no security to any man, (how strong or wise soever he be,) of living out the time, which Nature ordinarily alloweth men to live.

THE FUNDAMENTAL LAW OF NATURE

And consequently it is a precept, or generall rule of Reason, "That every man ought to endeavour Peace, as farre as he has hope of obtaining it; and when he cannot obtain it, that he may seek, and use, all helps, and advantages of Warre." The first branch, of which Rule, containeth the first, and Fundamentall Law of Nature; which is, "To seek Peace, and follow it." The Second, the summe of the Right of Nature; which is, "By all means we can, to defend our selves."

THE SECOND LAW OF NATURE

From this Fundamentall Law of Nature, by which men are commanded to endeavour Peace, is derived this second Law; "That a man be willing, when others are so too, as farre-forth, as for Peace, and defence of himselfe he shall think it necessary, to lay down this right to all things; and be contented with so much liberty against other men, as he would allow other men against himselfe." For as long as every man holdeth this Right, of doing any thing he liketh; so long

are all men in the condition of Warre. But if other men will not lay down their Right, as well as he: then there is no Reason for any one, to devest himselfe of his: For that were to expose himselfe to Prev. (which no man is bound to) rather than to dispose himselfe to Peace. This is that Law of the Gospell; "Whatsoever vou require that others should do to you, that do ye to them." And that Law of all men, "Quod tibi feiri non vis, alteri ne feceris."

WHAT IT IS TO LAY DOWN A RIGHT

To Lay Downe a man's right to any thing, is to divest himselfe of the Liberty, of hindring another of the benefit of his own Right to the same. For he that renounceth, or passeth away his Right, giveth not to any other man a Right which he had not before: because there is nothing to which every man had not Right by Nature: but onely standeth out of his way, that he may enjoy his own originall Right, without hindrance from him; not without hindrance from another. So that the effect which reboundeth to one man, by another mans defect of Right, is but so much diminution of impediments to the use of his own Right original.

CHAPTER XVII. OF THE CAUSES, GENERATION, AND DEFINITION OF A COMMON-WEALTH

THE END OF COMMON-WEALTH. PARTICULAR SECURITY

The finall Cause, End, or Designe of men, (who naturally love Liberty, and Dominion over others,) in the introduction of that restraint upon themselves, (in which wee see them live in Common-wealths,) is the foresight of their own preservation, and of a more contented life thereby; that is to say, of getting themselves out from that miserable condition of Warre, which is necessarily consequent (as hath been shewn) to the naturall Passions of men, when there is no visible Power to keep them in awe, and tye them by feare of punishment to the performance of their Covenants, and observation of these Lawes of Nature set down in the fourteenth and fifteenth Chapters.

WHICH IS NOT TO BE HAD FROM THE LAW OF NATURE:

For the Lawes of Nature (as Justice, Equity, Modesty, Mercy, and (in summe) Doing To Others, As Wee Would Be Done To,) if themselves, without the terrour of some Power, to cause them to be observed. are contrary to our naturall Passions, that carry us to Partiality, Pride, Revenge, and the like. And Covenants, without the Sword, are but Words, and of no strength to secure a man at all. Therefore notwithstanding the Lawes of Nature, (which every one hath then kept, when he has the will to keep them, when he can do it safely,) if there be no Power erected, or not great enough for our security; every man will and may lawfully rely on his own strength and art, for caution against all other men. And in all places, where men have lived by small Families, to robbe

and spoyle one another, has been a Trade, and so farre from being reputed against the Law of Nature. that the greater spoyles they gained, the greater was their honour; and men observed no other Lawes therein, but the Lawes of Honour: that is, to abstain from cruelty, leaving to men their lives, and instruments of husbandry. And as small Familyes did then: so now do Cities and Kingdomes which are but greater Families (for their own security) enlarge their Dominions, upon all pretences of danger, and fear of Invasion, or assistance that may be given to Invaders, endeavour as much as they can, to subdue, or weaken their neighbours, by open force, and secret arts, for want of other Caution, justly; and are remembred for it in after ages with honour.

NOR FROM THE CONJUNCTION OF A FEW MEN OR FAMILYES

Nor is it the joyning together of a small number of men, that gives them this security; because in small numbers, small additions on the one side or the other, make the advantage of strength so great, as is sufficient to carry the Victory; and therefore gives encouragement to an Invasion. The Multitude sufficient to confide in for our Security, is not determined by any certain number, but by comparison with the Enemy we feare; and is then sufficient, when the odds of the Enemy is not of so visible and conspicuous moment, to determine the event of warre, as to move him to attempt.

NOR FROM A GREAT MULTITUDE. UNLESSE DIRECTED BY ONE JUDGEMENT

And be there never so great a Multitude; yet if their actions be directed according to their particular judgements, and particular appetites, they can expect thereby no defence, nor protection, neither against a Common enemy, nor against the injuries of one another. For being distracted in opinions concerning the best use and application of their strength, they do not help, but hinder one another; and reduce their strength by mutuall opposition to nothing: whereby they are easily, not onely subdued by a very few that agree together; but also when there is no common enemy, they make warre upon each other, for their particular interests. For if we could suppose a great Multitude of men to consent in the observation of Justice, and other Lawes of Nature, without a common Power to keep them all in awe; we might as well suppose all Man-kind to do the same; and then there neither would be nor need to be any Civill Government, or Common-wealth at all; because there would be Peace without subjection.

SOURCE: http://www.gutenberg.org/files/3207/3207-h/3207-h. htm#link2H_4_0197

THE MATHEMATICAL **PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL** PHILOSOPHY

Sir Isaac Newton

1687

THE PRINCIPIA. THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Since the ancients (as we are told by Pappus), made great account of the science of mechanics in the investigation of natural things; and the moderns, laying aside substantial forms and occult qualities, have endeavoured to subject the phænomena of nature to the laws of mathematics. I have in this treatise cultivated mathematics so far as it regards philosophy. The ancients considered mechanics in a twofold respect; as rational, which proceeds accurately by demonstration: and practical. To practical mechanics all the manual arts belong, from which mechanics took its name. But as artificers do not work with perfect accuracy, it comes to pass that mechanics is so distinguished from geometry, that what is perfectly accurate is called geometrical, what is less so, is called mechanical. But the errors are not in the art, but in the artificers. He that works with less accuracy is an imperfect mechanic; and if any could work with perfect accuracy, he would be the most perfect mechanic of all; for the description of right lines and circles, upon which geometry is founded. belongs to mechanics. Geometry does not teach us to draw these lines, but requires them to be drawn; for it requires that the learner should first be taught to describe these accurately, before he enters upon geometry; then it shows how by these operations problems may be solved. To describe right lines and circles are problems, but not geometrical problems. The solution of these problems is required from mechanics: and by geometry the use of them, when so solved, is shown; and it is the glory of geometry that from those few principles, brought from without, it is able to produce so many things. Therefore geometry is founded in mechanical practice, and is nothing but that part of universal mechanics which accurately proposes and demonstrates the art of measuring. But since the manual arts are chiefly conversant in the moving of bodies, it comes to pass that geometry is commonly referred to their magnitudes, and mechanics to their motion. In this sense rational mechanics will be the science of motions resulting from any forces whatsoever, and of the forces required to produce any motions, accurately proposed and demonstrated. This part of mechanics was cultivated by the ancients in the five powers which relate to manual arts, who considered gravity (it not being a manual power), no otherwise than as it moved weights by those powers. Our design not respecting arts, but philosophy, and our subject not manual but natural powers, we consider chiefly those things which relate to gravity, levity, elastic force, the resistance of

pulsive: and therefore we offer this work as the ours of my readers. mathematical principles of philosophy; for all the difficulty of philosophy seems to consist in thisfrom the phænomena of motions to investigate the forces of nature, and then from these forces to demonstrate the other phænomena: and to this end the general propositions in the first and second book are directed. In the third book we give an example of this in the explication of the System of the World; for by the propositions mathematically demonstrated in the former books, we in the third derive from the celestial phenomena the forces of gravity with which bodies tend to the sun and the several planets. Then from these forces, by other propositions which are also mathematical, we deduce the motions of the planets, the comets, the moon, and the sea. I wish we could derive the rest of the phænomena of nature by the same kind of reasoning from mechanical principles; for I am induced by many reasons to suspect that they may all depend upon certain forces by which the particles of bodies, by some causes hitherto unknown, are either mutually impelled towards each other, and cohere in regular figures, or are repelled and recede from each other; which forces being unknown, philosophers have hitherto attempted the search of nature in vain; but I hope the principles here laid down will afford some light either to this or some truer method of philosophy.

In the publication of this work the most acute and universally learned Mr. Edmund Halley not only assisted me with his pains in correcting the press and taking care of the schemes, but it was to his solicitations that its becoming public is owing; for when he had obtained of me my demonstrations of the figure of the celestial orbits, he continually pressed me to communicate the same to the Royal Society, who afterwards, by their kind encouragement and entreaties, engaged me to think of publishing them. But after I had begun to consider the inequalities of the lunar motions, and had entered upon some other things relating to the laws and measures of gravity, and other forces: and the figures that would be described by bodies attracted according to given laws; and the motion of several bodies moving among themselves; the motion of bodies in resisting mediums; the forces, densities, and motions, of mediums; the orbits of the comets, and such like; deferred that publication till I had made a search into those matters, and could put forth the whole together. What relates to the lunar motions (being imperfect), I have put all together in the corollaries of Prop. 66, to avoid being obliged to propose and distinctly demonstrate the several things there contained in a method more prolix than the subject deserved, and interrupt the series of the several propositions. Some things, found out after the rest, I chose to insert in places less suitable, rather than change the number of the propositions and the citations. I heartily beg that what I have here done may be read with candour; and that the defects in a subject so difficult be not so much reprehended

fluids, and the like forces, whether attractive or im- as kindly supplied, and investigated by new endeay-

ISAAC NEWTON.

(...)

← RULES OF REASONING IN 453 PHILOSOPHY. RULE I.

We are to admit no more causes of natural things than such as are both true and sufficient to explain their appearances.

To this purpose the philosophers say that Nature does nothing in vain, and more is in vain when less will serve; for Nature is pleased with simplicity, and affects not the pomp of superfluous causes.

RULE II.

Therefore to the same natural effects we must, as far as possible, assign the same causes.

As to respiration in a man and in a beast; the descent of stones in Europe and in America; the light of our culinary fire and of the sun; the reflection of light in the earth, and in the planets.

RULE III.

The qualities of bodies, which admit neither intension nor remission of degrees, and which are found to belong to all bodies within the reach of our experiments, are to be esteemed the universal gualities of all bodies whatsoever.

For since the qualities of bodies are only known to us by experiments, we are to hold for universal all such as universally agree with experiments; and such as are not liable to diminution can never be quite taken away. We are certainly not to relinguish the evidence of experiments for the sake of dreams and vain fictions of our own devising; nor are we to recede from the analogy of Nature, which uses to be simple, and always consonant to itself. We no other way know the extension of bodies than by our senses, nor do these reach it in all bodies: but because we perceive extension in all that are sensible, therefore we ascribe it universally to all others also. That abundance of bodies are hard, we learn by experience; and because the hardness of the whole arises from the hardness of the parts, we therefore justly infer the hardness of the undivided particles not only of the bodies we feel but of all others. That all bodies are impenetrable, we gather not from reason, but from sensation. The bodies which we handle we find impenetrable, and thence conclude impenetrability to be an universal property of all bodies whatsoever. That all bodies are moveable, and endowed with certain powers (which we call the vires inertiae) of persevering in their motion, or in their rest, we only infer from the like properties observed in the bodies which we have seen. The extension, hardness, impenetrability, mobility, and vis inertiae of the whole, result from the extension, hardness, impenetrability, mobility, and vires inertiae of the parts; and thence we conclude the least particles of all bodies to be also all extended, and hard and impenetrable, and

moveable, and endowed with their proper vires inertia. And this is the foundation of all philosophy. Moreover, that the divided but contiguous particles of bodies may be separated from one another, is matter of observation; and, in the particles that remain undivided, our minds are able to distinguish yet lesser parts, as is mathematically demonstrated. But whether the parts so distinguished, and not yet divided, may, by the powers of Nature, be actually divided and separated from one an other, we cannot certainly determine. Yet, had we the proof of but one experiment that any undivided particle, in breaking a hard and solid body, suffered a division, we might by virtue of this rule conclude that the undivided as well as the divided particles may be divided and actually separated to infinity.

Lastly, if it universally appears, by experiments and astronomical observations, that all bodies about the earth gravitate towards the earth, and that in proportion to the quantity of matter which they severally contain; that the moon likewise, according to the quantity of its matter, gravitates towards the earth; that, on the other hand, our sea gravitates towards the moon; and all the planets mutually one towards another; and the comets in like manner towards the sun; we must, in consequence of this rule, universally allow that all bodies whatsoever are endowed with a principle of mutual gravitation. For the argument from the appearances concludes with more force for the universal gravitation of all bodies than for their impenetrability; of which, among those in the celestial regions, we have no experiments, nor any manner of observation. Not that I affirm gravity to be essential to bodies: by their vis insita I mean nothing but their vis inertiae. This is immutable. Their gravity is diminished as they recede from the earth. SOURCE: https://ebooks.adelaide.edu.au/n/newton/isaac/mathematical-principles-of-natural-philosophy/preface1.html

THE MONADOLOGY Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz 1714

454 ← 1. The Monad, of which we shall here speak, is nothing but a simple substance, which enters into compounds.

By 'simple' is meant 'without parts.' (Theod. 10.)
And there must be simple substances, since there are compounds; for a compound is nothing but a collection or aggregatum of simple things.
Now where there are no parts, there can be neither extension nor form [figure] nor divisibility. These Monads are the real atoms of nature and, in a word, the elements of things.

 No dissolution of these elements need be feared, and there is no conceivable way in which a simple substance can be destroyed by natural means. (Theod. 89.)
 For the same reason there is no conceivable way in which a simple substance can come into being by natural means, since it cannot be formed by the combination of parts [composition].

6. Thus it may be said that a Monad can only come into being or come to an end all at once; that is to say, it can come into being only by creation and come to an end only by annihilation, while that which is compound comes into being or comes to an end by parts. 7. Further, there is no way of explaining how a Monad can be altered in quality or internally changed by any other created thing; since it is impossible to change the place of anything in it or to conceive in it any internal motion which could be produced, directed, increased or diminished therein, although all this is possible in the case of compounds, in which there are changes among the parts. The Monads have no windows, through which anything could come in or go out. Accidents cannot separate themselves from substances nor go about outside of them, as the 'sensible species' of the Scholastics used to do. Thus neither substance nor accident can come into a Monad from outside

8. Yet the Monads must have some qualities, otherwise they would not even be existing things. And if simple substances did not differ in quality, there would be absolutely no means of perceiving any change in things. For what is in the compound can come only from the simple elements it contains, and the Monads, if they had no qualities, would be indistinguishable from one another, since they do not differ in quantity. Consequently, space being a plenum, each part of space would always receive, in any motion, exactly the equivalent of what it already had, and no one state of things would be discernible from another.

9. Indeed, each Monad must be different from every other. For in nature there are never two beings which are perfectly alike and in which it is not possible to find an internal difference, or at least a difference founded upon an intrinsic quality [denomination].
10. I assume also as admitted that every created being, and consequently the created Monad, is subject to change, and further that this change is continuous in each.

11. It follows from what has just been said, that the natural changes of the Monads come from an internal principle, since an external cause can have no influence upon their inner being. (Theod. 396, 400.) 12. But, besides the principle of the change, there must be a particular series of changes [*un detail de ce qui change*], which constitutes, so to speak, the specific nature and variety of the simple substances. 13. This particular series of change should involve a multiplicity in the unit [unité] or in that which is simple. For, as every natural change takes place gradually, something changes and something remains unchanged; and consequently a simple substance must be affected and related in many ways, although it has no parts. 14. The passing condition, which involves and represents a multiplicity in the unit [unité] or in the simple substance, is nothing but what is called Perception, which is to be distinguished from Apperception or Consciousness, as will afterwards appear. In this matter the Cartesian view is extremely defective, for it treats as non-existent those perceptions of which we are not consciously aware. This has also led them to believe that minds [esprits] alone are Monads, and that there are no souls of animals nor other Entelechies. Thus, like the crowd, they have failed to distinguish between a prolonged unconsciousness and absolute death, which has made them fall again into the Scholastic prejudice of souls entirely separate [from bodies], and has even confirmed ill-balanced minds in the opinion that souls are mortal.

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

15. The activity of the internal principle which produces change or passage from one perception to another may be called Appetition. It is true that desire [l'appétit] cannot always fully attain to the whole perception at which it aims, but it always obtains some of it and attains to new perceptions.

16. We have in ourselves experience of a multiplicity in simple substance, when we find that the least thought of which we are conscious involves variety in its object. Thus all those who admit that the soul is a simple substance should admit this multiplicity in the Monad; and M. Bayle ought not to have found any difficulty in this, as he has done in his Dictionary, article 'Rorarius.'

17. Moreover, it must be confessed that perception and that which depends upon it are inexplicable on mechanical grounds, that is to say, by means of figures and motions. And supposing there were a machine, so constructed as to think, feel, and have perception, it might be conceived as increased in size, while keeping the same proportions, so that one might go into it as into a mill. That being so, we should, on examining its interior, find only parts which work one upon another, and never anything by which to explain a perception. Thus it is in a simple substance, and not in a compound or in a machine, that perception must be sought for. Further, nothing but this (namely, perceptions and their changes) can be found in a simple substance. It is also in this alone that all the internal activities of simple substances can consist. (Theod. Pref. [E. 474; G. vi. 37].)

18. All simple substances or created Monads might be called Entelechies, for they have in them a certain perfection (echousi to enteles); they have a certain self-sufficiency (autarkeia) which makes them the sources of their internal activities and, so to speak, incorporeal automata. (Theod. 87.)

19. If we are to give the name of Soul to everything which has perceptions and desires [appétits] in the general sense which I have explained, then all simple substances or created Monads might be called souls; but as feeling [le sentiment] is something more than a bare perception, I think it right that the general name of Monads or Entelechies should suffice for simple substances which have perception only, and that the name of Souls should be given only to those

in which perception is more distinct, and is accompanied by memory.

20. For we experience in ourselves a condition in which we remember nothing and have no distinguishable perception; as when we fall into a swoon or when we are overcome with a profound dreamless sleep. In this state the soul does not perceptibly differ from a bare Monad; but as this state is not lasting, and the soul comes out of it, the soul is something more than a bare Monad. (Theod. 64.)

SOURCE: https://ebooks.adelaide.edu.au/l/leibniz/gottfried/l525m/

THE SPIRIT OF LAWS Montesquieu 1750

BOOK XV.

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IN WHAT MANNER THE LAWS OF CIVIL SLAVERY ARE RELATIVE TO THE NATURE OF THE CLIMATE.

CHAP. I. OF CIVIL SLAVERY.

SLAVERY, properly so called, is the establishment of a right which gives to one man such a power over another as renders him absolute master of his life and fortune. The state of slavery is, in its own nature, bad. It is neither useful to the master nor to the slave; not to the slave, because he can do nothing through a motive of virtue; nor to the master, because, by having an unlimited authority over his slaves, he insensibly accustoms himself to the want of all moral virtues, and from thence becomes fierce, hasty, severe, choleric, voluptuous, and cruel.

In despotic countries, where they are already in a state of political servitude, civil slavery is more tolerable than in other governments. Every one ought to be satisfied, in those countries, with necessaries and life. Hence the condition of a slave is hardly more burdensome than that of a subject.

← But, in a monarchical government, where it is of the utmost importance that human nature should not be

debased nor dispirited, there ought to be no slavery. In democracies, where they are all upon an equality, and in aristocracies, where the laws ought to use their utmost endeavours to procure as great an equality as the nature of the government will permit, slavery is contrary to the spirit of the constitution: it only contributes to give a power and luxury to the citizens which they ought not to have.

CHAP. II. ORIGIN OF THE RIGHT OF SLAVERY AMONG THE ROMAN CIVILIANS. ONE would never have imagined that slavery should owe its birth to pity, and that this should have been excited three different ways. The law of nations, to prevent prisoners from being put to death, has allowed them to be made slaves. The civil law of the Romans empowered debtors. who were subject to be ill used by their creditors, to sell themselves. And the law of nature requires, that children, whom a father, in the state of servitude, is no longer able to maintain, should be reduced to the same state as the father.

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These reasons of the civilians are all false. It is false that killing in war is lawful, unless in a case of absolute necessity: but, when a man has made another his slave, he cannot be said to have been under a necessity of taking away his life, since he actually did not take it away. War gives no other right over prisoners than to disable them from doing any farther harm, by securing their persons. All nations concur in detesting the murdering of prisoners in cold blood. Neither is it true that a freeman can sell himself. Sale implies a price: now, when a person sells himself, his whole substance immediately devolves to his master; the master, therefore, in that case, gives nothing, and the slave receives nothing. You will say he has a *peculium*. But this peculium goes along with his person. If it is not lawful for a man to kill himself, because he robs his country of his person, for the same reason he is not allowed to barter his freedom. The freedom of every citizen constitutes a part of the public liberty; and, in a democratical state, is even a part of the sovereignty. To sell one's freedom is so repugnant to all reason as can scarcely be supposed in any man. If liberty may be rated with respect to the buyer, it is beyond all price to the seller. The civil law, which authorizes a division of goods among men, cannot be thought to rank, among such goods, a part of the men who were to make this division. The same law annuls all iniquitous contracts: surely, then, it affords redress in a contract where the grievance is most enormous.

The third way is birth; which falls with the two former: for, if a man could not sell himself, much less could he sell an unborn infant. If a prisoner of war is not to be reduced to slavery, much less are his children.

The lawfulness of putting a malefactor to death arises from this circumstance; the law, by which he is punished, was made for his security. A murderer, for NEGROES. instance, has enjoyed the benefit of the very law which condemns him; it has been a continual protection to him; he cannot therefore object against it. The Europeans, having extirpated the Americans, But it is not so with the slave. The law of slavery can never be beneficial to him: it is in all cases against him, without ever being for his advantage: and therefore this law is contrary to the fundamental principle of all societies.

If it be pretended, that it has been beneficial to him, as his master has provided for his subsistence; slavery, at this rate, should be limited to those who are incapable of earning their livelihood. But who will take up with such slaves? As to infants, nature, who has supplied their mothers with milk, had provided for their sustenance; and the remainder of their childhood approaches so near the age in which they are most capable of being of service, that he who

supports them cannot be said to give them an equivalent, which can entitle him to be their master. Nor is slavery less opposite to the civil law than to that of nature. What civil law can restrain a slave from running away, since he is not a member of society, and consequently has no interest in any civil institutions? He can be retained only by a family law, that is, by the master's authority.

CHAP. III. ANOTHER ORIGIN OF THE RIGHT OF SLAVERY.

I would as soon say that the right of slavery proceeds from the contempt of one nation for another, founded on a difference in customs.

Lopez de Gamar relates, "that the Spaniards found, near St. Martha, several baskets full of crabs, snails, grashoppers, and locusts, which proved to be the ordinary provision of the natives: this the conquerors turned to a heavy charge against the conquered." The author owns that this, with their smoking and trimming their beards in a different manner, gave rise to the law by which the Americans became slaves to the Spaniards.

Knowledge humanizes mankind, and reason inclines to mildness, but prejudices eradicate every tender disposition.

CHAP. IV. ANOTHER ORIGIN OF THE RIGHT OF SLAVERY.

I would as soon say that religion gives its professors a right to enslave those who dissent from it, in order to render its propagation more easy.

This was the notion that encouraged the ravagers of America in their iniquity. Under the influence of this idea, they founded their right of enslaving so many nations: for these robbers, who would absolutely be both robbers and Christians, were superlatively devout. Lewis XIII was extremely uneasy at a law, by which all the Negroes of his colonies were to be made slaves; but, it being strongly urged to him as the readiest

means for their conversion, he acquiesced without farther scruple.

CHAP. V. OF THE SLAVERY OF THE

WERE I to vindicate our right to make slaves of the Negroes, these should be my arguments.

were obliged to make slaves of the Africans, for clearing such vast tracts of land.

Sugar would be too dear, if the plants which produce it were cultivated by any other than slaves.

These creatures are all over black, and with such a flat nose, that they can scarcely be pitied. It is hardly to be believed that God, who is a wise being, should place a soul, especially a good soul, in such a black ugly body. It is so natural to look upon colour as the criterion of human nature, that the Asiatics, among whom eunuchs are employed, always deprive the blacks of their resemblance to us by a more opprobrious distinction. The colour of the skin may be determined by that of the hair, which, among the Egyptians, (the best

philosophers in the world.) was of such importance. that they put to death all the red-haired men who fell into their hands.

The Negroes prefer a glass necklace to that gold which polite nations so highly value; can there be a greater proof of their wanting common-sense? It is impossible for us to suppose these creatures to be men; because, allowing them to be men, a suspicion would follow, that we ourselves are not Christians. Weak minds exaggerate too much the wrong done to the Africans. For, were the case as they state it, would the European powers, who make so many needless conventions among themselves, have failed to enter into a general one, in behalf of humanity and compassion?

SOURCE: http://oll.libertvfund.org/titles/837#lf0171-01 footnote nt 524

UNITED STATES DECLARATION **OF INDEPENDENCE**

Representatives of the United States of America, in General **Congress Assembled** 1776

In CONGRESS, July 4, 1776. A DECLARATION By the REPRESENTATIVES of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, In GENERAL CONGRESS assembled.

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When in the course of human Events, it becomes necessary for one People to dissolve the Political Bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the Earth, the separate and equal Station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent Respect to the Opinions of Mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the Separation.

← We hold these Truths to be selfevident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their

Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness -That to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just Powers from the Consent of the Governed, that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these Ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new Government. laying its Foundation on such Principles, and organizing its Powers in such Form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments

long established should not be changed for light and

transient Causes: and accordingly all Experience hath shewn, that Mankind are more disposed to suffer. while Evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the Forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long Train of Abuses and Usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a Design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their Right, it is their Duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future Security. Such has been the patient Sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the Necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The History of the Present King of Great-Britain is a History of repeated Injuries and Usurpations, all having in direct Object the Establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid World.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public Good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing Importance, unless suspended in their Operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the Accommodation of large Districts of People; unless those People would relinquish the Right of Representation in the Legislature, a Right inestimable to them, and formidable to Tyrants only.

He has called together Legislative Bodies at Places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the Depository of their public Records, for the sole Purpose of fatiguing them into Compliance with his Measures. He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly,

for opposing with manly Firmness his Invasions on the Rights of the People.

He has refused for a long Time, after such Dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the Dangers of Invasion from without, and Convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the Population of these States; for that Purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their Migrations hither, and raising the Conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciarv Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the Tenure of their Offices, and Amount and Payment of their Salaries.

He has erected a Multitude of new Offices, and sent hither Swarms of Officers to harass our People, and eat out their Substance.

He has kept among us, in Times of Peace, Standing Armies, without the consent of our Legislature. He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a

For guartering large Bodies of Armed Troops among us: For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all Parts of the World: For imposing taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us, in many Cases, of the Benefits of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended Offences:

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an arbitrary Government, and enlarging its Boundaries, so as to render it at once an Example and fit Instrument for introducing the same absolute Rule in these Colonies: For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Powers to legislate for us in all Cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us. He has plundered our Seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our Towns, and destroyed the Lives of our People.

He is, at this Time, transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the Works of Death, Desolation, and Tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty and Perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous Ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized Nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the Executioners of their Friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic Insurrections among us, and has endeavoured to bring on the Inhabitants of our Frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known Rule of Warfare, is an undistinguished Destruction, of all Ages, Sexes and Conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions we have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble Terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated Injury. A Prince, whose Character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the Ruler of a free People.

Nor have we been wanting in Attentions to our British Brethren. We have warned them from Time to Time of Attempts by their Legislature to extend an unwarrantable Jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the Circumstances of our Emigration and Settlement here. We have appealed to their native Justice and Magnanimity, and we have conjured 1788 them by the Ties of our common Kindred to disavow these Usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our Connections and Correspondence. They too have been deaf to the Voice of Justice and of Consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the Necessity, which denounces our Separation, and

Jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution, and unac- hold them, as we hold the rest of Mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace, Friends,

> We, therefore, the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the Rectitude of our Intentions, do, in the Name, and by the Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly Publish and Declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political Connection between them and the State of Great-Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved: and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm Reliance on the Protection of the divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor. Signed by Order and in Behalf of the Congress, JOHN HANCOCK, President,

> Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, Matthew Thornton, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry, Stephen Hopkins, William Ellery, Roger Sherman, Samuel Huntington, William Williams, Oliver Wolcott, William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Francis Lewis, Lewis Morris, Richard Stockton, John Witherspoon, Francis Hopkinson, John Hart, Abraham Clark, Robert Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin, John Morton, George Clymer, James Smith, George Taylor, James Wilson, George Ross, Caesar Rodney, George Read, Thomas McKean, Samuel Chase, William Paca, Thomas Stone, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, Jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton, William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn, Edward Rutledge, Thomas Heyward, Jr., Thomas Lynch, Jr., Arthur Middleton, Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, George Walton Attest. CHARLES THOMSON, Secretary.

SOURCE: http://www.archives.gov/exhibits/charters/ declaration_transcript.html

CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON Immanuel Kant

THE IDEA OF TRANSCENDENTAL PHILOSOPHY

Experience is no doubt the first product of our understanding, while employed in fashioning the raw material of our sensations. It is therefore our first

instruction, and in its progress so rich in new lessons that the chain of all future generations will never be in want of new information that may be gathered on that field. Nevertheless, experience is by no means the only field to which our understanding can be confined. Experience tells us what is, but not that it must be necessarily as it is, and not otherwise. It therefore never gives us any really general truths, and our reason, which is particularly anxious for that class of knowledge, is roused by it rather than satisfied. General truths, which at the same time bear the character of an inward necessity, must be independent of experience.—clear and certain by themselves. They are therefore called knowledge a priori, while what is simply taken from experience is said to be, in ordinary parlance, known a posteriori or empirically only. Now it appears, and this is extremely curious, that even with our experiences different kinds of knowledge are mixed up, which must have their origin a priori, and which perhaps serve only to produce a certain connection between our sensuous representations. For even if we remove from experience everything that belongs to the senses, there remain nevertheless certain original concepts, and certain judgments derived from them, which must have had their origin entirely a priori, and independent of all experience, because it is owing to them that we are able, or imagine we are able, to predicate more of the objects of our senses than can be learnt from mere experience, and that our propositions contain real generality and strict necessity, such as mere empirical knowledge can never supply.

But what is still more extraordinary is this, that certain kinds of knowledge leave the field of all possible experience, and seem to enlarge the sphere of our judgments beyond the limits of experience by means of concepts to which experience can never supply any corresponding objects.

And it is in this very kind of knowledge which transcends the world of the senses, and where experience can neither guide nor correct us, that reason prosecutes its investigations, which by their importance we consider far more excellent and by their tendency far more elevated than anything the understanding can find in the sphere of phenomena. Nay, we risk rather anything, even at the peril of error, than that we should surrender such investigations, either on the ground of their uncertainty, or from any feeling of indifference or contempt.

Now it might seem natural that, after we have left the solid ground of experience, we should not at once proceed to erect an edifice with knowledge which we possess without knowing whence it came, and trust to principles the origin of which is unknown, without having made sure of the safety of the foundations by means of careful examination. It would seem natural. I say, that philosophers should first of all have asked the question how the mere understanding could arrive at all this knowledge a priori, and what extent, what truth, and what value it could possess. If we take natural to mean what is just and reasonable, then indeed nothing could be more natural. But if we

understand by natural what takes place ordinarily. then, on the contrary, nothing is more natural and more intelligible than that this examination should have been neglected for so long a time. For one part of this knowledge, namely, the mathematical, has always been in possession of perfect trustworthiness; and thus produces a favourable presumption with regard to other parts also, although these may be of a totally different nature. Besides, once beyond the precincts of experience, and we are certain that experience can never contradict us, while the charm of enlarging our knowledge is so great that nothing will stop our progress until we encounter a clear contradiction. This can be avoided if only we are cautious in our imaginations, which nevertheless remain what they are, imaginations only. How far we can advance independent of all experience in a priori knowledge is shown by the brilliant example of mathematics. It is true they deal with objects and knowledge so far only as they can be represented in intuition. But this is easily overlooked, because that intuition itself may be given a priori, and be difficult to distinguish from a pure concept. Thus inspirited by a splendid proof of the power of reason, the desire of enlarging our knowledge sees no limits. The light dove, piercing in her easy flight the air and perceiving its resistance, imagines that flight would be easier still in empty space. It was thus that Plato left the world of sense, as opposing so many hindrances to our understanding, and ventured beyond on the wings of his ideas into the empty space of pure understanding. He did not perceive that he was making no progress by these endeavours, because he had no resistance as a fulcrum on which to rest or to apply his powers, in order to cause the understanding to advance. It is indeed a very common fate of human reason first of all to finish its speculative edifice as soon as possible, and then only to enquire whether the foundation be sure. Then all sorts of excuses are made in order to assure us as to its solidity, or to decline altogether such a late and dangerous enquiry. The reason why during the time of building we feel free from all anxiety and suspicion and believe in the apparent solidity of our foundation, is this:--A great, perhaps the greatest portion of what our reason finds to do consists in the analysis of our concepts of objects. This gives us a great deal of knowledge which, though it consists in no more than in simplifications and explanations of what is comprehended in our concepts (though in a confused manner), is yet considered as equal, at least in form, to new knowledge. It only separates and arranges our concepts, it does not enlarge them in matter or contents. As by this process we gain a kind of real knowledge a priori, which progresses safely and usefully, it happens that our reason, without being aware of it, appropriates under that pretence propositions of a totally different character, adding to given concepts new and strange ones a priori, without knowing whence they come, nay without even thinking of such a question. I shall

therefore at the very outset treat of the distinction

between these two kinds of knowledge.

OF THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN ANALYTICAL AND SYNTHETICAL JUDGMENTS

In all judgments in which there is a relation between subject and predicate (I speak of affirmative judgments only, the application to negative ones being easy), that relation can be of two kinds. Either the predicate B belongs to the subject A as something contained (though covertly) in the concept A; or B lies outside the sphere of the concept A, though somehow connected with it. In the former case I call the judgment analytical, in the latter synthetical. Analvtical judgments (affirmative) are therefore those in which the connection of the predicate with the subject is conceived through identity, while others in which that connection is conceived without identity. may be called synthetical. The former might be called illustrating, the latter expanding judgments, because in the former nothing is added by the predicate to the concept of the subject, but the concept is only divided into its constituent concepts which were always conceived as existing within it, though confusedly; while the latter add to the concept of the subject a predicate not conceived as existing within it, and not to be extracted from it by any process of mere analysis. If I say, for instance, All bodies are extended, this is an analytical judgment. I need not go beyond the concept connected with the name of body, in order to find that extension is connected with it. I have only to analyse that concept and become conscious of the manifold elements always contained in it, in order to find that predicate. This is therefore an analytical judgment. But if I say, All bodies are heavy, the predicate is something quite different from what I think as the mere concept of body. The addition of such a predicate gives us a synthetical judgment. It becomes clear from this,

\leftarrow 1. That our knowledge is in no 457

way extended by analytical judgments, but that all they effect is to

put the concepts which we possess into better order and render them more intelligible.

2. That in synthetical judgments I must have besides the concept of the subject something else (x) on which the understanding relies in order to know that a predicate, not contained in the concept, nevertheless belongs to it.

In empirical judgments this causes no difficulty, because this x is here simply the complete experience of an object which I conceive by the concept A, that concept forming one part only of my experience. For though I do not include the predicate of gravity in the general concept of body, that concept nevertheless indicates the complete experience through one of its parts, so that I may add other parts also of the same experience, all belonging to that concept. I may first, by an analytical process, realise the concept of body through the predicates of extension, impermeability, form, etc., all of which are contained in it. Afterwards I expand my knowledge, and looking back to the experience from which my concept of body was abstracted, I find gravity always connected with

the before-mentioned predicates. Experience therefore is the x which lies beyond the concept A, and on which rests the possibility of a synthesis of the predicate of gravity B with the concept A.

In synthetical judgments a priori, however, that help is entirely wanting. If I want to go beyond the concept A in order to find another concept B connected with it, where is there anything on which I may rest and through which a synthesis might become possible, considering that I cannot have the advantage of looking about in the field of experience? Take the proposition that all which happens has its cause. In the concept of something that happens I no doubt conceive of something existing preceded by time, and from this certain analytical judgments may be deduced. But the concept of cause is entirely outside that concept, and indicates something different from that which happens, and is by no means contained in that representation. How can I venture then to predicate of that which happens something totally different from it, and to represent the concept of cause, though not contained in it, as belonging to it, and belonging to it by necessity? What is here the unknown x, on which the understanding may rest in order to find beyond the concept A a foreign predicate B, which nevertheless is believed to be connected with it? It cannot be experience, because the proposition that all which happens has its cause represents this second predicate as added to the subject not only with greater generality than experience can ever supply, but also with a character of necessity, and therefore purely a priori, and based on concepts. All our speculative knowledge a priori aims at and rests on such synthetical, i.e. expanding propositions, for the analytical are no doubt very important and necessary, yet only in order to arrive at that clearness of concepts which is requisite for a safe and wide synthesis, serving as a really new addition to what we possess already.

SOURCE: http://oll.libertyfund.org/?option=com_ staticxt&staticfile=show.php%3Ftitle=1442&chapter=97710&layout=h tml&Itemid=27

A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN Mary Wollstonecraft 1792

TO M. TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD LATF **BISHOP OF AUTUN** Sir.

← Having read with great pleasure a 458

pamphlet which you have lately published I dedicate this volume to you; to induce you to reconsider the subject, and maturely weigh what I have advanced respecting the rights of woman and national education: and I call with the firm tone of humanity: for my arguments, Sir, are dictated by a disinterested spirit-I plead for my sex, not for myself. Independence I have long considered as the grand blessing of life,

the basis of every virtue-and independence I will ever secure by contracting my wants, though I were to live on a barren heath. It is then an affection for the whole human race that makes my pen dart rapidly along to support what I

believe to be the cause of virtue: and the same motive leads me earnestly to wish to see woman placed in a station in which she would advance, instead of retarding, the progress of those glorious principles that give a substance to morality. My opinion, indeed, respecting the rights and duties of woman, seems to flow so naturally from these simple principles, that I think it scarcely possible, but that some of the enlarged minds who formed your admirable constitution, will coincide with me.

In France there is undoubtedly a more general diffusion of knowledge than in any part of the European world, and I attribute it, in a great measure, to the social intercourse which has long subsisted between the sexes. It is true, I utter my sentiments with freedom, that in France the very essence of sensuality has been extracted to regale the voluptuary, and a kind of sentimental lust has prevailed, which, together with the system of duplicity that the whole tenour of their political and civil government taught, have given a sinister sort of sagacity to the French character, properly termed finesse; from which naturally flow a polish of manners that injures the substance, by hunting sincerity out of society.-And, modesty, the fairest garb of virtue! has been more grossly insulted in France than even in England, till their women have treated as prudish that attention to decency, which brutes instinctively observe.

Manners and morals are so nearly allied that they have often been confounded, but, though the former should only be the natural reflection of the latter, vet, when various causes have produced factitious and corrupt manners, which are very early caught, morality becomes an empty name. The personal reserve, and sacred respect for cleanliness and delicacy in domestic life, which French women almost despise, are the graceful pillars of modesty; but, far

from despising them, if the pure flame of patriotism have reached their bosoms, they should labour to improve the morals of their fellow-citizens, by teaching men, not only to respect modesty in women, but to acquire it themselves, as the only way to merit their esteem.

Contending for the rights of woman, my main argument is built on this simple principle, that if she be not prepared by education to become the companion of man, she will stop the progress of knowledge and virtue; for truth must be common to all, or it will be inefficacious with respect to its influence on general practice. And how can woman be expected to cooperate unless she know why she ought to be virtuous? Unless freedom strengthen her reason till she comprehend her duty, and see in what manner it is connected with her real good? If children are to be educated to understand the true principle of patriotism, their mother must be a patriot; and the love of mankind, from which an orderly train of virtues spring, can only be produced by considering the moral and civil interest of mankind; but the education and situation of woman, at present, shuts her out from such investigations.

In this work I have produced many arguments, which to me were conclusive, to prove that the prevailing notion respecting a sexual character was subversive of morality, and I have contended, that to render the human body and mind more perfect, chastity must more universally prevail, and that chastity will never be respected in the male world till the person of a woman is not, as it were, idolized, when little virtue or sense embellish it with the grand traces of mental beauty, or the interesting simplicity of affection.

Consider, Sir, dispassionately, these observations -for a glimpse of this truth seemed to open before you when you observed, 'that to see one half of the human race excluded by the other from all participation of government, was a political phaenomenon that, according to abstract principles, it was impossible to explain.' If so, on what does your constitution rest? If the abstract rights of man will bear discussion and explanation, those of woman, by a parity of reasoning, will not shrink from the same test: though a different opinion prevails in this country, built on the very arguments which you use to justify the oppression of woman-prescription.

Consider, I address you as a legislator, whether, when men contend for their freedom, and to be allowed to judge for themselves respecting their own happiness, it be not inconsistent and unjust to subjugate women, even though you firmly believe that you are acting in the manner best calculated to promote their happiness? Who made man the exclusive judge, if woman partake with him the gift of reason?

In this style, argue tyrants of every denomination, from the weak king to the weak father of a family: they are all eager to crush reason; yet always assert that they usurp its throne only to be useful. Do you not act a similar part, when you force all women, by denying them civil and political rights, to remain immured in their families groping in the dark? For

surely. Sir, you will not assert, that a duty can be binding which is not founded on reason? If indeed this be their destination, arguments may be drawn from reason: and thus augustly supported, the more understanding women acquire, the more they will be attached to their duty-comprehending it-for I am, Sir, unless they comprehend it, unless their morals be fixed on the same immutable principle as those of man, no authority can make them discharge it in a virtuous manner. They may be convenient slaves, but slavery will have its constant effect, degrading the master and the abject dependent.

But, if women are to be excluded, without having a voice, from a participation of the natural rights of mankind, prove first, to ward off the charge of injustice and inconsistency, that they want reason-else this flaw in your NEW CONSTITUTION will ever shew that man must, in some shape, act like a tyrant, and tyranny, in whatever part of society it rears its brazen front, will ever undermine morality.

I have repeatedly asserted, and produced what appeared to me irrefragable arguments drawn from matters of fact, to prove my assertion, that women cannot, by force, be confined to domestic concerns; for they will, however ignorant, intermeddle with more weighty affairs, neglecting private duties only to disturb, by cunning tricks, the orderly plans of reason which rise above their comprehension.

Besides, whilst they are only made to acquire personal accomplishments, men will seek for pleasure in variety, and faithless husbands will make faithless wives, such ignorant beings, indeed, will be very excusable when, not taught to respect public good, nor allowed any civil rights, they attempt to do themselves justice by retaliation.

The box of mischief thus opened in society, what is to preserve private virtue, the only security of public freedom and universal happiness?

Let there be then no coercion established in society, and the common law of gravity prevailing, the sexes will fall into their proper places. And, now that more equitable laws are forming your citizens, marriage may become more sacred: your young men may choose wives from motives of affection, and your maidens allow love to root out vanity.

The father of a family will not then weaken his constitution and debase his sentiments, by visiting the harlot, nor forget, in obeying the call of appetite, the purpose for which it was implanted. And, the mother will not neglect her children to practise the arts of coquetry, when sense and modesty secure her the friendship of her husband.

But, till men become attentive to the duty of a father, it is vain to expect women to spend that time in their nursery which they, 'wise in their generation,' choose to spend at their glass; for this exertion of cunning is only an instinct of nature to enable them to obtain indirectly a little of that power of which they are unjustly denied a share: for, if women are not permitted to enjoy legitimate rights, they will render both men and themselves vicious, to obtain illicit privileges. I wish, Sir, to set some investigations of this kind afloat

in France: and should they lead to a confirmation of my principles, when your constitution is revised the Rights of Woman may be respected, if it be fully proved that reason calls for this respect, and loudly demands JUSTICE for one half of the human race.

Yours respectfully.

M.W.

SOURCE: http://oll.libertyfund.org/index.php?option=com_staticxt &staticfile=show.php%3Ftitle=126&Itemid=28

DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN AND THE CITIZEN French National Assembly

08.1789

The Representatives of the French people, organized in National Assembly, considering that ignorance, forgetfulness, or contempt of the rights of man are the sole causes of public miseries and the corruption of governments, have resolved to set forth in a solemn declaration the natural, inalienable, and sacred rights of man, so that this declaration, being ever present to all the members of the social body, may unceasingly remind them of their rights and duties; in order that the acts of the legislative power, and those of the executive power, may at each moment be compared with the aim and of every political institution and thereby may be more respected; and in order that the demands of the citizens, grounded henceforth upon simple and incontestable principles, may always take the direction of maintaining the constitution and welfare of all.

In consequence, the National Assembly recognizes and declares, in the presence and under the auspices of the Supreme Being, the following rights of man and citizen:

ARTICLES:

1. Men are born free and remain free and equal in rights. Social distinctions can be based only on public utility.

 \leftarrow 2. The aim of every political .59 association is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of

man. These rights are liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression.

3. The sources of all sovereignty resides essentially in the nation; no body, no individual can exercise authority that does not proceed from it in plain terms. 4. Liberty consists in the power to do anything that does not injure others; accordingly, the exercise of the rights of each man has no limits except those that secure the enjoyment of these same rights to the

other members of society. These limits can be determined only by law.

5. The law has only the rights to forbid such actions as are injurious to society. Nothing can be forbidden that is not interdicted by the law, and no one can be constrained to do that which it does not order.

6. Law is the expression of the general will. All citizens have the right to take part personally, or by their representatives, in its formation. It must be the same for all, whether it protects or punishes. All citizens, being equal in its eyes, are equally eligible to all public dignities, places, and employments, according to their capacities, and without other distinction than that of their virtues and talents.

7. No man can be accused, arrested, or detained, except in the cases determined by the law and according to the forms it has prescribed. Those who procure, expedite, execute, or cause arbitrary orders to be executed, ought to be punished: but every citizen summoned were seized in virtue of the law ought to render instant obedience; he makes himself guilty by resistance.

8. The law ought only to establish penalties that are strict and obviously necessary, and no one can be punished except in virtue of a law established and promulgated prior to the offense and legally applied. 9. Every man being presumed innocent until he has been pronounced guilty, if it is thought indispensable to arrest him, all severity that may not be necessary to secure his person ought to be strictly suppressed by law.

10. No one should be disturbed on account of his opinions, even religious, provided their manifestation does not upset the public order established by law. **11.** The free communication of ideas and opinions is one of the most precious of the rights of man; every citizen can then freely speak, write, and print, subject to responsibility for the abuse of this freedom in the cases as determined by law.

12. The guarantee of the rights of man and citizen requires a public force: this force then is instituted for the advantage of all and not for the personal benefit of those to whom it is entrusted.

13. A general tax is indispensable for the maintenance of the public force and for the expenses of administration; it ought to be equally apportioned among all citizens according to their means.

14. All the citizens have a right to ascertain, by themselves or by their representatives, the necessity of the public tax, to consent to it freely, to follow the employment of it, and to determine the guota, the assessment, the collection, and the duration of it. **15.** Society has the right to call for an account of his administration by every public agent.

16. Any society in which the guarantee of the rights is not secured, or the separation of powers not determined, has no constitution at all.

17. Property being a sacred and inviolable right, no one can be deprived of it, unless a legally established public necessity evidently demands it, under the condition of a just and prior indemnity. SOURCE: http://www.historyguide.org/intellect/declaration.html

FAUST

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe 1808

FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY

NIGHT

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(A lofty-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber. FAUST, in a chair at his desk, restless.) FAUST

> ← I've studied now Philosophy And Jurisprudence, Medicine,-And even, alas! Theology,-

From end to end, with labor keen: And here, poor fool! with all my lore I stand, no wiser than before: I'm Magister—yea, Doctor—hight, And straight or cross-wise, wrong or right, These ten years long, with many woes, I've led my scholars by the nose,-And see, that nothing can be known! That knowledge cuts me to the bone. I'm cleverer, true, than those fops of teachers, Doctors and Magisters, Scribes and Preachers; Neither scruples nor doubts come now to smite me, Nor Hell nor Devil can longer affright me.

For this, all pleasure am I foregoing; I do not pretend to aught worth knowing, I do not pretend I could be a teacher To help or convert a fellow-creature. Then, too, I've neither lands nor gold, Nor the world's least pomp or honor hold-No dog would endure such a curst existence! Wherefore, from Magic I seek assistance, That many a secret perchance I reach Through spirit-power and spirit-speech, And thus the bitter task forego Of saving the things I do not know.— That I may detect the inmost force Which binds the world, and guides its course; Its germs, productive powers explore, And rummage in empty words no more!

O full and splendid Moon, whom I Have, from this desk, seen climb the sky So many a midnight,-would thy glow For the last time beheld my woe! Ever thine eye, most mournful friend, O'er books and papers saw me bend; But would that I, on mountains grand, Amid thy blessed light could stand, With spirits through mountain-caverns hover, Float in thy twilight the meadows over, And, freed from the fumes of lore that swathe me. To health in thy dewy fountains bathe me!

Ah, me! this dungeon still I see. This drear, accursed masonry, Where even the welcome daylight strains But duskly through the painted panes. Hemmed in by many a toppling heap Of books worm-eaten, gray with dust, Which to the vaulted ceiling creep, Against the smoky paper thrust,— With glasses, boxes, round me stacked, And instruments together hurled, Ancestral lumber, stuffed and packed— Such is my world: and what a world!

And do I ask, wherefore my heart Falters, oppressed with unknown needs? Why some inexplicable smart All movement of my life impedes? Alas! in living Nature's stead, Where God His human creature set. In smoke and mould the fleshless dead And bones of beasts surround me vet! Fly! Up, and seek the broad, free land! And this one Book of Mystery From Nostradamus' very hand, Is't not sufficient company? When I the starry courses know. And Nature's wise instruction seek, With light of power my soul shall glow, As when to spirits spirits speak. Tis vain, this empty brooding here, Though guessed the holy symbols be: Ye, Spirits, come-ye hover near-Oh, if you hear me, answer me!

(He opens the Book, and perceives the sign of the Macrocosm.)

Ha! what a sudden rapture leaps from this I view, through all my senses swiftly flowing! I feel a youthful, holy, vital bliss In every vein and fibre newly glowing. Was it a God, who traced this sign, With calm across my tumult stealing, My troubled heart to joy unsealing. With impulse, mystic and divine, The powers of Nature here, around my path, revealing? Am I a God?—so clear mine eyes! In these pure features I behold Creative Nature to my soul unfold. What says the sage, now first I recognize: "The spirit-world no closures fasten; Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead: Disciple, up! untiring, hasten To bathe thy breast in morning-red!"

(He contemplates the sign.)

How each the Whole its substance gives, Each in the other works and lives! Like heavenly forces rising and descending, Their golden urns reciprocally lending, With wings that winnow blessing From Heaven through Earth I see them pressing, Filling the All with harmony unceasing! How grand a show! but, ah! a show alone. Thee, boundless Nature, how make thee my own? Where you, ye beasts? Founts of all Being, shining, Whereon hang Heaven's and Earth's desire, Whereto our withered hearts aspire,— Ye flow, ye feed: and am I vainly pining?

(He turns the leaves impatiently, and perceives the sign of the Earth-Spirit.)

How otherwise upon me works this sign! Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer: Even now my powers are loftier, clearer; I glow, as drunk with new-made wine: New strength and heart to meet the world incite me. The woe of earth, the bliss of earth, invite me, And though the shock of storms may smite me. No crash of shipwreck shall have power to fright me! Clouds gather over me-The moon conceals her light-The lamp's extinguished!-Mists rise,-red, angry rays are darting Around my head!—There falls A horror from the vaulted roof. And seizes me! I feel thy presence, Spirit I invoke! Reveal thyself! Ha! in my heart what rending stroke! With new impulsion My senses heave in this convulsion! I feel thee draw my heart, absorb, exhaust me: Thou must! thou must! and though my life it cost me!

(He seizes the book, and mysteriously pronounces the sign of the Spirit. A ruddy flame flashes: the Spirit appears in the flame.) SOURCE: Faust

PALAIS ROYAL (LOST ILLUSIONS) Honoré de Balzac 1837–1843

PART II

The Wooden Galleries of the Palais Royal used to be one of the most famous sights of Paris. Some description of the squalid bazar will not be out of place; for there are few men of forty who will not take an interest in recollections of a state of things which will seem incredible to a younger generation. The great dreary, spacious Galerie d'Orléans, that flowerless hothouse, as yet was not; the space upon which it now stands was covered with booths; or, to be more precise, with small, wooden dens, pervious to the weather, and dimly illuminated on the side of the court and the garden by borrowed lights styled windows by courtesy, but more like the filthiest arrangements for obscuring daylight to be found in little wineshops in the suburbs.

The Galleries, parallel passages about twelve feet in height, were formed by a triple row of shops. The centre row, giving back and front upon the Galleries. was filled with the fetid atmosphere of the place, and derived a dubious daylight through the invariably dirty windows of the roof; but so thronged were these hives, that rents were excessively high, and as much as a thousand crowns was paid for a space scarce six feet by eight. The outer rows gave respectively upon the garden and the court, and were covered on that side by a slight trellis-work painted green, to protect the crazy plastered walls from continual friction with the passers-by. In a few square feet of earth at the back of the shops, strange freaks of vegetable life unknown to science grew amid the products of various no less flourishing industries. You beheld a rosebush capped with printed paper in such a sort that the flowers of rhetoric were perfumed by the cankered blossoms of that ill-kept. ill-smelling garden. Handbills and ribbon streamers of every hue flaunted gaily among the leaves; natural flowers competed unsuccessfully for an existence with odds and ends of millinery. You discovered a knot of ribbon adorning a green tuft; the dahlia admired afar proved on a nearer view to be a satin rosette.

461 ← The Palai from the gat

← The Palais seen from the court or from the garden was a fantastic

sight, a grotesque combination of walls of plaster patchwork which had once been whitewashed, of blistered paint, heterogeneous placards, and all the most unaccountable freaks of Parisian squalor; the green trellises were prodigiously the dingier for constant contact with a Parisian public. So, upon either side, the fetid, disreputable approaches might have been there for the express purpose of warning away fastidious people; but fastidious folk no more recoiled before these horrors than the prince in the fairy stories turns tail at sight of the dragon or of the other obstacles put between him and the princess by the wicked fairy.

There was a passage through the centre of the Galleries then as now; and, as at the present day, you entered them through the two peristyles begun before the Revolution, and left unfinished for lack of funds; but in place of the handsome modern arcade leading to the Théâtre-Français, you passed along a narrow, disproportionately lofty passage, so ill-roofed that the rain came through on wet days. All the roofs of the hovels indeed were in very bad repair, and covered here and again with a double thickness of tarpaulin. A famous silk mercer once brought an action against the Orléans family for damages done in the course of a night to his stock of shawls and stuffs, and gained the day and a considerable sum. It was in this last-named passage, called "The Glass Gallery" to distinguish it from the Wooden Galleries, that Chevet laid the foundations of his fortunes. Here, in the Palais, you trod the natural soil of Paris,

augmented by importations brought in upon the boots of foot passengers; here, at all seasons, you stumbled among hills and hollows of dried mud swept daily by the shopman's besom, and only after some practice could you walk at your ease. The treacherous mudheaps, the window-panes incrusted with deposits of dust and rain, the mean-looking hovels covered with ragged placards, the grimy unfinished walls, the general air of a compromise between a gypsy camp, the booths of a country fair, and the temporary structures that we in Paris build round about public monuments that remain unbuilt; the grotesque aspect of the mart as a whole was in keeping with the seething traffic of various kinds carried on within it: for here in this shameless, unblushing haunt, amid wild mirth and a babel of talk, an immense amount of business was transacted between the Revolution of 1789 and the Revolution of 1830.

For twenty years the Bourse stood just opposite, on the ground floor of the Palais. Public opinion was manufactured, and reputations made and ruined here, just as political and financial jobs were arranged. People made appointments to meet in the Galleries before or after 'Change; on showery days the Palais Royal was often crowded with weatherbound capitalists and men of business. The structure which had grown up, no one knew how, about this point was strangely resonant, laughter was multiplied; if two men quarreled, the whole place rang from one end to the other with the dispute. In the daytime milliners and booksellers enjoyed a monopoly of the place; towards nightfall it was filled with women of the town. Here dwelt poetry, politics, and prose, new books and classics, the glories of ancient and modern literature side by side with political intrigue and the tricks of the bookseller's trade. Here all the very latest and newest literature were sold to a public which resolutely decline to buy elsewhere. Sometimes several thousand copies of such and such a pamphlet by Paul-Louis Courier would be sold in a single evening; and people crowded thither to buy Les aventures de la fille d'un Roi-that first shot fired by the Orleanists at The Charter promulgated by Louis XVIII.

When Lucien made his first appearance in the Wooden Galleries, some few of the shops boasted proper fronts and handsome windows, but these in every case looked upon the court or the garden. As for the centre row, until the day when the whole strange colony perished under the hammer of Fontaine the architect, every shop was open back and front like a booth in a country fair, so that from within you could look out upon either side through gaps among the goods displayed or through the glass doors. As it was obviously impossible to kindle a fire, the tradesmen were fain to use charcoal chafingdishes, and formed a sort of brigade for the prevention of fires among themselves; and, indeed, a little carelessness might have set the whole quarter blazing in fifteen minutes, for the plank-built republic, dried by the heat of the sun, and haunted by too inflammable human material, was bedizened with

OF POPULATION. AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING THE POWER OF INCREASE IN THE NUMBERS OF MANKIND William Godwin 1820

BOOK V.

OF THE MEANS WHICH THE EARTH AFFORDS FOR THE SUBSISTENCE OF MAN.

CHAPTER I.

of the present state of the globe as it relates to human subsistence.

The pith of all Mr. Malthus's speculations lies in establishing a geometrical ratio for the power of increase in the human species, and an arithmetical ratio for the power of increase in the means of subsistence: and his capital inference is, that, at least in all old settled countries, or rather in all countries, except those where land is to be had freely, or at a very low rate, and agriculture is understood, the population is continually limited and kept down by the limits of the means of subsistence, and there is always a somewhat greater number of inhabitants, than the food of the country will fully and wholsomely nourish. We have already enquired into the solidity of the doctrine of the Essay on Population, respecting that excessive tendency of the human species to increase. which it represents as "a source of mischief to mankind, in comparison with which all the evils entailed upon us by human institutions, however erroneous or oppressive, are in reality light and superficial," and scarcely deserve the name of calamity. We have seen, that it is at least problematical, whether there is a tendency in the human species to increase, and that, for any thing that appears from the enumerations and documents hitherto collected, it may be one of the first duties incumbent on the true statesman and friend of human kind, to prevent that diminution in the numbers of his fellow-men, which has been thought, by some of the profoundest enquirers, ultimately to threaten the extinction of our species. It is proper that we should now proceed to examine the other branch of Mr. Malthus's doctrine, that which relates to the means of subsistence; concerning which he will be seen to have fallen into errors not less ill-founded and pernicious, than those which concern the possible numbers of mankind.

I might indeed content myself to dismiss this part of my subject with all possible brevity. Having, I trust, for ever put to rest Mr. Malthus's geometrical ratio for the increase ot mankind, I might rest satisfied with his arithmetical ratio for the increase of the means of subsistence, as abundantly sufficient to satisfy all the demands which the human species are ever likely to make upon it. But there are many reasons why I do not think proper to stop here.—To proceed then.

The first thing perhaps that would arrest the observation of an enlightened enquirer, who should set himself down to survey the globe we inhabit according to the latest authorities, is the scanty and sparing way in which man, of whose nature we are, and in many respects with good reason, so proud, is scattered over the face of the earth. What immense deserts, what vast tracts of yet unconquered forests, the asylum only of wild beasts, or of the most pernicious and contemptible animals, have we occasion to observe! When I travel even through many parts of England, it seems to me that I pass through a country, which has but just begun to be reclaimed from the tyranny of savage nature. I believe I may venture to affirm that there is one third of the island which does not vet feel the hands of the cultivator: not to mention the very imperfect and inadequate manner in which the other two-thirds are turned to use. Man seems formed to subdue all these, to chase the wild beasts and either to tame or destroy their species, to fell the forests, and to render the most ungrateful soil productive. If indeed we are qualified to "increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth," it might be hoped that, at a period however distant, the whole surface of all lands might be "cultivated like a garden." But, for some reason or other, the very reverse of this is glaringly and deplorably the case.

And it is in a world, thus cheerless and melancholy in the point of view in which we are considering it, that Mr. Malthus has thought it opportune to blow the trumpet of desolation. He tells us, that the chief evil we have to fear is from the too great increase of population, and that this evil not only threatens to fall upon us, when the whole earth shall be subdued and turned to use, but that, "at every period during the progress of cultivation, from the present moment to the time when the whole shall become like a garden, the distress for the want of food will be, more or less, constantly pressing on mankind."

CHAPTER II.

of the number of human beings which the globe is capable of maintaining on our present systems of husbandry and cultivation.

I am desirous, on the present occasion, of shutting out every thing conjectural, and which therefore by a certain class of reasoners might be called visionary. One practical way of looking at the subject is this. The habitable parts of the globe are computed to occupy a space of thirty-nine millions of square miles, and its human inhabitants to amount to six hundred millions. Of this surface China is said to constitute 1,300,000 square miles. Now, let us admit the present population of China to stand at three hundred millions of souls. How fully China is cultivated I do not know; but I have as little doubt as Mr. Malthus appears to have, that the soil of that empire might be made greatly more effective for the purposes of human subsistence, than it is at present. But let us assume, for the sake of argument, the cultivation of China for the standard of possible cultivation, and consequently its population for the standard of

muslin and paper and gauze, and ventilated at times by a thorough draught.

The milliners' windows were full of impossible hats and bonnets, displayed apparently for advertisement rather than for sale, each on a separate iron spit with a knob at the top. The galleries were decked out in all the colors of the rainbow. On what heads would those dusty bonnets end their careers?--for a score of years the problem had puzzled frequenters of the Palais. Saleswomen, usually plain-featured, but vivacious, waylaid the feminine foot passenger with cunning importunities, after the fashion of marketwomen, and using much the same language; a shopgirl, who made free use of her eyes and tongue, sat outside on a stool and harangued the public with "Buy a pretty bonnet, madame?—Do let me sell you something!"-varying a rich and picturesque vocabulary with inflections of the voice, with glances, and remarks upon the passers-by. Booksellers and milliners lived on terms of mutual understanding.

But it was in the passage known by the pompous title of the "Glass Gallery" that the oddest trades were carried on. Here were ventriloguists and charlatans of every sort, and sights of every description, from the kind where there is nothing to see to panoramas of the globe. One man who has since made seven or eight hundred thousand francs by traveling from fair to fair began here by hanging out a signboard, a revolving sun in a blackboard, and the inscription in red letters: "Here Man may see what God can never see. Admittance, two sous." The showman at the door never admitted one person alone, nor more than two at a time. Once inside, you confronted a great looking-glass; and a voice, which might have terrified Hoffmann of Berlin, suddenly spoke as if some spring had been touched, "You see here, gentlemen, something that God can never see through all eternity, that is to say, your like. God has not His like." And out you went, too shamefaced to confess to your stupidity.

Voices issued from every narrow doorway, crying up the merits of Cosmoramas, views of Constantinople, marionettes, automatic chess-players, and performing dogs who would pick you out the prettiest woman in the company. The ventriloquist Fritz-James flourished here in the Café Borel before he went to fight and fall at Montmartre with the young lads from the Ecole polytechnique. Here, too, there were fruit and flower shops, and a famous tailor whose gold-laced uniforms shone like the sun when the shops were lighted at night.

Of a morning the galleries were empty, dark, and deserted; the shopkeepers chatted among themselves. Towards two o'clock in the afternoon the Palais began to fill; at three, men came in from the Bourse, and Paris, generally speaking, crowded the place. Impecunious youth, hungering after literature, took the opportunity of turning over the pages of the books exposed for sale on the stalls outside the booksellers' shops; the men in charge charitably allowed a poor student to pursue his course of free studies; and in this way a duodecimo volume of

some two hundred pages, such as Smarra or Pierre Schlemihl, or Jean Sbogar or Jocko, might be devoured in a couple of afternoons. There was something very French in this alms given to the young, hungry, starved intellect. Circulating libraries were not as yet; if you wished to read a book, you were obliged to buy it, for which reason novels of the early part of the century were sold in numbers which now seem well-nigh fabulous to us.

But the poetry of this terrible mart appeared in all its splendor at the close of the day. Women of the town, flocking in and out from the neighboring streets, were allowed to make a promenade of the Wooden Galleries. Thither came prostitutes from every quarter of Paris to "do the Palais." The Stone Galleries belonged to privileged houses, which paid for the right of exposing women dressed like princesses under such and such an arch, or in the corresponding space of garden; but the Wooden Galleries were the common ground of women of the streets. This was the Palais, a word which used to signify the temple of prostitution. A woman might come and go, taking away her prey whithersoever seemed good to her. So great was the crowd attracted thither at night by the women, that it was impossible to move except at a slow pace, as in a procession or at a masked ball. Nobody objected to the slowness; it facilitated examination. The women dressed in a way that is never seen nowadays. The bodices cut extremely low both back and front; the fantastical head-dresses, designed to attract notice: here a cap from the Pays de Caux, and there a Spanish mantilla: the hair crimped and curled like a poodle's, or smoothed down in bandeaux over the forehead; the close-fitting white stockings and limbs, revealed it would not be easy to say how, but always at the right moment-all this poetry of vice has fled. The license of question and reply, the public cynicism in keeping with the haunt, is now unknown even at masquerades or the famous public balls. It was an appalling, gay scene. The dazzling white flesh of the women's necks and shoulders stood out in magnificent contrast against the men's almost invariably sombre costumes. The murmur of voices, the hum of the crowd, could be heard even in the middle of the garden as a sort of droning bass, interspersed with fioriture of shrill laughter or clamor of some rare dispute. You saw gentlemen and celebrities cheek by jowl with gallows-birds. There was something indescribably piquant about the anomalous assemblage; the most insensible of men felt its charm, so much so, that, until the very last moment, Paris came hither to walk up and down on the wooden planks laid over the cellars where men were at work on the new buildings; and when the squalid wooden erections were finally taken down, great and unanimous regret was felt. SOURCE: http://www.gutenberg.org/files/31565/31565-h/

files/1559/1559-h/1559-h.htm

possible population. The earth then, if all its habitable parts could be made as fertile as China, is equal to the sustaining a population of nine thousand millions of human beings. In other words, wherever one human being is now found in existence, the earth is capable, not in theory only, and according to conceived improvements no where yet realised, but judging from approved facts, instead of that one, of subsisting fifteen.

The majority of men seem to have laboured under some deception as to the population of China. It is principally in the vast extent of an empire said to be every where so flourishing, that China is worthy of admiration. Taking from Pinkerton the dimensions of China on the one hand, and of England and Wales on the other. I find that, if the latter were as well stocked with citizens as the former, it would contain 13,461,923 inhabitants, that is about three millions beyond the returns to the population-act of 1811. Now it has been admitted by the most phlegmatic enquirers, that England and Wales might easily be made to maintain double their present number of inhabitants. Of course such enquirers proceed on the assumption, that there are tracts incapable of being profitably applied to the purposes of human subsistence. By parity of reason therefore the soil of China itself is very far from being turned to all the profit of which it is susceptible, for the subsistence of the human species.

The latter end of Mr. Malthus's system is of a character extremely discordant with the beginning. The author of the Essay on Population has been understood as proceeding upon the impression, that the surface of the earth was limited, containing only so many square miles, but that the power of population, upon the assumption of his geometrical ratio, was unlimited, and that the greater was at any time the actual number of human beings, the greater would be the power of increase.

I cannot but think that the first contemplation that would have suggested itself to an enlightened philanthropist, proceeding on these premises, would have been something like the following.

Man is an admirable creature, the beauty of the world, which, if he did not exist in it, would be "a habitation of dragons, and a court for owls; the wild beast of the desert would cry to the wild beast of the islands; baboons would dance there; and its pleasant places be filled with all doleful creatures."

462 ← How delightful a speculation then is it, that man is endowed by allbountiful nature with an unlimited

power of multiplying his species! I would look out upon the cheerless and melancholy world which has just been described, and imagine it all cultivated, all improved, all variegated with a multitude of human beings, in a state of illumination, of innocence, and of active benevolence, to which the progress of thought, and the enlargement of mind seem naturally to lead, beyond any thing that has yet any where been realised. I would count up the acres and the square miles of the surface of the

earth, and consider them all as the estate in fee simple of the human intellect.

I would extend my view from China and England, countries already moderately, and but moderately peopled, to the plains of North America, of South America, of Africa, of many tracts of Asia, of the north of Europe, of Spain, and various other divisions of the prolific world. I should contemplate with delight the extensive emigrations that have taken place to North America, and plan and chalk out, as far as my capacity and endowments of study would permit me, similar emigrations to other parts of the world, that should finally make the whole earth at least as populous as China is at present. SOURCE: http://oll.libertyfund.org/titles/1720

LES MISÉRABLES Victor Hugo

1862

VOLUME I.—FANTINE. PREFACE

463 ← So long as there shall exist, by virtue of law and custom, decrees of damnation pronounced by society,

artificially creating hells amid the civilization of earth, and adding the element of human fate to divine destiny; so long as the three great problems of the century—the degradation of man through pauperism, the corruption of woman through hunger, the crippling of children through lack of light—are unsolved; so long as social asphyxia is possible in any part of the world;—in other words, and with a still wider significance, so long as ignorance and poverty exist on earth, books of the nature of Les Misérables cannot fail to be of use.

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, 1862. FANTINE

BOOK FIRST—A JUST MAN

CHAPTER I-M. MYRIEL

In 1815, M. Charles-Francois-Bienvenu Myriel was Bishop of D—— He was an old man of about seventyfive years of age; he had occupied the see of D— since 1806.

Although this detail has no connection whatever with the real substance of what we are about to relate, it will not be superfluous, if merely for the sake of exactness in all points, to mention here the various rumors and remarks which had been in circulation about him from the very moment when he arrived in the diocese. True or false, that which is said of men often occupies as important a place in their lives, and above all in their destinies, as that which they do. M. Myriel was the son of a councillor of the Parliament of Aix; hence he belonged to the nobility of the bar. It was said that his father, destining him to be the heir of his own post, had married him at a very early age, eighteen or twenty, in accordance with a custom which is rather widely prevalent in parliamentary families. In spite of this marriage, however, it was said that Charles Myriel created a great deal of talk. He was well formed, though rather short in stature, elegant, graceful, intelligent; the whole of the first portion of his life had been devoted to the world and to gallantry.

The Revolution came: events succeeded each other with precipitation; the parliamentary families, decimated, pursued, hunted down, were dispersed, M. Charles Myriel emigrated to Italy at the very beginning of the Revolution. There his wife died of a malady of the chest, from which she had long suffered. He had no children. What took place next in the fate of M. Myriel? The ruin of the French society of the olden days, the fall of his own family, the tragic spectacles of '93, which were, perhaps, even more alarming to the emigrants who viewed them from a distance, with the magnifying powers of terror,-did these cause the ideas of renunciation and solitude to germinate in him? Was he, in the midst of these distractions, these affections which absorbed his life, suddenly smitten with one of those mysterious and terrible blows which sometimes overwhelm, by striking to his heart, a man whom public catastrophes would not shake, by striking at his existence and his fortune? No one could have told: all that was known was, that when he returned from Italy he was a priest. In 1804, M. Myriel was the Curé of B— [Brignolles]. He was already advanced in years, and lived in a very retired manner.

About the epoch of the coronation, some petty affair connected with his curacy-just what, is not precisely known-took him to Paris. Among other powerful persons to whom he went to solicit aid for his parishioners was M. le Cardinal Fesch. One day, when the Emperor had come to visit his uncle, the worthy Curé, who was waiting in the anteroom, found himself present when His Majesty passed. Napoleon, on finding himself observed with a certain curiosity by this old man, turned round and said abruptly:-"Who is this good man who is staring at me?" "Sire," said M. Myriel, "you are looking at a good man, and I at a great man. Each of us can profit by it." That very evening, the Emperor asked the Cardinal the name of the Curé, and some time afterwards M. Myriel was utterly astonished to learn that he had been appointed Bishop of D-----.

What truth was there, after all, in the stories which were invented as to the early portion of M. Myriel's life? No one knew. Very few families had been acquainted with the Myriel family before the Revolution. M. Myriel had to undergo the fate of every newcomer in a little town, where there are many mouths which talk, and very few heads which think. He was obliged to undergo it although he was a bishop, and because

he was a bishop. But after all, the rumors with which his name was connected were rumors only,—noise, sayings, words; less than words—palabres, as the energetic language of the South expresses it.

However that may be, after nine years of episcopal power and of residence in D—, all the stories and subjects of conversation which engross petty towns and petty people at the outset had fallen into profound oblivion. No one would have dared to mention them; no one would have dared to recall them.

M. Myriel had arrived at D— accompanied by an elderly spinster, Mademoiselle Baptistine, who was his sister, and ten years his junior.

Their only domestic was a female servant of the same age as Mademoiselle Baptistine, and named Madame Magloire, who, after having been the servant of M. le Curé, now assumed the double title of maid to Mademoiselle and housekeeper to Monseigneur.

Mademoiselle Baptistine was a long, pale, thin, gentle creature; she realized the ideal expressed by the word "respectable"; for it seems that a woman must needs be a mother in order to be venerable. She had never been pretty; her whole life, which had been nothing but a succession of holy deeds, had finally conferred upon her a sort of pallor and transparency; and as she advanced in years she had acquired what may be called the beauty of goodness. What had been leanness in her youth had become transparency in her maturity; and this diaphaneity allowed the angel to be seen. She was a soul rather than a virgin. Her person seemed made of a shadow; there was hardly sufficient body to provide for sex: a little matter enclosing a light; large eyes forever drooping; -a mere pretext for a soul's remaining on the earth.

Madame Magloire was a little, fat, white old woman, corpulent and bustling; always out of breath,—in the first place, because of her activity, and in the next, because of her asthma.

On his arrival, M. Myriel was installed in the episcopal palace with the honors required by the Imperial decrees, which class a bishop immediately after a major-general. The mayor and the president paid the first call on him, and he, in turn, paid the first call on the general and the prefect.

The installation over, the town waited to see its bishop at work.

SOURCE: Les Misérables

ESSAYS ON THE THEORY OF NUMBERS **Richard Dedekind** 1887

THE NATURE AND MEANING OF NUMBERS PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

 \leftarrow In science nothing capable of

464 proof ought to be accepted without proof. Though this demand seems so reasonable vet I cannot regard it as having been met even in the most recent methods of laving the foundations of the simplest science; viz., that part of logic which deals with the theory of numbers. In speaking of arithmetic (algebra, analysis) as a part of logic I mean to imply that I consider the numberconcept entirely independent of the notions or intuitions of space and time, that I consider it an immediate result from the laws of thought. My answer to the problems propounded in the title of this paper is, then, briefly this: numbers are free creations of the human mind; they serve as a means of apprehending more easily and more sharply the difference of things.

It is only through the purely logical process of building up the science of numbers and by thus acquiring the continuous number-domain that we are prepared accurately to investigate our notions of space and time by bringing them into relation with this numberdomain created in our mind. If we scrutinise closely what is done in counting an aggregate or number of things, we are led to consider the ability of the mind to relate things to things, to let a thing correspond to a thing, or to represent a thing by a thing, an ability without which no thinking is possible. Upon this unique and therefore absolutely indispensable foundation, as I have already affirmed in an announcement of this paper, must, in my judgment, the whole science of numbers be established. The design of such a presentation I had formed before the publication of my paper on Continuity, but only after its appearance and with many interruptions occasioned by increased official duties and other necessary labors, was I able in the years 1872 to 1878 to commit to paper a first rough draft which several mathematicians examined and partially discussed with me. It bears the same title and contains, though not arranged in the best order, all the essential fundamental ideas of my present paper, in which they are more carefully elaborated. As such, main points I mention here [are] the sharp distinction between finite and infinite (64), the notion of the number [Anzahl] of things (161), the proof that the form of argument known as complete induction (or the inference from n to n+1) is really conclusive (59), (60), (80), and that therefore the definition by induction (or recursion) is determinate and consistent (126).

This memoir can be understood by any one possessing what is usually called good common sense; no technical philosophic, or mathematical, knowledge

is in the least degree required. But I feel conscious that many a reader will scarcely recognise in the shadowy forms which I bring before him his numbers which all his life long have accompanied him as faithful and familiar friends; he will be frightened by the long series of simple inferences corresponding to our step-by-step understanding, by the matter-offact dissection of the chains of reasoning on which the laws of numbers depend, and will become impatient at being compelled to follow out proofs for truths which to his supposed inner consciousness seem at once evident and certain. On the contrary in just this possibility of reducing such truths to others more simple, no matter how long and apparently artificial the series of inferences, I recognise a convincing proof that their possession or belief in them is never given by inner consciousness but is always gained only by a more or less complete repetition of the individual inferences. I like to compare this action of thought, so difficult to trace on account of the rapidity of its performance, with the action which an accomplished reader performs in reading; this reading always remains a more or less complete repetition of the individual steps which the beginner has to take in his wearisome spelling-out; a very small part of the same, and therefore a very small effort or exertion of the mind, is sufficient for the practised reader to recognise the correct, true word, only with very great probability, to be sure; for, as is well known, it occasionally happens that even the most practised proof-reader allows a typographical error to escape him, i. e., reads falsely, a thing which would be impossible if the chain of thoughts associated with spelling were fully repeated. So from the time of birth, continually and in increasing measure we are led to relate things to things and thus to use that faculty of the mind on which the creation of numbers depends; by this practice continually occurring, though without definite purpose, in our earliest years and by the attending formation of judgments and chains of reasoning we acquire a store of real arithmetic truths to which our first teachers later refer as to something simple, self-evident, given in the inner consciousness; and so it happens that many very complicated notions (as for example that of the number [Anzahl] of things) are erroneously regarded as simple. In this sense which I wish to express by the word formed after a well-known saving αεί ο άνθρωπος αριθμητίζαι, I hope that the following pages, as an attempt to establish the science of numbers upon a uniform foundation will find a generous welcome and that other mathematicians will be led to reduce the long series of inferences to more moderate and attractive proportions. In accordance with the purpose of this memoir I re-

strict myself to the consideration of the series of socalled natural numbers. In what way the gradual extension of the number-concept, the creation of zero, negative, fractional, irrational and complex numbers are to be accomplished by reduction to the earlier notions and that without any introduction of foreign conceptions (such as that of measurable

magnitudes, which according to my view can attain perfect clearness only through the science of numbers), this I have shown at least for irrational numbers in my former memoir on Continuity (1872); in a way wholly similar, as I have already shown in Section III. of that memoir, may the other extensions be treated, and I propose sometime to present this whole subject in systematic form. From just this point of view it appears as something self-evident and not new that every theorem of algebra and higher analysis, no matter how remote, can be expressed as a theorem about natural numbers, -a declaration I have heard repeatedly from the lips of Dirichlet. But I see nothing meritorious-and this was just as far from Dirichlet's thought—in actually performing this wearisome circumlocution and insisting on the use and recognition of no other than rational numbers. On the contrary, the greatest and most fruitful advances in mathematics and other sciences have invariably been made by the creation and introduction of new concepts, rendered necessary by the frequent recurrence of complex phenomena which could be controlled by the old notions only with difficulty. On this subject I gave a lecture before the philosophic faculty in the summer of 1854 on the occasion of my admission as Privat-Docent in Göttingen. The scope of this lecture met with the approval of Gauss; but this is not the place to go into further detail.

Instead of this I will use the opportunity to make some remarks relating to my earlier work, mentioned above, on Continuity and Irrational Numbers. The theory of irrational numbers there presented, wrought out in the fall of 1853, is based on the phenomenon (Section IV.) occurring in the domain of rational numbers which I designate by the term cut [Schnitt] and which I was the first to investigate carefully; it culminates in the proof of the continuity of the new domain of real numbers (Section V., iv.). It appears to me to be somewhat simpler, I might say easier, than the two theories, different from it and from each other, which have been proposed by Weierstrass and G. Cantor, and which likewise are perfectly rigorous. It has since been adopted without essential modification by U. Dini in his Fondamenti per la teorica delle funzioni di variabili reali (Pisa, 1878); but the fact that in the course of this exposition my name happens to be mentioned, not in the description of the purely arithmetic phenomenon of the cut, but when the author discusses the existence of a measurable quantity corresponding to the cut, might easily lead to the supposition that my theory rests upon the consideration of such quantities. Nothing could be further from the truth; rather have I in Section III. of my paper advanced several reasons why I wholly reject the introduction of measurable quantities; indeed, at the end of the paper I have pointed out with respect to their existence that for a great part of the science of space the continuity of its configurations is not even a necessary condition, guite aside from the fact that in works on geometry arithmetic is only casually mentioned by name but is never clearly defined and therefore cannot be employed in demonstrations.

To explain this matter more clearly I note the following example: If we select three non-collinear points A, B, C at pleasure, with the single limitation that the ratios of the distances AB, AC, BC are algebraic numbers, and regard as existing in space only those points M, for which the ratios of AM, BM, CM to AB are likewise algebraic numbers, then is the space made up of the points M, as is easy to see, everywhere discontinuous; but in spite of this discontinuity, and despite the existence of gaps in this space, all constructions that occur in Euclid's Elements, can, so far as I can see, be just as accurately effected as in perfectly continuous space: the discontinuity of this space would not be noticed in Euclid's science, would not be felt at all. If any one should say that we cannot conceive of space as anything else than continuous. I should venture to doubt it and to call attention to the fact that a far advanced, refined scientific training is demanded in order to perceive clearly the essence of continuity and to comprehend that besides rational quantitative relations, also irrational, and besides algebraic, also transcendental quantitative relations are conceivable. All the more beautiful it appears to me that without any notion of measurable quantities and simply by a finite system of simple thought-steps man can advance to the creation of the pure continuous number-domain; and only by this means in my view is it possible for him to render the notion of continuous space clear and definite.

The same theory of irrational numbers founded upon the phenomenon of the cut is set forth in the Introduction à la théorie des fonctions d'une variable by J. Tannery (Paris, 1886). If I rightly understand a passage in the preface to this work, the author has thought out his theory independently, that is, at a time when not only my paper, but Dini's Fondamenti mentioned in the same preface, was unknown to him. This agreement seems to me a gratifying proof that my conception conforms to the nature of the case, a fact recognised by other mathematicians, e.g., by Pasch in his Einleitung in die Differential- und Integralrechnung (Leipzig, 1883). But I cannot quite agree with Tannery when he calls this theory the development of an idea due to J. Bertrand and contained in his Traité d'arithmétique, consisting in this that an irrational number is defined by the specification of all rational numbers that are less and all those that are greater than the number to be defined. As regards this statement which is repeated by Stolz-apparently without careful investigation-in the preface to the second part of his Vorlesungen über allgemeine Arithmetik (Leipzig, 1886), I venture to remark the following: That an irrational number is to be considered as fully defined by the specification just described, this conviction certainly long before the time of Bertrand was the common property of all mathematicians who concerned themselves with the notion of the irrational. Just this manner of determining it is in the mind of every computer who calculates the irrational root of an equation by approximation, and if, as Bertrand does exclusively in his book, (the eighth edition, of the year 1885, lies

is in variable positions, nearer to or further from the

PARADE OF MASTERPIECES

before me.) one regards the irrational number as the ratio of two measurable quantities, then is this manner of determining it already set forth in the clearest possible way in the celebrated definition which Euclid gives of the equality of two ratios (Elements, V., 5). This same most ancient conviction has been the source of my theory as well as that of Bertrand and many other more or less complete attempts to lay the foundations for the introduction of irrational numbers into arithmetic. But though one is so far in perfect agreement with Tannery, yet in an actual examination he cannot fail to observe that Bertrand's presentation, in which the phenomenon of the cut in its logical purity is not even mentioned, has no similarity whatever to mine, inasmuch as it resorts at once to the existence of a measurable quantity, a notion which for reasons mentioned above I wholly reject. Aside from this fact this method of presentation seems also in the succeeding definitions and proofs, which are based on the postulate of this existence, to present gaps so essential that I still regard the statement made in my paper (Section VI.), that the theorem $\sqrt{2} \times \sqrt{3} = \sqrt{6}$ has nowhere yet been strictly demonstrated, as justified with respect to this work also, so excellent in many other regards and with which I was unacquainted at that time.

R. Dedekind. Harzburg, October 5, 1887. SOURCE: Essays on the Theory of Numbers

UN COUP DE DÉS JAMAIS N'ABOLIRA LE HASARD Stéphane Mallarmé 1897

MALLARMÉ'S PREFACE OF 1897

'I would prefer that this Note was not read, or, skimmed, was forgotten; it tells the knowledgeable reader little that is beyond his or her penetration: but may confuse the uninitiated, prior to their looking at the first words of the Poem, since the ensuing words, laid out as they are, lead on to the last, with no novelty except the spacing of the text. The 'blanks' indeed take on importance, at first glance; the versification demands them, as a surrounding silence, to the extent that a fragment, lyrical or of a few beats, occupies, in its midst, a third of the space of paper: I do not transgress the measure, only disperse it. The paper intervenes each time as an image, of itself, ends or begins once more, accepting a succession of others, and, since, as ever, it does nothing, of regular sonorous lines or verse-rather prismatic subdivisions of the Idea, the instant they appear, and as long as they last, in some precise intellectual performance, that

implicit guiding thread, because of the verisimilitude the text imposes. The literary value, if I am allowed to say so, of this print-less distance which mentally separates groups of words or words themselves, is to periodically accelerate or slow the movement, the scansion, the sequence even, given one's simultaneous sight of the page: the latter taken as unity, as elsewhere the Verse is or perfect line. Imagination flowers and vanishes, swiftly, following the flow of the writing, round the fragmentary stations of a capitalised phrase introduced by and extended from the title. Everything takes place, in sections, by supposition: narrative is avoided. In addition this use of the bare thought with its retreats, prolongations, and flights, by reason of its very design, for anyone wishing to read it aloud, results in a score. The variation in printed characters between the dominant motif, a secondary one and those adjacent, marks its importance for oral utterance and the scale, mid-way, at top or bottom of the page will show how the intonation rises or falls. (Only certain very bold instructions of mine, encroachments etc. forming the counterpoint to this prosody, a work which lacks precedent, have been left in a primitive state: not because I agree with being timid in my attempts; but because it is not for me, save by a special pagination or volume of my own, in a Periodical so courageous, gracious and accommodating as it shows itself to be to real freedom, to act too contrary to custom. I will have shown, in the Poem below, more than a sketch, a 'state' which yet does not entirely break with tradition; will have furthered its presentation in many ways too, without offending anyone; sufficing to open a few eyes. (This applies to the 1897 printing specifically: translator's note.) Today, without presuming anything about what will emerge from this in future, nothing, or almost a new art, let us readily accept that the tentative participates, with the unforeseen, in the pursuit, specific and dear to our time, of free verse and the prose poem. Their meeting takes place under an influence, alien I know, that of Music heard in concert; one finds there several techniques that seem to me to belong to Literature, I reclaim them. The genre, which is becoming one, like the symphony, little by little, alongside personal poetry, leaves intact the older verse; for which I maintain my worship, and to which I attribute the empire of passion and dreams, though this may be the preferred means (as follows) of dealing with subjects of pure and complex imagination or intellect: which there is no remaining justification for excluding from Poetry-the unique source.' ← A THROW OF THE DICE NEVER, 465 EVEN WHEN TRULY CAST IN

THE ETERNAL CIRCUMSTANCE OF A SHIPWRECK'S DEPTH.

Can be only the Abyss raging, whitened, stalled beneath the desperately sloping incline of its own wing, through an advance falling back from ill to take flight, and veiling the gushers, restraining the surges, gathered far within the shadow buried deep

by that alternative sail, almost matching its yawning depth to the wingspan, like a hull of a vessel rocked from side to side

THE MASTER, beyond former calculations, where the lost manoeuvre with the age rose implying that formerly he grasped the helm of this conflagration of the concerted horizon at his feet, that readies itself: moves; and merges with the blow that grips it, as one threatens fate and the winds, the unique Number, which cannot be another Spirit, to hurl it into the storm, relinquish the cleaving there, and pass proudly; hesitates, a corpse pushed back by the arm from the secret, rather than taking sides, a hoary madman. on behalf of the waves: one overwhelms the head. flows through the submissive beard, straight shipwreck that, of the man without a vessel, empty no matter where

ancestrally never to open the fist clenched beyond the helpless head, a legacy, in vanishing, to someone ambiguous, the immemorial ulterior demon having, from non-existent regions, led the old man towards this ultimate meeting with probability, this his childlike shade caressed and smoothed and rendered supple by the wave, and shielded from hard bone lost between the planks born of a frolic, the sea through the old man or the old man against the sea, making a vain attempt, an Engagement whose dread the veil of illusion rejected, as the phantom of a gesture will tremble, collapse, madness, WILL NEVER ABOLISH AS IF A simple insinuation into silence, entwined with irony, or the mystery hurled, howled, in some close swirl of mirth and terror, whirls round the abyss without scattering or dispersing and cradles the virgin index there AS IF

a solitary plume overwhelmed, untouched, that a cap of midnight grazes, or encounters, and fixes, in crumpled velvet with a sombre burst of laughter, that rigid whiteness, derisory, in opposition to the heavens, too much so not to signal closely any bitter prince of the reef, heroically adorned with it, indomitable, but contained by his petty reason, virile in lightning anxious expiatory and pubescent dumb laughter that IF the lucid and lordly crest of vertigo on the invisible brow sparkles, then shades, a slim dark tallness, upright in its siren coiling, at the moment of striking, through impatient ultimate scales, bifurcated, a rock a deceptive manor suddenly evaporating in fog that imposed limits on the infinite

IT WAS THE NUMBER, stellar outcome, WERE IT TO HAVE EXISTED other than as a fragmented, agonised hallucination: WERE IT TO HAVE BEGUN AND END-ED, a surging that denied, and closed, when visible at last, by some profusion spreading in sparseness; WERE IT TO HAVE AMOUNTED to the fact of the total. though as little as one: WERE IT TO HAVE LIGHTED. IT WOULD BE, worse no more nor less indifferently but as much. CHANCE Falls the plume, rhythmic suspense of the disaster, to bury itself in the original foam, from which its delirium formerly leapt to the summit faded by the same neutrality of abyss

NOTHING of the memorable crisis where the event

human outcomes, WILL HAVE TAKEN PLACE a commonplace elevation pours out absence BUT THE PLACE some lapping below, as if to scatter the empty act abruptly, that otherwise by its falsity would have plumbed perdition, in this region of vagueness, in which all reality dissolves

EXCEPT at the altitude PERHAPS, as far as a place fuses with, beyond, outside the interest signalled regarding it, in general, in accord with such obliquity, through such declination of fire, towards what must be the Wain also North A CONSTELLATION cold with neglect and desuetude, not so much though that it fails to enumerate, on some vacant and superior surface, the consecutive clash, sidereally, of a final account in formation, attending, doubting, rolling, shining and meditating before stopping at some last point that crowns it All Thought expresses a Throw of the Dice

SOURCE: Un Coup de Dés Jamais N'Abolira Le Hasard

IN SEARCH OF LOST TIME Marcel Proust 1913

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There is a large element of hazard in these matters. and a second hazard, that of our own death, often prevents us from awaiting for any length of time the favours of the first.

> ← I feel that there is much to be said for the Celtic belief that the souls of those whom we have lost are held

captive in some inferior being, in an animal, in a plant, in some inanimate object, and so effectively lost to us until the day (which to many never comes) when we happen to pass by the tree or to obtain possession of the object which forms their prison. Then they start and tremble, they call us by our name, and as soon as we have recognised their voice the spell is broken. We have delivered them: they have overcome death and return to share our life. And so it is with our own past. It is a labour in vain to attempt to recapture it: all the efforts of our intellect must prove futile. The past is hidden somewhere outside the realm, beyond the reach of intellect, in some material object (in the sensation which that material object will give us) which we do not suspect. And as for that object, it depends on chance whether we come upon it or not before we ourselves must die.

Many years had elapsed during which nothing of Combray, save what was comprised in the theatre and the drama of my going to bed there, had any existence for me, when one day in winter, as I came home, my mother, seeing that I was cold, offered me matured, accomplished in sight of all non-existent some tea, a thing I did not ordinarily take. I declined

at first, and then, for no particular reason, changed my mind. She sent out for one of those short, plump little cakes called 'petites madeleines,' which look as though they had been moulded in the fluted scallop of a pilgrim's shell. And soon, mechanically, weary after a dull day with the prospect of a depressing morrow. I raised to my lips a spoonful of the tea in which I had soaked a morsel of the cake. No sooner had the warm liquid, and the crumbs with it, touched my palate than a shudder ran through my whole body, and I stopped, intent upon the extraordinary changes that were taking place. An exquisite pleasure had invaded my senses, but individual, detached, with no suggestion of its origin. And at once the vicissitudes of life had become indifferent to me, its disasters innocuous, its brevity illusory-this new sensation having had on me the effect which love has of filling me with a precious essence; or rather this essence was not in me, it was myself. I had ceased now to feel mediocre, accidental, mortal. Whence could it have come to me, this all-powerful joy? I was conscious that it was connected with the taste of tea and cake, but that it infinitely transcended those savours, could not, indeed, be of the same nature as theirs. Whence did it come? What did it signify? How could I seize upon and define it?

I drink a second mouthful, in which I find nothing more than in the first, a third, which gives me rather less than the second. It is time to stop; the potion is losing its magic. It is plain that the object of my quest, the truth, lies not in the cup but in myself. The tea has called up in me, but does not itself understand. and can only repeat indefinitely with a gradual loss of strength, the same testimony; which I, too, cannot interpret, though I hope at least to be able to call upon the tea for it again and to find it there presently, intact and at my disposal, for my final enlightenment. I put down my cup and examine my own mind. It is for it to discover the truth. But how? What an abyss of uncertainty whenever the mind feels that some part of it has straved beyond its own borders: when it, the seeker, is at once the dark region through which it must go seeking, where all its equipment will avail it nothing. Seek? More than that: create. It is face to face with something which does not so far exist, to which it alone can give reality and substance, which it alone can bring into the light of day. And I begin again to ask myself what it could have been, this unremembered state which brought with it no logical proof of its existence, but only the sense that it was a happy, that it was a real state in whose presence other states of consciousness melted and vanished. I decide to attempt to make it reappear. I retrace my thoughts to the moment at which I drank the first spoonful of tea. I find again the same state, illumined by no fresh light. I compel my mind to make one further effort, to follow and recapture once again the fleeting sensation. And that nothing may interrupt it in its course I shut out every obstacle, every extraneous idea, I stop my ears and inhibit all attention to the sounds which come from the next room. And then, feeling that my mind is growing fatigued

without having any success to report. I compel it for a change to enjoy that distraction which I have just denied it, to think of other things, to rest and refresh itself before the supreme attempt. And then for the second time I clear an empty space in front of it. I place in position before my mind's eye the still recent taste of that first mouthful, and I feel something start within me, something that leaves its resting-place and attempts to rise, something that has been embedded like an anchor at a great depth; I do not know yet what it is, but I can feel it mounting slowly; I can measure the resistance, I can hear the echo of great spaces traversed.

Undoubtedly what is thus palpitating in the depths of my being must be the image, the visual memory which, being linked to that taste, has tried to follow it into my conscious mind. But its struggles are too far off, too much confused; scarcely can I perceive the colourless reflection in which are blended the uncapturable whirling medley of radiant hues, and I cannot distinguish its form, cannot invite it, as the one possible interpreter, to translate to me the evidence of its contemporary, its inseparable paramour, the taste of cake soaked in tea; cannot ask it to inform me what special circumstance is in guestion, of what period in my past life.

Will it ultimately reach the clear surface of my consciousness, this memory, this old, dead moment which the magnetism of an identical moment has travelled so far to importune, to disturb, to raise up out of the very depths of my being? I cannot tell. Now that I feel nothing, it has stopped, has perhaps gone down again into its darkness, from which who can say whether it will ever rise? Ten times over I must essay the task, must lean down over the abyss. And each time the natural laziness which deters us from every difficult enterprise, every work of importance, has urged me to leave the thing alone, to drink my tea and to think merely of the worries of to-day and of my hopes for to-morrow, which let themselves be pondered over without effort or distress of mind.

And suddenly the memory returns. The taste was that of the little crumb of madeleine which on Sunday mornings at Combray (because on those mornings I did not go out before church-time), when I went to say good day to her in her bedroom, my aunt Léonie used to give me, dipping it first in her own cup of real or of lime-flower tea. The sight of the little madeleine had recalled nothing to my mind before I tasted it; perhaps because I had so often seen such things in the interval, without tasting them, on the trays in pastry-cooks' windows, that their image had dissociated itself from those Combray days to take its place among others more recent; perhaps because of those memories, so long abandoned and put out of mind, nothing now survived, everything was scattered; the forms of things, including that of the little scallop-shell of pastry, so richly sensual under its severe, religious folds, were either obliterated or had been so long dormant as to have lost the power of expansion which would have allowed them to

resume their place in my consciousness. But when 1.13 The facts in logical space are the world. from a long-distant past nothing subsists, after the 1.2 The world divides into facts. people are dead, after the things are broken and scattered, still, alone, more fragile, but with more vitality, more unsubstantial, more persistent, more faithful, the smell and taste of things remain poised a long time, like souls, ready to remind us, waiting and hoping for their moment, amid the ruins of all the rest; and bear unfaltering, in the tiny and almost impalpable drop of their essence, the vast structure of recollection.

And once I had recognized the taste of the crumb of madeleine soaked in her decoction of lime-flowers which my aunt used to give me (although I did not yet know and must long postpone the discovery of why this memory made me so happy) immediately the old arev house upon the street, where her room was, rose up like the scenery of a theatre to attach itself to the little pavilion, opening on to the garden, which had been built out behind it for my parents (the isolated panel which until that moment had been all that I could see); and with the house the town, from morning to night and in all weathers, the Square where I was sent before luncheon, the streets along which I used to run errands, the country roads we took when it was fine. And just as the Japanese amuse themselves by filling a porcelain bowl with water and steeping in it little crumbs of paper which until then are without character or form, but, the moment they become wet, stretch themselves and bend, take on colour and distinctive shape, become flowers or houses or people, permanent and recognisable, so in that moment all the flowers in our garden and in M. Swann's park, and the water-lilies on the Vivonne and the good folk of the village and their little dwellings and the parish church and the whole of Combray and of its surroundings, taking their proper shapes and growing solid, sprang into being, town and gardens alike, from my cup of tea. SOURCE: In Search of Lost Time

TRACTATUS LOGICO-PHILOSOPHICUS Ludwig Wittgenstein

1921

← 1 The world is everything that is 467 the case.

1.1 The world is the totality of facts. not of things.

1.11 The world is determined by the facts, and by these being all the facts.

1.12 For the totality of facts determines both what is the case, and also all that is not the case.

1.21 Any one can either be the case or not be the

case, and everything else remains the same.

2 What is the case, the fact, is the existence of atomic facts.

2.01 An atomic fact is a combination of objects (entities, things).

2.011 It is essential to a thing that it can be a constituent part of an atomic fact.

2.012 In logic nothing is accidental: if a thing can occur in an atomic fact the possibility of that atomic fact must already be prejudged in the thing.

2.0121 It would, so to speak, appear as an accident, when to a thing that could exist alone on its own account, subsequently a state of affairs could be made to fit.

If things can occur in atomic facts, this possibility must already lie in them.

(A logical entity cannot be merely possible. Logic treats of every possibility, and all possibilities are its facts.)

Just as we cannot think of spatial objects at all apart from space, or temporal objects apart from time, so we cannot think of any object apart from the possibility of its connection with other things.

If I can think of an object in the context of an atomic fact.

I cannot think of it apart from the possibility of this context.

2.0122 The thing is independent, in so far as it can occur in all possible circumstances, but this form of independence is a form of connection with the atomic fact, a form of dependence. (It is impossible for words to occur in two different ways, alone and in the proposition.)

2.0123 If I know an object, then I also know all the possibilities of its occurrence in atomic facts.

(Every such possibility must lie in the nature of the object.)

A new possibility cannot subsequently be found.

2.01231 In order to know an object, I must know not its external but all its internal qualities.

2.0124 If all objects are given, then thereby are all possible atomic facts also given.

2.013 Every thing is, as it were, in a space of possible atomic facts. I can think of this space as empty, but not of the thing without the space.

2.0131 A spatial object must lie in infinite space. (A point in space is a place for an argument.)

A speck in a visual field need not be red, but it must have a colour; it has, so to speak, a colour space round it. A tone must have a pitch, the object of the sense of touch a hardness, etc.

2.014 Objects contain the possibility of all states of affairs.

2.0141 The possibility of its occurrence in atomic facts is the form of the object.

2.02 The object is simple.

2.0201 Every statement about complexes can be analysed into a statement about their constituent parts, and into those propositions which completely describe the complexes.

- Therefore they cannot be compound.
- 2.0211 If the world had no substance, then whether a proposition had sense would depend on whether another proposition was true.
- 2.0212 It would then be impossible to form a picture of the world (true or false).
- 2.022 It is clear that however different from the real one an imagined world may be, it must have something—a form—in common with the real world. 2.023 This fixed form consists of the objects.
- mine a form and not any material properties. For these are first presented by the propositions-first This connection of the elements of the picture is formed by the configuration of the objects.
- 2.0232 Roughly speaking: objects are colourless. 2.0233 Two objects of the same logical form areapart from their external properties-only differentiated from one another in that they are different.
- 2.02331 Either a thing has properties which no other has, and then one can distinguish it straight away from the others by a description and refer to it; or, on the other hand, there are several things which have the totality of their properties in common, and then it is guite impossible to point to any one of them. For if a thing is not distinguished by anything, I cannot distinguish it-for otherwise it would be distinauished.
- 2.024 Substance is what exists independently of what is the case.
- 2.025 It is form and content.
- 2.0251 Space, time and colour (colouredness) are forms of objects.
- 2.026 Only if there are objects can there be a fixed form of the world.
- **2.027** The fixed, the existent and the object are one. 2.0271 The object is the fixed, the existent; the configuration is the changing, the variable.
- **2.0272** The configuration of the objects forms the atomic fact.
- 2.03 In the atomic fact objects hang one in another, like the members of a chain.
- 2.031 In the atomic fact the objects are combined in a definite way.
- 2.032 The way in which objects hang together in the atomic fact is the structure of the atomic fact. 2.033 The form is the possibility of the structure. 2.034 The structure of the fact consists of the
- structures of the atomic facts. 2.04 The totality of existent atomic facts is the world.
- 2.05 The totality of existent atomic facts also determines which atomic facts do not exist.
- **2.06** The existence and non-existence of atomic facts is the reality.
- fact, their non-existence a negative fact.)
- 2.061 Atomic facts are independent of one another. 2.062 From the existence or non-existence of an atomic fact we cannot infer the existence or nonexistence of another.
- 2.063 The total reality is the world.

- 2.1 We make to ourselves pictures of facts.
- 2.021 Objects form the substance of the world. 2.11 The picture presents the facts in logical space. the existence and non-existence of atomic facts.

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- 2.12 The picture is a model of reality.
- 2.13 To the objects correspond in the picture the elements of the picture.
- 2.131 The elements of the picture stand, in the picture, for the objects.
- 2.14 The picture consists in the fact that its elements are combined with one another in a definite way. 2.141 The picture is a fact.
- 2.15 That the elements of the picture are combined 2.0231 The substance of the world can only deter- with one another in a definite way, represents that the things are so combined with one another.
 - called its structure, and the possibility of this structure is called the form of representation of the picture. 2.151 The form of representation is the possibility that the things are combined with one another as are the elements of the picture.
 - 2.1511 Thus the picture is linked with reality; it reaches up to it.
 - 2.1512 It is like a scale applied to reality.
 - 2.15121 Only the outermost points of the dividing lines touch the object to be measured.
 - 2.1513 According to this view the representing relation which makes it a picture, also belongs to the picture.
 - 2.1514 The representing relation consists of the co-ordinations of the elements of the picture and the thinas.
 - 2.1515 These co-ordinations are as it were the feelers of its elements with which the picture touches reality.
 - 2.16 In order to be a picture a fact must have something in common with what it pictures.
 - 2.161 In the picture and the pictured there must be something identical in order that the one can be a picture of the other at all.
 - 2.17 What the picture must have in common with reality in order to be able to represent it after its manner-rightly or falsely-is its form of representation.
 - 2.171 The picture can represent every reality whose form it has. The spatial picture, everything spatial, the coloured, everything coloured, etc.
 - 2.172 The picture, however, cannot represent its form of representation; it shows it forth.
 - 2.173 The picture represents its object from without (its standpoint is its form of representation), therefore the picture represents its object rightly or falsely.
 - 2.174 But the picture cannot place itself outside of its form of representation.
- 2.18 What every picture, of whatever form, must (The existence of atomic facts we also call a positive have in common with reality in order to be able to represent it at all-rightly or falsely-is the logical form, that is, the form of reality.
 - 2.181 If the form of representation is the logical form, then the picture is called a logical picture.
 - 2.182 Every picture is also a logical picture. (On the other hand, for example, not every picture is spatial.)

- 2.19 The logical picture can depict the world.
- 2.2 The picture has the logical form of representa- Itvn! tion in common with what it pictures.
- 2.201 The picture depicts reality by representing a possibility of the existence and non-existence of atomic facts.
- 2.202 The picture represents a possible state of affairs in logical space.
- 2.203 The picture contains the possibility of the state of affairs which it represents.
- 2.21 The picture agrees with reality or not; it is right or wrong, true or false.
- 2.22 The picture represents what it represents, independently of its truth or falsehood, through the form of representation.
- 2.221 What the picture represents is its sense. sense with reality, its truth or falsity consists. 2.223 In order to discover whether the picture is
- true or false we must compare it with reality. 2.224 It cannot be discovered from the picture If it were gold.
- alone whether it is true or false. 2.225 There is no picture which is a priori true.
- (...) 7 Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be
- silent
- SOURCE: Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus

THE CANTOS Ezra Pound 1922

Canto IV

- Palace in smoky light,
- Troy but a heap of smouldering boundary stones, ANAXIFORMINGES! Aurunculeia! Hear me. Cadmus of Golden Prows! The silver mirrors catch the bright stones and flare. Dawn, to our waking, drifts in the green cool light; Dew-haze blurs, in the grass, pale ankles moving. Beat, beat, whirr, thud, in the soft turf
 - under the apple trees,
- Choros nympharum, goat-foot, with the pale foot alternate:
- Crescent of blue-shot waters, green-gold in the shallows.
- A black cock crows in the sea-foam:
- And by the curved, carved foot of the couch.
- claw-foot and lion head, an old man seated Speaking in the low drone...:
- ltyn!
- Et ter flebiliter, Ityn, Ityn!

- "All the while, the while, swallows crying: "It is Cabestan's heart in the dish." "It is Cabestan's heart in the dish?" "No other taste shall change this." And she went toward the window, the slim white stone bar Making a double arch; Firm even fingers held to the firm pale stone; Swung for a moment, and the wind out of Rhodez Caught in the full of her sleeve. ...the swallows crving: 'Tis. 'Tis. 'Ytis! Actæon... and a valley. 2.222 In the agreement or disagreement of its The valley is thick with leaves, with leaves, the trees, The sunlight glitters, glitters a-top, Life a fish-scale roof. Like the church roof in Poictiers Beneath it, beneath it Not a ray, not a slivver, not a spare disc of sunlight Flaking the black, soft water; Bathing the body of nymphs, of nymphs, and Diana, Nymphs, white-gathered about her, and the air, air, Shaking, air alight with the goddess fanning their hair in the dark, Lifting, lifting and waffing: lvory dipping in silver, Shadow'd, o'ershadow'd lvory dipping in silver. Not a splotch, not a lost shatter of sunlight. Then Actæon: Vidal, Vidal. It is old Vidal speaking, stumbling along in the wood, Not a patch, not a lost shimmer of sunlight, the pale hair of the goddess. The dogs leap on Actæon, "Hither, hither, Actæon," Spotted stag of the wood: Gold, gold, a sheaf of hair, Thick like a wheat swath,
 - Blaze, blaze in the sun, The dogs leap on Actæon.
 - Stumbling, stumbling along in the wood, Muttering, muttering Ovid: "Pergusa... pool... gool... Gargaphia,
 - "Pool... pool of Salmacis." The empty armour shakes as the cygnet moves.
 - Thus the light rains, thus pours, e lo soleills plovil The liquid and rushing crystal beneath the knees of the gods. Ply over ply, thin glitter of water; Brook film bearing white petals.
 - The pine at Takasago grows with the pine of Isé! The water whirls up the bright pale sand in the spring's mouth "Behold the Tree of the Visages!"

And she went toward the window and cast her down,

Forked branch-tips, flaming as if with lotus. Ply over ply The shallow eddying fluid, beneath the knees of the gods.

Torches melt in the glare set flame of the corner cook-stall, Blue agate casing the sky (as at Gourdon that time) the sputter of resin, Safforn sandal so petals the narrow foot: Hymenæus lo! Hymen, lo Hymenæe! Aurunculeia! One scarlet flower is cast on the blanch-white stone.

And So-Gyoku, saying: "This wind, sire, is the king's wind, This wind is wind of the palace, Shaking imperial water-jets." And Hsiang, opening his collar: "This wind roars in the earth's bag, it lays the water with rushes." No wind is the king's wind. Let every cow keep her calf. "This wind is held in gauze curtains..." No wind is the king's...

The camel drivers sit in the turn of the stairs, Look down on Ecbatan of plotted streets, "Danaë! Danaë!

What wind is the king's?" Smoke hangs on the stream, The peach-trees shed bright leaves in the water, Sound drifts in the evening haze,

The bark scrapes at the ford, Gilt rafters above black water, Three steps in an open field,

Gray stone-posts leading... 468 ← Père Henri Jacques would speak with the Sennin, on Pokku

with the Sennin, on Rokku, Mount Rokku between the rock and

the cedars, Polhonac,

As Gyges on Thracian platter set the feast, Cabestan, Tereus,

It is Cabestan's heart in the dish, Vidal, or Ecbatan, upon the gilded tower in Ecbatan Lay the god's bride, lay ever, waiting the golden rain. By Garonne. "Saave!" The Garonne is thick like paint, Procession,—"Et sa'ave, sa'ave, sa'ave Regina!"— Moves like a worm, in the crowd. Adige, thin film of images, Across the Adige, by Stefano, Madonna in hortulo, As Cavalcanti had seen her. The Centaur's heel plants in the earth loam. And we sit here...

there in the arena...

SOURCE: The Cantos of Ezra Pound

THE WASTE LAND

T. S. Eliot 1922

I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD APRIL is the cruellest month, breeding Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing Memory and desire, stirring Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering Earth in forgetful snow, feeding A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade, And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten, And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.

And when we were children, staying at the archduke's, My cousin's, he took me out on a sled, And I was frightened. He said. Marie. Marie, hold on tight. And down we went. In the mountains, there you feel free. I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter. What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man, You cannot say, or guess, for you know only A heap of broken images, where the sun beats, And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief, And the dry stone no sound of water. Only There is shadow under this red rock. (Come in under the shadow of this red rock), And I will show you something different from either Your shadow at morning striding behind you Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you; I will show you fear in a handful of dust. Frisch weht der Wind Der Heimat zu. Mein Irisch Kind, Wo weilest du? "You gave me hyacinths first a year ago; They called me the hyacinth girl." -Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden, Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not Speak, and my eyes failed. I was neither Living nor dead, and I knew nothing, Looking into the heart of light, the silence. Öd' und leer das Meer. Madame Sosostris, famous clairvovante, Had a bad cold, nevertheless Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe, With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she, Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor, (Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!) Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,

The lady of situations. Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,

And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,

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Which is blank, is something he carries on his back, Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find The Hanged Man. Fear death by water. I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring. Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone, Tell her I bring the horoscope myself: One must be so careful these days. Unreal City,

Under the brown fog of a winter dawn, A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many, I had not thought death had undone so many. Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled, And each man fixed his eyes before his feet. Flowed up the hill and down King William Street, To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine. There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying "Stetson!

You who were with me in the ships at Mylae! That corpse you planted last year in your garden, Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year? Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed? Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men, Or with his nails he'll dig it up again! You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!"

II. A GAME OF CHESS

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne. Glowed on the marble, where the glass Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines From which a golden Cupidon peeped out (Another hid his eyes behind his wing) Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra Reflecting light upon the table as The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it, From satin cases poured in rich profusion; In vials of ivory and coloured glass Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes, Unguent, powdered, or liquid-troubled, confused And drowned the sense in odours: stirred by the air That freshened from the window, these ascended In fattening the prolonged candle-flames, Flung their smoke into the laquearia, Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling. Huge sea-wood fed with copper Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,

In which sad light a carvèd dolphin swam. Above the antique mantel was displayed As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale Filled all the desert with inviolable voice And still she cried, and still the world pursues, "Jug Jug" to dirty ears.

And other withered stumps of time Were told upon the walls; staring forms Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed. Footsteps shuffled on the stair, Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair Spread out in fiery points

"My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me. Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak. What are you thinking of? What thinking? What? I never know what you are thinking. Think." I think we are in rats' alley Where the dead men lost their bones. "What is that noise?" The wind under the door. "What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?" Nothing again nothing. "Do You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember Nothing?" I remember Those are pearls that were his eyes. "Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?" But OOOO that Shakespeherian Rag-It's so elegant So intelligent "What shall I do now? What shall I do? I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street With my hair down, so. What shall we do to-morrow? What shall we ever do?" The hot water at ten. And if it rains, a closed car at four. And we shall play a game of chess, Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door. When Lil's husband got demobbed. I said. I didn't mince my words. I said to her myself. HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart. He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there. You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,

Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set, He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you. And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert, He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time, And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said. Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said. Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

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If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said, Others can pick and choose if you can't. But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling. You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique. (And her only thirty-one.) I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face, It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

(She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)

← The chemist said it would be alright, but I've never been the same. You are a proper fool, I said.

Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,

What you get married for if you don't want children?

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,

And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot—

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight. Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight. Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night. SOURCE: The Waste Land

WHAT ARE MASTER-PIECES AND WHY ARE THERE SO FEW OF THEM? Getrude Stein

1936

I WAS almost going to talk this lecture and not write and read it because all the lectures that I have written and read in America have been printed and although possibly for you they might even being read be as if they had not been printed still there is something about what has been written having been printed which makes it no longer the property of the one who wrote it and therefore there is no more reason why the writer should say it out loud than anybody else and therefore one does not.

Therefore I was going to talk to you but actually it is impossible to talk about master-pieces and what they are because talking essentially has nothing to do with creation. I talk a lot I like to talk and I talk even more than that I may say I talk most of the time and I listen a fair amount too and as I have said the essence of being a genius is to be able to talk and listen to listen while talking and talk while listening but and this is very important very important indeed talking has nothing to do with creation. What are master-pieces and why after all are there so few of them. You may say after all there are a good many of them but in any kind of proportion with everything that anybody who does anything is doing there are really very few of them. All this summer I meditated and wrote about this subject and it finally came to be a discussion of the relation of human nature and the human mind and identity. The thing one gradually comes to find out is that one has no identity that is when one is in the act of doing anything. Identity is recognition, you know who you are because you and others remember anything about yourself but essentially you are not that when you are doing anything. I am I because my little dog knows me but, creatively speaking the little dog knowing that you are you

and your recognising that he knows, that is what destroys creation. That is what makes school. Picasso once remarked I do not care who it is that has or does influence me as long as it is not myself.

It is very difficult so difficult that it always has been difficult but even more difficult now to know what is the relation of human nature to the human mind because one has to know what is the relation of the act of creation to the subject the creator uses to create that thing. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the subject of anything. After all there is always the same subject there are the things you see and there are human beings and animal beings and everybody you might say since the beginning of time knows practically commencing at the beginning and going to the end everything about these things. After all any woman in any village or men either if you like or even children know as much of human psychology as any writer that ever lived. After all there are things you do know each one in his or her way knows all of them and it is not this knowledge that makes master-pieces. Not at all not at all at all. Those who recognise master-pieces say that is the reason but it is not. It is not the way Hamlet reacts to his father's ghost that makes the master-piece, he might have reacted according to Shakespeare in a dozen other ways and everybody would have been as much impressed by the psychology of it. But there is no psychology in it, that is not probably the way any young man would react to the ghost of his father and there is no particular reason why they should. If it were the way a young man could react to the ghost of his father then that would be something anybody in any village would know they could talk about it talk about it endlessly but that would not make a master-piece and that brings us once more back to the subject of identity. At any moment when you are you you are you without the memory of yourself because if you remember yourself while you are you you are not for purposes of creating you. This is so important because it has so much to do with the question of a writer to his audience. One of the things that I discovered in lecturing was that gradually one ceased to hear what one said one heard what the audience hears one say, that is the reason that oratory is practically never a master-piece very rarely and very rarely history, because history deals with people who are orators who hear not what they are not what they say but what their audience hears them say. It is very interesting that letter writing has the same difficulty, the letter writes what the other person is to hear and so entity does not exist there are two present instead of one and so once again creation breaks down. I once wrote in writing I write for myself and strangers but that was merely a literary formalism for if I did write for myself and strangers if I did I would not really be writing because already then identity would take the place of entity. It is awfully difficult, action is direct and effective but after all action is necessary and anything that is necessary has to do with human nature and not with the human mind. Therefore a master-piece has essentially not

to be necessary, it has to be that is it has to exist but it does not have to be necessary it is not in response to necessity as action is because the minute it is necessary it has in it no possibility of going on.

To come back to what a master-piece has as its subject. In writing about painting I said that a picture exists for and in itself and the painter has to use objects landscapes and people as a way the only way that he is able to get the picture to exist. That is every one's trouble and particularly the trouble just now when every one who writes or paints has gotten to be abnormally conscious of the things he uses that is the events the people the objects and the landscapes and fundamentally the minute one is conscious deeply conscious of these things as a subject the interest in them does not exist.

You can tell that so well in the difficulty of writing novels or poetry these days. The tradition has always been that you may more or less describe the things that happen you imagine them of course but you more or less describe the things that happen but nowadays everybody all day long knows what is happening and so what is happening is not really interesting, one knows it by radios cinemas newspapers biographies autobiographies until what is happening does not really thrill any one, it excites them a little but it does not really thrill them. The painter can no longer say that what he does is as the world looks to him because he cannot look at the world any more. it has been photographed too much and he has to say that he does something else. In former times a painter said he painted what he saw of course he didn't but anyway he could say it, now he does not want to say it because seeing it is not interesting. This has something to do with master-pieces and why there are so few of them but not everything. So you see why talking has nothing to do with creation, talking is really human nature as it is and human nature has nothing to do with master-pieces. It is very curious but the detective story which is you might say the only really modern novel form that has come into existence gets rid of human nature by having the man dead to begin with the hero is dead to begin with and so you have so to speak got rid of the event before the book begins. There is another very curious thing about detective stories. In real life people are interested in the crime more than they are in detection, it is the crime that is the thing the shock the thrill the horror but in the story it is the detection that holds the interest and that is natural enough because the necessity as far as action is concerned is the dead man, it is another function that has very little to do with human nature that makes the detection interesting. And so always it is true that the master-piece has nothing to do with human nature or with identity, it has to do with the human mind and the entity that is with a thing in itself and not in relation. The moment it is in relation it is common knowledge and anybody can feel and know it and it is not a master-piece. At the same time every one in a curious way sooner or later does feel the reality of a master-piece. The thing in itself of which the

human nature is only its clothing does hold the attention. I have meditated a great deal about that. Another curious thing about master-pieces is, nobody when it is created there is in the thing that we call the human mind something that makes it hold itself just the same. The manner and habits of Bible times or Greek or Chinese have nothing to do with ours today but the master-pieces exist just the same and they do not exist because of their identity, that is what any one remembering then remembered then, they do not exist by human nature because everybody always knows everything there is to know about human nature, they exist because they came to be as something that is an end in itself and in that respect it is opposed to the business of living which is relation and necessity. That is what a master-piece is not although it may easily be what a master-piece talks about. It is another one of the curious difficulties a master-piece has that is to begin and end, because actually a master-piece does not do that it does not begin and end if it did it would be of necessity and in relation and that is just what a master-piece is not. Everybody worries about that just now everybody that is what makes them talk about abstract and worry about punctuation and capitals and small letters and what a history is. Everybody worries about that not because everybody knows what a master-piece is but because a certain number have found out what a master-piece is not. Even the very master-pieces have always been very bothered about beginning and ending because essentially that is what a master-piece is not. And yet after all like the subject of human nature master-pieces have to use beginning and ending to become existing. Well anyway anybody who is trying to do anything today is desperately not having a beginning and an ending but nevertheless in some way one does have to stop. I stop.

I do not know whether I have made any of this very clear, it is clear, but unfortunately I have written it all down all summer and in spite of everything I am now remembering and when you remember it is never clear. This is what makes secondary writing, it is remembering, it is very curious you begin to write something and suddenly you remember something and if you continue to remember your writing gets very confused. If you do not remember while you are writing, it may seem confused to others but actually it is clear and eventually that clarity will be clear, that is what a master-piece is, but if you remember while you are writing it will seem clear at the time to any one but the clarity will go out of it that is what a master-piece is not.

All this sounds awfully complicated but it is not complicated at all, it is just what happens. Any of you when you write you try to remember what you are about to write and you will see immediately how lifeless the writing becomes that is why expository writing is so dull because it is all remembered, that is why illustration is so dull because you remember what somebody looked like and you make your illustration look like it. The minute your memory functions while And so then why are there so few of them. There are H.2 so few of them because mostly people live in identity and memory that is when they think. They know they are they because their little dog knows them. and so they are not an entity but an identity. And being so memory is necessary to make them exist and so they cannot create master-pieces. It has been said of geniuses that they are eternally young. I once said what is the use of being a boy if you are going to grow up to be a man, the boy and the man have nothing to do with each other, except in respect to memory and identity, and if they have anything to do with each other in respect to memory and identity then they will never produce a master-piece. Do you do you understand well it really does not make much difference because after all master-pieces are what they are and the reason why is that there are very few of them.

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just not to be you are you because your little dog knows you. The second you are you because your little dog knows you you cannot make a master-piece and that is all of that. It is not extremely difficult not to have identity but it is extremely difficult the knowing not having identity. One might say it is impossible but that it is not impossible is proved by the existence of master-pieces which are just that. They are knowing that there is

← The reason why is any of you try it

SOURCE: http://gaslight.mtroyal.ca/masterpieces.htm

That is what a master-piece is.

no identity and producing while identity is not.

THE USE OF KNOWLEDGE IN SOCIETY Friedrich A. Hayek 09.1945

H 1

What is the problem we wish to solve when we try to construct a rational economic order? On certain familiar assumptions the answer is simple enough. If we possess all the relevant information, if we can start out from a given system of preferences, and if we command complete knowledge of available means, the problem which remains is purely one of logic. of nature. That is, the answer to the question of what is the best use of the available means is implicit in our as- II sumptions. The conditions which the solution of this H.5 optimum problem must satisfy have been fully worked out and can be stated best in mathematical form: put at their briefest, they are that the marginal rates

you are doing anything it may be very popular but of substitution between any two commodities or actually it is dull. And that is what a master-piece is factors must be the same in all their different uses.

← This, however, is emphatically 471 not the economic problem which society faces. And the economic calculus which we have developed to solve this logical problem, though an important step toward the solution of the economic problem of society, does not yet provide an answer to it. The reason for this is that the "data" from which the economic calculus starts are never for the whole society "given" to a single mind which could work out the implications and can never be so given.

H.3

The peculiar character of the problem of a rational economic order is determined precisely by the fact that the knowledge of the circumstances of which we must make use never exists in concentrated or integrated form but solely as the dispersed bits of incomplete and frequently contradictory knowledge which all the separate individuals possess. The economic problem of society is thus not merely a problem of how to allocate "given" resources-if "given" is taken to mean given to a single mind which deliberately solves the problem set by these "data." It is rather a problem of how to secure the best use of resources known to any of the members of society, for ends whose relative importance only these individuals know. Or, to put it briefly, it is a problem of the utilization of knowledge which is not given to anyone in its totality.

H.4

This character of the fundamental problem has, I am afraid, been obscured rather than illuminated by many of the recent refinements of economic theory, particularly by many of the uses made of mathematics. Though the problem with which I want primarily to deal in this paper is the problem of a rational economic organization, I shall in its course be led again and again to point to its close connections with certain methodological questions. Many of the points I wish to make are indeed conclusions toward which diverse paths of reasoning have unexpectedly converged. But, as I now see these problems, this is no accident. It seems to me that many of the current disputes with regard to both economic theory and economic policy have their common origin in a misconception about the nature of the economic problem of society. This misconception in turn is due to an erroneous transfer to social phenomena of the habits of thought we have developed in dealing with the phenomena

In ordinary language we describe by the word "planning" the complex of interrelated decisions about the allocation of our available resources. All economic

activity is in this sense planning; and in any society in which many people collaborate, this planning, whoever does it, will in some measure have to be based on knowledge which, in the first instance, is not given to the planner but to somebody else, which somehow will have to be conveyed to the planner. The various ways in which the knowledge on which people base their plans is communicated to them is the crucial problem for any theory explaining the economic process, and the problem of what is the best way of utilizing knowledge initially dispersed among all the people is at least one of the main problems of economic policy-or of designing an efficient economic system.

H.6

The answer to this question is closely connected with that other question which arises here, that of who is to do the planning. It is about this question that all the dispute about "economic planning" centers. This is not a dispute about whether planning is to be done or not. It is a dispute as to whether planning is to be done centrally, by one authority for the whole economic system, or is to be divided among many individuals. Planning in the specific sense in which the term is used in contemporary controversy necessarily means central planning-direction of the whole economic system according to one unified plan. Competition, on the other hand, means decentralized planning by many separate persons. The halfway house between the two, about which many people talk but which few like when they see it, is the delegation of planning to organized industries, or, in other words, monopoly.

H.7

Which of these systems is likely to be more efficient depends mainly on the question under which of them we can expect that fuller use will be made of the existing knowledge. And this, in turn, depends on whether we are more likely to succeed in putting at the disposal of a single central authority all the knowledge which ought to be used but which is initially dispersed among many different individuals, or in conveying to the individuals such additional knowledge as they need in order to enable them to fit their plans with those of others.

Ш H.8

It will at once be evident that on this point the position will be different with respect to different kinds of knowledge; and the answer to our question will therefore largely turn on the relative importance of the different kinds of knowledge; those more likely to be at the disposal of particular individuals and those which we should with greater confidence expect to find in the possession of an authority made up of suitably chosen experts. If it is today so widely assumed that the latter will be in a better position, this is because one kind of knowledge, namely, scientific knowledge, occupies now so prominent a place

in public imagination that we tend to forget that it is not the only kind that is relevant. It may be admitted that, as far as scientific knowledge is concerned, a body of suitably chosen experts may be in the best position to command all the best knowledge available-though this is of course merely shifting the difficulty to the problem of selecting the experts. What I wish to point out is that, even assuming that this problem can be readily solved, it is only a small part of the wider problem.

H.9

Today it is almost heresy to suggest that scientific knowledge is not the sum of all knowledge. But a little reflection will show that there is beyond question a body of very important but unorganized knowledge which cannot possibly be called scientific in the sense of knowledge of general rules: the knowledge of the particular circumstances of time and place. It is with respect to this that practically every individual has some advantage over all others because he possesses unique information of which beneficial use might be made, but of which use can be made only if the decisions depending on it are left to him or are made with his active coöperation. We need to remember only how much we have to learn in any occupation after we have completed our theoretical training, how big a part of our working life we spend learning particular jobs, and how valuable an asset in all walks of life is knowledge of people, of local conditions, and of special circumstances. To know of and put to use a machine not fully employed, or somebody's skill which could be better utilized, or to be aware of a surplus stock which can be drawn upon during an interruption of supplies, is socially guite as useful as the knowledge of better alternative techniques. And the shipper who earns his living from using otherwise empty or half-filled journeys of tramp-steamers, or the estate agent whose whole knowledge is almost exclusively one of temporary opportunities, or the arbitrageur who gains from local differences of commodity prices. are all performing eminently useful functions based on special knowledge of circumstances of the fleeting moment not known to others.

H.10

It is a curious fact that this sort of knowledge should today be generally regarded with a kind of contempt and that anyone who by such knowledge gains an advantage over somebody better equipped with theoretical or technical knowledge is thought to have acted almost disreputably. To gain an advantage from better knowledge of facilities of communication or transport is sometimes regarded as almost dishonest, although it is quite as important that society make use of the best opportunities in this respect as in using the latest scientific discoveries. This prejudice has in a considerable measure affected the attitude toward commerce in general compared with that toward production. Even economists who regard themselves as definitely immune to the

crude materialist fallacies of the past constantly CHAPTER I: PURPOSES AND PRINCIPLES commit the same mistake where activities directed toward the acquisition of such practical knowledge are concerned—apparently because in their scheme of things all such knowledge is supposed to be "given." The common idea now seems to be that all such knowledge should as a matter of course be readily at the command of everybody, and the reproach of irrationality leveled against the existing economic order is frequently based on the fact that it is not so available. This view disregards the fact that the method by which such knowledge can be made as widely available as possible is precisely the problem to which we have to find an answer. SOURCE: http://www.econlib.org/library/Essays/hykKnw1.html

UNITED NATIONS CHARTER United Nations 1945

← WE THE PEOPLES OF THE 472 UNITED NATIONS DETERMINED to save succeeding generations from

the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind, and

to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small, and

to establish conditions under which justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of international law can be maintained, and

to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom,

AND FOR THESE ENDS

to practice tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbours, and to unite our strength to maintain international peace

and security, and to ensure, by the acceptance of principles and the institution of methods, that armed force shall not be used, save in the common interest, and to employ international machinery for the promotion of

the economic and social advancement of all peoples,

HAVE RESOLVED TO COMBINE OUR EFFORTS TO ACCOMPLISH THESE AIMS

Accordingly, our respective Governments, through representatives assembled in the city of San Francisco, who have exhibited their full powers found to be in good and due form, have agreed to the present Charter of the United Nations and do hereby establish an international organization to be known as the United Nations.

ARTICLE 1

THE PURPOSES OF THE UNITED NATIONS ARE: To maintain international peace and security, and to that end: to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace. and for the suppression of acts of aggression or other breaches of the peace, and to bring about by peaceful means, and in conformity with the principles of justice and international law, adjustment or settlement of international disputes or situations which might lead to a breach of the peace:

To develop friendly relations among nations based on respect for the principle of equal rights and selfdetermination of peoples, and to take other appropriate measures to strengthen universal peace;

To achieve international co-operation in solving international problems of an economic, social, cultural, or humanitarian character, and in promoting and encouraging respect for human rights and for fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language, or religion; and

To be a centre for harmonizing the actions of nations in the attainment of these common ends.

ARTICLE 2

The Organization and its Members, in pursuit of the Purposes stated in Article 1, shall act in accordance with the following Principles.

The Organization is based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all its Members.

All Members, in order to ensure to all of them the rights and benefits resulting from membership, shall fulfill in good faith the obligations assumed by them in accordance with the present Charter.

All Members shall settle their international disputes by peaceful means in such a manner that international peace and security, and justice, are not endangered. All Members shall refrain in their international relations from the threat or use of force against the territorial integrity or political independence of any state, or in any other manner inconsistent with the Purposes of the United Nations.

All Members shall give the United Nations every assistance in any action it takes in accordance with the present Charter, and shall refrain from giving assistance to any state against which the United Nations is taking preventive or enforcement action.

The Organization shall ensure that states which are not Members of the United Nations act in accordance with these Principles so far as may be necessary for the maintenance of international peace and security. Nothing contained in the present Charter shall authorize the United Nations to intervene in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state or shall require the Members to submit such matters to settlement under the present Charter; but this principle shall not prejudice the application of enforcement measures under Chapter VII. (...)

CHAPTER IX: INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL CO-OPERATION

ARTICLE 55

With a view to the creation of conditions of stability and well-being which are necessary for peaceful and friendly relations among nations based on respect for the principle of equal rights and self-determination of peoples, the United Nations shall promote: higher standards of living, full employment, and conditions of economic and social progress and development:

solutions of international economic, social, health, and related problems; and international cultural and educational cooperation; and

universal respect for, and observance of, human rights and fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language, or religion.

ARTICLE 56

All Members pledge themselves to take joint and separate action in co-operation with the Organization for the achievement of the purposes set forth in Article 55.

ARTICLE 57

The various specialized agencies, established by intergovernmental agreement and having wide international responsibilities, as defined in their basic instruments, in economic, social, cultural, educational, health, and related fields, shall be brought into relationship with the United Nations in accordance with the provisions of Article 63.

Such agencies thus brought into relationship with the United Nations are hereinafter referred to as specialized agencies.

ARTICLE 58

The Organization shall make recommendations for the co-ordination of the policies and activities of the specialized agencies.

ARTICLE 59

The Organization shall, where appropriate, initiate negotiations among the states concerned for the creation of any new specialized agencies required for the accomplishment of the purposes set forth in Article 55.

ARTICLE 60

Responsibility for the discharge of the functions of the Organization set forth in this Chapter shall be vested in the General Assembly and, under the authority of the General Assembly, in the Economic and Social Council, which shall have for this purpose the powers set forth in Chapter X. SOURCE: http://www.un.org/en/documents/charter/

UNIVERSAL DECLARATION **OF HUMAN RIGHTS United Nations**

1948

PREAMBLE

Whereas recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and peace in the world,

Whereas disregard and contempt for human rights have resulted in barbarous acts which have outraged the conscience of mankind, and the advent of a world in which human beings shall enjoy freedom of speech and belief and freedom from fear and want has been proclaimed as the highest aspiration of the common people.

Whereas it is essential, if man is not to be compelled to have recourse, as a last resort, to rebellion against tyranny and oppression, that human rights should be protected by the rule of law,

Whereas it is essential to promote the development of friendly relations between nations,

Whereas the peoples of the United Nations have in the Charter reaffirmed their faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person and in the equal rights of men and women and have determined to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom,

Whereas Member States have pledged themselves to achieve, in co-operation with the United Nations, the promotion of universal respect for and observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms, Whereas a common understanding of these rights and freedoms is of the greatest importance for the

full realization of this pledge, Now, Therefore THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY proclaims

THIS UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS as a common standard of achievement for all peoples and all nations, to the end that every individual and every organ of society, keeping this Declaration constantly in mind, shall strive by teaching and education to promote respect for these rights and freedoms and by progressive measures, national and international, to secure their universal and effective recognition and observance, both among the peoples of Member States themselves and among the peoples of territories under their jurisdiction.

← ARTICLE 1. 473 All human beings are born free and

equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood.

ARTICLE 2.

Everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration, without distinction of any kind, such as race, colour, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status. Furthermore, no distinction shall be made on the basis of the political, jurisdictional or international status of the country or territory to which a person belongs, whether it be independent, trust, non-self-governing or under any other limitation of sovereignty.

ARTICLE 3.

Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person.

ARTICLE 4.

No one shall be held in slavery or servitude; slavery and the slave trade shall be prohibited in all their forms.

ARTICLE 5.

No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment.

ARTICLE 6.

Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law.

ARTICLE 7.

All are equal before the law and are entitled without any discrimination to equal protection of the law. All are entitled to equal protection against any discrimination in violation of this Declaration and against any incitement to such discrimination.

ARTICLE 8.

Everyone has the right to an effective remedy by the competent national tribunals for acts violating the fundamental rights granted him by the constitution or by law.

ARTICLE 9.

No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile.

ARTICLE 10.

Everyone is entitled in full equality to a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal, in the determination of his rights and obligations and of any criminal charge against him.

ARTICLE 11.

(1) Everyone charged with a penal offence has the right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty according to law in a public trial at which he has had all the guarantees necessary for his defence.

(2) No one shall be held guilty of any penal offence on account of any act or omission which did not constitute a penal offence, under national or international law, at the time when it was committed. Nor shall a heavier penalty be imposed than the one that was applicable at the time the penal offence was committed.

ARTICLE 12.

No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his privacy, family, home or correspondence,

nor to attacks upon his honour and reputation. Everyone has the right to the protection of the law against such interference or attacks.

ARTICLE 13.

 Everyone has the right to freedom of movement and residence within the borders of each state.
 Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country.

ARTICLE 14.

 Everyone has the right to seek and to enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution.
 This right may not be invoked in the case of prosecutions genuinely arising from non-political crimes or from acts contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations.

ARTICLE 15.

Everyone has the right to a nationality.
 No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his nationality nor denied the right to change his nationality.

ARTICLE 16.

(1) Men and women of full age, without any limitation due to race, nationality or religion, have the right to marry and to found a family. They are entitled to equal rights as to marriage, during marriage and at its dissolution.

(2) Marriage shall be entered into only with the free and full consent of the intending spouses.

(3) The family is the natural and fundamental group unit of society and is entitled to protection by society and the State.

ARTICLE 17.

 Everyone has the right to own property alone as well as in association with others.
 No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his property.

ARTICLE 18.

Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion; this right includes freedom to change his religion or belief, and freedom, either alone or in community with others and in public or private, to manifest his religion or belief in teaching, practice, worship and observance.

ARTICLE 19.

Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.

ARTICLE 20.

(1) Everyone has the right to freedom of peaceful assembly and association.

(2) No one may be compelled to belong to an association.

SOURCE: http://www.un.org/en/documents/udhr/

A THOUSAND PLATEAUS Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari 1980

The two of us wrote Anti-Oedipus together. Since each of us was several, there was already quite a crowd. Here we have made use of everything that came within range, what was closest as well as farthest away. We have assigned clever pseudonyms to prevent recognition. Why have we kept our own names? Out of habit, purely out of habit. To make ourselves unrecognizable in turn. To render imperceptible, not ourselves, but what makes us act, feel, and think. Also because it's nice to talk like everybody else, to say the sun rises, when everybody knows it's only a manner of speaking. To reach, not the point where one no longer says I, but the point where it is no longer of any importance whether one says I. We are no longer ourselves. Each will know his own. We have been aided, inspired, multiplied. A book has neither object nor subject; it is made of variously formed matters, and very different dates and speeds. To attribute the book to a subject is to overlook this working of matters, and the exteriority of their relations. It is to fabricate a beneficent God to explain geological movements. In a book, as in all things, there are lines of articulation or segmentarity, strata and territories; but also lines of flight, movements of deterritorialization and destratification. Comparative rates of flow on these lines produce phenomena of relative slowness and viscosity, or, on the contrary, of acceleration and rupture. All this, lines and measurable speeds, constitutes an assemblage. A book is an assemblage of this kind, and as such is unattributable. It is a multiplicity—but we don't know yet what the multiple entails when it is no longer attributed, that is, after it has been elevated to the status of a substantive. One side of a machinic assemblage faces the strata, which doubtless make it a kind of organism, or signifying totality, or determination attributable to a subject; it also has a side facing a body without organs, which is continually dismantling the organism, causing asignifying particles or pure intensities to pass or circulate, and attributing to itself subjects that it leaves with nothing more than a name as the trace of an intensity. What is the body without organs of a book? There are several, depending on the nature of the lines considered, their particular grade or density, and the possibility of their converging on a "plane of consistency" assuring their selection. Here, as elsewhere, the units of measure are what is essential: quantify writing. There is no difference between what a book talks about and how it is made. Therefore a book also has no object. As an assemblage, a book has only itself, in connection with other assemblages and in relation to other bodies without organs. We will never ask what a book means, as signified or signifier; we will not look for anything to understand in it. We will ask what it functions with, in connection with

what other things it does or does not transmit intensities, in which other multiplicities its own are inserted and metamorphosed, and with what bodies without organs it makes its own converge. A book exists only through the outside and on the outside. A book itself is a little machine; what is the relation (also measurable) of this literary machine to a war machine, love machine, revolutionary machine, etc.--and an abstract machine that sweeps them along? We have been criticized for overquoting literary authors. But when one writes, the only question is which other machine the literary machine can be plugged into, must be plugged into in order to work. Kleist and a mad war machine. Kafka and a most extraordinary bureaucratic machine... (What if one became animal or plant through literature, which certainly does not mean literarily? Is it not first through the voice that one becomes animal?) Literature is an assemblage. It has nothing to do with ideology. There is no ideology and never has been.

> ← All we talk about are multiplicities, lines, strata and segmentarities, lines of flight and intensities, machinic

assemblages and their various types, bodies without organs and their construction and selection, the plane of consistency, and in each case the units of measure. Stratometers, deleometers, BwO units of density, BwO units of convergence: Not only do these constitute a quantification of writing, but they define writing as always the measure of something else. Writing has nothing to do with signifying. It has to do with surveying, mapping, even realms that are yet to come.

A first type of book is the root-book. The tree is already the image of the world, or the root the image of the world-tree. This is the classical book, as noble, signifying, and subjective organic interiority (the strata of the book). The book imitates the world, as art imitates nature: by procedures specific to it that accomplish what nature cannot or can no longer do. The law of the book is the law of reflection, the One that becomes two. How could the law of the book reside in nature, when it is what presides over the very division between world and book, nature and art? One becomes two: whenever we encounter this formula, even stated strategically by Mao or understood in the most "dialectical" way possible, what we have before us is the most classical and well reflected, oldest, and weariest kind of thought. Nature doesn't work that way: in nature, roots are taproots with a more multiple, lateral, and circular system of ramification, rather than a dichotomous one. Thought lags behind nature. Even the book as a natural reality is a taproot, with its pivotal spine and surrounding leaves. But the book as a spiritual reality, the Tree or Root as an image, endlessly develops the law of the One that becomes two, then of the two that become four... Binary logic is the spiritual reality of the roottree. Even a discipline as "advanced" as linguistics retains the root-tree as its fundamental image, and thus remains wedded to classical reflection (for example, Chomsky and his grammatical trees, which

designing a new Internet browser or a new tweak to the look of the homepage, we take great care to ensure that they will ultimately serve you, rather than our own internal goal or bottom line. Our homepage interface is clear and simple, and pages load instantly. Placement in search results is never sold to anyone, and advertising is not only clearly marked as such, it offers relevant content and is not distracting. And when we build new tools and applications, we believe they should work so well you don't have to consider how they might have been designed differently.

IT'S BEST TO DO ONE THING REALLY, REALLY WELL.

We do search. With one of the world's largest research groups focused exclusively on solving search problems, we know what we do well, and how we could do it better. Through continued iteration on difficult problems, we've been able to solve complex issues and provide continuous improvements to a service that already makes finding information a fast and seamless experience for millions of people. Our dedication to improving search helps us apply what we've learned to new products, like Gmail and Google Maps. Our hope is to bring the power of search to previously unexplored areas, and to help people access and use even more of the ever-expanding information in their lives.

FAST IS BETTER THAN SLOW.

We know your time is valuable, so when you're seeking an answer on the web you want it right awayand we aim to please. We may be the only people in the world who can say our goal is to have people leave our website as quickly as possible. By shaving excess bits and bytes from our pages and increasing the efficiency of our serving environment, we've broken our own speed records many times over, so that the average response time on a search result is a fraction of a second. We keep speed in mind with each new product we release, whether it's a mobile application or Google Chrome, a browser designed to be fast enough for the modern web. And we continue to work on making it all go even faster.

DEMOCRACY ON THE WEB WORKS.

Google search works because it relies on the millions of individuals posting links on websites to help determine which other sites offer content of value. We assess the importance of every web page using more than 200 signals and a variety of techniques, including our patented PageRank[™] algorithm, which analyzes which sites have been "voted" to be the best sources of information by other pages across the web. As the web gets bigger, this approach actually improves, as each new site is another point of information and another vote to be counted. In the same vein, we are active in open source software development, where innovation takes place through the collective effort of many programmers.

YOU DON'T NEED TO BE AT YOUR DESK TO NEED AN ANSWER.

The world is increasingly mobile: people want access to information wherever they are, whenever they need it. We're pioneering new technologies and offering new solutions for mobile services that help people all over the globe to do any number of tasks on their phone, from checking email and calendar events to watching videos, not to mention the several different ways to access Google search on a phone. In addition, we're hoping to fuel greater innovation for mobile users everywhere with Android, a free, open source mobile platform. Android brings the openness that shaped the Internet to the mobile world. Not only does Android benefit consumers, who have more choice and innovative new mobile experiences, but it opens up revenue opportunities for carriers, manufacturers and developers.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY WITHOUT DOING EVIL.

Google is a business. The revenue we generate is derived from offering search technology to companies and from the sale of advertising displayed on our site and on other sites across the web. Hundreds of thousands of advertisers worldwide use AdWords to promote their products; hundreds of thousands of publishers take advantage of our AdSense program to deliver ads relevant to their site content. To ensure that we're ultimately serving all our users (whether they are advertisers or not), we have a set of guiding principles for our advertising programs and practices: We don't allow ads to be displayed on our results pages unless they are relevant where they are shown. And we firmly believe that ads can provide useful information if, and only if, they are relevant to what you wish to find-so it's possible that certain searches won't lead to any ads at all.

We believe that advertising can be effective without being flashy. We don't accept pop-up advertising, which interferes with your ability to see the content you've requested. We've found that text ads that are relevant to the person reading them draw much higher clickthrough rates than ads appearing randomly. Any advertiser, whether small or large, can take advantage of this highly targeted medium.

Advertising on Google is always clearly identified as a "Sponsored Link," so it does not compromise the integrity of our search results. We never manipulate rankings to put our partners higher in our search results and no one can buy better PageRank. Our users trust our objectivity and no short-term gain could ever justify breaching that trust.

THERE'S ALWAYS MORE INFORMATION OUT THERE.

Once we'd indexed more of the HTML pages on the Internet than any other search service, our engineers turned their attention to information that was not as readily accessible. Sometimes it was just a matter of integrating new databases into search, such as adding a phone number and address lookup and a

is as much as to say that this system of thought has never reached an understanding of multiplicity: in order to arrive at two following a spiritual method it must assume a strong principal unity. On the side of the object, it is no doubt possible, following the natural method, to go directly from One to three, four, or five, but only if there is a strong principal unity available, that of the pivotal taproot supporting the secondary roots. That doesn't get us very far. The binary logic of dichotomy has simply been replaced by biunivocal relationships between successive circles. The pivotal taproot provides no better understanding of multiplicity than the dichotomous root. One operates in the object, the other in the subject. Binary logic and biunivocal relationships still dominate psychoanalysis (the tree of delusion in the Freudian interpretation of Schreber's case), linguistics, structuralism, and even information science.

begin at a point S and proceed by dichotomy). This

The radicle-system, or fascicular root, is the second figure of the book, to which our modernity pays willing allegiance. This time, the principal root has aborted, or its tip has been destroyed; an immediate, indefinite multiplicity of secondary roots grafts onto it and undergoes a flourishing development. This time, natural reality is what aborts the principal root, but the root's unity subsists, as past or yet to come, as possible. We must ask if reflexive, spiritual reality does not compensate for this state of things by demanding an even more comprehensive secret unity, or a more extensive totality. Take William Burroughs's cut-up method: the folding of one text onto another. which constitutes multiple and even adventitious roots (like a cutting), implies a supplementary dimension to that of the texts under consideration. In this supplementary dimension of folding, unity continues its spiritual labor. That is why the most resolutely fragmented work can also be presented as the Total Work or Magnum Opus. Most modern methods for making series proliferate or a multiplicity grow are perfectly valid in one direction, for example, a linear direction, whereas a unity of totalization asserts itself even more firmly in another, circular or cyclic, dimension. Whenever a multiplicity is taken up in a structure, its growth is offset by a reduction in its laws of combination. The abortionists of unity are indeed angel makers, doctores angelici, because they affirm a properly angelic and superior unity. Joyce's words, accurately described as having "multiple roots," shatter the linear unity of the word, even of language, only to posit a cyclic unity of the sentence, text, or knowledge. Nietzsche's aphorisms shatter the linear unity of knowledge, only to invoke the cyclic unity of the eternal return, present as the nonknown in thought. This is as much as to say that the fascicular system does not really break with dualism, with the complementarity between a subject and an object, a natural reality and a spiritual reality: unity is consistently thwarted and obstructed in the object, while a new type of unity triumphs in the subject. The world has lost its pivot; the subject can no longer even dichotomize, but accedes to a higher

The world has become chaos, but the book remains the image of the world: radicle-chaosmos rather than root-cosmos. A strange mystification: a book all the more total for being fragmented. At any rate, what a vapid idea, the book as the image of the world. In truth, it is not enough to say, "Long live the multiple," difficult as it is to raise that cry. No typographical, lexical, or even syntactical cleverness is enough to make it heard. The multiple must be made, not by always adding a higher dimension, but rather in the simplest of ways, by dint of sobriety, with the number of dimensions one already has available-always n-1 (the only way the one belongs to the multiple: always subtracted). Subtract the unique from the multiplicity to be constituted: write at n-1 dimensions. A system of this kind could be called a rhizome. A rhizome as subterranean stem is absolutely different from roots and radicles. Bulbs and tubers are rhizomes. Plants with roots or radicles may be rhizomorphic in other respects altogether: the question is whether plant life in its specificity is not entirely rhizomatic. Even some animals are, in their pack form. Rats are rhizomes. Burrows are too, in all of their functions of shelter, supply, movement, evasion, and breakout. The rhizome itself assumes very diverse forms, from ramified surface extension in all directions to concretion into bulbs and tubers. When rats swarm over each other. The rhizome includes the best and the worst: potato and couchgrass, or the weed. Animal and plant, couchgrass is crabgrass. We get the distinct feeling that we will convince no one unless we enumerate certain approximate characteristics of the rhizome.

unity, of ambivalence or overdetermination, in an al-

ways supplementary dimension to that of its object.

SOURCE: A Thousand Plateaus

TEN THINGS WE KNOW TO BE TRUE Google 1998

475 ← Google's mission is to organize the world's information and make it universally accessible and useful. We first wrote these "10 things" when Google was just a few years old. From time to time we revisit this list to see if it still holds true. We hope it does—and you can hold us to that.

FOCUS ON THE USER AND ALL ELSE WILL FOLLOW.

Since the beginning, we've focused on providing the best user experience possible. Whether we're creativity, like adding the ability to search news archives, patents, academic journals, billions of images and millions of books. And our researchers continue looking into ways to bring all the world's information to people seeking answers.

THE NEED FOR INFORMATION CROSSES ALL BORDERS

Our company was founded in California, but our mission is to facilitate access to information for the entire world, and in every language. To that end, we have offices in more than 60 countries, maintain more than 180 Internet domains, and serve more than half of our results to people living outside the United States. We offer Google's search interface in more than 130 languages, offer people the ability to restrict results to content written in their own language, and aim to provide the rest of our applications and products in as many languages and accessible formats as possible. Using our translation tools, people can discover content written on the other side of the world in languages they don't speak. With these tools and the help of volunteer translators, we have been able to greatly improve both the variety and guality of services we can offer in even the most farflung corners of the globe.

YOU CAN BE SERIOUS WITHOUT A SUIT. Our founders built Google around the idea that work should be challenging, and the challenge should be fun. We believe that great, creative things are more likely to happen with the right company culture-and that doesn't just mean lava lamps and rubber balls. There is an emphasis on team achievements and pride in individual accomplishments that contribute to our overall success. We put great stock in our employees-energetic, passionate people from diverse backgrounds with creative approaches to work, play and life. Our atmosphere may be casual, but as new ideas emerge in a café line, at a team meeting or at the gym, they are traded, tested and put into practice with dizzying speed-and they may be the launch pad for a new project destined for worldwide use.

GREAT JUST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH.

We see being great at something as a starting point, not an endpoint. We set ourselves goals we know we can't reach yet, because we know that by stretching to meet them we can get further than we expected. Through innovation and iteration, we aim to take things that work well and improve upon them in unexpected ways. For example, when one of our engineers saw that search worked well for properly spelled words, he wondered about how it handled typos. That led him to create an intuitive and more helpful spell checker.

Even if you don't know exactly what you're looking for, finding an answer on the web is our problem, not yours. We try to anticipate needs not yet articulated by our global audience, and meet them with products and services that set new standards. When we a high level of protection and improvement of the

business directory. Other efforts required a bit more launched Gmail, it had more storage space than any email service available. In retrospect offering that seems obvious-but that's because now we have new standards for email storage. Those are the kinds of changes we seek to make, and we're always looking for new places where we can make a difference. Ultimately, our constant dissatisfaction with the way things are becomes the driving force behind everything we do

SOURCE: http://www.google.com.sg/about/company/philosophy/

LISBON TREATY

13.12.2007

ARTICLE 1 ← By this Treaty, the HIGH CON-'6 TRACTING PARTIES establish among themselves a EUROPEAN UNION,

hereinafter called 'the Union', on which the Member States confer competences to attain objectives they have in common.

This Treaty marks a new stage in the process of creating an ever closer union among the peoples of Europe, in which decisions are taken as openly as possible and as closely as possible to the citizen. The Union shall be founded on the present Treaty and on the Treaty on the Functioning of the European Union (hereinafter referred to as 'the Treaties'). Those two Treaties shall have the same legal value. The Union shall replace and succeed the European Community.

ARTICLE 2

The Union is founded on the values of respect for human dignity, freedom, democracy, equality, the rule of law and respect for human rights, including the rights of persons belonging to minorities. These values are common to the Member States in a society in which pluralism, non-discrimination, tolerance, justice, solidarity and equality between women and men prevail.

ARTICLE 3

1. The Union's aim is to promote peace, its values and the well-being of its peoples.

2. The Union shall offer its citizens an area of freedom, security and justice without internal frontiers, in which the free movement of persons is ensured in conjunction with appropriate measures with respect to external border controls, asylum, immigration and the prevention and combating of crime.

3. The Union shall establish an internal market. It shall work for the sustainable development of Europe based on balanced economic growth and price stability, a highly competitive social market economy, aiming at full employment and social progress, and quality of the environment. It shall promote scientific and technological advance.

It shall combat social exclusion and discrimination, and shall promote social justice and protection, equality between women and men, solidarity between generations and protection of the rights of the child. It shall promote economic, social and territorial cohesion, and solidarity among Member States. It shall respect its rich cultural and linguistic diversity, and shall ensure that Europe's cultural heritage is safeguarded and enhanced.

4. The Union shall establish an economic and monetary union whose currency is the euro.

5. In its relations with the wider world, the Union shall uphold and promote its values and interests and contribute to the protection of its citizens. It shall contribute to peace, security, the sustainable development of the Earth, solidarity and mutual respect among peoples, free and fair trade, eradication of poverty and the protection of human rights, in particular the rights of the child, as well as to the strict observance and the development of international law, including respect for the principles of the United Nations Charter.

6. The Union shall pursue its objectives by appropriate means commensurate with the competences which are conferred upon it in the Treaties.

ARTICLE 4

1. In accordance with Article 5, competences not conferred upon the Union in the Treaties remain with the Member States.

2. The Union shall respect the equality of Member States before the Treaties as well as their national identities, inherent in their fundamental structures, political and constitutional, inclusive of regional and local self-government. It shall respect their essential State functions, including ensuring the territorial integrity of the State, maintaining law and order and safeguarding national security. In particular, national security remains the sole responsibility of each Member State.

3. Pursuant to the principle of sincere cooperation, the Union and the Member States shall, in full mutual respect, assist each other in carrying out tasks which flow from the Treaties.

The Member States shall take any appropriate measure, general or particular, to ensure fulfilment of the obligations arising out of the Treaties or resulting from the acts of the institutions of the Union.

The Member States shall facilitate the achievement of the Union's tasks and refrain from any measure which could jeopardise the attainment of the Union's objectives.

ARTICLE 5

1. The limits of Union competences are governed by the principle of conferral. The use of Union competences is governed by the principles of subsidiarity and proportionality.

2. Under the principle of conferral, the Union shall act only within the limits of the competences conferred upon it by the Member States in the Treaties to attain the objectives set out therein. Competences not conferred upon the Union in the Treaties remain with the Member States.

3. Under the principle of subsidiarity, in areas which do not fall within its exclusive competence, the Union shall act only if and in so far as the objectives of the proposed action cannot be sufficiently achieved by the Member States, either at central level or at regional and local level, but can rather, by reason of the scale or effects of the proposed action, be better achieved at Union level.

The institutions of the Union shall apply the principle of subsidiarity as laid down in the Protocol on the application of the principles of subsidiarity and proportionality. National Parliaments ensure compliance with the principle of subsidiarity in accordance with the procedure set out in that Protocol.

4. Under the principle of proportionality, the content and form of Union action shall not exceed what is necessary to achieve the objectives of the Treaties. The institutions of the Union shall apply the principle of proportionality as laid down in the Protocol on the application of the principles of subsidiarity and proportionality.

SOURCE: http://europa.eu/lisbon_treaty/full_text/

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MAN NER

Orlando in Vienna

ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

When the sun reaches through the tall, south-eastfacing windows, half ajar, to tickle my cheek on the pillows of the gigantic bed I call mine own, I slowly wake to find myself in a large, spacious bedroom that defies the word 'chamber,' through every aspect of the generosity with which it is appointed; its straight lines, its elegant edges, the mirrors and the solid but light-coloured woods, the unselfconscious sparseness: nothing clutters or burdens the morning, and as I rise and go about my ablutions I feel that the unfolding day is truly mine. (More than one of the guests at my infrequent and very modest receptions-miniature salons, one might say-for the artists and writers of whom there are many in this town, have told me that the building, the furniture, the fittings and in midst of all these, I myself, reflect a Zeitgeist that is truly 'modern,' although I, myself, am not entirely certain what exactly that means.)

I dress, in keeping with my surroundings, simply, and the simplicity of my style is such that it by necessity gives me the appearance of a man rather than that of a woman. It is not the case that I wish to negate the beauty or distort the delicacy of my sex, yet have I had to realise that while my sex has long awoken from the slumber of ignorance and indifference which it had mostly been lulled, partly perhaps also allowed itself to be lulled, into, and has begun at last to assert itself in science, art and, somewhat tentatively, still, in politics, neither in science, art nor politics are the majority of men as yet prepared to even acquiesce to, let alone fully accept and respect, us women as their peers. My tailor has, however, on account of my slightly taller than average height and slenderer than common build, found it easy to make me a range of dark trousered suits, shirts, waistcoats and coats that allow me at all times to appear in public practically yet respectably attired; and ever since I have found this to be so, I have, to my not inconsiderable delight, found also that while I attract 567

frequent glances that linger somewhat too long and betray a moderate level of bewilderment, and in some cases wonder (in some, more rare, cases also hostility), I get approached far less often than used to be the case by gentlemen of a certain age and signally more often by very young people of an artistic inclination, and for very different reasons. Naturally, as in everything, there are some notable exceptions, one such I shall speak of anon.

Further in keeping with my mode of clothing, I have my hair cut short and comb it close to my skull in just a hint of a wave that, given its natural disposition to curl, is unavoidable, but has the advantage, perhaps, of easing somewhat the stern line with which it otherwise would frame my face. I have, for some considerable time now, given up the habit of using a walking stick (ever since I gave my favourite one away to a dashing sailor in London, as it happens) and of that I am today particularly glad, for Vienna is a lively, busy place where oftentimes an ability to manoeuvre guickly can make the difference between reaching the Café Central in the Herrengasse, just behind the theatre, intact, or being run over by an electric tram. Their inherent and curiously imposing, for unwavering, danger notwithstanding, I like these stout little urban trains with their funny, insistent bells, urging horses and pedestrians out of their way, even though I rarely have reason to use one myself, as everything I need can be found within easy walking distance of my flat and the new, broad Ringstrasse to which not long ago the city wall has given way and which now encircles, as its German name suggests, the beating heart of this burgeoning town. My rooms are on the fourth (which is the second highest) floor of the building the architect Otto Wagner had built to form the corner of the lefthand Wienzeile and Köstlergasse, and so while my ceilings are not quite as high and stately as they are on the second and third floors, my outlook is splendid and the sun reaches me soon after dawn. There is an electric lift in the centre of the staircase that leads down to the street, but I so enjoy sweeping down the comfortably

spaced steps that I rarely if ever use it, especially not on the way out: I walk, nay run, down the stairs, holding on to the banister and relishing the airy dry clacking sound my feet make on the bare stone flooring as I seem to glide toward ground.

ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

During the agreeable late-summer months, it is invariably early that I leave the house, and as I step out on the pavement, I feel at leisure to inhale the city that gets on its way to work: clerks and civil servants heading for their offices, shopkeepers making their way to open their stores, bankers and brokers; traders and cabs. The artists and poets have not yet woken up, by and large: mostly they will surface later. I walk up the Wienzeile towards the opera, and this is in fact a little detour: a shorter, more direct route would take me towards the museums, but that would cut out the most extraordinary building I as yet know of in Vienna, and possibly also my favourite, the Secession. The locals call it 'the golden cabbage', on account of its gold-leafed dome, and many are none too fond of it, but every time I walk past it, it brings a smile to my face as it proclaims, in German capital letters affixed to its bulky exterior "DER ZEIT IHRE KUNST, DER KUNST IHRE FREIHEIT"-to each age its art, to art its freedomand my heart feels a little lighter for this, straight. In the summer, I reach the almost forbidding, fortress-like walls of the Secession too early to go in, but now, as the autumn leaves are gathering about the tree trunks dotted around it, the rising sun rouses me later in the morning and so by the time I get here I just find it open and often step inside to look at the art.

It is a dreamy, wondrous but also unsettling world my new good friend Gustav and the artists he has gathered around him exhibit here, full of unspoken desires and goldplated, irregular patterns that seem to evoke both a gilded glamour and a deep anxiety beneath it, not at all like any art I had ever seen before; and his women are not only feminine, radiant and gracious, but also haunted and daunting and possessed, in equal measure, of tenderness, challenge and a deep melancholy. No wonder the old guard of the Vienna establishment were appalled by his works, but credit is due to the city and its authorities for giving him and these new voices in art a site here right in the centre to make themselves heard.

Not too long ago, I went around Gustav's to pay him a visit, as on occasion I do, and as I walked into his studio there was a slender shadow of a figure silhouetted dark but brittle against the brilliant whites, in varying shades, of a dress so effervescent it seemed to rustle, even though the air was as still as the woman wearing it in the painting. She looked different from the other women I had seen painted by Gustav: yes, she was confident, yes she looked strong, and yet her skin and her eyes had the vulnerable sheen, still, of a girl; but this one, more than any other, looked hopeful, with her half-open half-smile, and her pitch hair tied in an unruly bun. I slowly moved closer, as one who fears she might disturb an encounter of profound communion, and indeed more than with any woman I had ever seen brought to life by Gustav, this one seemed to be ready to turn around any moment. I was almost afeared she might do so and admonish me, just with a glance, not harshly, for interrupting her session, but there was no woman sitting here for the artist, there was a painting, finished, as far as I could tell, albeit with hardly any colour in it, and certainly no gold at all, and there was this poised presence of a man, a boy really, cap held with both hands, as in devotion, his lips half parted, just like the woman in the picture, but his not in a smile; his dark eyes fixed on her shoulders, bare. And he did turn around to me:

'My sister, Margaret.'

Still he didn't smile, but rather directed his attention back to the woman he claimed as his kin, now a puzzled expression cast over his face.

'And who are you?' I tried to sound gentle lest I might scare him.

'I am Ludwig, her brother.'

'l see.'

I did not see, nor did I understand, but the youth seemed to think that that was all I needed to know, for the moment, and if nothing else that it eminently, logically followed. Then he added, as if fleetingly recalled:

'Mr Klimt is not here yet.'

'Not to worry.'

'Will you have coffee with me?'

'By all means, Ludwig.' I felt a sense of relief at this innocent, pragmatic suggestion: 'Let's go and have coffee, together.' At this last word he gave me a quizzical glance, of the kind a teacher might give you when you have said something that is either quite silly or stating the blatantly obvious.

On our way to the Central—he insisted we go to my 'usual haunt: do not, under any circumstances, alter the structure of your day because of me,' even though I offered him a slice of the really rather exquisite though undeniably rich chocolate cake they serve at the Hotel Sacher, or to have ourselves quaintly served by the old-fashioned waitresses of the Demel Café, the Demelerinnen, at the Michaelerplatz—Ludwig told me that his brother, Rudi, had now taken his own life too and that he often felt that that was the only right thing to do, but that he himself was clearly too young for that, still. And now did it dawn on me whom I was walking with through the city: Gustav had mentioned a short while ago that his chief benefactor, and the man who had financed the building of the Secession, had lost a second son now under most tragic, most unwarranted, indeed dreadful circumstances. Gustav was too upset to narrate it in detail, but his patron was a powerful and widely known man and Gustav clearly cared a great deal for this family.

'My father will not have Rudi's name spoken in our house. And do you know why?'

I knew, now, who this boy was, but I didn't know why his father was so aggrieved as well as bereaved by the second self-inflicted death of a son of his that he would disown this son.

'He loved men. Physically, you know: he longed for them, at least as much as for women, probably more. That's why he killed himself. Imagine this: he was so alone, he felt so ashamed. Over a thing like that. I know it is forbidden, but so is suicide.'

He told me how his father had commissioned Gustav to paint a portrait of Margaret for her wedding. A faint memory fleeted through my distracted mind of a portrait I once sat for, for a lady...

'Your father is Karl von Wittgenstein,' I finally declared, having reached the conclusion moments before, 'how old are you?'

'I shall be seventeen soon. You haven't told me your name."

'Orlando.'

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'You dress like a man and you call yourself by the name of a man. I salute your extraordinary freedom.'

With that he doffed his cap and proceeded to light himself a cigarette, whilst continuing our walk, but not offering me one, perhaps thinking—not unreasonably, for a boy of his generation—that it would be uncouth for a lady to smoke in the street, even if she was dressed like a man, or maybe, and this immediately seemed more likely, he was just too preoccupied by his own turmoil to think of the niceties of politeness:

'I also am lost, you know,' he said, his pace unexpectedly energetic as he strode across the *Opernring*, dodging, like everyone else, the tram, 'in just the same way that my brother was, and in other ways too.'

Then he fell into silence, and as his brows seemed to knot themselves in concentration not to do with the traffic of carts and people and bicycles and horses but something altogether more confounding, I allowed this silence to be and steered us toward the grand *Café Central*, where I found, to my relief, my favourite table unoccupied, and my favourite waiter on shift. 571

'Den Fiaker zum Frühstück ohne den Obers, und für den Herrn?' I was almost certain Leopold, our waiter, a tall perpendicular man approaching his sixties, gave me a wink as he stressed 'gentleman' ever so slightly when asking what he might be having while reciting my usual. Whether that was because the 'gentleman' was so young, or because, unlike me, he could actually claim to be one, I didn't know, but Ludwig demanded a strong black coffee and sighed:

'I am condemned to dwell among idiots.'

I was about to reprimand him, albeit mildly, for disparaging the old man who, after all, had never been anything other than courteous, even charming, to me, but Ludwig was not referring to the waiter, his mind was elsewhere:

'My so-called peers, the pupils at my school in Linz, do you know what they chant after me when I tell them I shall be spending a day in Vienna?'

I had no way of knowing and no reason to guess.

'Wittgenstein wandelt wehmütig widriger Winde wegen Wienwärts.'

I thought that was quite clever and had to suppress a chuckle. Instead I attempted, somewhat clumsily, I concede, to make him see the funny side too:

'And do you?'

'What?'

'Stroll wistfully towards Vienna owing to contrary weather conditions?' I tried to coax from him a smile. Ludwig did not smile. He fixed me with his unwavering stare and said:

'I take the train, there are two in the morning and two in the afternoon, and I come to Vienna because I need some semblance of culture, I need to escape, at least once in a while, from the morass of mediocrity they have me stuck in.'

I tried to think back to when I was sixteen, it felt so, so long ago. Did I have a sense of irony then? Maybe not...

'What *is* language, Lady Orlando? What is it, that can *actually* be said?'

Ludwig looked at least twice his not just proverbially but also literally tender years now as he swept his thin arm across the room and declared:

'None of these people, none of them, actually know what they're saying. At any time. Their words are *without exception* meaningless.'

I felt sobered, almost humbled, as he continued:

'This is what I have to deal with, every day of my life.'

I could not instantly and obviously see why Ludwig, son of possibly the richest man in the Austria-Hungarian Empire, felt that this, of all things, was what he had to deal with every day of his life, when most youths his age would contend themselves simply with dealing with their first amorous crushes (be they on boys or on girls), and cramming for their exams.

Nobody is capable of thought. Real, abstract, clear, clean, uncluttered thought. Yes there are one or two people who think unusual things, I take it you have read Otto Weininger, going by the way you dress, but he is not right about anything really, nor is he that original, nor is he abstract; he is obviously deluded, but then so was Jesus, then so am I.'

I did not want to get into a discussion, at this time of day (it had only just gone eleven) about Otto Weininger, another young man who had taken his own life only about a year or two ago, and whose views on women and Jews I would have thought laughable, were they not quite so earnestly argued and therefore quite so disturbingly potent, and had they not clearly the power to impress themselves even on an intelligent mind, such as Ludwig's. Ludwig must have sensed my alarm, for he moved the conversation on swiftly:

'I am reading Schopenhauer, but I am not at all sure I am that impressed with him.'

I had to ponder this for a moment, because I, by contrast, had not properly studied Schopenhauer and rather skimmed him as far as I could remember, but then something different occurred to me: 573

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'Frege thinks.'

'Frege?'

'Gottlob Frege. If you read his *Concept Document on a Formula-Language for Pure Thought,* you will find, I believe, him to be quite abstract, maybe sufficiently so.'

Ludwig's face lit up, for the first time all morning. 'I shall read him. May I see you again?'

'Of course you may. You will find me here, about this hour, every day of the week.'

'Thank you, Lady Orlando.' With this, he drank up his coffee in one sharp swig and left, with a spring in his step.

A gentleman of middling years, sitting at a table or two removed, turned his head as he watched him leave and, turning back around again, caught my eye, for I too, was watching Ludwig leave, a little mesmerised by his intensity. The gentleman who caught my eye did not smile but made as to clear his throat and rose, picking up from the table a notebook and a pen, and from his neighbouring chair a pair of gloves and a scarf, which, for reasons I couldn't discern, he had not left with his coat on the coat rack by the entrance. Slowly-more slowly than I thought his healthy age would render necessary—he walked across the café that was by now beginning to fill up with its lunchtime clientele: mostly young men from the offices nearby who had no wives yet to cook their main meal for them, and who clearly had neither ability nor intention to do so themselves. He looked dignified and paternal, with a fast greying beard and warm, kindly eyes; he was immaculately dressed and had a slightly bent-forward gait of the kind that you find in a man who is used to walking with his gaze fixed to the ground, not lost in thought so much as searching his mind.

'Dr Freud,' he introduced himself, without hesitation, yet with a curious formality that seemed to suggest he imagined his name might ring a bell and one none too pleasant at that, but his name rang no bell with me: I did not remember having heard it before. 'Would you allow me to sit with you for four minutes only.'

The precision in his request made it impossible to refuse, and in any case I was not going anywhere, for like many of the early luncheon time patrons now settling down at the tables around me, I was in the habit of having the chef's special of the day, whatever it happened to be: it made for another simple and therefore agreeable aspect to my routine and there was plenty of variety in the dishes throughout the week, whilst the afternoon's activity provided ample opportunity for merry improvisation.

'Please,' I replied and offered him a seat almost next to me, but he chose instead to sit opposite me, with his back to the rest of the room, perhaps, again, I thought, because he felt he might be more than necessary conspicuous otherwise.

'I could not help,' he began, with the tone of a man who weighed his words carefully, as one who knows that whatever he says will be listened to and whatever the listener receives may be acted upon, or, if not acted upon, then internalised and felt keenly, 'overhear some, indeed by no means all, in fact I am glad to reassure you only odd snippets, of your conversation with the young man who looks to me strangely familiar.'

'He is quite remarkable, in his own, it might be suggested, somewhat precocious manner. It is possible you may know his father.'

'Quite so. In your conversation I furthermore could not help—I hope for this you will forgive me—catch your name.' 'Lady Orlando.'

'Indeed, which, in turn, sounded familiar, I had heard it mentioned, once or twice, in social circles as well as by patients of mine, always uttered in admiration and sometimes wonder, and I have often been intrigued: how is it, if you will forgive me what must seem unpardonable impertinence, that you dress in the way that you do; is there a reason that you consciously know of?'

Now a little bell of recognition faintly did begin to ring: it had been the word 'conscious' that made me recall a

volume I had been given by a young woman who regularly attended my very humble salons and she had pressed this book into my hands, saying 'you must read this, Lady Orlando, it is sensational, revelatory. Dr Freud is delving deep into the unconscious mind...'

The book, entitled *Die Traumdeutung*, dealing in detail with the interpretation of Dr Freud's own and his patients' dreams still sat near my bedside table, mostly unread, but I now felt I could place my interlocutor and I also had an inkling now why he may have thought that recognising his name would not with absolute certainty be bound to elicit only generous feelings in me, as amongst Vienna society he was considered quite controversial. About this, however, he need not have worried.

'I am, Dr Freud,' I told him in my most measured voice, intending to set his mind at ease, 'aware only of that which I can be certain I know, and what I can be certain I know in this regard is that sitting here on my own with my Fiaker for breakfast, with or without the whipped cream,'-I could have sworn I perceived the edge of Dr Freud's upper lip quiver with just the slightest of whimpers at the word 'whipped'-'that strolling about town in the afternoon as I shall be glad to be doing soon after lunch, not least as it aids my digestion; that returning here later in the afternoon for maybe a Mazagran, and then attending a dinner and a concert or a performance at the opera, in or outwith the company of a friend'-this time Dr Freud's lower lip curled slightly upwards as if in contemplation of the meaning of the word 'friend' in the context of me-'would be well nigh impossible if, at first glance, the world here in Vienna perceived me to be what I am: a woman.' At this, Dr Freud nodded gravely. 'Perceived, on the other hand and by contrast, at least at first glance, as a man, I immediately change the framework of perception, and although most people very quickly recognise my sex, I have, by means of costume alone, demolished the barrier of their resistance. Granted, for most I am now an exotic bird of paradise, who can and must be regarded with both

suspicion and admiration, but I am, strange as it may seem, no longer a bird of prey, seen to be out to devour, who must therefore, in turn, be devoured first.'

Dr Freud at this ceased to nod, put his ungloved hand upon mine on the table, looked me straight in the eyes and enquired:

'Lady Orlando, will you come to my practice and speak to me more: of your dreams, of your desires, of your childhood, of your unspoken secrets, of your perspective on the experience of your sex: you are ahead of your time, I believe, and I am writing an essay on human sexuality surely the deepest, most mysterious, but also most powerful force that drives us—and a free spirit, such as yours, may be able to yield profound, untold insights; I promise you, by everything that I as a doctor hold dear, I shall never divulge your identity.'

At this point Leopold came around with a small piece of paper that served to describe the chef's special of the day, and with eyebrows raised full of high recommendation, he announced this to be Goulash and *Semmelknödel*, and so, as one can't eat dumplings alone without seeming either obstreperous or forlorn (or possibly both), I invited Dr Freud to lunch with me, rather than giving him an answer just yet.

Dr Freud, with perfect manners, accepted the invitation and forthwith desisted from asking any more questions that could, in one way or another, be construed as related to his work, or answers to which might, in an offguard moment such as one is prone to encounter over a bottle of *Grüner Veltliner*, turn out to reveal more about one's self than one might otherwise have wished to divulge. Instead, Dr Freud steered the conversation to those particulars of my life whose substance may be considered to amount to 'small talk,' and chief among these, he was keen to learn what had brought me to Vienna.

'I was,' I confided in him, 'all set for a posting to Prussia, specifically to Berlin; but when I got there, I didn't feel 577

convinced that Berlin was quite ready for me.' I did not mean to sound enigmatic, but I had received that general impression when I had alighted there from my train and sensed, inexplicably, that while the city would soon have its moment, that moment had not yet properly come, and so I boarded the next train taking me further east, venturing that perhaps—and here I realised I veered perilously close to broaching a subject of professional interest to Dr Freud—something subconscious in me was still drawn toward the East where so long and so often I had longed to be, yet never quite managed to go.

Dr Freud was most sympathetic: 'Ah, the East: it exercises a pull on the sensitive soul...' and I thought for a moment he was going to make a note in his notebook, but he refrained and instead moved both notebook and pen out of the way, as our Vorspeisen arrived on the table. In the comfortable silence that followed (of the kind that allows the lingering thoughts to bed down to rest and make way for new, more alert ones) I experienced that strange but widely familiar sensation of having been here before, of having had this precise exchange with this very gentleman in this location some time ago, a fleeting moment of experiencing the present as a memory. I described this to Dr Freud, who nodded, once again gravely, and said: 'as if you'd already seen it.' I indeed felt I had seen this before, even though very clearly I hadn't, but Dr Freud was interested in something else I had said, which he referenced to Berlin:

'Do you often have premonitions?' I assumed from his posing the question that he wasn't working on premonitions as a psychological phenomenon and readily affirmed: 'I do. Not premonitions, perhaps, so much as a strong sense that things are going to go one way or another.'

'Where do you think things will go in Vienna?'

'I am not sure, Dr Freud. You have a great deal of liberty here, today, a wonderful panoply of creative invention: someone like me is allowed to be as I am, provided of course I am not what I am, and there is a liberal feeling of not only embracing, but positively planting, prodding, generating, the new. Perhaps it has to do with the turn of the century: maybe the old century having been so momentous and so fast, and there being in the air an atmosphere of the pace moving forward accelerating still further, there is a need now to have a caesura, to have done with the old and worship the new.'

At my use of the word 'worship,' Dr Freud again frowned: 'What altar, may I enquire, do you worship at, if at all?'

'I know there are those who worship at the altar of science, and there are those who worship at the altar of art; I can't claim to be doing either, Dr Freud, nor do I have a religion, as such, I am searching—isn't everyone—but not, I believe, for meaning so much as for patterns.'

'How most fascinating indeed,' Dr Freud agreed, and, almost as an afterthought, offered: 'why no religion?'

I wondered, for a brief moment, whether allowing the topic of our conversation to slide so readily into religion from which it would, invariably, have to descend into politics, was appropriate in the given context, but reminded myself that this was not a dinner reception or some diplomat's *soirée*, but an impromptu luncheon in a Vienna café, and so I explained:

'I have, though bold a claim this may sound, a perhaps uncommonly wide perspective on religion, drawn from my own experiences and observations in different parts of the world and I feel, without wishing to overstate the matter, somewhat related to civilisations which had no need for, or at any rate no understanding of, the concept of an all-powerful deity, and so having seen, over the last few centuries, the great religions that have emerged from the Middle East—Christianity, Judaism, Islam—fight so fiercely over territory both literal and spiritual not only against each other but also amongst themselves, fills me, I hope you will forgive me for stating this so bluntly, with a categorical sense of unease: have we not science, humanity, compassion and the intellect to understand each other as human beings and resolve our disputes and divergent

priorities in a civilised manner? For certain, I have not known a single age, in all the time I have an awareness of, that has not in one way or another been riven by conflict and war, but should we not have evolved past this, a long time ago? I feel that if I were to subscribe to a particular religion, in the way that religion is today understood, I would have to negate so many others, and neither would seem to me in the least bit sensible, humble or, therefore, right.'

As I looked at Dr Freud, having so made my statement, I realised, with a small jolt of excitement and awe, that I had never spoken like this to anyone before, that I had just formulated, in one simple paragraph, my stance on something as fundamental as religion, purely at the prompt of a pertinent question. No wonder, I thought to myself, Dr Freud is turned expert at probing deep into people's minds: he listens better bar none.

'Yes. I like to put it thus,' Dr Freud now said quietly, in a tone that no longer was that of a doctor so much as that of a troubled father: 'the voice of the intellect is a soft one.'

'So it, is Dr Freud, so it is! But that only means that it must not rest until it has found a hearing!' I was quite excited about this; I sensed the descent into politics happen swifter than I'd expected, though fully expect it I did, and now I really did no longer mind:

'You must find the tenor of your mayor disquieting?'

'I do. Mr Lueger is a popular man, he both is the voice of the people and he has the ear of the people. So when his rhetoric incites hatred and condemnation of Jews then there is more than a small possibility that his seeds of suspicion will fall on fertile ground: there are many malcontent people in this city and many are only too eager to lap up the words of a demagogue, and among those many, there are, though it grieves me to say so, many who are very young."

The pall of a shadow settled over Dr Freud's pensive features, as he slowly continued: 'We are, you see, once again an easy target, Lady Orlando: there are many of us here, and many of us do well. If you are in a sizeable minority you are a noticeable outsider, and if as a group you are seen to be doing well, you naturally attract attention, and not just in the vein of pure admiration, but also of envy and scorn...'

'The problem is they control everything, getting rich in the process: parasites!' a young man chipped in uninvitedly, spitting out his generic insult aimed plainly at Dr Freud. I hadn't noticed him at all, he was one of the people who had taken their seats at the tables around us over the last half hour or so, and he did not stand out from the rest in any way; he appeared, to all intents and purposes, completely normal. I didn't know what startled me more, the casual, matter-of-fact manner of his aggression or the paranoid hatred that it so failed to contain.

I looked at Dr Freud with alarm, but he demurred: he did not think it worthwhile, or fruitful, to engage in an argument with a stranger over lunch, nor did the stranger seem to expect being so engaged, he turned around again and demonstratively, noisily opened his newspaper over his plate. In the silence that followed, embarrassment and anger both welled up inside me, but Dr Freud continued calmly eating his Goulash and when he next looked up and still found me staring at him, his lips eased into a smile, and quietly but audibly, so it could easily be heard not only be me but also by our discourteous table neighbour, he said:

'There will always be those who project their own insecurities, inadequacies and genuine traumas, be they lodged deep inside from their childhood, or keenly felt as current frustrations, onto others. It doesn't matter whether it is us Jews, or somebody else: by diminishing the other, the self feels comforted, reassured, valued. If I, or you on my behalf now, respond to this erosion of our dignity in kind, we get sucked into a cycle of reduction, diminishing each other to the point of elimination. And that is why there is no point entering into an argument right now, it only makes matters worse by confirming an already deepseated prejudice. I see this played out in relationships all 581

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the time.' I was unsure whether I agreed with Dr Freud that a pronouncement such as the one we'd just been subjected to should ever remain unchallenged; did not, I wondered, the fact alone that it remained unchallenged serve to make it appear 'normal' and 'acceptable', even 'right', when clearly it was none of these, but I too was not in the mood for a confrontation and it certainly was not my intention to expose Dr Freud to further embarrassment by causing a scene in a café where he, I surmised, was no less a regular than I (though we had never met before: it is, after all, a large, bustling place) and so we both continued our meal, a little subdued, perhaps, but soon finding topics of conversation of considerably greater cheer.

I was glad, after such an intriguing morning in the company of young Ludwig and so thought-provoking a luncheon with Dr Freud, to spend a little time composing myself during a walk in the charming surroundings of the Volksgarten, before making my way across the lavishly spacious Rathausplatz towards the Berggasse for my appointment with Dr Freud, which I had finally, over coffee, agreed to, at three o'clock, after a patient he had already booked in before me. I did not know what to expect and I certainly did not consider myself a 'patient' in that sense, but I decided to offer myself to Dr Freud's new practice with an open mind, while he in turn reassured me he was not proposing to conduct or initiate a course of 'psycho-analysis' with me (which would take months, if not years), but that he simply wished to hear me talk with a view to gaining some insights for his ongoing research.

And talk I did. Relaxing on a couch with a propped up headstead, heavily draped in an oriental patterned throw with large, soft velvet cushions to sink into, I eased my mind into a state of almost drifting, holding on just enough to be aware, to my right hand side, of the seated figure of Dr Freud, facing away from me, listening. It felt to me like the first time anyone had ever actually listened to me at all. As I spoke, recounting my life, my dreams and my memories—those that stood out among their near-infinite multitude—reaching as far back as the Island of Crete, my wondrous encounter with gentle though mischievous Hermes, my first voyage at sea, the marvellous teachings of Euclid in Alexandria, my wonder at the aesthetic perfection in the works of Michelangelo and da Vinci in Florence, the heart, the soul and the mettle of the Queen of England and the encompassing spirit of her people in London, the righteous, fiery ire of the women in Paris and the democratic passion of Robespierre, through to the deep searching souls into meaning and selves here in Vienna, I felt that I had lived for, literally, ages, and yet my thirst for knowledge, my awe at beauty, my love of humankind, my yearning for freedom and my curiosity into existence had not been nearly exhausted.

As I was talking, in a quiet, unhurried voice, there formed in my mind the images of the people, the scenes, the cities, at first almost reluctantly, beating off frequent interruptions from very recent memories and trivial worries or little thoughts of no substance, but gradually all these distractions and interferences gave way to a steady, lowkeyed stream of consciousness on which neither I nor anything within me found it necessary any longer to impose a structure or meaning or purpose, other than to let it flow and in doing so perhaps allow some pattern or connection to reveal itself. When the hour concluded, I felt light and unburdened and I thanked Dr Freud for his time, but I did not book another appointment with him nor enquire about his fees or what conclusions, if any, he drew from what I'd told him. Instead, I said:

'I think you may be on to something invaluable, Dr Freud. It feels as if you'd allowed me to access my unconscious mind and I don't know how it appears to you, but to me it appears as the part of the iceberg that lies under the surface of the water, with the conscious mind making up but its tip at the most.'

Dr Freud smiled at this analogy and said, somewhat cryptically:

'I never claim to understand my patients, Lady Orlando, but I feel I comprehend you instinctively, fully; how odd that we should have encountered each other at this particular juncture, and yet also how apt: perhaps everything is just as it should be, after all...'

I made my way back by almost the same route as I had come, through the Rathausplatz towards the Central, but not without making a small detour to the Votivkirche; I am not greatly enamoured of its neo-gothic style, but it is surrounded by a lovely little park where I now sat for a while in the afternoon sun, right next to the university building, thinking about Dr Freud. With my eyes closed and my head slightly upward inclined to feel the warm rays on my cheeks, I noticed, after a short while of such exquisite peace, a shadow cast itself over my face, depriving me momentarily of the sun. I opened my eyes and it took me a moment to make out, against its brilliant light, standing directly in front of me, an earnest young man with a scruffy leather bag and a portfolio folder under his arm. I shielded my eyes and squinted at him and he took this as his cue to address me:

'Would you perhaps like to buy some art from Vienna?'

It struck me as a curiously phrased question, but considering how well, overall, the day had been going so far, I felt it would be nothing short of churlish to not at least appraise the art on offer.

'Why don't you sit down and show me what you have?'

He followed my invitation to sit down next to me on the bench, in the slightly awkward manner that very young men often have when they are still getting used to the extent their limbs have grown to; and in the tone of someone who is not yet fully in command of the modulations of his voice, he apologised, more sheepishly than I found the situation required, even belatedly, for troubling me so. I told him he was no trouble to me at all and encouraged him to open his portfolio, which he did with a studious care and just enough of a juvenile's clumsiness to elicit from me a near-motherly smile. (This I say with some level of speculation since I have not, of course, ever yet been a mother nor think it likely that I shall be one soon, nor, therefore, ever.)

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The watercolours he showed me were nice. Friendly street scenes in Vienna, a courtyard here, a parkland there: a little gauche perhaps, but then he was very young. I asked him how young and he answered, in an echo of something I'd heard once before that same day: 'soon seventeen.' Did he want to become an artist, I asked him, and he said 'yes, I would like that.' And then, with a tint of sadness in his eyes that has haunted me since: 'very much.' I liked this young man, he was, I felt, in oh so many ways so similar to young Ludwig whom I had met in the morning: earnest, a little world-weary in the way that boys of his age nowadays seem to be (when I was a boy of sixteen, I had no time for world-weariness: I needed to sit under a tree and enjoy the view of the sea and dream of things that might never be, although, as I was soon to learn, of course, there is no such thing as a thing that can never be...), but courteous and sincere. As I leafed through his portfolio he watched me intently, and it occurred to me that, his very young age notwithstanding, he really needed the money he could earn from selling these pictures.

'I get by,' he said, in reply to my question whether this was his sole source of income and whether there was noone looking after him, and I left it at that, because I did not want to hurt his pride. Was he new to Vienna, I asked, he said yes, he had recently arrived, after finishing his secondary school in Steyr where he'd gone to after a stint in Linz, which he didn't like.

'Linz? You went to school in Linz, did you?

'Yes, my father wanted me to go there, I didn't like it.'

'You weren't by any chance friends with Ludwig von Wittgenstein, were you?'

'I knew who he was, his family is well known; they are very wealthy, everybody knew who he was, but he was two years ahead of me, we didn't really speak to each other.'

I was going to ask, 'you're exactly the same age, how come you were two years behind?' but thought better of it, as this, I surmised, might be a sore point. Instead I traced my way back to one of his paintings, a small, delicate one in which the fastidiousness of some of his drawings and other watercolours had given way to a freer hand in which the colours were allowed to bleed into each other and create their own natural patterns; I was struck by the fact that hardly any of his paintings depicted people, and if so they were small, slightly bent figures or almost unnoticeable shadows in the landscape. This one was a landscape with nobody in it, and it needed nobody in it either, it was a gentle work of art that came from the inexperienced but dextrous hand of, I was certain, a fragile young soul who wanted, like everybody else in the world, nothing so much as to be respected and allowed to flourish and thus, if I

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'You have not signed your work, my friend,' I said to him, and this jolted him into action, almost as if I'd scolded him, and he took a black coal pencil from his brown leather bag and put the letters *A*. *H*. in a curiously spidery hand to the bottom right corner of the painting. I never asked him how much he expected for his art but I gave him a couple of notes I had on me and they seemed to more than suffice, for his eyes lit up and his face creaked into a beaming smile, which made me think that maybe nobody had ever bought a painting of his, or none without haggling over the price, or perhaps nobody had ever asked him who he was, and so I said to him:

allow myself to put it so simply, to be loved.

'You should send your work to the Academy of Fine Arts, you do have a talent,...' I glanced down at the open leather bag on his knees which had written inside its folding lid his full name, '...young Adolf.' At this he looked at me with large, soft brown eyes, like those of a startled rabbit, and so, as much to soothe his fear as to coax his curiosity, I continued: 'If you haven't been before, go to the Secession and ask to speak to Mr Klimt there. Tell him Lady Orlando sent you. Have a look at his work and that of the others exhibiting there: they are finding entire new ways of showing us the world and us in it. You might like it.' He seemed more than a little unsure, so I added: 'Some of it takes a bit of getting used to, but that's what art is about, is it not? Bringing out our inner selves in ways that surprise, delight, and also challenge us?'

He folded his portfolio and stood up:

'You have been very kind to me, thank you,' he said, and bowed a little bow, almost like the one I once received from a sailor, some ten or eleven years older than he, and turned to leave.

'He won't bite you, you know!' I called after him, and of all the things I have ever said to anyone, I wonder about this one sentence the most: was it wise, was it appropriate, was it necessary? I meant it not only as a joke, but also as a genuine encouragement, but when he turned around to me, and now with the descending sun directly on his gaunt, unloved face, I saw the fear again in his eyes: no hatred, no elation, no anger, no joy: only fear, and for this fear, I in turn feared he may not take up my advice and invitation, and my heart went out to him, for I did wish him well...

My day was finally allowed to return to its ordinary pattern, as I found myself back at the Central for my long longedfor rum Mazagran, and because it had been an unusually colourful day, I permitted myself two in a row. I was reflecting on the people I'd met and on what I was doing here in Vienna. (It wasn't that unusual for people to approach me: because of the way I dressed I stood out, and because I stood out some people, especially artists, musicians, poets, or someone investigating human nature, like Dr Freud, felt they had licence to speak to me, but the day had lodged itself in my mind for its density.) And I thought to myself, I shall stay here for a little while yet, for who knows what the future may bring, good or ill, but there are too many interesting things happening here to leave this city just yet. Besides, I had no urgent reason to go anywhere. My supposed 'posting to Prussia' had been all 587

but a smokescreen and I could not yet foresee an imminent time when I, as a woman, would be allowed to take on the role of a diplomat, or a businesswoman conducting my own enterprise. Even as an artist I would not be taken seriously yet, I suspected, nor as a musician. Perhaps as a violinist? I had no talent for the violin, nor any taste for it either. I could, quite conceivably, make a name for myself as a writer: Orlando has a sturdy male ring to it and almost any surname I chose, from whichever estate might suit me, would certainly do.

ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

This 'being a woman' now vexed me. Rarely had it vexed me before, as I had largely been able to coast through the day with my pleasant routine, seeming benign and content and above all interested in everything and everyone, but now it suddenly irked me to think that in the phrase 'I am a woman' there was contained, in the minds, in the view, of still a vast majority of the people around me-both women and men!-that insidious adjective 'only'. I was expected, after all, was I not, to think not 'I am a woman,' but to think 'I am only a woman,' possibly with a mockexplanatory, 'after all' as its tail. I don't know was it my hour with Dr Freud that prompted, now, all of a sudden, my anger; I had so very rarely in my life been angry before, and considering the life that I'd led I felt I had very little if any reason to feel angry at all, but now it welled up in me and I was certain at once that this just won't do. There would be the need for a fight to be fought, and soon. It was not a case of an inconvenience any more, or of a god-given place into which, immovably, my gender was cast; it was a case, surely, of man's will, of centuries, nay, millennia of culture having shaped it thus; and culture, I knew too well from experience and had again seen so radically, so categorically and so swiftly in Vienna right now, could change and could change completely in no time at all.

At last I felt in tune with myself once again, and I resolved to go home and get changed and attend tonight's dinner—a fairly ordinary affair at an ambassador's residence,

given in honour of some promising composer called Schoenberg-dressed in a full-flowing gown, complete with enticing jewellery and very uncomfortable shoes. Now. while the impact I have on people around me when I dress as a man is, for reasons that will be obvious, considerable, my appearance as a lady is—and I say this not in vanity or as an aggrandising self-compliment, but merely as a statement of easily observable fact-simply stunning. Gentlemen respond to it in a way that is wholly predictable, but, for all that, no less flattering, whereas the ladies' response tends to be no less predicable than the gentlemen's, though flattery rarely comes into it. Nevertheless, feeling liberated by wearing my costume of femininity as a matter of my own choice, I commanded the room, and much as the gentlemen's praise and appreciation, so the ladies' reaction adhered to every rule in the book: from pained compliments given through gritted teeth, to swift turning heads and ill-whispered salaciousnesses intended not for the confidant's ears as much as for mine, to even one or two heartfelt, genuine exclamations of admiration and congratulation, the dames of Vienna society that evening ran the gamut and I, I daresay, took it all in my stride, for tonight, after all, I was not 'only a woman,' I was Lady Orlando, and I cared naught.

'There will come a time,' I found myself impressing upon a stoutly bearded fellow, leaning onto his shoulder for fear of losing my balance in these murderous shoes whilst holding on to my *sekt* glass with a hand that was drawing circles far too wide in gesticulation not to spill some drop here and there on the protrusion of his substantive rump, 'when a woman may not be a queen just by birth, but a *president!* Such as they have them in *America!* Elected by her people, on account of her *worth!*'

The gentleman whose name and calling in life had already escaped me though they had deeply impressed me only moments earlier, gave me a sideways glance not altogether unperturbed, but instead of arguing with me or laughing at me he merely said, 'oh, *absolutely!*' and gave 590 Orlando in Vienna

me a smile so sweet I simply had to kiss him right there on the lips. I was, of course, very drunk, and it is to Herrn Schnitzler's unending credit that he resolved not to take advantage of me, but called for my carriage and saw to it that I was safely brought home.

I dreamt my most vivid dreams that night, no doubt fuelled by the many fascinating conversations I'd had during the day and the many glasses of sweet Austrian sparkling wine I'd drunk during the evening. I shall not go as far as to recount my dreams, as I am acutely aware that one's dreams are never nearly as interesting to anyone else as to oneself, but I was disturbed to find, when I woke up long before the sun had any chance to tickle my face, and not at my usual leisure at all, but with a vehement jolt, that my dreams had been in turns violent, erotic, sensual and confused, and all of the above at the same time: Gustav's stark portraits, the young street artist's diaphanous drawing, the music played by the promising composer, which seemed to have neither a beginning, nor a middle, nor an end, and yet still appeared to evoke something profound at its core, the Viennese in Mr Schnitzler's play...-that's what it was! That's what caused the unrest, I was certain: he had told me about a play he had written; it had never been published yet, nor even performed in public, but the idea was so simple, so provocative, so true: just couplings, across the spectrum of Vienna society, the whore with the soldier, the soldier with the maid, the maid with the young gentleman, the young gentleman with the young wife, like a merry-go-round, on and on, until the cycle comes back to the whore, and I wondered, now lying awake in my bed, on my own, why is it suddenly so much on everybody's mind? Is it that we have all collectively woken up to what's there, or have we somehow put it there and are consequently now forced to deal with it? I was sure, glancing out at the waning moon, that sex used to be incredibly simple by comparison. Everybody engaged in some kind of sexual activity all the time but nobody ever really spoke about it, at least not since 591

I'd left Alexandria. They may have alluded to it, punned on it, made clandestine reference to it, but it had been, for centuries, the thing that everybody did but nobody mentioned. And now, suddenly, everybody seemed to talk about it, express it; in words, in art, in dance, even in music. And I thought of Ludwig's poor brother, and young Ludwig too: it felt like another eviction from Eden, a second loss of paradise. Nobody, when I was a sixteen year old in Crete, would have dreamt of taking his life on account of just his desires. And I remembered the conversation I'd had with Dr Freud about religion and it dawned on me, only now, just how confining a prison religion had been and still was. No wonder so many were now at last trying to break out or at least create for themselves some space to move within. I felt I began to understand what Nietzsche may have meant when he started to claim that 'God is dead.' And I remembered a curious question Dr Freud had asked me: 'Do you often have premonitions?' It didn't seem strange to me then, but reflecting upon it now, it puzzled me greatly, and it puzzled me even more how readily, how naturally I had replied to him, 'yes I do.' What is it, I wonder, that gives us a sense of foreboding, an uneasy feeling that things are about to change, that they are about to go ghastly, awry. Is it maybe simply that we pick up the signals, register them, internally process them without even noticing that that's what we do, all the time? Is it maybe nothing more and nothing less than our subconscious mind beginning to understand the connexions that exist between things and events and circumstances and is trying to alert us, urging us to change course?

I did not have a sense of foreboding at this particular time, but I did feel that there were very conflicting forces at work, all around me. And were I a painter, a composer, a writer, or anyone at all of significance, I thought I should find it necessary to start to take sides, to state who I am, and to show what I stood for. And maybe that is true of everybody in Vienna—perhaps it is true of everybody in Europe!—today.

ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

After lying awake for what seemed like a couple of hours but may in fact only have been twenty minutes, I dozed off again, this time in a fitful, deep, sound sleep, from which I awoke, in the manner to which I had become so agreeably accustomed, with the first warm stroke of the sun across my humming head. I began the day much as I had begun the previous day, and as I begin every day here in Vienna, and on this day I was fortunate in that Gustav was at the Secession as I popped in there, overseeing the hanging of a new exhibition. I told him of my encounter with a young budding artist and he said, 'of course, send him along, I shall be happy to show him around and look at his art!' I was somewhat relieved to hear that, even though I knew that Gustav was a kind and open man who habitually showed a great interest in the work of young people. He in turn told me he'd had word from the young Wittgenstein that he was in town but was unable at this moment to come and see him, because he was too busy reading a book by Frege. He himself, Gustav, had never read it or even heard of it, but from what he could tell, Ludwig was riveted, which was always a good thing, Gustav felt, as nothing is more exciting for the curious mind than a challenge. I would have loved to have asked Gustav to come to the Central with me, but I could see he was busy and I was certain that I should not tempt him with any distractions right now, so I took my leave and ambled there by myself, drawing in the autumn air that was already filled with the morbidly pleasant spice of decay.

When I got to the *Central* I was surprised but in no small measure delighted to find none other than Ludwig sitting at 'my' table, and his entire demeanour had changed. He was alert and energised, fired up:

'Thank you,' he said, before I'd even had time to offer a greeting, let alone sit myself down: 'This,' he patted a book that evidently belonged to a library, 'is *exactly* what I've been looking for.' 'I am so glad,' I said, nodding at Leopold who simply mouthed at me from a distance to make sure I wanted the usual, 'you have already read it?'

'Of course not. I have looked at it, all day yesterday and all night last night. I have hardly slept at all. I don't understand a single thing of what he is saying, yet, but I will. Mathematics: there is purity in it and the purity is logic, and in logic I can breathe...'

I didn't know what to make of any of that, but I thought it was probably well. Still, I needed some topic of conversation and so I enquired, a touch lamely:

'What will you be doing after school, do you think?'

'I don't know, Lady Orlando, there are too many choices, but I shall go, I suspect, to Berlin, we have a family friend there at the *Technische Hochschule*. I shall find something to study, I am, as you know, an unwritten book.'

And here, I confess, my heart grew weak and it melted. I cannot guite describe the feeling, nor can I find a fit and proper reason for it, nor do I wish to absolve myself from any guilt or responsibility, only, perhaps, in as much as I had long since abandoned the need for guilt whilst always accepted the imperative of my responsibility, and so I stand by what happened next. Something within me gave way; it may have been the extraordinary confluence of experiences, insights and emotions of the previous twenty-four hours, it may simply have been the new, fresh light in his eyes, it may have been the actual genuine warmth of the moment; whatever it was, I deliberately, purposely, did something that I hadn't done in a long time: I set about to seduce him. I felt, deep inside, that this boy was aching to become a man and that if there was one thing I could offer him at this instant, it was no further long conversations, no greater ideas, no clearer abstraction from life, but a full day's worth of living. 'Would you,' I said, and already I noticed the change of tone in my voice—it happens so easily, so readily, so gladly, when the timing is right—'like me to show you my library at home? It has nothing in it that may be of obvious interest to you, but it

Orlando in Vienna

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offers a great deal of privacy...' I thought there was no point in beating about the proverbial bush with him now.

I couldn't tell whether Ludwig got my meaning or not, and nor did I particularly care: I shall take him to my apartment, I thought, and things shall unfold in the way that they please. This time, Leopold's look, as I settled our bill with him, was one of mildly appalled admiration, as he seemed to comprehend the meaning of our uncharacteristically swift departure completely. But Leopold was of a generation of waiters who had by now really seen and heard it all, and I had no worry that from his lips would ever escape any gossip or scandal.

I did not wish to subject Ludwig to the prolonged awkwardness of a walk lasting some twenty minutes, and so I hired a hackney carriage just outside the *Burgtheater*. Nor did I want to waste time, when we got home, pretending that there was anything about my apartment or my library worth contemplating other than us ourselves, and so once we sat next to each other, with Vienna drifting past us at the clonkety pace of a middle-aged mare, I held, in my soft-leather gloved hand, the hand of Ludwig and squeezed it down ever so slightly onto his thigh: he didn't look at me, but I think he did wince, just a little...

We were lying next to each other, the sun still reaching through the room's south facing window, just, enjoying that peaceful glow of fulfilment, that content, when he turned his head to me and, in a natural, instinctive gesture that would seem studied if it had to be learnt, ran his thin long fingers over my neck and my collarbone and then looked up and into my eyes and said, 'you are very beautiful.' I smiled at him, because I knew it was true. Many people have described me as 'beautiful' and many have meant it, but at that moment I believed it was actually so. The anxieties and the niggling irritants that find their way through the cracks of an imperfect life no matter how unencumbered an existence one leads, they all seemed at bay, for an hour or so, as we lay there, in more or less silence. I couldn't help, looking down at the shock of mousy hair as he nuzzled his head into the comforting cavity he had just described with his hand, thinking of the boy whose watercolour was lying next door on a table. What made them so different, what, so much the same? Ludwig here was not confident, he wasn't in any sense 'strong', other than in his intellect and his will to pursue that only which was of interest to him and to him made some sense. I didn't even think he was particularly happy, in fact the opposite: like many a searching soul he was guite morose and full of self-doubt. But-and as this thought formulated in my mind I sighed a bit and as I did so, Ludwig noticed and raised his head with an inquisitive look until I patted him and kissed his hair and he lowered it again, once again at ease-Ludwig, unlike the young artist, had no fear in his eyes. He had anguish and insecurity and he was torn by his love for his best friend Pepi at school, as he'd told me: he had sadness and the loss of his two elder brothers, he knew loneliness and isolation and he felt, as he also had told me, sometimes, in fact often, like an alien from another world, but he had no fear. Maybe he needed to have no fear, because his large family was always there for him still, because his father, though strict, respected and loved him, because his razor sharp mind would find him a way? I don't know.

A few weeks later I bumped into Dr Freud and I wanted to ask him a thousand questions that had, since that memorable day, clustered around my brain. He asked me, 'how are you, Lady Orlando?' and I wanted to say to him, 'Dr Freud, I am really exceptionally well, thank you, but there are so many things I now need to know.' Instead, however, aware of the burdens he already carried on his shoulders and knowing that in the end I would have to, like everyone, go and find my own answers my very own way, I just said: 'most excellent, Dr Freud, thank you, and you yourself?' To which he replied, with a glint in his eye: 'most excellent, Lady Orlando.'

Today, as I go about my routine in old Vienna, a city that to me seems a City of Dreams, I feel strangely serene. I shan't stay here much longer, I feel it will soon be time for me to move on. But the memories I have made here will linger, and mostly, in the most enjoyable way. Before we said goodbye, Ludwig and I, on that afternoon—it was getting towards sundown and I felt ready, soon, for my *Mazagran*—I caught him standing by the window, now fully dressed, but his shirt still loose hanging out of his trousers. He looked very much like a schoolboy right now and I wondered had I made a horrendous mistake. He had furrowed his brow and seemed stuck in a thought, rather than merely lost in one, and so I asked him: 'Are you feeling all right, Ludwig? Is there something troubling you?'

'Yes...' he said, without turning his head, which left me momentarily worried, '...I mean no.' And that didn't clarify anything. I thought it would be best to allow him to unstick his thought by himself and proceeded to sit down in front of my large frameless dressing mirror and tie my own tie. After a little while he came over and stood next to me and we looked at ourselves, there, making a very odd couple indeed, but a handsome one, too, and one, I knew, that would likely be never together again. His face was still tense with a question, and so, looking at him through the mirror, I asked, once again: 'What's on your mind, Ludwig?'

'There are things,' he said slowly, as if he was coaxing the sentence from his own contemplation bit by bit, 'of which we just cannot speak.'

I thought for a moment he was referring to what had just passed between us, but clearly that wasn't the case; he put his hand on my shoulder and looked down at me, as at a friend: 'don't you think so?'

Now feeling uncertain I said: 'Like what?'

'That's the thing,' he said, 'language is so inadequate, we cannot express them: they are beyond the realm of meaning and words.'

'I believe that that may be so,' I said, believing indeed

that that may be so, but still not fully grasping what he was getting at. Still, I felt it was time that we made a move, and so, putting my hand on the hand that he'd put on my shoulder and still speaking to him through the mirror, I said, hoping that this might settle his mind for a while and let him get on with the day: 'Well, I suppose whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent.'

This seemed to satisfy him indeed, and, feeling relieved, we left the apartment, glided down the stairs and strode up the avenue in the dappled shade of the afternoon sun, arm in arm, looking every bit not a couple of young lovers but a pair of old pals...

797-811 ← Orlando in New York

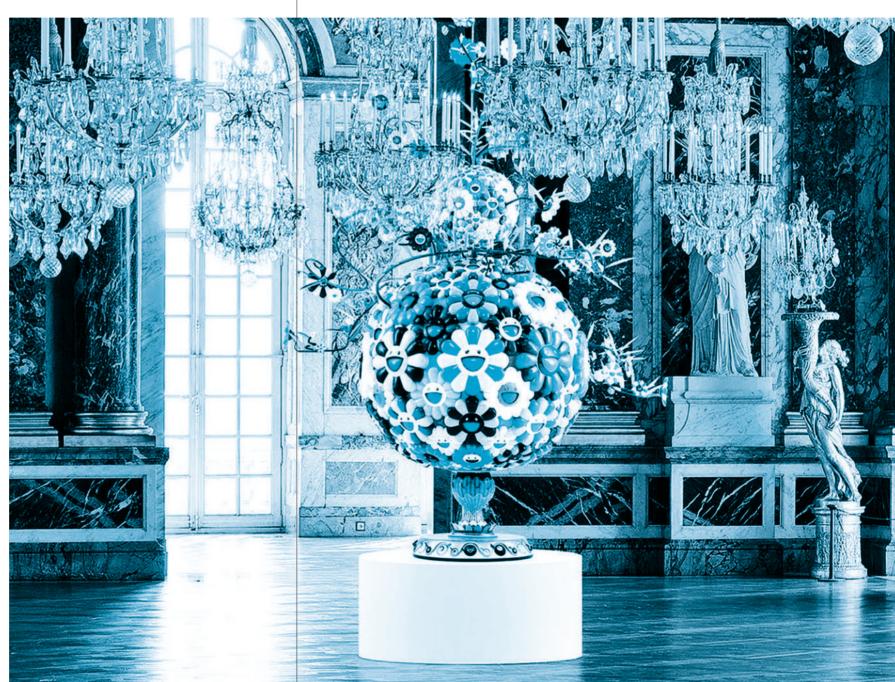
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DIO

MANNER

MANNER

Japan. In Japan I am famous in certain special circles—mainly as someone who is trying to break down and enlighten the conventions of Japanese art. Rather than a big figure, I guess you could say I'm more of an influential minority symbol.



ART Takashi Murakami by Laura Brown 2010 ← Listen, real poetry doesn't say anything, it just ticks off the possibilities. Opens all doors. You can walk through any one that suits you. ... and that's why poetry appeals to me so much—because it's so eternal. As long as there are people, they can remember words and combinations of words. Nothing else can survive a holocaust but poetry and songs. No one can remember an entire novel. No one can describe a film, a piece of sculpture, a painting, but so long as there are human beings, songs and poetry can continue.

If my poetry aims to achieve anything, it's to deliver people from the limited ways in which they see and feel.

IMPERSONATION

Jim Morrison 1969–71



MANNER



ARTICLE Johnnie Walker Whisky by Chris Singh 2013

700 ← World famous mixologist Tony Conigliaro was ushered to Sydney to help revitalise the brand with several whisky-based cocktails, which are set to make their public debut at this year's Melbourne Cup. It seems hard to come up with unique concoctions distinctive enough to warrant such an extravagant launch; but Conigliaro demonstrated his worth with

some very memorable cocktails.

← The Vigilante copped out as a schizo 701 possession case:

"I was standing outside myself trying to stop those hangings with ghost fingers.... I am a ghost wanting what every ghost wants-a bodyafter the Long Time moving through odorless alleys of space where no life is, only the colorless no smell of death....

Nobody can breathe and smell it through pink convolutions of gristle laced with crystal snot, time shit and black blood filters of flesh." He stood there in elongated court room shadow, his face torn like a broken film by lusts and hungers of larval organs stirring in the tentative ectoplasmic flesh of junk kick (ten days on ice at time of the First Hearing) flesh that fades at the first silent touch of junk.

BOOK Naked Lunch William S. Burroughs 1959

MYTH Wine

← Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 130 (trans. 701 Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Father Liber [Dionysos] went out to visit men in order to demonstrate the sweetness and pleasantness of his fruit ... he gave a skin full of wine as a gift and bade them spread the use of it in all the other lands." Nonnus, Dionysiaca 12. 330 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.):

"When Bakkhos saw the [wild] grapes with a bellyful of red juice, he bethought him of an oracle which prophetic Rheia had spoken long ago. He dug into the rock, he hollowed out a pit in the stone with the sharp prongs of his earth-burrowing pick, he smoothed the sides of the deepening hold and made an excavation like a winepress [and made the first ever batch of wine]."





702

← szabo You know why women used to get married, don't you?

ALICE Why don't you tell me.

SZABO It was the only way they could lose their virginities and be free to do what they wanted with other men. The ones they really wanted.

ALICE Fascinating.

FILM Eyes Wide Shut Stanley Kubrick 1999



MANNER





















ART Keith Haring by David Sheff 1989

← KH: It was just exploding. All kinds 703 of new things were starting. In music, it was the punk and New Wave scenes. There was a migration of artists from all over America to New York. It was completely wild. And we controlled it ourselves. There was the group of artists called COLAB—Collaborative Projects doing exhibitions in abandoned buildings. And there was the club scene—the Mudd Club and Club 57, at St. Mark's Place, in the basement of a Polish church, which became our hangout, a clubhouse, where we could do whatever we wanted. We started doing theme parties—beatnik parties that were satires of the Sixties and parties with porno movies and stripteases. We showed early Warhol films. And there was this art out on the streets. Before I knew who he was, I became obsessed with Jean-Michel Basquiat's work.

Dionysus 605

MUSIC

Space Oddity

David Bowie

1969

MANNER

704 ← For here Am I sitting in a tin can Far above the world Planet Earth is blue And there's nothing I can do

I hough I'm past one hundred thousand miles I'm feeling very still And I think my spaceship knows which way to go Tell my wife I love her very much she knows

And there's nothing I can do Though I'm past one hundred thousand miles I'm feeling very still

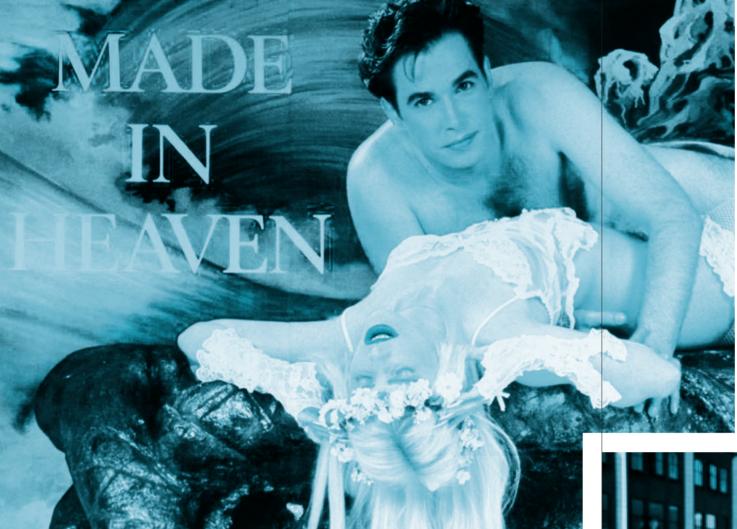


MYTH Thyrsus

704

← [N.B. The following passage is from an early Christian writer's critique of the pagan gods.]

"Dionysos was anxious to descend into Haides, but did not know the way. Thereupon a certain man, Prosymnos by name, promises to tell him; though not without reward... It was a favour of lust, this reward which Dionysos was asked for. The god is willing to grant the request; and so he promises, in the event of his return, to fulfil the wish of Prosymnos, confirming the promise with an oath. Having learnt the way he set out, and came back again. He does not find Prosymnos, for he was dead. In fulfilment of the vow to his lover Dionysos hastens to the tomb and indulges his unnatural lust. Cutting off a branch from a fig-tree which was at hand, he shaped it into the likeness of a phallus, and then made a show of fulfilling his promise to the dead man. As a mystic memorial of this passion phalloi are set up to Dionysos in cities. 'For if it were not to Dionysos that they held solemn procession and sang the phallic hymn, they would be acting most shamefully,' says Herakleitos."



706 ← There Beats By

← There's never been anything like Beats By Dre. The bulky rainbow headphones are a gaudy staple of

Dionysus 609

malls, planes, clubs, and sidewalks everywhere: as mammoth, beloved, and expensive as their namesake. But Dr. Dre didn't just hatch the flashy lineup from his freight train chest: The venture began as an unlikely partnership between a record-industry powerhouse and a boutique audio company best known for making overpriced HDMI cables. You might know this; you might own a pair of Beats that still has Monster's tiny, subjugated logo printed on them. But what you don't know is how, in inking the deal, Monster screwed itself out of a fortune. It's the classic David yes his ass kicked and is laughed out of the arena. This is the inside story of one of the all time worst deals in tech.

ARTICLE Dr. Dre Headphones by Sam Biddle 2008



ART Jeff Koons by Journal of Contemporary Art, Inc. and the Authors 1989

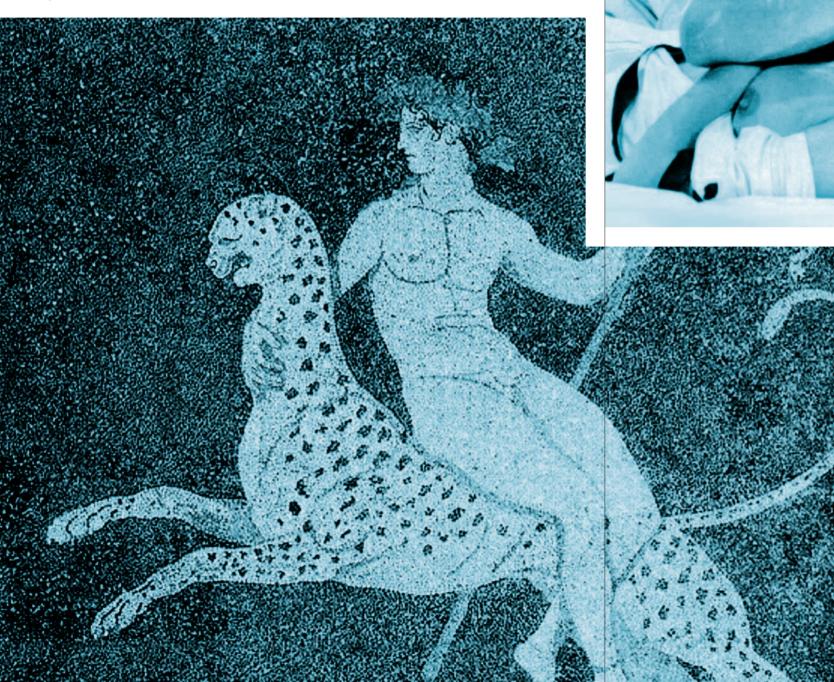
705 ← Equilibrium is unattainable, it can be sustained only for a moment. And here are these people in the role of saying, "Come on! I've done it! I'm a star! I'm Moses!" It's about artists using art for social mobility. Moses [Malone] is a symbol of the middle-class artist of our time who does the same act of deception, a front man: "I've done it! I'm a star!"

MANNER

708 ← Oppian, Cynegetica 4. 230: "Leopards are overcome also by the gifts of Dionysos, when crafty hunters pour for them the crafty drought, shunning not the anger of holy Dionysos. Leopards are now a race of wild beasts, but aforetime they were not fierce

wild beasts but bright-eyed women, wine-drinking, carriers of the vine branch, celebrators of the triennial festival, flower-crowned, nurses of frenzied Bakkhos [Dionysos] who rouses the dance [the story of the nursing of Dionysos follows, see The Birth of Dionysos for this section of Oppian]...

MYTH Leopard





MUSIC Je T'aime, Moi Non Plus Serge Gainsbourg 1967

708 ← Je ťaime je ťaime, oui je ťaime Moi non plus Oh mon amour, tu es la vague Moi l'île nue Tu vas, tu vas et tu viens

Entre mes reins Tu vas et tu viens entre mes reins Et je te rejoins

Je t'aime, je t'aime, oh oui je t'aime Moi non plus Oh mon amour Comme la vague irrésolue Je vais, je vais et je viens Entre tes reins Je vais et je viens entre tes reins Et je me retiens



FILM Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas Terry Gilliam 1999

← DUKE (V/O) 709 How long could we maintain, I wondered. How long before one of us starts raving and jabbering at this boy? What will he think then? This same lonely desert was the last known home of the Manson family.

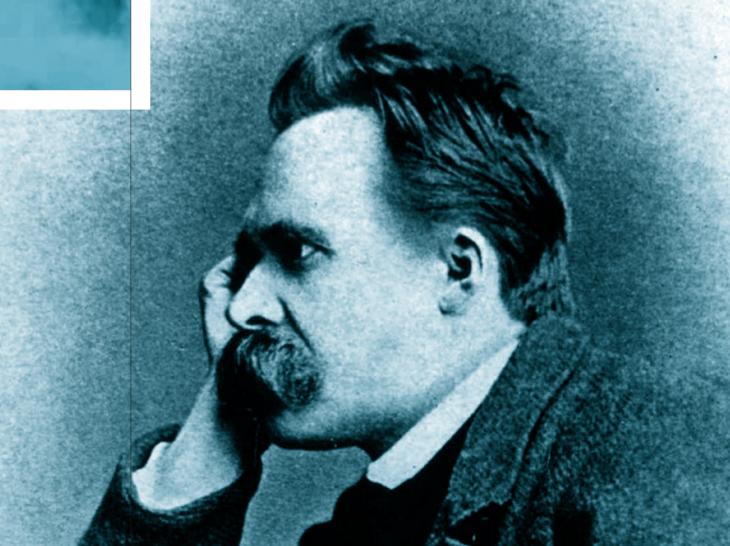
The HITCHHIKER's eyes notice a thin line of blood trickling down GONZO's neck.

DUKE (V/O) Would he make that grim connection when my attorney starts screaming about bats and huge manta rays coming down on the car?

MANNER

← And so, my instinct at that time turned itself against morality in this questionable book, as an instinct affirming life, and invented for itself a fundamentally different doctrine and a totally opposite way of evaluating life, something purely artistic and anti-Christian. What should it be called? As a philologist and man of words, I baptized it, taking some liberties—for who knew the correct name of the Antichrist?—after the name of a Greek god: I called it the Dionysian.

BOOK The Birth of Tragedy Friedrich Nietzsche 1872



FILM

MANNER

711 ← CRS-MAN (ON TV) Don't worry about him, he's just playing his own game—at a more advanced level, you might say...

SCHUYLER You can't just fuck with people like this, you don't know who you're dealing with!

CRS-MAN (ON TV)

(Laughs) We know exactly who we're dealing with, that's the whole idea! For a guy with your test scores, you're pretty slow on the uptake.





MYTH Ivy Crown

712 ← Seneca, Oedipus 401 ff (trans. Miller) (Roman tragedy C1st A.D.): "Let the people's hymn sound with

the praise of Bacchus [Dionysos]. Bind your streaming locks with the nodding ivy, and in your soft hands grasp the Nysaean thyrsus! Bright glory of the sky, come hither to the prayers which thine own illustrious Thebes, O Bacchus, offers to thee with suppliant hands. Hither turn with favour thy virginal face; with thy star-bright countenance drive away the clouds, the grim threats of Erebus, and greedy fate. Thee it becomes to circle thy locks with flowers of the springtime, thee to cover thy head with Tyrian turban, or thy smooth brow to wreathe with the ivy's clustering berries; now to fling loose thy lawless-streaming locks, again to bind them in a knot close-drawn; in such guise as when, fearing thy stepdame's [Hera's] wrath, thou didst grow to manhood with false-seeming limbs, a pretended maiden with golden ringlets, with saffron girdle binding thy garments. So thereafter this soft vesture has pleased thee, folds loose hanging and the longtrailing mantle.



ARTICLE Harley-Davidson by Nicole Winfield 2013

713 ← Thundering Harley engines nearly drowned out the Latin recitation of the "Our Father" prayer that accompanied Francis as he greeted the crowd before Mass. Standing in his open-top jeep, Francis drove up the main boulevard leading to St. Peter's Square, blessing the thousands of people in what was a giant Harley parking lot.

Dionysus 617

714 ← One of my friends has the habit of living with the girl he had by his own mother; not a week ago he deflowered

a thirteen-year-old boy, fruit of his commerce with this girl; in a few years' time, this same lad will wed his mother: such are my friend's wishes; he is readying for them all a destiny analogous to the projects he delights in and his intentions, I know very well, are yet to enjoy what this marriage will bring to bear; he is young and he has cause to hope for the best. Consider, gentle Eugénie, with what a quantity of incests and crimes this honest friend would be soiled were there a jot of truth in the low notion that would have us define these alliances as evil. To be brief, in all these matters I base my attitude upon one principle: had Nature condemned sodomy's pleasures, incestuous correspondences, pollutions, and so forth, would she have allowed us to find so much delight in them? That she may tolerate what outrages her is unthinkable.

IMPERSONATION Dolmancé Marquis de Sade 1795



618 Hermes

MANNER

ARTICLE

Foie-Mageddon:

The Secret California

Foie Gras Dinner Parties

715-734 HER MES

MANNER

715

They included foie gras panna cotta, foie gras benedict, foie gras mousse with custard and snickerdoodle crumble, and even foie gras cupcakes. "We believe in the freedom of people to eat what they want," organiser Tracy Lee of the website Dishcrawl, told The Daily Telegraph between courses. "But we keep the location secret because foie gras is best enjoyed without protests.

← An extravagant, belt-busting menu

featured eight courses, all of foie gras.

"Everyone is entitled to their opinion but we want to avoid people with megaphones showing up banging pots and pans like they have done. A lot of chefs have been concerned about their safety. "I wish we didn't have to hide this, but based on the circumstances, we have to. The intrigue around doing something underground is quite exciting though."



716 ← The computer was our toy. We grew up with it. And when we grew up, we brought our toy with us. Now the computer is in our homes and in our offices. It has changed our lives and it is changing them again, because now the computers are coming together to make a new system. In this system, computers all over the world are beginning to work together. Our computers will be our telephones, our post office, our library, and our banks.

BOOK The Road Ahead Bill Gates 1995





ART Damien Hirst For the Love of God 2007

717 ← 'For the Love of God' acts as a reminder that our existence on earth is transient. Hirst combined the imag-

ery of classic memento mori with inspiration drawn from Aztec skulls and the Mexican love of decoration and attitude towards death. He explains of death: "You don't like it, so you disguise it or you decorate it to make it look like something bearable—to such an extent that it becomes something else."²

The incorporation of the large central stone was inspired by memories of the comic '2000 AD', which Hirst used to read as a child. He relates how the comic, "used to have a character in it called Tharg the Mighty who had a circle on his forehead. He was like a kind of powerful, God-like figure who controlled the universe," Hirst explains. "It kind of just looked like it needed something. A third eye; a connection to Jesus and his dad."³



Hermes 623

718 ← He smiled understandingly—much more than understandingly. It was one of those rare smiles with a quality

of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in life. It faced—or seemed to face—the whole external world for an instant, and then concentrated on YOU with an irresistible prejudice in your favor.

It understood you just so far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey. Precisely at that point it vanished—and I was looking at an elegant young rough-neck, a year or two over thirty, whose elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd. Some time before he introduced himself I'd got a strong impression that he was picking his words with care.

BOOK The Great Gatsby F. Scott Fitzgerald 1925

MYTH Caduceus

718 ← Ovid, Metamorphoses 1. 583 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.):

"He [Hermes] fastened on his ankle-wings, grasped in his fist the wand that charms to sleep, put on his magic cap, and thus arrayed Jove's [Zeus'] son [Hermes] sprang from his father's citadel down to earth."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 2. 730 ff:

"[Hermes has] such trust in his good looks! Yet though his trust was sound, he spared no pains; he smoothed his hair, arranged his robe to hang aright, to show the whole long golden hem, saw that his wand, the wand he wields to bring and banish sleep, shone with a polish, and his ankle-wings were lustrous and his sandals brushed and clean."



722

← Homer, Odyssey 5. 28 ff (trans. Shewring) (Greek epic C8th B.C.): "At once he [Hermes] fastened under

his feet the immortal sandals of lovely gold that carried him, swift as airy breezes, over ocean and over boundless earth. And he took the rod that lulls men's eyes for him, at his pleasure, or awakens others when they slumber. With this in hand strong (kratus) Argeiphontes (Radiant One) began his flight." *Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 2. 37 & 46 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):* "With Hermes and Athena as his guides Perseus sought out ... the Nymphai who kept certain treasures of the gods—winged sandals, the kibisis (a sack), and the helmet of Haides...

MYTH Talaria

ART Gerhard Richter by Hans Ulrich Obrist 1993

719 ← Gerhard Richter: That's probably something I was born with. At the age of 16 or 17 it was quite clear to me that there was no God—which was a frightening experience for someone who was brought up a Christian. And I think by then my fundamental dislike of any form of faith, and hence of ideologies, was already fully formed. Movements and fashions always passed me by: religion at home, Nazism, Socialism, Rock music and all the many other fashions that made up the spirit of the age, in thought, attitudes, clothes, haircuts and so on... I found them all more frightening than attractive.







ARTICLE Muskmelon by Miki Tanikawa 2005

723 ← How different does the high-priced melon taste from an ordinary one? "They are definitely different, from the scent of it to the texture of it," said Shigeko Hoshi who lives in Tokyo and occasionally eats the expensive fruit when her family receives one as a gift. "The sweetness is exquisitely balanced with the sourness of it."

Many Japanese consider the special melon, like the special grape, cherry or pears, to be the perfect gift, set apart by its aura of luxury and added value from what is otherwise a mass-produced organic product.

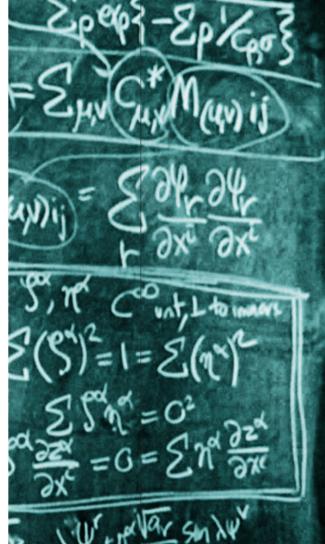


← VAN NEUMANN (OVER) Mathematicians broke the Japanese codes and built the A-bomb...

EXT. PRINCETON UNIVERSITY—1947—DAY Rows of heads. PUSH IN on a single FACE looking skyward, as if he can see us. Uncommonly handsome. Piercing blue eyes. JOHN NASH.

VAN NEUMANN (OVER) Mathematicians like you...

FILM A Beautiful Mind Ron Howard 2001



TRACK over the all male students to the head of the common. JOHN VAN NEUMANN, is delivering the matriculation speech.

VAN NEUMANN

But peace's flame burns all too briefly. Atomic weapons are within Stalin's reach. You are the vanguard of democracy and freedom. Today, we bequeath America's future into your able hands. Welcome to Princeton.



724 ← The Panerai Reference 372 is considered a "Base" Panerai, meaning it only has a second and minute hand, which gives is a stunningly simple, streamlined, balanced, highly symmetrical look. Despite its outstanding looks, the Panerai 372 has zero bling. It is almost reverse bling, which makes it extremely tasteful, clean and sophisticated-in a distinguishing, old-world, kind of way. The Panerai 372 is a very masculine, macho watch that exudes confidence. Its DNA is that of a real Tool Watch and it has a big, bold look, which remains low-key, unassuming, charismatic and quietly confident.

ARTICLE Panerai Watch



MANNER



MUSIC **Disney Time** Jarvis Cocker 2006

726 ← I'm feeling so much better since I learned to avert my eyes: Now it's Disney time

Not in front of the children Fill their head with dreams And hope to be like Bambi's mother and die off-screen So you can tell your children that everything's gonna be just fine Here in Disney time

At Easter and Christmas they granted us a view of a world so much better than the one we knew Everyone can share the magic for 30 minutes at a time



ART Daniel Edwards by The Associated Press 2006

← When Edwards was asked why he 726 creates art that generates publicity by selecting subjects hyped in the media, he said: "You're bombarded with these stories. And there's a thread that winds back to the art. That's not a bad thing. People are interested in these topics, and it works for art as well." Asked whether he's anti-abortion, Edwards said, "You nailed me. I'm not saying that I am. I wouldn't march with either pro-life or pro-choice advocates. This is not meant to be political."

727 a car, gets out a cigarette, and goes around a corner to smoke. He sees a pigeon above. The pigeon flies away. He is about to light his cigarette when a gun held by a black hand is raised to his head. MASTER Fuck. I knew that was gonna be you. (lights cigarette) You gonna kill me? You might as well kill me. GHOST DOG I'm your retainer. I follow a code. I've always given you my respect. MASTER So that's why you got that big fuckin' gun to my head? GHOST DOG Forgive me. I don't mean you no disrespect.

> FILM Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai Jim Jarmusch 1999



← Master arrives at meeting place in

729

white snow

I waved to my neighbour My neighbour waved to me But my neighbour Is my enemy I kept waving my arms Till I could not see Under fifteen feet of pure white snow

telephone?

← Would you please put down that

We're under fifteen feet of pure

Is there anybody Out there please? It's too quiet in here And I'm beginning to freeze I've got icicles hanging From my knees Under fifteen feet of pure white snow

MUSIC Fifteen Feet of Pure White Snow Nick Cave 2001





IMPERSONATION Gordon Gekko Oliver Stone 1987

729 [—]

← The point is, ladies and gentlemen, greed is good. Greed works, greed is right. Greed clarifies, cuts through,

and captures the essence of the evolutionary spirit. Greed in all its forms, greed for life, money, love, knowledge, has marked the upward surge of mankind—and greed, mark my words—will save not only Teldar Paper but that other malfunctioning corporation called the USA... Thank you. 731 ← Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 3. 113 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Outside the cave [of his mother Maia] he [the infant god Hermes] found a tortoise feeding. He cleaned it out, and stretched across the shell strings made from the cattle he had sacrificed, and when he had thus devised a lyre he also invented a plectrum ... When Apollon heard the lyre, he exchanged the cattle for that. And as Hermes was tending the cattle, this time he fashioned a shepherd's pipe which he proceeded to play. Covetous also of this, Apollon offered him the golden staff which he held when he herded cattle. But Hermes wanted both the staff and proficiency in the art of prophecy in return for the pipe. So he was taught how to prophesy by means of pebbles, and gave Apollon the pipe."

MYTH Lyre





FILM American Psycho Mary Harron 2000

732 ← BATEMAN He's good-looking.

EVELYN Everybody's good-looking, Patrick.

BATEMAN He has a great body.

EVELYN Everybody has a great body now.

Bateman unbuttons his shirt and makes advances to get Evelyn to have sex with him. She ignores him, watching the Home Shopping Channel with the remote in her hand. Finally, he straddles her, penis close to her face. She tries to look around him at the TV, then takes notice.

MANNER



IMPERSONATION Mr. Abagnale by Devin Faraci 2012

733 ← DF: How concerned were you about getting caught?

FA: I was really never concerned. Because I was so young there was nothing about what if. I don't think the words "what if" ever came in. If I was going in somewhere I didn't premeditate it, and I didn't say "What if they do this, what if there's a guard at the door?" What I said to myself was, "If that happens, I'll deal with it when that happens." I would go on. I would never sit there and think about the consequences, being an adolescent. I would never think, "What if they catch me? What will they do to me, where will I go?" That never entered my mind.

One thing that happens is that when you do criminal things, once you start doing them it's a lot easier to do the next one. It's like the guy who says, "Well I already murdered two people, the third is not a big deal." Unfortunately it's like that because you say, "Well, they're already looking for me, they're already chasing me." MANNER

734 ← Homeric H (trans. Evelyn to 4th B.C.):

← Homeric Hymn 4 to Hermes 490 ff (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C7th to 4th B.C.):

"[Hermes trades with Apollon the godhead of music for the godhead of cattle:] 'I will give you this lyre, glorious son of Zeus, while I for my part will graze down with wild-roving cattle the pastures on hill and horse-feeding plain: so shall the cows covered by the bulls calve abundantly both males and females...'

MYTH Cattle



735-755

ΗE

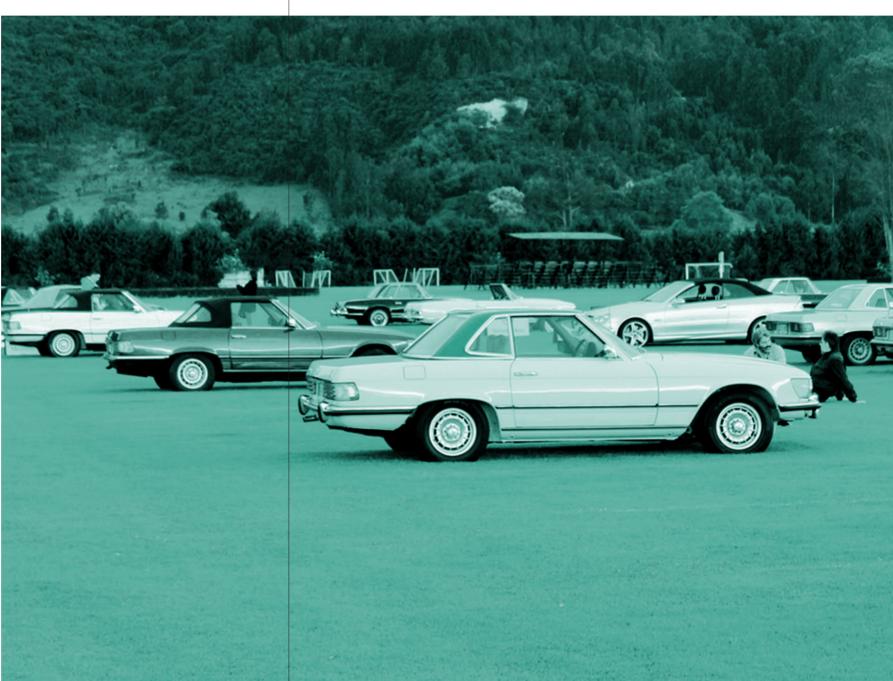
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735 ← IT'S TIME TO PLAY FOLLOW THE LEADER. AGAIN.

The future travels at its own pace, always one step ahead. Introducing the new S-Class: progress at its most beautiful. The iconic star on its bonnet urges you along, eager to reveal what's underneath the strikingly sculpted metal: power, elegance and, of course, ground-breaking innovation—like the optional Magic Body Control anticipatory suspension system that responds with a masterclass in the art of movement.

DESIGN

The new S-Class blurs the boundaries between work and play. Its highly attractive interior and superior ride comfort make it the ideal place to relax. And when you're still on duty, the rear is equipped with a cutting edge multimedia workplace that makes for ideal working conditions. There's luxury automatic climate control and a subtle fragrance emitted by the optional Air-Balance Package that makes you feel calm and relaxed. A feel good atmosphere has never felt this good.



ARTICLE

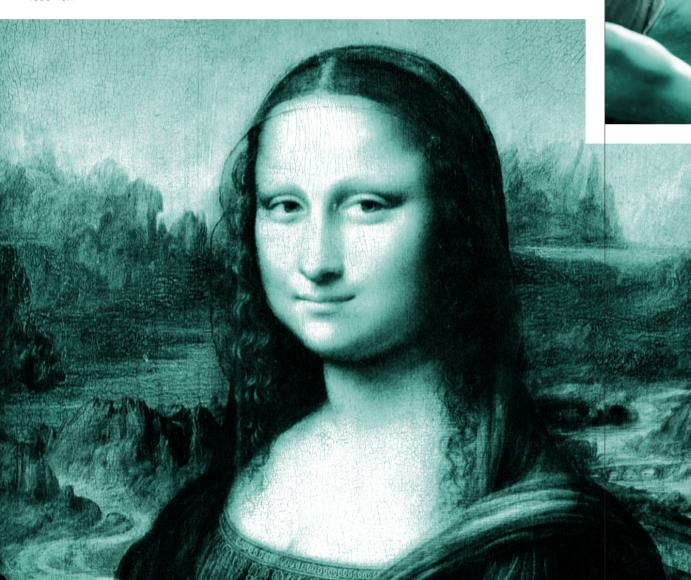
2013

Mercedes-Benz

736 ← 17. ON THE SECTIONS OF [THE BOOK ON] PAINTING.

The first thing in painting is that the objects it represents should appear in relief, and that the grounds surrounding them at different distances shall appear within the vertical plane of the foreground of the picture by means of the 3 branches of Perspective, which are: the diminution in the distinctness of the forms of the objects, the diminution in their magnitude; and the diminution in their colour. And of these 3 classes of Perspective the first results from [the structure of] the eye, while the other two are caused by the atmosphere which intervenes between the eye and the objects seen by it. The second essential in painting is appropriate action and a due variety in the figures, so that the men may not all look like brothers, &c.

ART The Notebooks Leonardo Da Vinci 1503–1517





FILM Avatar James Cameron 2009

737 ← GRACE Alright, look—I don't have the answers

yet, I'm just now starting to even frame the questions. What we think we know—is that there's some kind of electrochemical communication between the roots of the trees. Like the synapses between neurons. Each tree has ten to the fourth connections to the trees around it, and there are ten to the twelfth trees on Pandora—

SELFRIDGE

That's a lot I'm guessing.

GRACE

That's more connections than the human brain. You get it? It's a network—a global network. And the Na'vi can access it—they can upload and download data—memories—at sites like the one you destroyed.

SELFRIDGE

What the hell have you people been smoking out there? They're just. Goddamn. Trees.

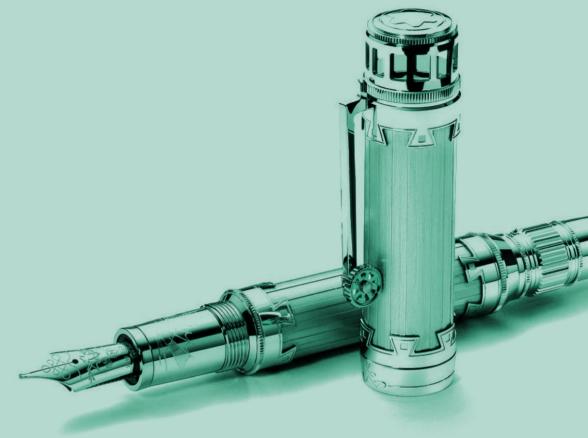
MANNER

737 ← Diodorus Siculus, Library of History 5. 72. 4 (trans. Oldfather) (Greek historian C1st B.C.): "Men say that the marriage of Zeus and Hera was held in the territory of the Knossians [on the island

of Krete], at a place near the river Theren, where now a temple stands in which the natives of the place annually offer holy sacrifices and imitate the ceremony of the marriage, in the manner in which tradition tells it was originally performed."

MYTH Wife





ARTICLE Montblanc Fountain Pen by Ariel Adams 2013

← LB: Montblanc has the unique 738 benefit that our most iconic product, the Montblanc Meisterstück, both symbolizes exclusivity, as it is a writing instrument, which is on the desk of the most important decision makers in the world, and at the same time, in terms of RSP, is still an affordable luxury product. The myth of the Meisterstück as the Power Pen (signifying your power when signing important documents) and as a true lifetime companion, which you have received or bought at an important junction in your life (graduation, becoming a partner in a company, your first corner office, documenting your marriage, etc.) has kept the exclusivity of this unique writing instrument alive with our customers for more than 89 years.

740 ← Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way. Everything was in confusion in the Oblonskys' house. The wife had discovered that the husband was carrying on an intrigue with a French girl, who had been a governess in their family, and she had announced to her husband that she could not go on living in the same house with him.

BOOK Anna Karenina Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy 1877





IMPERSONATION Claire Underwood by David Fincher 2013

741 ← FRANCIS (genuinely) I'm sorry, Claire.

CLAIRE No. That I won't accept.

FRANCIS What?

CLAIRE Apologies.

Claire looks hard at him. A typical wife might smother him with sympathy, but not Claire. She knows that's the worst thing she could do for a man like Francis.

CLAIRE (CONT'D) My husband doesn't apologize, even to me.



Hera 647

743

 \leftarrow It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in

want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters. "My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?" Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

BOOK **Pride and Prejudice** Jane Austen 1813

MYTH Mother

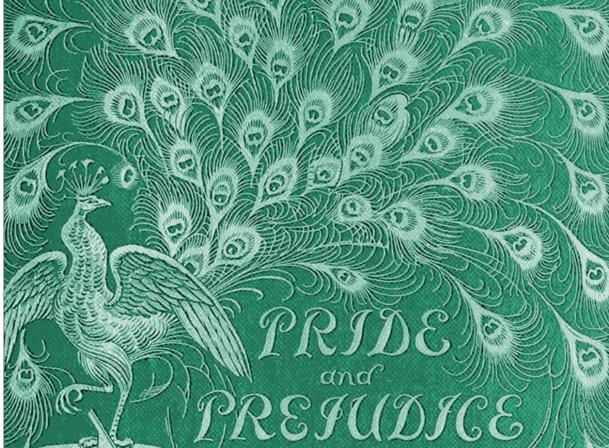
← Homer, Iliad 14. 200 ff (trans. 742

Lattimore) (Greek epic C8th B.C.): "I [Hera] go now to the ends of the generous earth on a visit to Okeanos, whence the

gods have risen, and Tethys our mother who brought me up kindly in their own house, and cared for me and took me from Rheia, at that time when Zeus of the wide brows drove Kronos underneath the earth and the barren water."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 1. 19 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Hera bore Hephaistos without benefit of sexual intercourse, although Homer says that Zeus was his father. Zeus threw him from the sky for helping Hera when she was in chains. Zeus had hung her from Olympos as punishment for setting a storm on Herakles as he was sailing back from his conquest of Troy. Hephaistos landed on Lemnos, cripped in both legs."



FILM Evita Alan Parker 1996

MANNER

744 ← PERON People of Europe! I send you the Rainbow of Argentina!

CHÈ

Spain has fallen to the charms of Evita She can do what she likes—it doesn't matter much.

OFFICERS She's our Lady of the New World with the golden touch She filled a bull-ring—forty-five thousand seater.

CHÈ But if you're prettier than General Franco That's not hard.





MYTH Avenger

745 ← Anton Metamo

← Antoninus Liberalis, Metamorphoses 11 (trans. Celoria) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"One day they [Polytekhnos and Aedon of Kolophon in Lydia] blurted out the needless remark that they loved each other more than did Hera and Zeus. Hera found what was said to be insupportable and sent Eris (Discord) between them to create strife in their activities. Polytekhnos was on the point of finishing off a standing board for a chariot and Aedon of completing the web she was weaving. They agreed that whoever of the two would finish the task more quickly would hand over a female servant to the other.

Aedon was the quicker in finishing off her web— Hera had helped her in the task. Polytekhnos was infuriated by the victory of Aedon."



MUSIC Got To Get You into My Life The Beatles 1966

746 ← I was alone, I took a ride, I didn't know what I would find there Another road where maybe I could see another kind of mind there

Ooh, then I suddenly see you, Ooh, did I tell you I need you Every single day of my life?

You didn't run, you didn't lie You knew I wanted just to hold you Had you gone, you knew in time, we'd meet again For I had told you

Ooh, you were meant to be near me Ooh, and I want you to hear me Say we'll be together every day MANNER

746

← "I would stay home and be a mum at home. I would love that." But later she volunteers, "I love family life, but

I get slightly depressed when I stay only with the children. I mean, don't you? Like, just a little bit depressed. I know it's not politically correct to say that, but it's true—that's how I feel. After three weeks doing only children and my man and the house, children, the house and my man, children, the house and my man. And I think women that do that are very useful."

IMPERSONATION Carla Bruni by Decca Aitkenhead 2013



650 Hera

748 ← Hide your heart from sight, lock your dreams at night It could happen to you Don't count stars or you might stumble Someone drops a sigh and down you tumble

Keep an eye on spring, run when church bells ring It could happen to you All I did was wonder how your arms would be And it happened to me

Keep an eye on spring, run when church bells ring It could happen to you All I did was wonder how your arms would be And it happened to me

MUSIC It Could Happen to You Frank Sinatra 1944





ART Jan Van Eyck by Carola Hicks 1434

748

and Costanza had died by 1433, the year before the portrait was painted. Is this a memorial to Costanza, who might have died in childbirth? Artists liked to pose women in a pregnant stance, whether they were or not, as fertility was an essential quality in a wife. There are other symbols of fertility, from the red bed to the rug—

← The pregnancy? Giovanni and

Costanza had no recorded children

a rare commodity in 15th-century Northern Europe, and associated with a birthing chamber. Also, the figure carved on the chair behind the woman is St Margaret, patron saint of childbirth. **The bed.** This is what guests would have expected to see in a reception room. It may not have been used for sleeping in, but implied that the master of the house was of sufficiently high status to exhibit such a possession as an adornment.



750 ← A ente

← An hour later Georges du Roy entered the office of "La Vie Francaise." M. Walter was there; he raised his

head and asked: "What, are you here? Why are you not dining at my house? Where have you come from?"

Georges replied with emphasis: "I have just found out something about the minister of foreign affairs." "What?"

"I found him alone with my wife in hired apartments. The commissioner of police was my witness. The minister is ruined."

"Are you not jesting?"

"No, I am not. I shall even write an article on it."

BOOK Bel Ami Guy de Maupassant 1885



MYTH Queen

749 \leftarrow Homer, Iliad 14. 153–316: "Now Hera, she of the golden throne,

standing on Olympos' horn, looked out with her eyes, and saw at once how her brother and her lord's brother, was bustling about the battle where men win glory, and her heart was happy. Then she saw Zeus, sitting along the loftiest summit on Ida of the springs, and in her eyes she was hateful. And now the lady ox-eyed Hera was divided

in purpose as to how she could beguile the brain in Zeus of the aegis. And to her mind this thing appeared to be the best counsel, to array herself in loveliness, and go down to Ida, and perhaps he might be taken with desire to lie in love with her next her skin, and she might be able to drift an innocent warm sleep across his eyelids, and seal his crafty perceptions... 752 ← MARY ALICE (V.O.) In truth, I spent the day as I spent every other day. Quietly polishing the routine of my life until it gleamed with perfection.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE—LIVING ROOM—DAY Mary Alice stands completely still in the middle of the IMMACULATE room.

MARY ALICE (V.O.) Which is why it was so astounding when late last Thursday afternoon...

INT. SCOTT HOUSE—HALLWAY—DAY Mary Alice stands on a chair and reaches up to the top shelf of the hall closet. She brings down a REVOLVER.

MARY ALICE (V.O.) ...I decided to take a loaded gun from the hallway closet and empty its contents into my head.

TV SERIES Desperate Housewives Marc Cherry 2004





IMPERSONATION Lee Kuan Yew by The New York Times 2007

753

← I said O.K., let's make this a first world oasis in a third world region. So not only will they come here to

set up plants and manufacture, they will also come here and from here explore the region. What do we need to attract them? First class infra-

structure. Where do we get it from? We had the savings from our Central Provident Fund. We had some loans from the World Bank.

We built up the infrastructure. The difficult part was

getting the people to change their habits so that they behaved more like first world citizens, not like third world citizens spitting and littering all over the place. That was the difficult part. So, we had campaigns to do this, campaigns to do that. We said, "Look, if you don't do this, you won't get the jobs. You must make this place like the countries they came from. Then, they are comfortable. Then they'll do business here. Then, you'll have a job. Then, you'll have homes, schools, hospitals, etc." That's a long process. 658 Chiron

755-776

CHI

RON

MANNER

755

← MD: One of my many contradictory statements, so it must be true. JP: Speaking of contradictions, does

the current Whitney exhibition bring back memories? All your friends are there from the New York Dada period. The Countess, Man Ray, Beatrice Wood. Is there any art scent left in the objects, drawings, paintings, books?

MD: For me, none at all. All that work is dead. They have passed their 30 years. All the energy has been sucked out of them. I felt I was looking at work found in an Egyptian tomb.



ART

1917

Marcel Duchamp

by John Perreault



.

Chiron 661

← "With a bold heart and gentle words [Jason] answered him thus: 'Kheiron (Chiron) my teacher was, this shall I

prove. From Khariklo, I say, and Philyra's cave I come, where the chaste daughters of the Kentauros nursed my young days. Through all my twenty years I gave them no rough word or hasty deed ... For they [lason's parents], when first I saw the light, fearing that leader's overweening and cruel pride, laid forth within the house dark robes of mourning, as though their babe were dead; and amidst wailing women sent me forth secretly, wrapped in purple swaddling clothes, that only the dark of night might know my path, and gave me to Kheiron, Kronos' (Cronus') son, to be my guardian."

MYTH Mentor

759



FILM Alien Resurrection Jean-Pierre Jeunet 1997

757 ← She stands a moment, staring, before proceeding through it. Call

stands in the doorway, others crowding behind her. Every face registers the horror of what they are seeing, but none more so than Ripley's. Numbers one through seven. The first failed efforts to clone Ripley. They are lined up like museum exhibits—or side show freaks.

Here is the fetal Ripley, the fetal alien visible through its translucent chest. In a jar.

Here is a prematurely old, diseased Ripley, withered blue skin clinging to collapsed bones.

Here is an attempt to separate the alien and grow it without the host—boneless, bubbling tissue, weak and useless mouth rigored in midmew. Each one more horrifying than the last, and the last the worst of all. Ripley approaches, and stares at number seven.

A complete mixture of alien and human DNA. A tortured, disgusting hybrid, half Ripley, half nightmare.

Find everything



The all new faster, thinner iPhone with 3G and Leopard's wireless Spotlight. Water guided toor



ind and copy files to your iPhone. rint your emails wirelessly. 'bat with friends using iChat Mobile.

ARTICLE iPhone by Fred Vogelstein 2013

← The impact has been not only eco-760 nomic but also cultural. Apple's innovations have set off an entire rethinking of how humans interact with machines. It's not simply that we use our fingers now instead of a mouse. Smartphones, in particular, have become extensions of our brains. They have fundamentally changed the way people receive and process information. Ponder the individual impacts of the book, the newspaper, the telephone, the radio, the tape recorder, the camera, the video camera, the compass, the television, the VCR and the DVD, the personal computer, the cellphone, the video game and the iPod. The smartphone is all those things, and it fits in your pocket. Its technology is changing the way we learn in school, the way doctors treat patients, the way we travel and explore. Entertainment and media are accessed and experienced in entirely new ways.

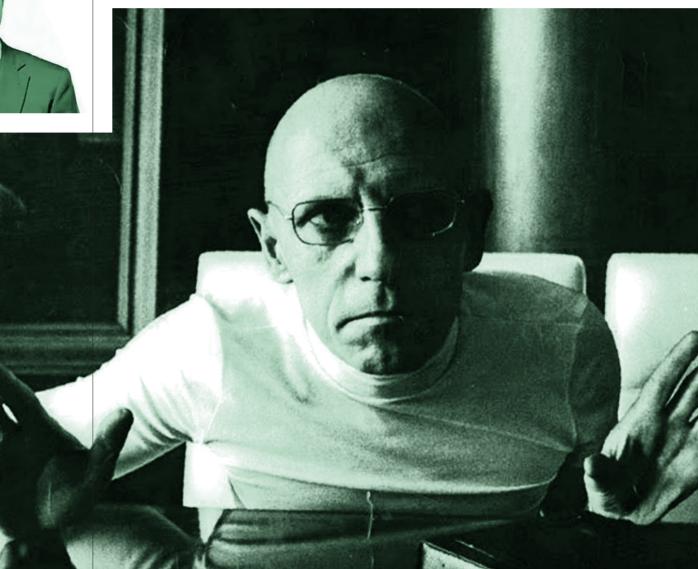
MANNER

761 ← We must also question those divisions or groupings with which we have become so familiar. Can one

accept, as such, the distinction between the major types of discourse, or that between such forms or genres as science, literature, philosophy, religion, history, fiction, etc., and which tend to create certain great historical individualities? We are not even sure of ourselves when we use these distinctions in our own world of discourse, let alone when we are analyzing groups of statements which, when first

formulated, were distributed, divided, and characterized in a quite different way: after all, 'literature' and 'politics' are recent categories, which can be applied to medieval culture, or even classical culture, only by a retrospective hypothesis, and by an interplay of formal analogies or semantic resemblances; but neither literature, nor politics, nor philosophy and the sciences articulated the field of discourse, in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, as they did in the nineteenth century.

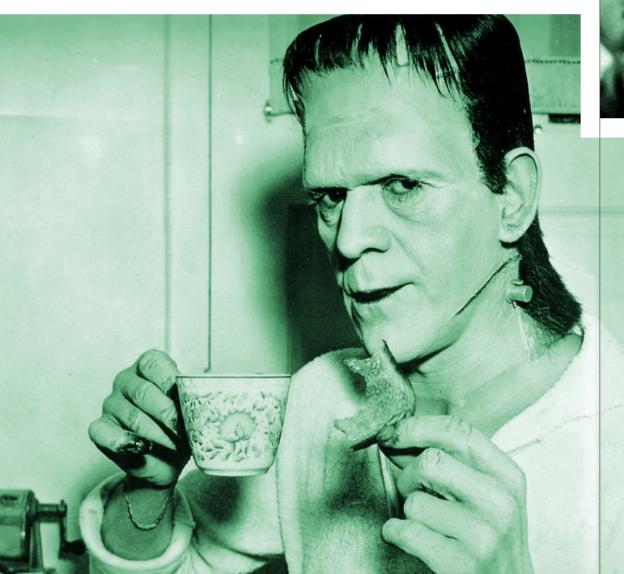
IMPERSONATION Michel Foucault 1969



MANNER

763 ← From this day natural philosophy, and particularly chemistry, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, became nearly my sole occupation. I read with ardour those works, so full of genius and discrimination, which modern inquirers have written on these subjects. I attended the lectures and cultivated the acquaintance of the men of science of the university, and I found even in M. Krempe a great deal of sound sense and real information, combined, it is true, with a repulsive physiognomy and manners, but not on that account the less valuable. In M. Waldman I found a true friend. His gentleness was never tinged by dogmatism, and his instructions were given with an air of frankness and good nature that banished every idea of pedantry.







FILM Blade Runner Ridley Scott 1982

765 tw

← SEBASTIAN What generation are you?

batty **Nexus 6.**

Sebastian whistles. To the couch. Batty couldn't be more pleased.

SEBASTIAN I know because I do genetic design work for the Tyrell Corporation. (proudly) There's some of me in you!

BATTY We have a lot in common.



MYTH Protector

767 ← Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 3. 167 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.): "After he [Peleus] had gone to sleep on Pelion, Akastos hid his dagger ... and returned home, deserting

Peleus. As he awoke and started looking for his dagger, he was taken by the Kentauroi (Centaurs), and was on the verge of perishing when he was spared by Kheiron (Chiron), who also sought out and handed him back his dagger."

767 ← In the year 1997 my family rented an RV Class C so we could follow our son Mike who was on the rowing

team at the University of Michigan. We loved the idea that we could drive in the evening, get to the rowing parking lot late, sleep there at night and be in the middle of the activity the next day for the rowing meet.

In the year 2000, my husband and I decided to buy a bigger RV Class A and retire after 40 years in the workforce. We had a home in Detroit that we loved and we started to take some trips, first 4 months in 2000 then 6 months in 2001, then in 2002 we took a 10 month 30,000 mile trip to Alaska and back by way of ground zero in New York, Vero Beach, FL, New Orleans, LA, the Guatemalan Border, the Arctic Circle, Alaska, Apple Valley, CA, Napa Valley and home.

ARTICLE Recreational Vehicle. Full-Time RVer's Story by Mary Campbell





ART Cremaster 4 Matthew Barney 1994

768 ← Cremaster 4 adheres most closely to the project's biological model. This penultimate episode describes the

system's onward rush toward descension despite its resistance to division. The logo for this chapter is the Manx triskelion—three identical armored legs revolving around a central axis. Set on the Isle of Man, the film absorbs the island's folklore as well as its more recent incarnation as host to the Tourist Trophy motorcycle race. Myth and machine combine to narrate a story of candidacy, which involves a

trial of the will articulated by a series of passages and transformations. The film comprises three main character zones. The Loughton Candidate (played by Barney) is a satyr with two sets of impacted sockets in his head—four nascent horns, which will eventually grow into those of the mature, Loughton Ram, an ancient breed native to the island. Its horns—two arcing upward, two down—form a diagram that proposes a condition of undifferentiation, with ascension and descension coexisting in equilibrium. 769

← One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a

Chiron 669

horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. "What's happened to me?" he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table—Samsa was a travelling salesman—and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her lower arm towards the viewer.

BOOK Metamorphosis Franz Kafka 1915





ART Daniel Lee by James A. Cotter 2002

← There was a time when the streets 770 of Lower Manhattan were crawling with monsters: street people, barflies, druggies, and the homeless dominated neighborhoods like SoHo and Alphabet City. These areas have long since been gentrified, and you are more likely to run into a gang of yuppies coming back from dinner at a trendy bistro than to be running from a pack of angry punks. The creatures are still there, of course; they've just been pushed further underground, away from the glare of the spic and span. Daniel Lee remembers the old days well. When he came to New York in the early 1970s, he lived on a block where the homeless found solace in his doorway and muggings were a nightly occurrence. "You wouldn't want to leave a car on the street. The next day, you'd find the tires gone or worse." But Lee has found beauty and inspiration in the underbelly of the city and the beasts that occupy its dark corners.

MANNER

771 ← Nonnus, Dionysiaca 35. 60 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.): "What ridge of the pasturing woodlands must I traverse to summon old lifebringing Kheiron (Chiron) to help your wound? Or where can I find medicines, the secrets of Paieon the Healer's [Asklepios] pain assuaging art? Would that I had what they call the herb Kentaurida (of the Centaur), that I might bind the flower of no-pain upon your

MYTH Healer limbs, and bring you back safe and living from Haides whence none returns! What magic hymn have I, or song from the stars, that I may chant the ditty with Euian voice divine, and stay the flow of blood from your wounded side? Would I had here beside me the fountain of life, that I might pour on your limbs that painstilling water and assuage your adorable wound, to bring back even your soul to you again!"



771 ← MINA But you live! You live! What are you? I must know! You must tell me!

DRACULA I am nothing, lifeless, soulless, hated and feared. I am dead to all the world... hear me! I am the monster the breathing men would kill. I am Dracula.

Mina beats at Dracula.

MINA No! You murdered Lucy!

She collapses in his arms.

I love you. Oh, God forgive me, I do. I want to be what you are, see what you see, love what you love.

FILM Bram Stoker's Dracula Francis Ford Coppola 1992



MUSIC Posthuman Marilyn Manson 1998

7773 ← She's got eyes like Zapruder And a mouth like heroin She wants me to be perfect like Kennedy
This isn't god, this isn't god God is just a statistic God is just a statistic Say "show me the dead stars All of them sing."

God is a number you cannot count to You are posthuman and hardwired

She's pilgrim and pagan Softworn and social In all of her dreams She's a saint like Jackie O

Religious and clean

MANNER



ARTICLE Google Glasses by Millie Tadewaldt 2013

774 ← It's been about a month since I made the ultimate futuristic fashion statement... that is, a month since I picked up my sky blue Google Glass from the Big G's sprawling headquarters in Silicon Valley. In my four weeks as a Google Glass Explorer. I've given a

four weeks as a Google Glass Explorer, I've given a lot of thought to this innovative new product: how it could influence my work and personal lives, what disruptions it could lead to, and how it might affect society at large once more than a few thousand people get their hands on it.

Google Glass is an ambitious device that is still very much in alpha: the firmware is minimally-featured, battery life is short, and, without wider adoption, availability of apps and collaborative opportunities for use are lacking. But, if Google can get users past some of these hurdles, there is much promise for Glass to seriously change the way people interact with the digital world (and the physical world, too).

MANNER

774

← If you ever get close to a human and human behaviour be ready to get confused

there's definitely no logic to human behaviour but yet so irresistible

there is no map to human behaviour

MUSIC

Human Behaviour Björk 1993 they're terribly moody then all of a sudden turn happy but, oh, to get involved in the exchange of human emotions is ever so satisfying

there's no map and a compass wouldn't help at all

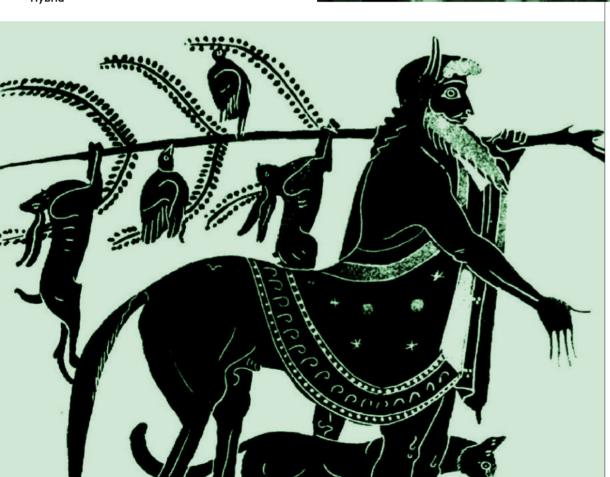
human behaviour



775 ← Apollonius Rhodius, Argonautica 2. 1231 ff (trans. Rieu) (Greek epic C3rd B.C.):

"By nightfall they [the Argonauts] were passing the Isle of Philyra [at the eastern end of the southern Black Sea coast]. This was where Kronos (Cronus) son of Ouranos, deceiving his consort Rhea, lay with Philyra daughter of Okeanos in the days when he ruled the Titanes in Olympos and Zeus was still a child, tended in the Kretan cave by the Kouretes of Ida. But Kronos and Philyra were surprised in the very act by the goddess Rhea. Whereupon Kronos leapt out of bed and galloped off in the form of a long-maned stallion, while Philyra in her shame left the place, deserting her old haunts, and came to the long Pelasgian ridges. There she gave birth to the monstrous Kheiron (Chiron), half horse and half divine, the offspring of a lover in questionable shape."

MYTH Hybrid





IMPERSONATION Louise Bourgeois by Richard D. Marshall 2007

776 ← LB: My work deals with problems that I encounter with other people. I would like people to understand and like me, which is not an easy thing to achieve. My work is not about memories, but rather about problems and difficulties in the present. My work is

my psychoanalysis and like psychoanalysis, you must go back and find the source of these feelings, good and bad, in order to understand how they are operating today and affecting the way you feel and live. A TH

777-792

MANNER

← Heard about the guy who fell 77 off a skyscraper? On his way down past each floor, he kept saying to reassure himself: "So far so good... "so far so good..." How you fall doesn't matter. It's how you land!

More rioting in the projects outside the city. Last night a mob of youths attacked a police station

in the Muguet projects. Pitched battles left officers injured. Arrests were made. A mall and nearby buildings were damaged by looters who dispersed around a.m. Alleged police brutality sparked the riots days ago. A local teen was severely beaten under questioning. The officer was suspended. The victim, Abdel Ichaha, is in hospital in critical condition.

Got a looter under arrest, a minor.



ENA

FILM

La Haine

1995

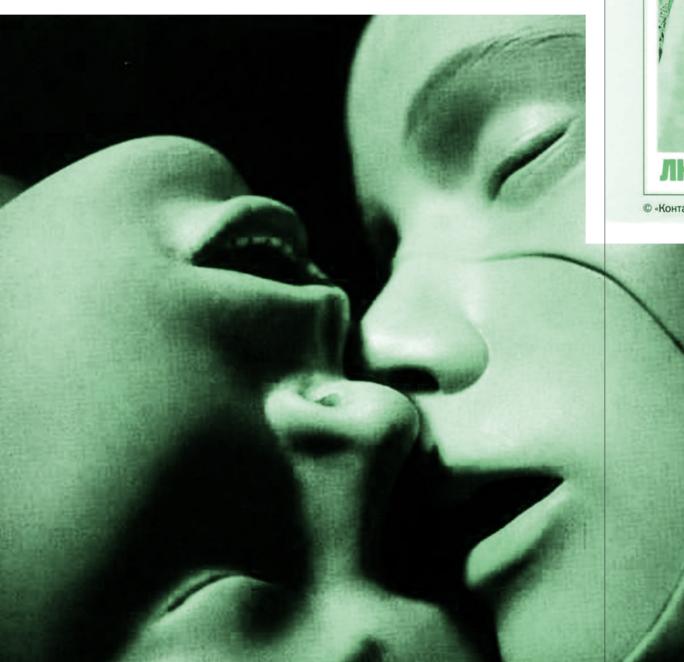
Mathieu Kassovitz

MANNER

778 ← L: So the sausages are a metaphor for female production and reproduction. S: But they are also phallic-looking and reminiscent, as you said, of shit. I also have other sausages, a white one, but I thought the image should be more repulsive, so I used fat, dark brown sausages. L: Why are fat, dark brown sausages more repulsive?

Can you talk about your fascination with repulsion? **S:** I don't know. It's probably juvenile. I have this juvenile fascination with things that are repulsive. It intrigues me why certain things are repulsive. To think about why something repulses me makes me that much more interested in it. I feel that I have to explore it.

ART Cindy Sherman by Journal of Contemporary Art 1985





ЛЮБИМЫЙ СТАЛИН-СЧАСТЬЕ НАРОДНОЕ!

© «Контакт-Культура», 2010. В. Корецкий. 1949

BOOK Animal Farm George Orwell 1945

← "But is this simply part of the order 779 of nature? Is it because this land of ours is so poor that it cannot afford a decent life to those who dwell upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no! The soil of England is fertile, its climate is good, it is capable of affording food in abundance to an enormously greater number of animals than now inhabit it. This single farm of ours would support a dozen horses, twenty cows, hundreds of sheep—and all of them living in a comfort and a dignity that are now almost beyond our imagining. Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce of our labour is stolen from us by human beings. There, comrades, is the answer to all our problems. It is summed up in a single word-Man. Man is the only real enemy we have. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished for ever.

780 ← This tenant was saying what moralists have said for thousands of years: Handsome is as handsome does. All that glitters is not gold.

She was saying more: There is a quality even meaner than outright ugliness or disorder, and this meaner quality is the dishonest mask of pretended order, achieved by ignoring or suppressing the real order that is struggling to exist and to be served.

IMPERSONATION Jane Jacobs

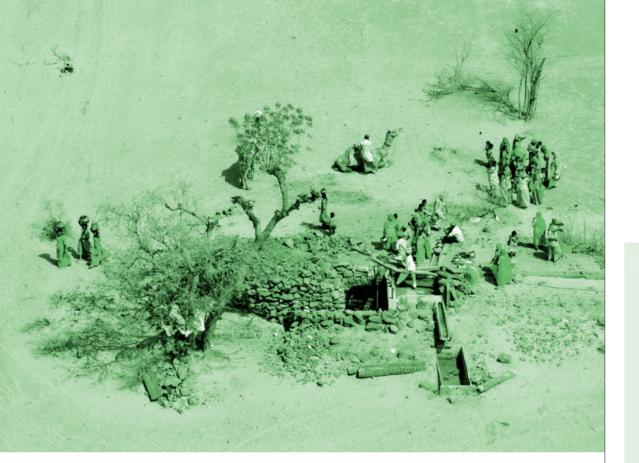


MANNER



MYTH Wise

← Homeric Hymn 39 to Athena: 781 "I begin to sing of Pallas Athena, the glorious goddess, bright-eyed, inventive, unbending of heart, pure virgin, saviour of cities, courageous, Tritogeneia. From his awful head wise Zeus himself bare her arrayed in warlike arms of flashing gold, and awe seized all the gods as they gazed. But Athena sprang quickly from the immortal head and stood before Zeus who holds the aegis, shaking a sharp spear: great Olympos began to reel horribly at the might of the grey-eyed goddess, and earth round about cried fearfully, and the sea was moved and tossed with dark waves, while foam burst forth suddenly: the bright Son of Hyperion [the Sun] stopped his swift-footed horses a long while, until the maiden Pallas Athena had stripped the heavenly armour from her immortal shoulders. And wise Zeus was glad. Hail to you, daughter of Zeus who holds the aegis!"



FILM Home Yann Arthus-Bertrand 2009

← Listen to me, please. 782 You're like me, a homo sapiens, a wise human.

Life, a miracle in the universe, appeared around four billion years ago.

And we humans only two hundred thousand years ago.

Yet we have succeeded in disrupting the balance so essential to life.

Listen carefully to this extraordinary story, which is yours,

and decide what you want to do with it. These are traces of our origins.

At the beginning, our planet was no more than a chaos of fire,

a cloud of agglutinated dust particles, like so many similar clusters in the universe. Yet this is where the miracle of life occurred. Today, life, our life,

is just a link in a chain of innumerable living beings that have succeeded one another on Earth over nearly four billion years.

MANNER

Athena 685

← The environment. 783

At last, it's on everyone's agenda. Finally, all carmakers are doing their bit. Everyone's got a car that can help save the planet. That can only be good. All suggestions gratefully received. But which one should we drive? Who can we believe?

ARTICLE **Toyota Prius** 2009



← Come gather 'round people 783 Wherever you roam And admit that the waters Around you have grown

And accept it that soon You'll be drenched to the bone If your time to you Is worth savin' Then you better start swimmin' Or you'll sink like a stone For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics Who prophesize with your pen And keep your eyes wide The chance won't come again And don't speak too soon For the wheel's still in spin And there's no tellin' who That it's namin' For the loser now Will be later to win For the times they are a-changin'.

> MUSIC The Times They Are A-Changin' Bob Dylan 1964





ART Jenny Holzer by Kiki Smith 2004

784

I thought maybe I just was throwing ideas out for people to consider. That took some of the pressure off. *[laughs]* The first street pieces were black-and-white posters with the

← JH: I wasn't sure I was an artist, so Truisms, one-liners on many subjects written from multiple points of view. I went around late at night to paste these posters downtown. I put the next series of posters outside, too, the Inflammatory Essays.

MANNER



MYTH Negotiator

785 ← Ovid, Metamorphoses 6. 70 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.):

"The rock of Mavors [Ares] in Cecrops' citadel is Pallas' [Athena's] picture [in her weaving contest with Arakhne] and that old dispute about he name of Athens. Twelve great gods, Jove [Zeus] in their midst, sit there on lofty thrones, grave and august, each pictured with his own familiar features: Jove [Zeus] in regal grace, the Sea-God [Poseidon] standing, striking the rough rock with his tall trident, and the wounded rock gushing sea-brine, his proof to clinch his claim. Herself she gives a shield, she gives a spear sharp-tipped, she gives a helmet for her head; the aegis guards her breast, and from the earth struck by her spear, she shows an olive tree, springing pale-green with berries on the boughs; the gods admire; and Victoria [Nike] ends the work."

MANNER

786

← The population is angry, frustrated, bitter—and for good reasons. For the past generation, policies have been

initiated that have led to an extremely sharp concentration of wealth in a tiny sector of the population. In fact, the wealth distribution is very heavily weighted by, literally, the top tenth of one percent of the population, a fraction so small that they're not even picked up on the census. You have to do statistical analysis just to detect them. And they have benefited enormously. This is mostly from the financial sector—hedge fund managers, CEOs of financial corporations, and so on.

BOOK Occupy Noam Chomsky

2012



MANNER

787 ← Madeleine Gobeil: In every one of your novels we find a female character who is misled by false notions and who is threatened by madness. Simone de Beauvoir: Lots of modern women are like that. Women are obliged to play at being what they aren't, to play, for example, at being great

IMPERSONATION

Simone de Beauvoir by Madeleine Gobeil *1965* courtesans, to fake their personalities. They're on the brink of neurosis. I feel very sympathetic toward women of that type. They interest me more than the well-balanced housewife and mother. There are, of course, women who interest me even more, those who are both true and independent, who work and create.



FILM Sicko Michael Moore 2007

788

← It was hard for me to acknowledge that in the end, we truly are all in the same boat. And that no matter what

our differences, we sink or swim together. That's how it seems to be everywhere else. They take care of each other, no matter what their disagreements. You know, when we see a good idea from another country, we grab it. If they build a better car, we drive it. If they make a better wine, we drink it. So if they've come up with a better way to treat the sick, to teach their kids, to take care of their babies, to simply be good to each other, then what's our problem? Why can't we do that? They live in a world of 'we', not 'me'. We'll never fix anything until we get that one basic thing right. And powerful forces hope that we never do. And that we remain the only country in the western world without free, universal health care. You know, if we ever did remove the chokehold of medical bills, college loans, daycare, and everything else that makes us afraid to step out of line, well, watch out. Cause it will be a new day in America. In the meantime, I'm gonna go get the government to do my laundry.

Athena 691

← Quintus Smyrnaeus, Fall of Troy 8. 350 ff (trans. Way) (Greek epic C4th A.D.):

"Athena from Olympos swooped to forest-mantled Ida. Quaked the earth and Xanthos' murmuring streams; so mightily she shook them ... From her immortal armour flashed around the hovering lightnings; fearful serpents breathed fire from her shield invincible; the crest of her great helmet swept the clouds."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 3. 10. 3 (trans. Frazer) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"And [Asklepios] having become a surgeon, and carried the art to a great pitch, he not only prevented some from dying, but even raised up the dead; for he had received from Athena the blood that flowed from the veins of the Gorgon, and while he used the blood that flowed from the veins on the left side for the bane of mankind, he used the blood that flowed from the right side for salvation, and by that means he raised the dead."

MYTH Healer



. # 24 2 1

_M 24 14



ARTICLE

Freitag Messenger Bag by Brittany 2012

788 ← I love my Freitag bag! Other than being indestructible, it's made out of recycled material so good for my conscience too. Freitag makes their bags from used truck tarps, worn-out bicycle inner tubes, discarded seatbelts, and recycled airbags. Sounds horrible, doesn't it? In reality, they are actually pretty cool looking.

MANNER

← Smoking or non-smoking? 790 And the voice said: Neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night shall stay these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.

'Cause when love is gone, there's always justice. And when justive is gone, there's always force. And when force is gone, there's always Mom. Hi Mom!

So hold me, Mom, in your long arms. So hold me, Mom, in your long arms. In your automatic arms. Your electronic arms. In your arms. So hold me, Mom, in your long arms. Your petrochemical arms. Your military arms. In your electronic arms.







透视学(系列摄影) 天安门 1998

ART Every Day in China, We Put the State on Trial by Ai Weiwei 2013

790

← Art is a social practice that helps people to locate their truth. The truth itself, or the so-called truth presented

by the media, has limitations. Manipulation of the truth does not lead to a lack of truth-it's worse than no truth. Manipulated truths help the powerful, or advance the positions of the people who publicize them. So the arts and journalistic media play completely different roles.

792 ← We believe in making effective products from fresh, organic* fruit and vegetables, the finest essential oils and safe synthetics.

We invent our own products and fragrances. We make them fresh by hand, using little or no preservative or packaging, using only vegetarian ingredients, and tell you when they were made. We believe in buying ingredients only from companies that do not commission tests on animals, and in testing our products on humans.

We believe in happy people making happy soap, putting our faces on our products and making our mums proud.

ARTICLE We Believe by Lush





MYTH Protector

> 2 ← Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 2. 37–41 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Polydeketes assigned him [Perseus] the task of fetching the Gorgon's head. So with Hermes and Athena as his guides Perseus sought out the daughters of Phorkys [the Graia] ... sisters of the Gorgons. ...

Perseus took flight and made his way to the ocean, where he found the Gorgons sleeping. ... All who looked at them were turned to stone. Perseus, therefore, with Athena guiding his hand, kept his eyes on the reflection in a bronze shield as he stood over the sleeping Gorgons, and when he saw the image of Medusa, he beheaded her." 598-617

DIO

NY SUS

fashion-art collaboration in history. In 2007, a retrospective, titled "© Murakami," opened at L.A.'s Museum of Contemporary Art, and in 2010 he became only the third contemporary artist to have a solo exhibition at the Château de Versailles. His cultural currency is global and inclusive, encouraging young artists through his art fair. Geisai, as well as children and their imagination in his new feature film, Jellyfish Eyes. Murakami may call his style "superflat," referring both to his technique and to postwar Japanese culture, but in the art world he's a superhero.

Laura Brown: When did you know you'd become not just "big in Japan" but a huge voice in the cultural world?

598 ← Takashi Murakami: I actually feel like the phrase "big in Japan" is not appropriate for me. The reason is that

there are more people who sympathize with my practice in America than there are domestically in Japan. In Japan I am famous in certain special circles—mainly as someone who is trying to break down and enlighten the conventions of Japanese art. Rather than a big figure, I guess you could say I'm more of an influential minority symbol. LB: How do you use that voice now?

TM: In Japan I focus mostly on sending messages through Twitter, trying to spread my minority way of thinking. And what is that way of thinking? Something that, in the West, is generally considered a given-that to create art, we must study history and from that context try to envision the future. In Japan the majority way of thinking is that art is, and should be experienced as is, and that any preconceived ideas will only get in the way.

LB: What inspired you to make Jellyfish Eyes? Why a "monster" movie?

TM: The inspiration was a manga called GeGeGe no Kitaro. When I was six it was the first manga I ever had my parents buy for me, and that experience accidentally formed the basis for the rest of my life. It was a completely chance encounter, so there's nothing I can do to escape it.

LB: Who is your favorite creature, and why? If you were one of your creatures, which one would you be? TM: That would be Oval—a pitiful creature who has no desire to be born into this world but is summoned anyway by scientists. In his surprise he reacts violently and is cast as a pariah, eventually being led back to the netherworld. Basically he is my self-portrait. Though I wouldn't want to become him, this selfportrait, Oval, is my ultimate F.R.I.E.N.D.

LB: Jellyfish Eyes deals with how the younger generation communicates. How do you capture that?

TM: In fact, the children in the story are imbued with my own childhood memories. So in a sense I've set the landscape of the children of the '60s within the everyday life of the present day.

LB: Considering all your accomplishments in 2-D (and you've called your style "superflat"), what inspired you to make a live-action film?

TM: In the past I was unable to create a narrative, so I'd given up becoming a filmmaker. But since then I've

been a radio personality and given speeches, which means I've had a lot of opportunities to speak in front of others. In other words, the act of speaking has been a natural practice in the act of crafting a story: the tales I want to tell now come to me. However, I am still lacking in the grammar necessary to tell stories in a cinematic format—I hope to in the future.

LB: How was the experience of directing a film versus your usual artistic method? Which do you prefer? **TM:** The breadth of collaboration required was a bit too much for me at first, but I had a supportive group of producers, and as we devoted time to clearing each point one by one. I grew to enjoy it. The world of film as a collective artwork expanded for me, and the production itself became its own drama, packed with emotions. I had so much fun. I could hardly contain myself.

LB: Would you ever want to make a film that was more rooted in reality?

TM: I have this idea for a sweet comedy about death. A middle-aged author of e-books, with middling sales, retreats deep into the mountains of Japan to build a grave for his recently deceased father. After getting scammed out of all of his money, he falls into despair, but for some unknown reason he is visited by a savior in the form of a middle-aged woman. And then his divorced wife from 10 years ago appears unexplainably too. Then this young woman with whom he spent a single night in a club many years ago is being treated for an incurable disease in the mountainside sanatorium, and she comes to him for emotional support. I'd love to do that story.

LB: One of your most famous collaborations was with Marc Jacobs for Louis Vuitton. Now that he has left the house, would you like to collaborate with him again?

TM: The credit for the success of the Louis Vuitton Multicolore project belongs to Marc Jacobs. He was the creative director, and I followed his direction. A single lifetime is not enough to express the gratitude I have to him for making it into a collaboration with such impact. If Marc were to ever call on me again, I would rally to the task in an instant.

LB: Is there another designer you would be interested in working with?

TM: Well, it's not really a designer, but for the past 10 years, over 95 percent of the shoes I have worn have been Vans sneakers. So I'd like to try a collaboration with Vans sometime. Who knows? LB: What's your order at In-N-Out?

TM: Cheeseburger and fries. The problem whenever I come to America is that the hamburgers are so delicious, I end up eating one every two days and fattening myself into a round ball.

LB: What are your favorite and least favorite things about American culture?

TM: What I like about America is that when you strive to have the world's best, you are surrounded by a mentality that gives you the best preparation for getting it, and it is possible to achieve the world's you do reach the world's highest standard in creative my heroes are artists and writers.

expression, people here will give you your proper due. I also like the fact that it is the most advanced nation in terms of its space program. What I don't like is that America's reality is built upon the theory that it must always be at war.

LB: What's next? Can you give us any clues on your next project?

TM: Jellyfish Eyes... Part 2! I also feel like it's about time I stirred things up in New York again, something I haven't done in a while.

LB: What's your fantasy project?

TM: Some form of a collaboration with J.J. Abrams. SOURCE: http://www.harpersbazaar.com/culture/reviews/ takashi-murakami-interview-1213" http://www.harpersbazaar.com/ culture/reviews/takashi-murakami-interview-1213

IMPERSONATION **Jim Morrison** 1969-71

WILDERNESS The Lost Writings of Jim Morrison For Pamela Susan I think I was once I think we were Your milk is my wine My silk is your shine

MOSAIC

a series of notes, prose-poems stories, bits of play & dialog Aphorisms, epigrams, essays Poems? Sure

PROLOGUE SELF-INTERVIEW

I think the interview is the new art form. I think the self-interview is the essence of creativity. Asking yourself questions and trying to find answers. The writer is just answering a series of unuttered questions. It's similar to answering questions on a witness stand. It's that strange area where you try and pin down something that happened in the past and try honestly to remember what you were trying to do. It's a crucial mental exercise. An interview will often give you a chance to confront your mind with questions, which to me is what art is all about. An interview also gives you the chance to try and eliminate all of those space fillers... you should try to be explicit, accurate, to the point... no bullshit. The interview form has antecedents in the confession box, debating and cross-examination. Once you say something, you can't really retract it. It's too late. It's a very existential moment.

highest standard in creative expression. And when I'm kind of hooked to the game of art and literature;

MURAKAMI'S MONSTER MAGIC Although he has only been on the international art scene since the mid-'90s, Takashi Murakami is already a legend.

A Murakami piece is instantly recognizable-brightly colored, high gloss, childlike, futuristic. As a young man, Murakami was obsessed with anime and manga, and those qualities infuse his work today. Having achieved cult status in his native Japan, he was tapped in 2002 by Marc Jacobs to design a line of handbags for Louis Vuitton. It remains the most successful

MYTH

Wine

BOOK Naked Lunch William S. Burroughs 1959

The old Chinaman dips river water into a rusty tin can, washes down a yen pox hard and black as a cinder. (Note: Yen pox is the ash of smoked opium.) Well, the fuzz has my spoon and dropper, and I know they are coming in on my frequency led by this blind pigeon known as Willy the Disk. Willy has a round. disk mouth lined with sensitive, erectile black hairs. He is blind from shooting in the eyeball, his nose and palate eaten away sniffing H, his body a mass of scar tissue hard and dry as wood. He can only eat the shit now with that mouth, sometimes sways out on a long tube of ectoplasm, feeling for the silent frequency of junk. He follows my trail all over the city into rooms I move out already, and the fuzz walks in some new-Ivweds from Sioux Falls.

"All right, Lee!! Come out from behind that strap-on! We know you" and pull the man's prick off straightaway. Now Willy is getting hot and you can hear him always out there in darkness (he only functions at night) whimpering, and feel the terrible urgency of that blind, seeking mouth. When they move in for the bust, Willy goes all out of control, and his mouth eats a hole right through the door. If the cops weren't there to restrain him with a stock probe, he would suck the juice right out of every junky he ran down. I knew, and everybody else knew they had the Disk on me. And if my kid customers ever hit the stand: "He forced me to commit all kinda awful sex acts in return for junk" I could kiss the street good-bye. So we stock up on H, buy a second-hand Studebaker, and start West.

> ← The Vigilante copped out as a schizo possession case:

"I was standing outside myself trying

a ghost wanting what every ghost wants—a body after the Long Time moving through odorless alleys of space where no life is, only the colorless no smell of death....

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Nobody can breathe and smell it through pink convolutions of gristle laced with crystal snot, time shit and black blood filters of flesh." He stood there in elongated court room shadow, his face torn like a broken film by lusts and hungers of larval organs stirring in the tentative ectoplasmic flesh of junk kick (ten days on ice at time of the First Hearing) flesh that fades at the first silent touch of junk.

I saw it happen. Ten pounds lost in ten minutes standing with the syringe in one hand holding his pants up with the other, his abdicated flesh burning in a cold yellow halo, there in the New York hotel room ... night table litter of candy boxes, cigarette butts cascading out of three ashtrays, mosaic of sleepless nights and sudden food needs of the kicking addict nursing his baby flesh.... The Vigilante is prosecuted

I always wanted to write, but I always figured it'd be no good unless somehow the hand just took the pen and started moving without me really having anything to do with it. Like automatic writing. But it just never happened.

I wrote a few poems, of course. I think around the fifth or sixth grade I wrote a poem called "The Pony Express," That was the first I can remember. It was one of those ballad-type poems. I never could get it together though.

"Horse Latitudes" I wrote when I was in high school. I kept a lot of notebooks through high school and college, and then when I left school, for some dumb reason-maybe it was wise-I threw them all away... I wrote in those books night after night. But maybe if I'd never thrown them away. I'd never have written anything original-because they were mainly accumulations of things that I'd read or heard, like quotes from books. I think if I'd never gotten rid of them I'd never be free.

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← Listen, real poetry doesn't say anything, it just ticks off the possibili-

ties. Opens all doors. You can walk through any one that suits you. ... and that's why poetry appeals to me so much-because it's so eternal. As long as there are people, they can remember words and combinations of words. Nothing else can survive a holocaust but poetry and songs. No one can remember an entire novel. No one can describe a film, a piece of sculpture, a painting, but so long as there are human beings, songs and poetry can continue.

If my poetry aims to achieve anything, it's to deliver people from the limited ways in which they see and feel

James Douglas Morrison Los Angles, 1969-71 SOURCE: http://www.doors.com

ARTICLE Johnnie Walker Whisky by Chris Singh 2013

PARTYING WITH THE AU: JOHNNIE WALKER RED LABEL MIX PROJECT

Johnnie Walker Red Label really went all out to launch the new Mix project—a somewhat re-launch of the world famous whisky-and threw an extravagant bash in a private Darling Point mansion. Guests were driven in hired luxury cars to the address where they were escorted down a red-carpeted hallway to a mind-blowing home, complete with a lush infinity pool and a million dollar view of the harbour.

← World famous mixologist Tony 601 Conigliaro was ushered to Sydney to help revitalise the brand with several

whisky-based cocktails, which are set to make their public debut at this year's Melbourne Cup. It seems hard to come up with unique concoctions distinctive enough to warrant such an extravagant launch; but Conigliaro demonstrated his worth with some very memorable cocktails.

The complexity of Whisky Marrow is hard to comprehend; a well-balanced blend of Johnnie Walker Red Label with porcini mushrooms, liquorice, English breakfast tea, purified water, and the gelatinous agar-agar. The slightly sweet result is out of my comfort zone, but left a very positive impression and was a perfect introduction to Tony's creative produce. The umami from the porcini mushrooms allows them to create the essence of bone marrow, hence the name. Golden Incense does wonders with whisky, chamomile syrup, and frankincese. The glass is smoked with frankincense to bring out the peated blends in the whisky while bittersweet, floral notes come from the syrup. The overall taste is incredible and an essential way to demonstrate the variety in Johnnie Walker. Cypher was a personal favourite, and it seemed my sentiment was shared among guests. Reindeer moss syrup and ambrette are used to bring out the earthy flavour of the blended scotch whisky; giving a sweet and hard punch to the cocktail that kept the bartenders mixing these up all night.

Clinquant takes grenache cordial, rosewater, sherry vinegar, and San Pellegrino, to give a light, fruity flavour to the whisky; rosewater is used to great effect here, floating about the glass to bring pleasant floral notes and place Clinquant as one for those after a refreshing and light cocktail.

In addition to us being spoilt with drinks, awardwinning Australian chef Sean Connelly treated us to some truly mouth-watering food. Crab tortellini and Lobster and Mango sliders were just some of the magnificent food he and his team prepared in the stylish kitchen.

Guests were given gift bags on their exit, with worthwhile surprises from the likes of QT Hotel and Ted Baker, as well as bottles of Johnnie Walker Red Label which we were able to get engraved.

Such luxury can often overwhelm, but there was enough flair here to justify the elaborate celebration. When these carefully constructed cocktails debut at the Melbourne Cup's Johnnie Walker Whisky Bar in Hill Square, racegoers are guaranteed a perfect demonstration of just how versatile the profile of Johnnie Walker Red Label is.

SOURCE: http://www.thegureview.com/sydney/

johnnie-walker-red-label-mix-project-darling-point-sydney

played with the other children; he would cut a fennel stalk and smite the hard rocks, and from their wounds they poured for the god sweet liquor." 60 Z

C3rd A.D.):

← Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 130 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Father Liber [Dionysos] went out to visit men in order to demonstrate the sweetness and pleasantness of his fruit ... he gave a skin full of wine as a gift and bade them spread the use of it in all the other lands." Nonnus, Dionysiaca 12. 330 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.):

DIONYSOS AND THE DISCOVERY OF WINE

(Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

and Syria [introducing the vine]."

father) (Greek historian C1st B.C.):

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 2. 29 (trans. Aldrich)

"Hermes took him [the infant Dionysos] to the Nym-

phai of Asian Nysa ... [in his youth] Dionysos was the

discoverer of the grapevine. After Hera inflicted mad-

ness upon him, he wandered over Aigyptos (Egypt)

Diodorus Siculus, Library of History 4, 2, 3 (trans. Old-

"After he [Dionysos] had received his rearing by the

Nymphai in Nysa, they say, he made the discovery of

wine and taught mankind how to cultivate the vine."

Oppian, Cynegetica 4. 230 (trans. Mair) (Greek poet

"When Dionysos was now come to boyhood, he

"When Bakkhos saw the [wild] grapes with a bellyful of red juice, he bethought him of an oracle which prophetic Rheia had spoken long ago. He dug into the rock, he hollowed out a pit in the stone with the sharp prongs of his earth-burrowing pick, he smoothed the sides of the deepening hold and made an excavation like a winepress [and made the first ever batch of wine]."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 12, 394 ff:

"After the revels over his [Dionysos'] sweet fruit to stop those hangings with ghost fingers.... I am [wine newly discovered by the young god], Dionysos proudly entered the cave of Kybeleid goddess Rheia [his foster mother], waving bunches of grapes in his flowerloving hand, and taught Maionia the vigil of his feast."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 13. 470 ff:

"The grapegrowing land of Bakkhos, where the vinegod first mixed wine for Mother Rheia in a brimming cup, and named the city Kerassai, the Mixings [in Lydia]."

Euripides, Bacchae 120 ff:

"The Korybantes [of Kybele] with triple helmet invented for me in their caves this circle [the castanet], covered with stretched hide; and in their excited revelry they mingled it with the sweet-voiced breath of Phrygian pipes and handed it over to mother Rhea, resounding with the sweet songs of the Bakkhai; nearby, raving Satyroi were fulfilling the rites of the mother goddess, and they joined it to the dances of the biennial festivals (trieteris), in which Dionysos rejoices."

in Federal Court under a lynch bill and winds up in a GAYLE Federal Nut House specially designed for the con-You w tainment of ghosts: precise, prosaic impact of objects... washstand... door... toilet... bars... there they are... this is it... all lines cut... nothing beyond... Dead End... And the Dead End in every face.... SOURCE: Naked Lunch

FILM Eyes Wide Shut Stanley Kubrick 1999

SCREENPLAY BY STANLEY KUBRICK AND FREDERIC RAPHAEL INSPIRED BY THE NOVEL BY ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

ACROSS THE ROOM—BILL & THE MODELS GAYLE, the taller model, shouts to BILL above the music.

GAYLE Nobody likes you?

(Louder)

Nobody likes you, is that the problem?

BILL Put it this way, nobody wants to admit how much they like me. But I'm confident it can still happen.

_{GAYLE} (laughs) Do you know Nuala Windsor?

GAYLE asks, putting her arm around her friend's waist.

BILL (smiles) Nuala... I certainly feel like I do. How do you spell, Nuala?

NUALA N..u..a..l..a.

BILL Is that a Hawaiian name?

NUALA No, it's an agency name.

They all laugh.

GAYLE You were very kind to her once. MANNER

Only once? That sounds like an oversight.

NUALA I was on a shoot, modelling at Rockefeller Center, on a very windy day. You happened to be passing by.

BILL (remembering) And you got something in your eye?

NUALA Just about half of 5th Avenue. You were such a gentleman.

BILL That can happen when you're in a hurry.

NUALA You actually had a handkerchief which was also clean!

BILL That's the kind of hero I can be sometimes!

ALICE is dancing with the Sandor. He holds her close to him.

SZABO What do you do, Alice?

ALICE Well, actually, I'm looking for a job at the moment. I was an editor at a publishing house but they went broke.

SZABO Perhaps I can be of some help. I know a few people in publishing.

ALICE doesn't reply to this.

SZABO And you're married?

ALICE shows him her wedding ring.

SZABO And you're here tonight with your husband?

ALICE
I am, indeed...

szаво **How sad**. MANNER

ALICE makes a that's-life face.

SZABO But of course I should have guessed that. If you weren't with your husband tonight you wouldn't be so careful.

ALICE laughs.

SZABO May I ask why a beautiful woman who could have any man in this room wants to be married?

ALICE **You can ask.**



← SZABO You know why women used to get married, don't you?

ALICE Why don't you tell me.

SZABO

It was the only way they could lose their virginities and be free to do what they wanted with other men. The ones they really wanted.

ALICE Fascinating

SZABO Victor and Illona have a fabulous art collection.

ALICE They do, don't they. SOURCE: Eyes Wide Shut Script

ART Keith Haring by David Sheff 10.08.1989

KEITH HARING, AN INTIMATE CONVERSATION **David Sheff:** How did these artists inspire you? **Keith Haring:** The thing I responded to most was their belief that art could reach all kinds of people, as opposed to the traditional view, which has art as this elitist thing. The fact that these influences quote-unquote happened to come along changed the whole course

I was on. Then another so-called coincidence happened. I applied at a public-employment place for work and happened to get placed in a job at what's now the Pittsburgh Center for the Arts. I was painting walls and repairing the roof and things. I started using their facilities to do bigger and bigger paintings. When someone canceled an exhibition and they had an empty space, the director offered me an exhibit in one of the galleries. For Pittsburgh, this was a big thing, especially for me, being nineteen and showing in the best place I could show in Pittsburgh besides the museum. From that time, I knew I wasn't going to be satisfied with Pittsburgh anymore or with the life I was living there. I had started sleeping with men. I wanted to get away from the girl I was living with. She said she was pregnant. I was in the position of having to get married and be a father or making a break. One thing I knew for sure: I didn't want to stay there and be a Pittsburgh artist and married with a family. I decided to make a major break. New York was the only place to go.

DS: What did you do once you got there?

KH: At first I was just working in the same style as I was at home. But then all kinds of things started to happen. Maybe the most important was that I learned about William Burroughs. I learned about him almost by accident—like almost everything else that has happened to me, sort of by accident-chance-coincidence. **DS:** Apparently, you believe in fate.

KH: From the time that I was little, things would happen that seemed like chance, but they always meant more, so I came to believe there was no such thing as chance. If you accept that there are no coincidences, you use whatever comes along.

DS: How did Burroughs influence you?

KH: Burroughs's work with Brion Gysin with the cutup method became the basis for the whole way that I approached making art then. The idea of their book, *The Third Mind*, is that when two separate things are cut up and fused together, completely randomly, the thing that is born of that combination is this completely separate thing, a third mind with its own life. Sometimes the result was not that interesting, but sometimes it was prophetic. The main point was that by relying on so-called chance, they would uncover the essence of things, things below the surface that were more significant than what was visible. **DS:** How did you use the concepts?

KH: I used the idea when I cut up headlines from the New York Post and put them back together and then put them up on the streets as handbills. That's how I started work on the street. There was a group of people using the streets for art then, like Jenny Holzer, who was putting out these handbills with things she was calling truisms, these absurd comments. I was altering advertisements and making these fake Post headlines that were completely absurd: REAGAN SLAIN BY HERO COP or POPE KILLED FOR FREED HOSTAGE. I'd post them all over the place. **DS:** With what intent?

KH: The idea was that people would be stopped in their tracks, not knowing whether it was real or not.

They'd stop because it had familiar words like Reagan One. Liftoff or pope and it was in a familiar typeface-so they had to confront it and somehow deal with it.

DS: What was it like living in the East Village at that time?

← KH: It was just exploding. All kinds 605 of new things were starting. In music, it was the punk and New Wave scenes.

There was a migration of artists from all over America to New York. It was completely wild. And we controlled it ourselves. There was the group of artists called COLAB—Collaborative Projects doing exhibitions in abandoned buildings. And there was the club scene-the Mudd Club and Club 57, at St. Mark's Place, in the basement of a Polish church, which became our handout, a clubhouse, where we could do whatever we wanted. We started doing theme parties-beatnik parties that were satires of the Sixties and parties with porno movies and stripteases. We showed early Warhol films. And there was this art out on the streets. Before I knew who he was. I became obsessed with Jean-Michel Basquiat's work.

DS: Was this the period in which Basquiat was doing his early graffiti?

KH: Yeah, but the stuff I saw on the walls was more poetry than graffiti. They were sort of philosophical poems that would use the language the way Burroughs did-in that it seemed like it could mean something other than what it was. On the surface they seemed really simple, but the minute I saw them I knew that they were more than that. From the beginning he was my favorite artist.

SOURCE: http://www.haring.com/!/selected_writing/ rolling-stone-1989#.VM7opVWUecg

MUSIC Space Oddity **David Bowie** 11.07.1969

Ground Control to Major Tom Ground Control to Major Tom Take your protein pills and put your helmet on

Ground Control to Major Tom Commencing countdown, enaines on Check ignition and may God's love be with you

[spoken] Ten, Nine, Eight, Seven, Six, Five, Four, Three, Two,

This is Ground Control to Maior Tom You've really made the grade And the papers want to know whose shirts you wear Now it's time to leave the capsule if vou dare

This is Major Tom to Ground Control I'm stepping through the door And I'm floating in a most peculiar way And the stars look very different today

← For here 606 Am I sitting in a tin can Far above the world

Planet Earth is blue And there's nothing I can do

Though I'm past one hundred thousand miles I'm feeling very still And I think my spaceship knows which way to go Tell my wife I love her very much she knows

Ground Control to Major Tom Your circuit's dead. there's something wrong Can you hear me. Major Tom? Can you hear me, Major Tom? Can you hear me, Major Tom? Can you....

Here am I floating round my tin can Far above the Moon Planet Earth is blue And there's nothing I can do. SOURCE: Space Odity Lyrics

MYTH Thyrsus

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTIONS OF DIONYSUS Clement of Alexandria, Exhortation to the Greeks 2. 30 (trans. Butterworth) (Greek Christian rhetoric C2nd A.D.):

← [N.B. The following passage is from 60 an early Christian writer's critique of the pagan gods.] "Dionysos was anxious to descend into Haides, but

did not know the way. Thereupon a certain man,

MANNER

Prosymnos by name, promises to tell him: though not without reward... It was a favour of lust, this reward which Dionysos was asked for. The god is willing to grant the request; and so he promises, in the event of his return, to fulfil the wish of Prosymnos, confirming the promise with an oath. Having learnt the way he set out, and came back again. He does not find Prosymnos, for he was dead. In fulfilment of the vow to his lover Dionysos hastens to the tomb and indulges his unnatural lust. Cutting off a branch from a fig-tree which was at hand, he shaped it into the likeness of a phallus, and then made a show of fulfilling his promise to the dead man. As a mystic memorial of this passion phalloi are set up to Dionysos in cities. 'For if it were not to Dionysos that they held solemn procession and sang the phallic hymn, they would be acting most shamefully,' says Herakleitos."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 129 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"When Liber [Dionysos] had come as a guest to Oeneus, son of Parthaon, he fell in love with Althaea, daughter of Thestius and wife of Oeneus. When Oeneus realized this, he voluntarily left the city and pretended to be performing sacred rites. But Liber [Dionysos] lay with Althaea, who became mother of Dejanira. To Oeneus, because of his generous hospitality, he gave the vine as a gift, and showed him how to plant it, and decreed that its fruit should be called 'oinos' from the name of his host." Callistratus. Descriptions 8:

"[Description of an ancient Greek statue of Dionysos by Praxiteles:] On the statue of Dionysos... The hands of Praxiteles wrought works of art that were altogether alive. There was a grove, and in it stood Dionysos in the form of a young man, so delicate that the bronze was transformed into flesh, with a body so supple and relaxed that it seemed to consist of some different material instead of bronze: for though it was really bronze, it nevertheless blushed, and though it had no part in life, it sought to show the appearance of life and would vield to the very finger-tip if you touched it, for though it was really compact bronze, it was so softened into flesh by art that it shrank from the contact of the hand. It had the bloom of youth, it was full of daintiness, it melted with desire, as indeed Euripides represented him when he fashioned his image in the Bakkhai. A wreath of ivy encircled his head—since the bronze was in truth ivy, bent as it was into sprays and holding up the curly locks which fell in profusion from his forehead. And it was full of laughter, nay, it wholly passed the bounds of wonder in that the material gave out evidence of joy and the bronze feigned to represent the emotions. A fawn-skin clothed the statue, not such as Dionysos was accustomed to wear, but the bronze was transformed to imitate the pelt: and he stood resting his left hand on a thyrsos, and the thyrsos deceived the beholder's vision; for while it was wrought of bronze it seemed to glisten with the greenness of young growth, as though it were actually transformed into the plant itself. The eye was gleaming with fire, in

appearance the eve of a man in a frenzy: for the bronze exhibited the Bakkhic madness and seemed to be divinely inspired, just as, I think, Praxiteles had the power to infuse into the statue also the Bakkhic ecstasy." Euripides, Bacchae 135 ff:

"In the mountains... the leader of the dance is Bromios, euhoi! The plain flows with milk, it flows with wine, it flows with the nectar of bees, Bakkheus (Bacchus), raising the flaming torch of pine on his thyrsos, like the smoke of Syrian incense, darts about, arousing the wanderers with his racing and dancing, agitating them with his shouts, casting his rich locks into the air. And among the Mainades cries his voice rinas deep."

ART Jeff Koons by Journal of Contemporary Art, Inc. and the Authors 1989

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 1986

Klaus Ottmann: What is the theme of your new work? Jeff Koons: The basic story line is about art leaving the realm of the artist, when the artist loses control of the work. It's defined basically by two ends. One would be Louis XIV-that if you put art in the hands of an aristocracy or monarch, art will become reflective of ego and decorative-and on the other end of the scale would be Bob Hope—that if you give art to the masses, art will become reflective of mass ego and also decorative. The body of work is based around statuary representing different periods of Western European art. Each work in the show is coded to be more or less specific about art being used as a symbol or representation of a certain theme that takes place in art, such as Doctor's Delight, a symbol of sexuality in art; Two Kids, of morality in art; Rabbit, of fantasy in art. Italian Woman would be a symbol of the artist going after beauty; Flowers would be art being used to show elegance and the strength of money; Louis XIV is power, a symbol of using art as an authoritarian means; Trolls, a symbol of mythology. KO: What is your main interest as an artist?

JK: I'm interested in the morality of what it means to be an artist, with what art means to me, how it defines my life, etc. And my next concern is my actions, the responsibility of my own actions in art with regard to other artists, and then to a wider range of the art audience, such as critics, museum people, collectors, etc. Art to me is a humanitarian act, and I believe that there is a responsibility that art should somehow be able to affect mankind, to make the world a better place (this is not a cliché!).

MANNER

KO: Where do you get the ideas for your work? JK: It's a natural process. Generally I walk around and I see one object and it affects me. I can't just choose any object or any theme to work with. I can be confronted by an object and be interested in a specific thing about it, and the context develops simultaneously. I never try to create a context artificially. I think about my work every minute of the day.

KO: How far are you involved in the actual production of your work?

JK: I'm basically the idea person. I'm not physically involved in the production. I don't have the necessary abilities, so I go to the top people, whether I'm working with my foundry—Tallix—or in physics. I'm always trying to maintain the integrity of the work. I recently worked with Nobel prize winner Richard P. Feynman. I also worked with Wasserman at Dupont and Green at MIT. I worked with many of the top physicists and chemists in the country.

KO: Could you elaborate the term "integrity"? JK: To me, integrity means unaltered. When I'm working with an object I always have to give the greatest consideration not to alter the object physically or even psychologically. I try to reveal a certain aspect of the object's personality. To give you an example: if you place a shy person in a large crowd, his shyness will be revealed and enhanced. I work with the object in a very similar manner. I'm placing the object in a context or material that will enhance a specific personality trait within the object. The soul of the object must be maintained to have confidence in the arena. KO: How do you see the development of your work? JK: The early work is very important to my personal development, but I don't feel that it has the same social value as my work from the time of "The New." I feel basically that the core of my work stays the same. I try to carry the best of my work with me through each body of work while enlarging its parameters.

KO: What are the differences between your work and say someone like Richard Prince who rephotographs advertisement and media images?

JK: Richard and I have been friends for many years. His work is more involved in the appropriation aspect, the aspect of theft, while my work comes from the history of the ready-made, which for me is a position of optimism. Whether I'm casting my Jim Beam decanter or creating a painting from a liquor ad, I receive all the legal rights from everybody—a very optimistic situation.

KO: How do you manage to get all the legal rights? JK: I come out of a background of, at one time, being the Senior Representative for the Museum of Modern Art. I was also a commodity broker on Wall Street for six years, so I have experience in dealing with people on a professional level. I had only one company in my last project that turned me down. And in each company I have to deal first with them, then with their lawyers, and in some cases with their advertising firms and their printers.

KO: How do you see advertisement?

JK: It's basically the medium that defines people's It's the classic David vs Goliath story—with one perceptions of the world, of life itself, how to interact minor edit: David gets his ass kicked and is laughed

with others. The media defines reality. Just yesterday we met some friends. We were celebrating and I said to them: "Here's to good friends!" It was like living in an ad. It was wonderful, a wonderful moment. We were right there living in the reality of our media. **KO:** What do you think about the fact that the owner of one of the largest advertising firms in the world, Charles Saatchi, is buying your art?

JK: It's not negative toward advertisement. I believe in advertisement and media completely. My art and my personal life are based in it. I think that the art world would probably be a tremendous reservoir for everybody involved in advertising.

KO: What is the significance of the Nike ads?

JK: The Nike ads were my great deceivers. The show was about equilibrium, and the ads defined personal and social equilibrium. There is also the deception of people acting as if they have accomplished their goals and they haven't: "Come on! Go for it! I have achieved equilibrium!"

608 ← Equilibrium is unattainable, it can be sustained only for a moment.

And here are these people in the role of saying, "Come on! I've done it! I'm a star! I'm Moses!" It's about artists using art for social mobility. Moses [Malone] is a symbol of the middle-class artist of our time who does the same act of deception, a front man: "I've done it! I'm a star!" SOURCE: http://www.jca-online.com/koons.html

ARTICLE Dr. Dre Headphones by Sam Biddle 2008

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BEATS BY DRE: THE EXCLUSIVE INSIDE STORY OF HOW MONSTER LOST THE WORLD

> O9 ← There's never been anything like Beats By Dre. The bulky rainbow headphones are a gaudy staple of

malls, planes, clubs, and sidewalks everywhere: as mammoth, beloved, and expensive as their namesake. But Dr. Dre didn't just hatch the flashy lineup from his freight train chest: The venture began as an unlikely partnership between a record-industry powerhouse and a boutique audio company best known for making overpriced HDMI cables. You might know this; you might own a pair of Beats that still has Monster's tiny, subjugated logo printed on them. But what you don't know is how, in inking the deal, Monster screwed itself out of a fortune. It's the classic David vs Goliath story—with one minor edit: David exte his as kiaked and is lowabed

out of the arena. This is the inside story of one of the all time worst deals in tech.

The route to a rapper-gadget sensation doesn't start in the VIP section of a club over a bottle of Cristal. The idea wasn't hatched in the back of a Maybach or in a boardroom whose walls are decked out in platinum records and shark tanks. Before Dre got paid. and red 'B' logos clamped millions of young heads across the globe, the son of Chinese immigrants started toying with audio equipment in California. Beats begins with Monster, Inc., and Monster begins with Noel Lee. He's a friendly, incredibly smart man with a comic-book hairstyle and a disability that adds to his supervillain stature: Lee is unable to walk. Instead, he glides around on a chrome-plated Segway. Lee has been making things for your ears since 1979. after he took an engineering education and spun it into a components business with one lucrative premise: your music doesn't sound as good as it could.

In true Silicon Valley fashion, Lee started out in his family's basement: taste-testing different varieties of copper wire until he found a type that he thought enhanced audio quality. Then, also in Silicon Valley fashion, he marketed the shit out of it and jacked up its price: Monster Cable. Before it was ever mentioned in the same gasp as Dre, Monster was trying to get music lovers to buy into a superior sound that existed mostly in imaginations and marketing brochures. "We came up with a reinvention of what a speaker cable could be," Noel Lee boasts. His son, Kevin, describes it differently: "a cure for no disease."

Monster expanded into pricey HDMI cables, surge protectors, and... five different kinds of screen-cleaner. Unnecessary, overpriced items like these have earned Monster a reputation over the years as ripoff artists, but that belies the company's ability to make audio products that are actually pretty great. The truth is, audio cable is a lot like expensive basketball shoes: There are a couple hundred people in the world who really need the best, and the rest of us probably can't tell the difference. Doesn't matter: Through a combination of slick persuasion and statuspushing, Noel Lee carved out a small empire.

But you can only sell so many \$200 cables. The next step was speakers, but the company started in on speakers too late; the hi-fi era was over. Plenty of people were content with the sound their TVs made, or at most, a soundbar. Monster took a bath.

But speakers for your head? This was the absolute, legit next big thing.

Noel began prototyping headphones, and dispatched his son to LA to book partnerships for a proprietary high-definition audio format. The audio format never saw the light of day, but the meetings were worth the ticket. "You gotta go get Usher, Mary J. Blige, U2," Young Lee was instructed. And from there, as he tells it, fate took over: "Sometimes things just happen a certain way... the value of serendipity," Kevin says through a halcyon smile. If he hadn't been sent to tempt artists with a vaporware surround-sound music format, "[he] would have never met Jimmy lovine from Interscope." And it was this

encounter that spawned the best bad idea in gadget history. Beats began.

Jimmy lovine is a mogul par excellence; a man who helped mastermind the works of Bruce Springsteen and 50 Cent alike, co-produced 8 Mile, and today sits as the Chairman of Interscope Records. Dr. Dre is Dr. Dre. When hawking Beats at press events, the two work as a pair: lovine, fast-talking and daggersharp, spouts the same corny origin story every time. Interscope wanted Dre to endorse sneakers. Dre replied: "Fuck sneakers, let's make speakers." The almost-certainly-apocryphal moment works partly because it's cute, and mostly because it rhymes. From there, they'll have you believe. Beats was born. But the Lees say this is only half true. After Kevin's quest for surround sound partners. lovine and Dre approached Monster with a dazzling offer: Let's build electronics. "They came up and loved all the technology my dad did around sound," Kevin recalls. Noel says he and Jimmy clicked immediately: "You know how music is supposed to sound, I know how music is supposed to sound, and the rest of the world is pretty screwed up." It was a "love fest" from the start. says Kevin. What followed was an "education in sound," with a didactic Monster demoing the company's sound tech to impress upon lovine and Dre its ability to reproduce skull-bludgeoning bass, including an in-ear prototype. And the Interscope pair needed the education, says the elder Lee:

Dre and Jimmy needed to understand why it wasn't a speaker world anymore. They had no idea why people wouldn't want to buy speakers. [They've] got big speakers, and always had them in the studio. Why substitute headphones for speakers?

Monster took the rap duo's vague audio aspirations and pointed them in one very lucrative direction: high-end headphones. Bose was something your dad bought. Everything else was either crap or too obscure and complex for consumers to pick out. "Let's build headphones together," Noel decreed.

Love fest or no, this was never going to be a Steve and Woz moment of geek kinship. This was business from the start—and while Noel knows it now (Jimmy wanted to "own both ends," he says), Monster didn't show much acumen when it mattered. Monster wanted to jumpstart its headphone business. Badly. In the turmoil of the mid-00s, Dre and Jimmy needed to find something other than records to monetize. Badly. But the money arrangement was destined to be dominated by lovine, a man who'd gone head to head with Steve Jobs, and ran a music empire-not some small deluxe cable firm. The Monsters knew that if they could harness Dre's "entertainment and sports" contacts they could launch their company into the mainstream. They were right, but they were also woefully underprepared for the path to success; in the process, they blew almost every business decision possible.

When Kevin Lee went to LA to negotiate, he had nothing but a bachelors degree, and no business experience outside of working for his father. Kevin Lee flew solo against a legal, financial, and corporate MANNER

monolith that dwarfed him. And that was clear from the start—as soon as the two firms tried to ink a deal, they bumped up against the negotiating might of Interscope. Monster had audio engineering chops. but so did plenty of other companies. "[Jimmy lovine and Interscope Marketing President Steve Burman] wanted a certain set of numbers, that we, as a small wire company that had just lost \$50 million trying to make speakers, couldn't afford," says the younger Lee. Monster was offered a money split it couldn't live off of. The music titans were lowballing. Discussions came to a standstill. Radio silence, lovine walked. taking Dre and the entertainment industry with him. They ended it with a call: "We hate to do this to you, but we're going to do the deal with someone else. SOURCE: http://aizmodo.com/5981823/

beat-by-dre-the-inside-story-of-how-monster-lost-the-world

MYTH Leopard

DIONYSOS FAVOUR: BOIOTIAN BAKKHANTES Oppian, Cynegetica 3. 78 (trans. Mair) (Greek poet C3rd A.D.):

"Minstrels celebrate this race of beasts [the leopards] as having been aforetime the nurses of Bakkhos, giver of the grape; wherefore even now they greatly exult in wine and receive in their mouths the great gift of Dionysos [wild leopards had a taste for wine]. What matter it was that changed glorious women from the race of mortals into this wild race of Pardales (panthers) I shall hereafter sing."

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← Oppian, Cynegetica 4. 230: "Leopards are overcome also by the gifts of Dionysos, when crafty hunters

pour for them the crafty drought, shunning not the anger of holy Dionysos. Leopards are now a race of wild beasts, but aforetime they were not fierce wild beasts but bright-eyed women, wine-drinking, carriers of the vine branch, celebrators of the triennial festival, flower-crowned, nurses of frenzied Bakkhos [Dionysos] who rouses the dance [the story of the nursing of Dionysos follows, see The Birth of Dionysos for this section of Oppian]...

Late and last he [the adult Dionysos and his followers] set foot in Thebes, and all the daughters of Kadmos came to meet the son of fire. But rash Pentheus bound the hands of Dionysos that should not be bound and threatened with his own murderous hands to rend the god... And the heart of the women worshippers was chilled, and they cast on the ground all the garlands from their temples and the holy emblems of their Tu vas, tu vas et tu viens hands, and the cheeks of all the worshippers of Bromios flowed with tears. And straightway they cried: 'lo! Blessed one, O Dionysos, kindle thou the flaming Et je te rejoins

MUSIC Je T'aime, Moi Non Plus Serge Gainsbourg 1967

lightning of thy father and shake the earth and give

us speedy vengeance on the evil tyrant. And, O son of

fire, make Pentheus a bull upon the hills, make Pen-

theus of evil name a bull and make us ravenous wild

beasts, armed with deadly claws, that, O Dionysos,

So spake they praying and the lord of Nysa speedily

hearkened to their prayer. Pentheus he made a bull

of deadly eye and arched his neck and made the horns

spring from his forehead. But to the women he gave

the grey eyes of a wild beast and armed their jaws

and on their backs put a spotted hide like that of

fawns and made them a savage race. And, by the de-

vising of the god having changed their fair flesh, in

the form of Leopards they rent Pentheus among the

rocks. Such things let us sing, such things let us be-

we may rend him in our mouths.'

lieve in our hearts!"

Je t'aime ie t'aime, oui ie t'aime Moi non plus Oh mon amour Comme la vague irrésolue Je vais, je vais et je viens Entre tes reins Je vais et je viens entre tes reins Et je me retiens

← Je t'aime je t'aime, oui je t'aime 61 Moi non plus Oh mon amour, tu es la vague

Moi l'île nue Tu vas, tu vas et tu viens Entre mes reins Tu vas et tu viens entre mes reins Et ie te reioins

Je t'aime, je t'aime, oh oui je t'aime Moi non plus Oh mon amour Comme la vague irrésolue Je vais, je vais et je viens Entre tes reins Je vais et je viens entre tes reins Et ie me retiens

Entre mes reins Tu vas et tu viens entre mes reins

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Je t'aime, ie t'aime, oh oui ie t'aime Moi non plus Oh. mon amour L'amour physique est sans issue Je vais je vais et je viens Entre tes reins Je vais et je viens, je me retiens Non Maintenant viens SOURCE: Je t'aime, Moi Non Plus Lyrics

FILM

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas **Terry Gilliam** 1999

GONZO sings along to the tape player.

The HITCHHIKER's eyes go to the door—considers jumping out and taking his chances.

DUKE, sweating bullets, STARES AT THE HITCHHIK-ER in the rear view mirror.

\leftarrow DUKE (V/O) 612 How long could we maintain, I

wondered. How long before one of us starts raving and jabbering at this boy? What will he think then? This same lonely desert was the last known home of the Manson family.

The HITCHHIKER's eves notice a thin line of blood trickling down GONZO's neck.

DUKE (V/O) Would he make that grim connection when my attorney starts screaming about bats and huge manta rays coming down on the car?

DUKE's mouth moves intermittently-sometimes in sync with the words, sometimes not.

DUKE (V/O)

If so-well, we'll just have to cut his head off and bury him somewhere. Because it goes without saving that we can't turn him loose. He'd report us at once to some kind of outback Nazi law enforcement agency, and they'll run us down like dogs...

DUKE (out loud to himself) Jesus! Did I say that?

DUKE (V/O) Or just think it? Was I talkina? Did they hear me?

GONZO (reassuringly to HITCHHIKER) It's okay. He's admiring the shape of your skull.

DUKE gives the HITCHHIKER a FINE BIG GRIN and the HITCHHIKER giggles nervously.

DUKE (V/O) Maybe I better have a chat with this boy I thought. Perhaps if I explain things, he'll rest easy...

DUKE (roaring over the road noise) THERE'S ONE THING YOU SHOULD PROBABLY UNDERSTAND-

The HITCHHIKER stares at him, not blinking.

DUKE (vells) CAN YOU HEAR ME?

The HITCHHIKER nods-giggles-terrified. DUKE climbs into the back seat.

DUKE That's good. Because I want you to have all the background. This is a very ominous assignment—with overtones of extreme personal danger. I'm a Doctor of Journalism! This is important, goddamnit! This is a true story!... (WHACKS the BACK OF THE DRIVER'S SEAT with his fist)

The CAR SWERVES SICKENINGLY, then straightens out.

GONZO (screams) Keep your hands off my fucking neck!

The HITCHHIKER makes a sudden lunge for freedom. DUKE GRABS HIM BACK DOWN.

DUKE (V/O)

Our vibrations were getting nastybut why? Was there no communication in this car? Had we deteriorated to the level of dumb beasts?

The HITCHHIKER struggles in panic.

DUKE

(to HITCHHIKER) I want you to understand that this man at the wheel is my attorney! He's not just some dingbat I found on the Strip. He's a foreigner. I think he's probably Samoan. But it doesn't matter, does it? Are you prejudiced?

HITCHHIKER Hell, no!

DUKE

I didn't think so. Because in spite of his race, this man is extremely valuable to me. Hell, I forgot all about this beer. You want one? (HITCHHIKER shakes his head) How about some ether?

HITCHHIKER What?

DUKE

Never mind. Let's get right to the heart of this thing. Twenty-four hours ago we were sitting in the Pogo Lounge of the Beverly Wills Hotel...

INT. THE BEVERLY WILLS HOTEL POGO LOUNGE 1971—DAY

A uniformed DWARF, carries a shockingly PINK TELEPHONE through the glittering, tranguil POGO LOUNGE CROWD. They are the ELOI. HENDRIX AF-ROS and DROOPING MUSTACHES and BELL BOT-TOMS and LOVE BEADS and BELLS. ACTRESSES sip Singapore Slings and PROMOTERS sip ACTRESSES in this MONIED, SANITISED VERSION OF THE GREAT **REVOLUTION YEARS.**

DIIKE (V/O)

... in the patio section, of course, drinking Singapore Slings with mescal on the side, hiding from the brutish realities of this foul year of Our Lord, 1971.

The DWARF reaches DUKE—T-shirt, Levi's, sneakers and shades.

GONZO-white rayon bellbottoms and a khaki tank top undershirt.

They are in the middle of a serious conversation. SOURCE: Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas script

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The preface to Richard Wagner already proposed that art—and not morality—was the essential metaphysical human activity; in the book itself there appears many times over the suggestive statement that the existence of the world is justified only as an aesthetic phenomenon. In fact, the entire book recognizes only an artist's sense and-a deeper meaning under everything that happens-a "God," if you will, but certainly only a totally unthinking and amoral artist-God, who in creation as in destruction, in good things as in bad, desires to become aware of his own pleasures and autocratic power equally, a God who, as he creates worlds, rids himself of the distress of fullness and superfluity, from the suffering of pressing internal contradictions. The world is at every moment the attained redemption of God, as the eternally changing, eternally new vision of the one who suffers most, who is the most rent with contradictions, the most inconsistent, who knows how to save himself only in appearances. People may call this entire artistic metaphysics arbitrary, pointless, and fantastic-the essential point about it is that it already betrays a spirit which will at some point risk everything to stand against the moralistic interpretation and meaningfulness of existence. Here is announced, perhaps for the first time, a pessimism "beyond good and evil"; here is expressed in word and formula that "perversity in belief" against which Schopenhauer never grew tired of hurling his angriest curses and thunderbolts in advance-a philosophy which dares to place morality itself in the world of phenomena, to subsume it, not merely under the "visions" (in the sense of some idealistic terminus technicus [technical end point]) but under "illusions." as an appearance, delusion, fallacy, interpretation, something made up, a work of art.

Perhaps we can best gauge the depth of this tendency hostile to morality from the careful and antagonistic silence with which Christianity is treated in the entire book-Christianity as the most excessively thorough elaboration of a moralistic theme which humanity up to this point has had available to listen to. To tell the truth, there is nothing which stands in greater opposition to the purely aesthetic interpretation and justification of the world, as it is taught in this book, than Christian doctrine, which is and wishes to be merely moralistic and which, with its absolute standards, beginning, for example, with its truthfulness of God, relegates art, every art, to the realm of lies-in other words, which denies art, condemns it, and passes sentence on it.

Behind such a way of thinking and evaluating, which must be hostile to art, so long as it is in any way genuine, I always perceived also something hostile to life, the wrathful, vengeful aversion to life itself; for all life

rests on appearance, art, illusion, optics, the need for perspective and for error. Christianity was from the start essentially and thoroughly life's disgust and weariness with life, which only dressed itself up with, only hid itself in, only decorated itself with the belief in an "other" or "better" life. The hatred of the "world," the curse against the emotions, the fear of beauty and sensuality, a world beyond created so that the world on this side might be more easily slandered, at bottom a longing for nothingness, for extinction, for rest, until the "Sabbath of all Sabbaths"-all that, as well as the absolute desire of Christianity to allow only moral values to count, has always seemed to me the most dangerous and most eerie form of all possible manifestations of a "Will to Destruction," at least a sign of the deepest illness, weariness, bad chest. temper, exhaustion, and impoverishment in livingfor in the eyes of morality (and particularly Christian morality, that is, absolute morality) life must be seen as constantly and inevitably wrong, because life is something essentially amoral-hence, pressed down under the weight of contempt and eternal No's, life must finally be experienced as something not worth desiring, as something inherently worthless. And what about morality itself? Might not morality be a "desire for the denial of life," a secret instinct for destruction, a principle of decay, diminution, slander, a beginning of the end? And thus, the danger of dangers? ...

← And so, my instinct at that time 613 turned itself against morality in this questionable book, as an instinct

affirming life, and invented for itself a fundamentally different doctrine and a totally opposite way of evaluating life, something purely artistic and anti-Christian. What should it be called? As a philologist and man of words, I baptized it, taking some liberties—for who knew the correct name of the Antichrist?—after the name of a Greek god: I called it the Dionysian.

SOURCE: The Birth of Tragedy

FILM The Game **David Fincher** 1997

INT. SCHULER'S STUDY-DAY

THE TELEVISION is on, playing a silly-looking CAR-TOON. ACTION HEROS fly through the air, shooting LIGHT from their eyeballs, etc.

SCHUYLER lowers his weapon, moves to shut off the SCHUYLER tube. More GRAFFITI over the walls, the books, etc.: You can't just fuck with people

stick figure drawings of a MAN HANGING HIM-SELF, a BROKEN HEART, a PENIS, a NAKED WOM-AN, etc. Across the walls, over the TV, are the words, "YOU ARE NOT ALONE."

SCHUYLER presses the on-off switch-nothing hap-

ACTION HERO (ON TV) Don't touch that dial, Sky!

ON SCREEN. THE MASKED ACTION HERO stands proudly, hands on hips, before a colorful MOVING BACKGROUND. It speaks in a cheezy HE-MAN VOICE. an ANIMATED MOUTH. There's a CRS LOGO on its

CRS-MAN (ON TV) Boy oh boy, you fucked up big-time! Bringing in the cops—real mistake!

SCHUYLER covers his eyes, leans against a chair; this is too much.

SCHUYLER No no no-

CRS-MAN (ON TV) Oh you're always so negative...

SCHUYLER realizes this is a two-way conversation as the CRS-MAN WINKS at him, making a stiff WAVE.

SCHUYLER You people are insane...

CRS-MAN (ON TV) Hey, look who's talking to their TV set.

SCHUYLER How did you do this, how did you get in here?

CRS-MAN (ON TV)

Simple, we duped your keys the day you came in for your physical, wired the whole house while you were at work. You rich people all have alarms, but you never set 'em, do you?

SCHUYLER Look, at least leave my brother alone, he's fragile enough as it is -

← CRS-MAN (ON TV) 614 Don't worry about him, he's just playing his own game—at a more advanced level, you might say...

like this, you don't know who vou're dealing with!

CRS-MAN (ON TV) (laughs) We know exactly who we're dealing with, that's the whole idea! For a guy with your test scores, you're pretty slow on the uptake.

SCHUYLER What the fuck do you want from me?!

CRS-MAN (ON TV)

Sky, I just came to say goodbye... Too bad it didn't work out, better luck next time. Uh. there might be a few loose ends for you to tie up, but rememberit's not whether you win or lose that counts, it's how you play the game... ya big loser you...

THE SCREEN IMPLODES as SCHUYLER SMASHES IT with the sculpture—

CRS-MAN (FILTER) Ouch! Take it easy, my hot-headed friend!

Schuyler peers into the SMOKING electronics, pulls out a battery pack, a small video camera, a loop antenna: the SPEAKER's not dead.

CRS-MAN (FILTER) Holy smoke, this was an expensive TV-

He BASHES the equipment repeatedly on the floor with all his might. The speaker SPUTTERS OUT, the CRS-MAN'S VOICE at last SILENCED. The PHONE has started ringing during the above. Schuyler, breathless, moves around the room now, trying to find it. He finally tracks it down in the bottom of a GAR-BAGE CAN, covered with disgusting SLIME which he wipes on his shirt.

SCHUYLER (ON PHONE) Now what?!

MANAGER (FILTER) (beat) Is this Schuyler Van Orton?

SCHUYLER (ON PHONE) Yeah, who's this?

MANAGER (FILTER)

I'm calling from the Claremont Hotel in Berkeley ... we have your American Express card, you left it at the check-in desk...

SCHUYLER (ON PHONE) What? That's impossible, I've never staved there-

MANAGER (FILTER) Are you sure, sir?

SCHUYLER pulls his wallet, spreading his credit cards on the floor.

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SCHUYLER Son of a bitch. SOURCE: The Game Script

MYTH Ivy Crown

HYMNS TO DIONYSUS ← Seneca, Oedipus 401 ff (trans. Miller) 615

(Roman tragedy C1st A.D.): "Let the people's hymn sound with the praise of Bacchus [Dionysos]. Bind your streaming locks with the nodding ivy, and in your soft hands grasp the Nysaean thyrsus! Bright glory of the sky, come hither to the prayers which thine own illustrious Thebes, O Bacchus, offers to thee with suppliant hands. Hither turn with favour thy virginal face; with thy star-bright countenance drive away the clouds, the grim threats of Erebus, and greedy fate. Thee it becomes to circle thy locks with flowers of the springtime, thee to cover thy head with Tyrian turban, or thy smooth brow to wreathe with the ivy's clustering berries; now to fling loose thy lawless-streaming locks, again to bind them in a knot close-drawn: in such quise as when, fearing thy stepdame's [Hera's] wrath, thou didst grow to manhood with false-seeming limbs, a pretended maiden with golden ringlets, with saffron girdle binding thy garments. So thereafter this soft vesture has pleased thee, folds loose hanging and the long-trailing mantle.

Seated in thy golden chariot, thy lions with long trappings covered, all the vast coast of the Orient saw thee, both he who drinks of the Ganges and whoever breaks the ice of snowy Araxes.

On an unseemly ass old Silenus attends thee, his swollen temples bound with ivy garlands; while thy wanton initiates lead the mystic revels. Along with thee a troop of Bassarids in Edonian dance beat the ground, now on Mount Pangaeus' peak, now on the top of Thracian Pindus; now midst Cadmean dames has come a maenad [Agaue], the impious comrade of Ogygian Bacchus, with sacred fawn-skins girt about her loins, her hand a light thyrsus brandishing. Their hearts maddened by thee, the matrons have set their

Pentheus' limbs, the Bacchanals, their bodies now freed from the frenzy, looked on their infamous deed as though they knew it not.

Cadmean Ino, foster-mother of shining Bacchus, holds the realms of the deep, encircled by bands of Nereids dancing: over the waves of the mighty deep a boy holds sway, new come, the kinsman of Bacchus, no common god, Palaemon.

Thee, O boy, a Tyrrhenian band [of pirates] once captured and Nereus allayed the swollen sea; the dark blue waters he changed to meadows. Thence flourish the plane-tree with vernal foliage and the laurelgrove dear to Phoebus: the chatter of birds sounds loud through the branches. Fast-growing ivy clings to the oars, and grape-vines twine at the mast-head. On the prow an Idaean lion roars: at the stern crouches a tiger of Ganges. Then the frightened pirates swim in the sea, and plunged in the water their bodies assume new forms: the robbers' arms first fall away; their breasts smite their bellies and are joined in one; a tiny hand comes down at the side; with curving back they dive into the waves, and with crescent-shaped tail they cleave the sea; and now as curved dolphins they follow the fleeing sails.

On its rich stream has Lydian Pactolus borne thee, leading along its burning banks the golden waters; the Massgetan who mingles blood with milk in his goblets has unstrung his vanguished bow and given up his Getan arrows; the realms of axe-wielding Lycurgus have felt the dominion of Bacchus: the fierce lands of the Zalaces have felt it, and those wandering tribes whom neighbouring Boreas smites, and the nations which Maeotis' cold water washes, and they [i.e. the Skythians] on whom the Arcadian constellation looks down from the zenith and the wagons twain. He has subdued the scattered Gelonians; he has wrested their arms form the warrior maidens [i.e. the Amazones]; with downcast face they fell to earth, those Thermodontian hordes, gave up at length their light arrows, and became maenads. Sacred Cithaeron has flowed with the blood of Ophionian slaughter [i.e. of Pentheus]; the Proetides fled to the woods, and Argos, in his stepdame's [Hera's] very presence, paid homage to Bacchus. Naxos, girt by the Aegean sea, gave him in marriage a deserted maiden [Ariadne], compensating her loss with a better husband. Out of the dry rock there gushed Nyctelian liquor [wine]; babbling rivulets divided the grassy meadows; deep the earth drank in the sweet juices, white fountains of snowy milk and Lesbian wine mingled with fragrant thyme. The newmade bride is led to the lofty heavens; Phoebus [Apollon] a stately anthem sings, with his locks flowing down his shoulders, and twin Cupides [Erotes] brandish their torches. Jupiter [Zeus] lays aside his fiery weapons and, when Bacchus comes, abhors his

thunderbolt. While the bright stars of the ancient heavens shall run in their courses; while Oceanus shall encircle the imprisoned earth with its waters; while full Luna [Selene the moon] gather again her lost radiance;

hair a-flowing; and at length, after the rending of while Lucifer [Eosphoros, the day sar] shall herald the dawn of the morning and while the lofty Bears [constellations Ursae] shall know naught of caerulean Nereus: so long shall we worship the shining face of beauteous Lyaeus [Dionysos]."

ARTICLE Harley-Davidson by Nicole Winfield 16.06.2013

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VATICAN CITY—Biker culture came to the Vatican on Sunday as Pope Francis blessed thousands of Harley-Davidsons and their riders celebrating the manufacturer's 110th anniversary with a loud parade and plenty of leather.

> ← Thundering Harley engines nearly drowned out the Latin recitation of the "Our Father" prayer that accom-

panied Francis as he greeted the crowd before Mass. Standing in his open-top jeep. Francis drove up the main boulevard leading to St. Peter's Square, blessing the thousands of people in what was a giant Harley parking lot.

Once the service got under way, bikers in their trademark leather Harley vests sat in the square alongside nuns and tens of thousands of faithful Catholics taking part in an unrelated, two-day pro-life rally.

Francis addressed them both afterward, giving a blessing to the "numerous participants" of the Harley gathering.

Tens of thousands of Harley owners from around the world descended on Rome for the four-day anniversary of the American manufacturer.

The main events were Sunday's Vatican blessing and a parade Saturday past the Colosseum and other historic landmarks-adding color, traffic and noise to an already colorful day in downtown Rome, thanks to a gay pride march.

Italian daily Corriere della Sera reported that six bikes were involved in a pileup Saturday on the main ring road around the capital, while a Swiss biking couple were killed in a highway crash on Wednesday. Earlier in the week, Milwaukee, Wisconsin-based, Harley gave Francis two white classic Harleys for the Vatican police force to use.

There was something a bit incongruous about the Harley crowd-known for its "Freedom" motto, outlaw image and adventuresome spirit-taking part in a solemn papal Mass to commemorate a 1995 encyclical on the inviolability of human life.

"Evangelium Vitae" is a roadmap of the church's teaching against abortion, euthanasia and murder. Harley's advertising for its 2013 bike collection reads

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"Live life on your own terms. More than 30 ways to defy the status quo."

The Rev. Federico Lombardi, the Vatican spokesman, noted that there were probably quite a few Catholic riders in the crowd and that regardless, anyone is welcome to a papal Mass.

"I know great people who have big bikes," Lombardi quipped.

In his comments to the pro-life crowd, Francis offered prayers "for every human life, especially the most fragile, defenseless and threatened." But he stayed away from saying anything more polarizing about abortion or contraception.

He then spent a good half-hour after the Mass caressing, kissing and chatting with a few dozen sick or disabled people in the square, including one on a motorcycle wearing Harley garb.

SOURCE: http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/06/16/ pope-francis-blessing-of-the-bikes_n_3449601.html

IMPERSONATION Dolmancé Marquis de Sade 1795

Madame de Saint-Ange—My brother: from childhood on he adored me; during our earliest years we often amused each other without attaining our goal; I promised to give myself to him immediately I married; I kept my word; happily, my husband damaged nothing: my brother harvested all. We continue with our intrigue, but without hampering ourselves; we do not—he on his part, I on mine—plunge ourselves into anything but the most divine of libertinage's excesses; we even mutually serve one another: I procure women for him, he introduces me to men.

Eugénie—Delightful arrangement! But, is not incest a crime?

Dolmancé—Might one so regard Nature's gentlest unions, the ones she most insistently prescribes to us and counsels most warmly?

Eugénie, a moment of reason: how, after the vast afflictions our planet sometime knew, how was the human species otherwise able to perpetuate itself, if not through incest?

Of which we find, do we not, the example and the proof itself in the books Christianity respects most highly. By what other means could Adam's family and that of Noah have been preserved? Sift, examine universal custom: everywhere you will detect incest authorized, considered a wise law and proper to cement familial ties. If, in a word, love is born of resemblance, where may it be more perfect than between brother and sister, between father and daughter? An

ill-founded policy, one produced by the fear lest certain families become too powerful, bans incest from our midst: but let us not abuse ourselves to the point of mistaking for natural law what is dictated to us only by interest or ambition; let us delve into our hearts: 'tis always there I send our pedantic moralists: let us but question this sacred organ and we will notice that nothing is more exquisite than carnal connection within the family; let us cease to be blind with what concerns a brother's feelings for his sister, a father's for his daughter: in vain does one or the other disguise them behind a mask of legitimate tenderness: the most violent love is the unique sentiment ablaze in them, the only one Nature has deposited in their hearts. Hence, let us double, triple these delicious incests, fearlessly multiply them, and let us believe that the more straitly the object of our desires does belong to us, the greater charm shall there be in enjoying it.

← One of my friends has the habit of 617 living with the girl he had by his own mother; not a week ago he deflowered a thirteen-year-old boy, fruit of his commerce with this girl; in a few years' time, this same lad will wed his mother: such are my friend's wishes; he is readying for them all a destiny analogous to the projects he delights in and his intentions, I know very well, are yet to enjoy what this marriage will bring to bear; he is young and he has cause to hope for the best. Consider, gentle Eugénie, with what a quantity of incests and crimes this honest friend would be soiled were there a jot of truth in the low notion that would have us define these alliances as evil. To be brief, in all these matters I base my attitude upon one principle: had Nature condemned sodomy's pleasures, incestuous correspondences, pollutions, and so forth, would she have allowed us to find so much delight in them? That she may tolerate what outrages her is unthinkable.

Eugénie-Oh! My divine teachers, I see full well that, according to your doctrine, there are very few crimes in the world, and that we may peacefully follow the bent of all our desires, however singular they may appear to fools who, shocked and alarmed by everything, stupidly confuse social institutions for Nature's divine ordinations. And yet, my friends, do you not at least acknowledge that there exist certain actions absolutely revolting and decidedly criminal, although enjoined by Nature? I am nothing loath to agree with you, that this Nature, as extraordinary in the productions she creates as various in the penchants she gives us, sometimes moves us to cruel deeds; but if, surrendered to depravity, we were to yield to this bizarre Nature's promptings, were we to go so far as to attempt, let me suppose, the lives of our fellows, you will surely grant me, at least I do hope so, that such an act would be a crime?

Dolmancé—Indeed, Eugénie, little good would it do for us to grant you anything of the sort. Destruction being one of the chief laws of Nature, nothing that destroys can be criminal; how might an action which so well serves Nature ever be outrageous to her? This destruction of which man is wont to boast is. moreover, nothing but an illusion; murder is no destruction: he who commits it does but alter forms. he gives back to Nature the elements whereof the hand of this skilled artisan instantly recreates other beings; now, as creations cannot but afford delight to him by whom they are wrought, the murderer thus prepares for Nature a pleasure most agreeable, he furnishes her materials, she employs them without delay, and the act fools have had the madness to blame is nothing but meritorious in the universal agent's eye. 'Tis our pride prompts us to elevate murder into crime. Esteeming ourselves the foremost of the universe's creatures, we have stupidly imagined that every hurt this sublime creature endures must perforce be an enormity; we have believed Nature would perish should our marvelous species chance to be blotted out of existence, while the whole extirpation of the breed would, by returning to Nature the creative faculty she has entrusted to us, reinvigorate her, she would have again that energy we deprive her of by propagating our own selves; but what an inconsequence, Eugénie! Indeed! an ambitious sovereign can destroy, at his ease and without the least scruple, the enemies prejudicial to his grandiose designs... Cruel laws, arbitrary, imperious laws can likewise every century assassinate millions of individuals and we, feeble and wretched creatures, we are not allowed to sacrifice a single being to our vengeance or our caprice! Is there anything so barbarous, so outlandish, so grotesque? and, cloaking ourselves in the profoundest mystery, must we not amply compensate ourselves for this ineptitude, and have revenge?

Eugénie—Yes, of course... Oh, but your ethics seduce me, and how I savor their bouquet! Yet, wait, Dolmancé, tell me now, in good conscience, whether you have not sometimes had satisfaction in crime? Dolmancé—Do not force me to reveal my faults to you: their number and kind might bring me excessively to blush; Perhaps someday I'll confess them to you. Madame de Saint-Ange—While guiding the law's blade, the criminal has often employed it to satisfy his passions.

Dolmancé—Would that I have no other reproaches to make myself!

SOURCE: Philosophy in the Bedroom

ARTICLE Foie-Mageddon: The Secret California Foie Gras Dinner Parties by Nick Allen

618 - 637

HER

MES

29.06.2012

In an affluent Silicon Valley suburb a clandestine sunset gathering is taking place. A dozen guests, people from all walks of life, whisper conspiratorially as they introduce themselves before indulging in a shared, soon to be illegal, passion.

It is the kind of furtive atmosphere that might have been found in 1920s speakeasies as miscreants knocked back homemade liquor. But this is California almost a century later-and this taste like nothing else in the world. It's one of the time it is not drinkers who are being driven underground, but subversive gourmets who cannot live without a quick fix of foie gras.

From July 1 the golden state will be the first in the US to outlaw this controversial delicacy, made from the livers of specially fattened ducks, but enthusiasts are not letting it go without a fight.

They have dubbed the ban "foie-mageddon" and a final stand has been launched in the form of secret last minute dinner parties.

Security is paramount as organisers try to stay one step ahead of animal rights protesters who have noisily picketed foie gras friendly restaurants across California, with at least one well known chef receiving death threats.

Would-be diners sign up through a website which appeals to activists to "please let us enjoy our moments left alone with our soon to be banned deliciousness". To avoid the location leaking, guests receive an eleventh hour email with an exact address.

At one of the cloak-and-dagger feasts last week, furtive foodies gathered at a well-heeled apartment on a tree-lined street in Los Gatos. It is one of America's wealthiest towns, known for its Michelin star restaurants and antique shops, and the average home price approaches \$2 million (£1.3 million).

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featured eight courses, all of foie gras. They included foie gras panna cotta, foie gras benedict, foie gras mousse with custard and snickerdoodle crumble, and even foie gras cupcakes.

← An extravagant, belt-busting menu

"We believe in the freedom of people to eat what they want," organiser Tracy Lee of the website Dishcrawl, told The Daily Telegraph between courses. "But we keep the location secret because foie gras is best enjoyed without protests.

"Everyone is entitled to their opinion but we want to avoid people with megaphones showing up banging pots and pans like they have done. A lot of chefs have been concerned about their safety. "I wish we didn't have to hide this, but based on the circumstances, we have to. The intrigue around doing something underground is guite exciting though."

As guests, including several Silicon Valley computer experts, tucked into pan seared foie gras with bacon, maple and chive, conversation turned to epicurean adventures around the world. One diner recalled a recent \$800 foie gras dinner at a Joel Robuchon restaurant in Las Vegas, which they said was "worth every dime". Another brazenly vowed to smuggle foie gras in from other states and was prepared to risk the \$1,000 fine for each offence. "How will they know you're eating it?" the diner asked. "We'll just have to close the door and not get caught." Another said knowingly: "We've got contacts out of state."

Some said they would simply drive over the border to Nevada or Oregon for dinner. One had already bought a year's supply ahead of the ban and frozen it. Diner Bob Huenemann, 74, a retired electrical engineer, looked wistful surveying the first of his eight courses. He said: "Foie gras has just got a wonderful

most wonderful things you can eat.

"I think in California they just love to ban everything. If someone looks like they're having more fun than them, they'll ban it. I'm going to have to go to Las Vegas or Reno in future."

Anna Tseitlin, 36, looked genuinely distressed at the thought of no more foie gras. Mrs Tseitlin described how she ate it almost daily as a child in Georgia in the former Soviet Union.

"I love foie gras and I can't live without it," she said. "It wasn't very expensive there and I grew up with it. We just ate it pan fried, it needs nothing else. I think the ban is just silly. We have bigger problems than worrying about foie gras."

The ban was signed into law by former Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger in 2004 but given a start date of 2012. Needless to say, Mr Schwarzenegger was not popular at the Los Gatos dinner table.

There was also scepticism that the process of force feeding ducks by putting a tube down their throat, known as gavage, was cruel.

"People don't understand how a bird eats." Christopher Coon, 37, an accountant, said. "They eat a whole fish, they don't swallow like us."

Backers of the ban disagree. John Burton, the current chairman of the California Democratic Party who drew up the law, has compared gavage to waterboarding. He recently told The Daily Telegraph: "How would you like to have a tube crammed down your throat and corn forced down it? It's inhumane."

SOURCE: http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/worldnews/northamerica/ usa/9364936/Foie-mageddon-the-secret-California-foie-gras-dinner-parties.html

BOOK The Road Ahead **Bill Gates** 1995

CHAPTER 1. THE FIRST PART OF THE ROAD. I wrote my first program for a computer when I was thirteen years old. A program tells a computer to do something. My program told the computer to play a game. This computer was very big and very slow. It didn't even have a computer screen. But I thought it was wonderful. I was just a kid, but the computer did everything I told it to do. And even today, that's what I love about computers. When I write a good program, it always works perfectly, every time.

← The computer was our toy. We grew 020 up with it. And when we grew up,

we brought our toy with us. Now the computer is in our homes and in our offices. It has

changed our lives and it is changing them again. because now the computers are coming together to make a new system. In this system, computers all over the world are beginning to work together. Our computers will be our telephones, our post office, our library, and our banks.

MANNER

When we talk about this new system, we call it the Internet. This book will try to answer questions about the future of the Internet-what it will be like, and how we will use it. Sometimes when we talk about the future of the Internet, we call it the "Information Highway".

The Information Highway, when it comes, is going to bring new ways of doing things. New ways are strange, and sometimes people worry about them, but they are also exciting. I'm very happy that I will be a part of this strange new time. I've felt this happiness and excitement before. After I wrote that first program at the age of thirteen, my friend Paul Allen and I spent a lot of time using computers. Back then computers were very expensive. It cost forty dollars an hour to use one. We made some of our money during the summers, when we worked for computer companies.

My friend Paul knew a lot more about the machines than I did. I was more interested in the programs. But I learnt from him. One day in 1972, when I was sixteen and he was nineteen, he showed me something that he was reading. It was about a company called Intel that had a new microprocessor chip.

A microprocessor chip is the part of the computer that thinks. This new one wasn't very smart, but we wanted to see if we could write a program for it. In the end, we made a program for it, but we didn't make much money from it. The next microprocessor from Intel came out in the spring of 1974. It was much smarter than the earlier one. When we read about it, I told Paul that the days of the big computers were finished. But it was another new idea that excited us more. In December of that year, we saw a picture of the Altair 8800. The Altair was a microcomputer (a small computer) with the new Intel microprocessor chip. When we saw that, we thought "Oh no! People are going to write real programs for this chip!" I was sure of this, and I wanted to be part of it. It took us five weeks of hard work, but in the end we did it. We had a program for the Altair and we had something more. We had the world's first company that wrote programs for microcomputers. In time we named it "Microsoft."

Starting a company isn't easy. Sometimes it means that you can't do other things that you like. I loved college. I liked having conversations and sharing ideas with so many smart people. But I knew that I had to choose. That spring, Paul decided to leave his job and I decided to leave college. I was nineteen years old. SOURCE: The Road Ahead

ART For the Love of God Damien Hirst 2007

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"I just thought, 'What can you pit against death?"1 'For the Love of God', a platinum skull set with diamonds, is one of Hirst's most important and widely recognised works. Its raw materials define it as an artwork of unprecedented scale. The 32 platinum plates making up 'For the Love of God' are set with 8,601 VVS to flawless pavé-set diamonds, weighing a massive 1,106.18 carats. The teeth inserted into the iaw are real and belong to the original skull.

The skull from which 'For the Love of God' was cast. was purchased from a London taxidermist and subsequently subjected to intensive bioarchaeological analysis and radiocarbon dating. This research revealed it dated from around 1720-1810, and was likely to be that of a 35-year-old man of European/Mediterranean ancestry. The title originates from exclamations Hirst's mother would make on hearing plans for new works when he was starting out as an artist. As he explains: "She used to say, 'For the love of God, what are you going to do next!"

> \leftarrow 'For the Love of God' acts as a reminder that our existence on earth is transient. Hirst combined the imag-

erv of classic memento mori with inspiration drawn from Aztec skulls and the Mexican love of decoration and attitude towards death. He explains of death: "You don't like it, so you disguise it or you decorate it to make it look like something bearable-to such an extent that it becomes something else."² The incorporation of the large central stone was inspired by memories of the comic '2000 AD', which Hirst used to read as a child. He relates how the comic, "used to have a character in it called Thara the Mighty who had a circle on his forehead. He was like a kind of powerful, God-like figure who controlled the universe," Hirst explains. "It kind of just looked like it needed something. A third eye; a connection to Jesus and his dad."³

Alongside their dazzling brilliance and "Eucharistic" beauty, Hirst's fascination with diamonds results partly from the mutterings and uncertainty surrounding their inherent worth. In the face of the industry's ability to establish their irreplaceable value, it becomes necessary to question whether they are "just a bit of glass, with accumulated metaphorical significance? Or [whether they] are genuine objects of supreme beauty connected with life." 4 The cutthroat nature of the diamond industry, and the capitalist society which supports it, is central to the work's concept. Hirst explains that the stones "bring out the best and the worst in people [...] people kill for diamonds, they kill each other".⁵

In 2010, Hirst created a second, baby diamond skull called 'For Heaven's Sake' using pink diamonds.

Damien Hirst cited in 'Conversation', Gordon Burn, 'Beautiful

Inside My Head Forever' (Sotheby's, 2008), i. 21

- 2 ibid.
- Damien Hirst cited in 'An Interview', Hans Ulrich Obrist,
 'Beyond Belief' (Other Criteria/White Cube, 2008), 30–31
- Damien Hirst cited in Damien Hirst and Gordon Burn,'On the Way to Work' (Faber and Faber, 2001), 162
- 5 Damien Hirst cited in 'Epiphany: A Conversation with Damien Hirst', Hans Ulrich Obrist, 'End of an Era' (Other Criteria/Gagosian Gallery, 2012), unpag. SOURCE: http://www.damienhirst.com/for-the-love-of-god

MYTH Caduceus

HERALD'S WAND

Homer, Odyssey 10. 135 ff (trans. Shewring) (Greek epic C8th B.C.):

"I was met by golden-wanded Hermes; he seemed a youth in the lovely spring of life, with the first down upon his lip."

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← Ovid, Metamorphoses 1. 583 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.):

"He [Hermes] fastened on his ankle-wings, grasped in his fist the wand that charms to sleep, put on his magic cap, and thus arrayed Jove's [Zeus'] son [Hermes] sprang from his father's citadel down to earth."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 2. 730 ff:

"[Hermes has] such trust in his good looks! Yet though his trust was sound, he spared no pains; he smoothed his hair, arranged his robe to hang aright, to show the whole long golden hem, saw that his wand, the wand he wields to bring and banish sleep, shone with a polish, and his ankle-wings were lustrous and his sandals brushed and clean."

Apuleius, The Golden Ass 10. 30 ff (trans. Walsh) (Roman novel C2nd A.D.):

"[From a description of an ancient Greek play portraying the Judgement of Paris:] A radiant boy appeared, naked except for a youth's cloak draped over his left shoulder; his blonde hair made him the cynosure of all eyes. Tiny wings of gold were projecting from his locks, in which they had been fastened symmetrically on both sides. The herald's staff and the wand which he carried identified him as Mercurius [Hermes]." *Orphic Hymn 57 to Chthonian Hermes:*

"To Hermes Khthonios (Chthonian, of the Underworld), Fumigation from Storax. Hermes, I call, whom fate decrees to dwell near to Kokytos, the famed stream of Haides, and in necessity's (Ananke's) dread path, whose bourn to none that reach it ever permits return. O Bakkheios (Bacchian) Hermes, progeny divine of Dionysos, parent of the vine, and of celestial Aphrodite, Paphian queen, dark-eyelashed Goddess, of a lovely mien: who constant wanderest through the sacred seats where Haides' dread empress, Persephone, retreats; to wretched souls the leader of the way, when fate decrees, to regions void of day. Thine is the wand which causes sleep to fly, or lulls to slumberous rest the weary eye; for Persephone, through Tartaros dark and wide, gave thee for ever flowing souls to guide. Come, blessed power, the sacrifice attend, and grant thy mystics' works a happy end."

The Great Gatsby F. Scott Fitzgerald 1925

BOOK

'I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host.'

623 ← He smiled understandingly—much more than understandingly. It was one of those rare smiles with a guality

of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in life. It faced—or seemed to face—the whole external world for an instant, and then concentrated on YOU with an irresistible prejudice in your favor.

It understood you just so far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey. Precisely at that point it vanished—and I was looking at an elegant young rough-neck, a year or two over thirty, whose elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd. Some time before he introduced himself I'd got a strong impression that he was picking his words with care.

Almost at the moment when Mr. Gatsby identified himself a butler hurried toward him with the information that Chicago was calling him on the wire. He excused himself with a small bow that included each of us in turn.

'If you want anything just ask for it, old sport,' he urged me. 'Excuse me. I will rejoin you later.'

When he was gone I turned immediately to Jordan constrained to assure her of my surprise. I had expected that Mr. Gatsby would be a florid and corpulent person in his middle years.

'Who is he?' I demanded. 'Do you know?' 'He's just a man named Gatsby.'

'Where is he from, I mean? And what does he do?' 'Now YOU're started on the subject,' she answered with a wan smile. 'Well,—he told me once he was an Oxford man.'

MANNER

'However, I don't believe it.'

'Why not?'

'I don't know,' she insisted, 'I just don't think he went there.'

Something in her tone reminded me of the other girl's 'I think he killed a man,' and had the effect of stimulating my curiosity. I would have accepted without question the information that Gatsby sprang from the swamps of Louisiana or from the lower East Side of New York. That was comprehensible. But young men didn't—at least in my provincial inexperience I believed they didn't—drift coolly out of nowhere and buy a palace on Long Island Sound.

'Anyhow he gives large parties,' said Jordan, changing the subject with an urbane distaste for the concrete. 'And I like large parties. They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy.'

There was the boom of a bass drum, and the voice of the orchestra leader rang out suddenly above the echolalia of the garden.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he cried. 'At the request of Mr. Gatsby we are going to play for you Mr. Vladimir Tostoff's latest work which attracted so much attention at Carnegie Hall last May. If you read the papers you know there was a big sensation.' He smiled with jovial condescension and added 'Some sensation!' whereupon everybody laughed.

'The piece is known,' he concluded lustily, 'as 'Vladimir Tostoff's Jazz History of the World.' SOURCE: The Great Gatsby

ART Gerhard Richter by Hans Ulrich Obrist 12.1993

REFLECTIONS ON PAINTING

AN INTERVIEW WITH GERHARD RICHTER Hans Ulrich Obrist: A few basic premises in your thinking are immediately apparent from your writings. The most obvious is your distaste for any kind of ideology.



← Gerhard Richter: That's probably something I was born with. At the age of 16 or 17 it was quite clear to me

that there was no God—which was a frightening experience for someone who was brought up a Christian. And I think by then my fundamental dislike of any form of faith, and hence of ideologies, was already fully formed. Movements and fashions always passed me by: religion at home, Nazism, Socialism, Rock music and all the many other fashions that made up the spirit of the age, in thought, attitudes,

clothes, haircuts and so on... I found them all more frightening than attractive.

Of course on the other hand I do believe that we need some kind of faith as a stimulus to live and act. In my writing, I sometimes describe this faith as a mania, or an illusion. At the same time I share the view that we're fundamentally no different from animals, that there is no free will. None of these statements appear directly in the texts, but they are convictions that were established very early on. **HUO:** So you're a determinist?

GR: You could say that. As far as I am concerned, this

kind of fatalism or negativism is a very useful strategy in life. It means you don't try to fool yourself so much, and this can have benefits. The less we fool ourselves that it's ever possible to move a pencil from left to right as a free agent, the more we can avoid any kind of blind faith.

HUO: Let's talk about your early work. The press invitation to the 'Demonstration for Capitalist Realism' makes it clear that this was a unique experience, an action. **GR:** Yes, Polke and I certainly weren't intending to start a stylistic trend, as people now assume.

HUO: So it was more a parody of any kind of '-ism'. GR: I suppose it was.

HUO: You held the demonstration in a furniture shop, where nothing in the shop's display was changed. But you weren't trying to dissolve art into the context of everyday life.

GR: We were playing with fire a little, certainly, to see how far one could take the destruction of art. But basically I never wanted to dilute painting and art at all. Being radical in that way struck me as nonsensical, although being radical was generally held to be the most important thing in those days. Sometimes I had a rather bad conscience that maybe I was not being radical enough.

HUO: Not even in the demonstration?

GR: If you do something like that you can easily get on a high and just do it. But then when you make something yourself, you realise that other people are being incredibly radical—Pollock's drip paintings or Andre's slabs; Arman with his containers, even that was seen as extreme. And I'd never seen myself in that way, all I've ever done is paint.

HUO: But throughout your interviews and texts, the concept of the ready-made crops up over and over again. More recently you speak of abstract paintings as ready-mades—this follows through to Duchamp's statement that the concept of the ready-made can be extended to encompass the whole universe.

GR: I believe in that comprehensive meaning of the ready-made as well, because if you only practice it in art it can easily become illustrative and cheap: Manzoni's 'pedestal of the world' was an example of that. At one point we were obsessed with the idea of producing an exhibition of paintings by Lichtenstein, which we were going to make ourselves. But that would have been too much.

HUO: Was there already a reticence involved in your reception of Pop Art at that time, or were you simply interested in adopting the movement?

GR: The detachment was reserved chiefly for making judgements between good and bad, and in any case I was only interested in those ideas for a very short time. And nothing has changed where that's concerned. I always thought some of them were bad and others not all that good—the best ones were Warhol, Lichtenstein and Oldenburg, right from the start, and that's the way things have staved.

HUO: Despite constant dialogue and exchanges of information with Polke and Fischer, there were never any formalised mechanisms, like Art and Language, for example.

GR: Quite deliberately not. There were rare moments when we did something together and formed a kind of ad hoc association to deal with a particular set of circumstances, but otherwise we were more or less in competition. It was only at the very beginning that we naively went round the galleries with Konrad Fischer, to Sonnabend and Iris Clert, saying: 'We are the German Pop Artists.'

HUO: But your use of pre-existing paintings and images had come out of the influence of Pop Art which freed the available, popular images from their contexts.

GR: Yes, of course, but maybe you can see that as the familiar old practice of taking something else on board, putting it in a different situation and so on. Nothing new, then.

HUO: When you make paintings from photographs, you have written that behind the surface banality of the images, you suddenly see an unexpected picture-quality, something lasting and universal. Are you trying to legitimate illegitimate pictures?

GR: These photographs, the souvenir snaps that people put up or hang up in their homes, these are the legitimate pictures that we sometimes use for art, pictures that we perhaps want to use for illegitimate purposes. So maybe it's illegitimate to turn snapshots into ready-mades. They only have this ready-made character because they're so easy to produce—all you have to do is select them. This distinction is far from secure, because we may yet be able to establish that there is no such thing as a ready-made. There are only pictures, of value to a large number of people or to very few, interesting for a very long time, or just for a few seconds, for which people pay very little money or a great deal.

HUO: So people who take snapshots are artists...

GR: Yes, and if I do another painted copy of Uncle Rudi, the photograph of that little officer, I may even be diluting the art that was actually achieved by the two or three people who had framed and hung Rudi in private. The only way I can avoid this dilution is if I can make it more universal by copying it.

HUO: Because the process makes it iconic? **GR:** Yes, and blurring was the only possible way of achieving that quickly. The photorealists later painted things with panicky precision; I didn't, first of all because I am too impatient, and secondly because when you paint like that, something interrupts and disturbs the vision. Attention is always drawn to the accomplishment—the fact that it took a year to do,

the astonishment at the result and the 'It-looks-justlike-a-photograph' effect. I wanted to avoid all that with a cheap production. And it worked, the pictures were enough like photographs without looking like laborious copies. You know, in the past, painters went outside and drew. Now we take snapshots. Many critics have interpreted my work as representing and criticising the fact that we live in a mediated world. Actually that was never my intention.

HUO: The camera can only locate a detail. It never produces a single absolute image.

GR: People sometimes say that my paintings look like details. That may be, but I can never understand it, probably because it is staring me in the face. But perhaps they meant that they have a certain inconclusiveness, an openness—after all, they are pictures that are cut off on four sides.

HUO: And just one possibility of many.

GR: Of course there are exceptions, like the Betty portrait or the Ema nude.

HUO: And the Burned-out House

GR: Maybe the house too. They are on their way to masterpiece status, and if they never get there, it's because really, I know it's not going to happen. Perhaps it's more like quoting a masterpiece. In principle, though, everything is detail.

HUO: On the one hand you're talking about the impossibility of the absolute painting, and on the other you're re-introducing the concept of the masterpiece. **GR:** Maybe the masterpiece is what you strive for each time, but never attain.

HUO: In the context of the abstract paintings you made in the '80s, you introduce the concept of chance. Cage worked with chance, devising methods to achieve uncertainty. But in your work I never see chance in the same way that he describes it. It isn't so much of a serial dice-game with given parameters, as was usually the case in Conceptual Art. **GR:** Apart from the colour charts: they were serial, and I'd mixed the given paints and then applied them at random. It was interesting for me to link chance with a very rigid order. An architect once asked me what was good about the colour charts, what made them art. I tried to explain to him that it had taken me a lot of work to develop the right proportions and make something impressive. There are other possible ways of realising that idea. I could paint these biscuits bright colours and throw them around the room, and then I'd also have 1024 colours in a random form. The grey paintings could be seen as another example of my use of chance. I mean, if the idea behind them was really that nothing had occurred to me, and nothing made any sense any more, I could have tipped the paint into the street, or done nothing at all. HUO: Wasn't it Barthes who said: 'To be modern is to know what is no longer possible'?

GR: What is no longer possible is all kinds of idiocies and stupid slogans, pseudo-cultural messages and hypocritical attitudes. It's hard to avoid all that, but if you can, things are OK.

HUO: You have also made plans to create specific places for your paintings.

GR: Things like that only go into sketches, though, because actually carrying them out would be unbearable—over-dramatic and bombastic. But it would be very nice to design spaces where the paintings would have an incredible effect.

HUO: Basically your attitude has always been not to try to determine the journeys that the paintings take, or where and how they are hung, but just to let the paintings go.

GR: Yes, to let them go unconditionally. Because they don't need to be cared for: if they're good they'll find an appropriate place, and if they're bad they'll end up in the cellar, and that's fine too.

HUO: Haacke, for example, tries to maintain total control. His intention is to strengthen the position of the artist.

GR: Imagine Giacometti trying to do something like that! I'm glad he didn't. His sculptures look different every time, and each time they remain the same. There are terrible examples of artists who have made monuments to immortality like that. On Capri, for example, there's a certain Herr Tiefenbach. Embarrassing. **HUO:** There are some positive examples—the Segantini museum, the Rothko Chapel, Walter de Maria's Earth Room...

GR: And his *Lightning Field*. Also in all the beautiful churches, of course, it worked wonderfully well.

HUO: But you built a specific room for your space at Documenta IX. When I saw it I immediately wondered if the wood panelling referred to the pavilion architecture. The wood could have been part of a prefab kit, and the space felt like a petit-bourgeois interior. At the same time, it very strongly validated the break away from the ubiquitous 'white cube'.

GR: Paul Robbrecht suggested the wood panelling. White walls have only been compulsory for about 60 or 80 years.

HUO: I have only ever seen this kind of 'Petersburg hanging' in your studio.

GR: It only works in small spaces, rather privately. When I've tried it on an extra wall at large exhibitions it's never worked.

HUO: One thing that surprised me in Kassel was the flower painting. Did that follow on from your trip to Japan?

GR: Yes, the trip may have influenced that piece—it certainly affected those vertically scratched stripe paintings.

HUO: So far you have only made two flower paintings, but it occurred to me that they could be a starting point.

GR: I've tried to take photographs of flowers again, but none of them was right, and my attempts to paint flowers were failures as well, sad. Actually I should have known—I've hardly ever succeeded in taking a photograph for a painting. You make a photograph for a photograph, and if you're lucky you later discover it for a painting. It's more of a happy coincidence if you take a photograph that has such an individual quality that it's worth copying as a painting. I took the photograph in 1984, when I wasn't in the best

state of mind. And when I painted it three years later, I tried to photograph more cathedral corners like that—but I didn't get a photograph I could use. If I were to go to the same cathedral now, I wouldn't have any idea what to photograph. It's not something that I can force. I also made a special trip to Greenland, because Caspar David Friedrich had painted that beautiful painting of failed hope... I took hundreds of photographs there, and hardly a single painting came out of it, it didn't work.

HUO: So the search for subjects has rarely led to a painting?

GR: The search for subjects is just for professionals. If I sit down somewhere in the open, with no particular intentions, and I'm not looking for an image, I'll suddenly find myself taking a shot of something I wasn't looking for.

HUO: When did you first use mirrors?

GR: I think it was in 1981, for the Kunsthalle Düsseldorf. Before that, I'd conceived a mirrored room for Kaspar König's Westkunst, which was never made. There are just the designs, four mirrors for a room. **HUO:** The spheres were said to be mirrors as well.

GR: The sphere's a strange thing, because I used to say that a sphere's the most ridiculous sculpture I can imagine. As an object a sphere has this idiotic perfection, I don't know why I like that now.

HUO: When you made the four-part transparent glass work in the '60s glass was being used a great deal in art and architecture.

GR: In art as well?

HUO: Yes—In Minimal and Conceptual art; in Robert Morris' mirrored cubes, in which the exhibition space and the spectator became a part of the work, and of course in Dan Graham's work. In the 'Corporate Arcadia' essay Graham shows the strong presence of glass in the architecture of the building. In buildings from the mid-60s you can see people working in the lower floors—transparent architecture.

GR: What I liked about my mirrors was that there was supposed to be nothing manipulated about them. A piece of bought mirror. Simply hung up, no additions, so that they look immediate and direct. They run the risk of being boring, just a demonstration. The mirrors and, even more, the glass paintings were certainly directed against Duchamp, at his Large Glass. **HUO:** The Duchamp boomerang always comes back. You have to set yourself in opposition to The Large Glass, but at the same time the idea of the readymade is always there.

GR: Maybe. But I was more concerned with opposing that pseudo-complexity—the mysterious object, with dust and little lines and all kinds of stuff on it. I don't like manufactured mysteries.

HUO: In Four Panes of Glass, the artistic act was reduced to the most minimal level.

GR: On the other hand I had to make an effort to find the right proportion, the correct mounting. So it isn't a ready-made, anymore than Duchamp's glass is. **HUO:** Because there was so much work involved. **GR:** Precisely. At one point I came close to buying a ready-made, a clown doll about a metre and a half

MANNER

At the time it cost more than 600 Marks, and that buy that clown.

HUO: You'd simply have shown it like that, as an uncorrected ready-made?

GR: Exactly. There are rare occasions when you regret that you didn't do something, and this is one of them, otherwise I'd have forgotten about it long ago. **HUO:** In your studio there's a little mirror positioned so you can always see details of the most recently produced works in it.

GR: In this instance, it's good that it isn't hung at head height, but a bit higher, so that you tend to look at the mirror rather than, as is usual a reflection of yourself. **HUO:** Over the past two years you've made grey and coloured mirrors.

GR: They're sheets of glass with a layer of paint on the back. So they are somewhere in between, neither proper mirrors nor monochrome paintings. That's what I like about them. The pictorial space is even more variable and random than it is in a photograph. HUO: Even more open?

GR: Yes, they're the only paintings that look different every time. And maybe a reference to the fact that every picture is a mirror. You could take the view that every picture has space and meaning and is surface and illusion simultaneously.

SOURCE: http://www.frieze.com/issue/article/ reflections_on_painting/

MYTH Talaria

WINGED BOOTS & CAP OF HERMES

Hermes wore winged, short leather boots called by the Greeks pteroeis pedila and by the Romans talaria. His wide-brimmed felt cap was the hat of Aidoneus (the Unseen) which rendered its wearer invisible. Homer, Iliad 24. 339 ff (trans. Lattimore) (Greek epic C8th B.C.):

"The courier (diaktoros) Argeiphontes. Immediately he bound upon his feet the fair sandals (pedila) golden (khryseia) and immortal (ambrosia), that carried him over the water as over the dry land of the main abreast of the wind's blast. He caught up the staff (rhabdos), with which he mazes the eyes of those mortals whose eyes he would maze, or wakes again the sleepers. Holding this in his hands, strong (kratus) Argeiphontes winged his way onward."

← Homer, Odyssey 5. 28 ff (trans. 625 Shewring) (Greek epic C8th B.C.): "At once he [Hermes] fastened under his feet the immortal sandals of lovely gold that carried him, swift as airy breezes, over ocean and

tall, with a motor, which stood up and then collapsed. over boundless earth. And he took the rod that Julis men's eves for him, at his pleasure, or awakens others was too expensive for me. Sometimes I'm sorry I didn't when they slumber. With this in hand strong (kratus) Argeiphontes (Radiant One) began his flight." Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 2. 37 & 46 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.): "With Hermes and Athena as his guides Perseus sought out ... the Nymphai who kept certain treasures of the gods-winged sandals, the kibisis

(a sack), and the helmet of Haides...

[After his quest was complete] Perseus gave the sandals, kibisis, and helmet back to Hermes ... Hermes returned the aforementioned articles to the Nymphai." Orphic Hymn 28 to Hermes (trans. Taylor) (Greek hymns C3rd B.C. to 2nd A.D.):

"Hermes ... With winged feet 'tis thine through air to course."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 64 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Perseus, flying on Mercurius' [Hermes'] winged sandals."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 1. 583 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.):

"He [Hermes] fastened on his ankle-wings, grasped in his fist the wand that charms to sleep, put on his magic cap, and thus arrayed ... sprang from his father's citadel down to earth. There he removed his cap, laid by his wings; only his wand he kept."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 2. 730 ff:

"[Hermes] saw that his ... ankle-wings were lustrous and his sandals brushed and clean."

Apuleius, The Golden Ass 10, 30 ff (trans, Walsh) (Roman novel C2nd A.D.):

"Tiny wings of gold were projecting from his [an actor playing Hermes' locks, in which they had been fastened symmetrically on both sides." Nonnus, Dionysiaca 3. 373 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic

C5th A.D.): "Finerod Hermes departed, fanning his light wings, and the flat of his extended shoes oared him as quick as the winds of heaven in their course."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 9, 59 ff:

"Hermes was off into the sky unapproachable, twirling in the air the windswift soles of his shoes." Nonnus, Dionysiaca 24. 270 ff:

"Nimbleknee Perseus, waving his winged feet, held his course near the clouds, a wayfarer pacing through the air ... with Hermes' wings ... he sailed a fugitive on swiftest shoes."

ARTICLE Muskmelon by Miki Tanikawa

28.11.2005

RICH CORNUCOPIA:

JAPANESE FRUIT Remember the \$100 Japanese melon? Lovingly swaddled in purple wrapping, and nesting in an individual wooden box the melon was emblematic of Japan's high-rolling economy of the 1980s, which pushed up consumer prices across the board.

More than 15 years of recession, stagnation and deflation have brought a new symbol—the ¥100 shop. where everything sells for less than \$1.

Yet, despite relentless general deflation, the king of fruit—as the Japanese like to call it—has survived, and still greets the shopper with its old price tag: \$100, and sometimes more.

"Japan is probably the only country in the world where you have fruit as a gift concept," said Ushio Ooshima, a director at Senbikiya, whose main store in Nihonbashi alone sells 40 to 50 high-priced melons a day and as many as 200 a day during the mid-year and end-year gift-giving seasons. At Senbikiya, "99 percent of the purchases here are for gift," Ooshima said. In the culture of gift giving, a melon may be offered as a special present to an important client, to a person to whom a debt of gratitude is owed, or to a sick friend as a get-well gesture.

The exceptional prices reflect exceptional methods used in growing the fruit. While an ordinary melon in a grocery stores rarely costs more than \$5, the highpriced version, usually a variety of muskmelon, is nurtured by special growers in specific locations, of which Shizuoka prefecture and Hokkaido are two of the best known.

In Shizuoka, west of Tokyo, melons are farmed in sophisticated green houses, complete with air-conditioners that fine-tune the temperate to optimal levels day and night. Melon vines are planted and cultivated in a soil bedding that is separated from the ground, said Tsuneo Anma, general secretary of a growers' group based in Fukuroi city that produces the "Crown" brand of melons. Producing 3.5 million melons annually, the agricultural cooperative is the biggest specialty-melon grower in Japan.

The soil separation is necessary to regulate moisture levels. "The moisture uptake by the tree roots must be optimized to promote proper amount of photosynthesis," Anma said. "If trees are planted in the ground, the roots will grow unregulated," making moisture absorption difficult to control.

Growers trim the vines so that only three melons will grow on each tree. When the baby melons grow to the size of a human fist, two are chopped off to allow the most promising one to monopolize all the nourishment from the vine. That one melon is expected to mature into the juicy, beautiful and revered \$100 dollar fruit.

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← How different does the high-priced melon taste from an ordinary one? "They are definitely different, from the

scent of it to the texture of it." said Shigeko Hoshi who lives in Tokyo and occasionally eats the expensive fruit when her family receives one as a gift. "The sweetness is exquisitely balanced with the sourness of it."

Many Japanese consider the special melon, like the special grape, cherry or pears, to be the perfect gift, set apart by its aura of luxury and added value from what is otherwise a mass-produced organic product.

"People go, 'What a difference does a gift melon make," Ooshima said. "People usually don't eat the very best for themselves. They set it aside for others as a gift," which is the very essence of Japanese gift-giving.

The ¥20,000 melon is the pick of the crop produced in the hothouses of Fukuroi.

"Less than 1 percent of the melons we grow qualify as 'fuji," said Anma, referring to the top grading, which combines the greatest potential for taste with a perfect shape and appearance. "They need to look perfectly round with the mesh-like surface pattern impeccably even."

While melons are the most expensive luxury fruit as a category, even fuji-grade melons can be out-priced by out-of-season fruits, Ooshima, of Senbikiya said. Cherries in winter, from Yamagata prefecture in northern Japan, can fetch a ¥50,000 price tag for just 300 grams, or 10 ounces.

SOURCE: www.nytimes.com/2005/11/28/style/28iht-rluxfruit. html?_r=0

FILM A Beautiful Mind **Ron Howard** 2001

FADE IN ON:

EXT. NORTH AMERICA-1947-DAY The way the world looks to God. The odd puzzle geometry of sea and land pieced together as if by unseen design. CLOSER...

VAN NEUMANN (OVER) Mathematicians won the war...

EXT. NEW JERSEY-1947-DAY

Alternating squares of lawn and lot, criss-crossing highways, a game board of cement and grass. CLOS-ER STILL...

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MANNER

MANNER

← VAN NEUMANN (OVER) Mathematicians broke the Japanese codes and built the A-bomb...

EXT. PRINCETON UNIVERSITY-1947-DAY Rows of heads. PUSH IN on a single FACE looking skyward, as if he can see us. Uncommonly handsome. Piercing blue eyes. JOHN NASH.

VAN NEUMANN (OVER) Mathematicians like you...

TRACK over the all male students to the head of the common. JOHN VAN NEUMANN, is delivering the matriculation speech.

VAN NEUMANN

But peace's flame burns all too briefly. Atomic weapons are within Stalin's reach. You are the vanguard of democracy and freedom. Today, we bequeath America's future into your able hands. Welcome to Princeton.

The crowd erupts in APPLAUSE.

EXT. PRINCETON—PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION Sunlight dapples the flickering autumn leaves. Students in formal dress mill. FIND two STUDENTS standing at a bar, sipping martinis.

ZWEIFEL is tall and wiry, like a scarecrow made of skin. SHAPELY is older, maybe 26, and handsome. Both watch someone in the crowd.

SHAPELY Milnor's gonna get the brass ring if it kills him.

ZWEIFEL He's used to pretty metal. (taps his teeth) Silver spoon.

REVERSE on the subject of their musings. A student with shaggy hair and fiercely intelligent eyes is pumping hands.

ZWEIEEI It's not enough he won the Carnegie scholarship.

SHAPELY Has to have it all for himself.

CAMERA

a third figure standing near them at the bar. John Nash can't help but overhear their conversation. Zweifel notices.

ZWEIFEL

First time the Carnegie prize has been split. Now Milnor's all bent.

Nash nods, looks again at the young man working the crowd.

SHAPELY He's set his sights on the new military think tank at RAND.

7WEIEEI They only recruit the best brain from each class.

SHAPELY Milnor's used to being picked first. (extends his hand) Shapely. Symbol Cryptography.

ZWEIFEL

Shapes broke a Jap code. Helped rid the world of Fascism. Least that's what he tells the girls. (extends his hand) Zweifel. Atomic physics. And you are...

Just then a third FELLOW runs up. Breathless, clever face that resembles his name. FOX.

FOX. Am I late?

Zweifel and Shapely exchange a look. He's always late. SOURCE: A Beautiful Mind Screenplay

ARTICLE Panerai Watch by Jake Ehrlich 18.03.2013

LUMINOR PANERAI PAM 372 DISCOVERING A TIMELESS CLASSIC THAT BRINGS US BACK TO THE FUTURE

I am working on a super-detailed review of the Historic Luminor 1950 3 Days Panerai PAM00372, and I thought I would give you a detailed preview. The "Panerai 372" (as it is commonly referred to) is probably the most anticipated modern Panerai ever offered. Panerai first showcased the PAM 372 in 2011 at the SSIH show in Geneva, Switzerland, to critical acclaim.

The Panerai PAM 372 is an amazingly cool and desirable watch for many reasons. First and foremost, because it arguably captures the core-essence DNA of the vintage Panerai Reference 6152 from 1954. Many of the details on this watch are very, very similar to the original 6152, which is arguably the guintessential trademark Panerai. The 372 has a sandwich dial with tan lume, which gives the watch a very vintage/antique 1940s look-which is incredible!

Before we look more closely at the Panerai 372, let's see what it looks like on a real person. The Panerai 372, just like the Panerai 6152 from the 1950s is 47 mm in diameter (excluding the crown guard).

Let's get one thing out of the way. 47mm is an acquired taste. Most people don't go straight to 47mm. They typically begin with a 44mm Panerai, and work their way up to 47 mm. Think of 44 mm as a gateway to 47 mm.

All the wrist shot photos in this article show the Panerai 372 on my wrist which measures 6.5 (165 mm) inches in circumference. I am 6 feet tall, but have smaller wrists, yet the Panerai 372 in not too large, and fits unbelievably well. For most people 47mm works well, once you get used to it. I even have one male friend that is 5'2, and another who is 5'3, and they both wear 47 mm Panerai 372s that look great on them.

← The Panerai Reference 372 is 628 considered a "Base" Panerai, meaning it only has a second and minute

hand, which gives is a stunningly simple, streamlined,

balanced, highly symmetrical look. Despite its outstanding looks, the Panerai 372 has zero bling. It is almost reverse bling, which makes it extremely tasteful, clean and sophisticated—in a distinguishing, old-world, kind of way. The Panerai 372 is a very masculine, macho watch that exudes confidence. Its DNA is that of a real Tool Watch and it has a big, bold look, which remains low-key, unassuming, charismatic and quietly confident.

There is something really unsusual about the vibe and color combination of the Panerai 372 that is amazing! As I mentioned the 372 has a very 1940s. Indiana Jones, Safari-lifestyle kind of look. If you have ever seen the movie The English Patient, it used an unusual, kind of antique art-deco, 1930-1940s color pallet, and the 372 has that exact same vibe. Every time I look at the 372, either the National Geographic Explorer theme song, or the Raiders Of The Lost Ark, or James Bond theme-song starts playing in my head! Seriously!!!

Speaking of Raiders Of The Lost Ark, in the photo below, I was wearing the PAM 372 with khaki cargo pants and brown boots, and I took this shot, that kind of looks like Indiana Jones, from Raiders Of The Lost Ark-which happens to be one of my favorite movies of all time.

The Panerai PAM 372 is so cool looking in a Steve McQueen kind of way. In other words, it oozes super-cool energy and charisma. The photo below shot in front of the Golden Gate Bridge shows the front and side view of the split cushion case, and you can't help but notice the plexiglass crystal. Panerai chose to use plexiglass instead of synthetic sapphire crystal, because they wanted to make the 372 look as authentic and vintage as possible.

The PAM 372 comes standard with a straight 26/ 26/4 mm Ranger Strap which has a stunningly beautiful aged tobacco color, that looks like a rich cigar leaf and develops an even better patina over time. "26/26/4mm" means the strap is 26mm between the lugs, and does not taper, so it ends at 26mm. The other words, I have always liked everything I own to

4mm indicates the thickness of the strap. The original Panerai 6152 from 1954 came with 26/26/4mm leather straps, which offer a real tool watch look and vibe. The Panerai 372 comes standard with a removable, brushed/satin finished Pre-V buckle which is curved, and gives the strap a beautifully streamlined, cohesive, fitted look,

The Panerai 372 is pictured above, in front of another stunningly timeless Art Deco masterpiece-the Golden Gate Bridge-which has also endured and successfully transcended time. The Panerai 372 design language is pure Art Deco, going into late 1950s Populux, and it has a definite 1950s, old-world sensibility to it. It is super-cool looking, in a James Dean, 1955, clean-cut kind of way. In my mind's eye, I can see James Dean, driving his 1955 Porsche 356 Super Speedster, wearing this beautiful watch!!!

The dial is matte black with a very fine micro-bead blasted look to it, and in brighter light it looks almost like it's a very, very dark brown. Also, the Panerai 372 has a very distinct, unique, trademark look that will NEVER be confused with any other watch brand on earth.

The build quality of every aspect of the Panerai 372 is superb. Every single detail is flawlessly executed, and the more time I spend studying the detail, the more I realize how much love and passion has gone into the design of this watch.

The Luminor Panerai dial designation is etched into the uncluttered dial, and the sandwich dial offers deep 3-dimensionality. Did I mention I am madly in love with the Panerai 372!?! It is such an Italian beauty, like Sophia Loren, with gorgeous curves everywhere, I can't take my eyes off it, and I can't seem to stop staring at it!!! The watch has a mystical, magical guality about it, and it looks great from every angle. I have said it before, and I will say it again, there is something unique about super-high-end Italian design that is arguably unquantifiable, but it exists.

Think Ferrari, or Pavarotti singing, and the Panerai 372 exudes this superlative "rare-air". Italian quality. The entire color palette of the 372, from its tan lume to its tobacco colored strap is rich Italianate-mocha earth-tones, and dessert browns that exude warmth and antiquity. Also, I noticed the 372 looks great with absolutely everything I have worn with it. The watch looks sporty, and elegant at the same time, in a timeless-modern kind of way.

Every single detail on the Panerai 372 is optimized for a streamlined, highly comfortable fit. This is due to many design variables, including the fact it has a completely flat back so it sits perfectly on your wrist, and fits like a glove. It is completely counter-intuitive, but the Panerai 372 is the most comfortable, best fitting watch I have ever worn. Also because of the design of the case and the strap, when temperature fluctuations occur, the watch does not become loose and does not move around on your wrist.

There is something else really unusual about the Panerai PAM372, at least for me. I don't like anything that looks old-looking, distressed or rough-hewn. In

look new. Take blue jeans for instance. I only like dark denim, and I can't stand really faded ieans. You get the idea. The PAM372 is an exception to the rule, because the older and more worn it gets, the more vintage looking it gets. In other words, you almost want to try to scratch up the plexiglass crystal, because it 2006 makes it look better.

Panerai is renowned for making limited edition watches, meaning they only make 500 or 1000 pieces of a model, which, because they are so desirable, have a very strong effect on the appreciation of the watch. Thank God, Panerai did not make the 372 a limited edition watch!!! This means anybody who wants a 372, can purchase one, at least eventually. If I understand it correctly, the 372 is not a limited edition watch, but a limited production model, meaning Panerai is only making something like 2000 units per year for the international marketplace.

The Panerai 372 is a manual wind watch which surprisingly did not take much getting used to. I never thought I would prefer a manual wind watch over an automatic, but there is something really kind of cool and interesting about winding it every day. You can tell the watch is completely wound when you can't At Easter and Christmas wind it any more.

The 372 has an EXTREMELY precise Panerai P.3000 calibre movement that keeps virtually perfect time, and when I say PERFECT, I mean PERFECT. In 30 days it did not gain or lose a minute!!! This is due to the in-house double barrel Panerai 3-Day movement. The movement also has a feature which allows you to Oh easily move the hour hand independently of the minute hand, so changing time zones or changing time for day light savings time is instant. It is worth noting, the Panerai 372 P.3000 movement has a 3 day (72hour) power reserve, which is remarkable for a manual wind watch.

Some people say they like watches with a constantly moving second hand attached to the center stem because it makes it look like the watch is alive. I am the opposite. I think the constantly moving second hand makes the watch look like it has Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD). The lack of a second hand gives the Panerai 372 a Zen-like, peaceful, quiet calming effect. Also the lack of a date is a feature for me. Nothing drives me more crazy than having to change the date or having the wrong date on my watch. Also, the lack of a date, gives the 372 a perfectly balanced, symmetrical look, which I really like. The photo below shows the lume pattern, which is

insanely cool looking, and really kind of represents the core essence of the original vintage Panerai tool watches!!!

SOURCE: paneraiworld.blogspot.sg/2013/03/ panerai-pam-372-review-preview.htm

MUSIC **Disney Time Jarvis** Cocker

How come they're called adult movies when the only thing they show is people making babies filmed up close?

← I'm feeling so much better 629 since I learned to avert my eyes: Now it's Disney time

Not in front of the children Fill their head with dreams And hope to be like Bambi's mother and die off-screen So you can tell your children that everything's gonna be just fine Here in Disney time

they granted us a view of a world so much better than the one we knew Everyone can share the magic for 30 minutes at a time

Here in Disney time Oh oh oh Here in Disney time Oh oh oh Here in Disney time Oh oh oh Here in Disney time SOURCE: Disney Time, Lyrics

ART

Daniel Edwards

by The Associated Press 28.03.2006

MONUMENT TO PRO-LIFE: THE BIRTH OF SEAN PRESTON PREGNANT SPEARS SCULPTURE TO GO ON **DISPLAY IN BROOKLYN**

NEW YORK (AP)—A life-size sculpture of a naked Britney Spears kneeling on a bearskin rug as she gives birth will be on display next month at Brooklyn's Capla Kesting Fine Art gallery.

The sculpture is to appear next to a display case

filled with anti-abortion materials. It was created by Daniel Edwards, who said he never spoke to the 24-year-old pop star or met her, and fashioned her face and figure from photographs.

"I admire her. This is an idealized figure," Edwards said Tuesday in a phone interview from his home, which is near his studio in Moosup. Conn. "Everyone is coming at me with anger and venom,

but I depicted her as she has depicted herselfseductively. Suddenly, she's a mom." Spears, who is married to her former backup dancer

Kevin Federline, gave birth to their son, Sean Preston, last year. He is the couple's first child.

The singer's publicist. Leslie Sloane Zelnik, didn't immediately respond to a request for comment from The Associated Press.

When some bloggers heard about the exhibit-"Monument to Pro-Life: The Birth of Sean Preston"—the gallery said it received about 3,000 e-mails from around the world in just a week, split between anti-abortion and abortion rights opinions.

"We also got calls from Tokyo, England, France. Some people are upset that Britney is being used for this subject matter," said gallery co-owner David Kesting. "Others who are pro-life thought this was degrading to their movement. And some pro-choice people were upset that this is a pro-life monument." The gallery, located in Brooklyn's artsy Williamsburg neighborhood, said it would hire extra security guards for the free exhibit, which will open April 7 What, what? and run for two weeks.

Edwards, whose sculpture of Ted Williams' decapitated head—which was frozen in the hope that medical science could one day revive the baseball great-stirred up an artistic storm, said the sculpture of Spears was a "new take on pro-life." "Pro-lifers normally promote bloody images of abortion. This is the image of birth," he said.



← When Edwards was asked why he creates art that generates publicity

by selecting subjects hyped in the media, he said: "You're bombarded with these stories. And there's a thread that winds back to the art. That's not a bad thing. People are interested in these topics, and it works for art as well."

Asked whether he's anti-abortion, Edwards said, "You nailed me. I'm not saying that I am. I wouldn't march with either pro-life or pro-choice advocates. This is not meant to be political."

SOURCE: http://usatoday30.usatoday.com/life/people/ 2006-03-28-spears-sculpture_x.htm

FILM Ghost Doa: The Way of the Samurai Jim Jarmusch 1999

Ghost Dog cleans his gun. Rap music plays in the background.]

Screentext and voice-over

According to what one of the elders said, taking an enemy on the battlefield is like a hawk taking a bird. Even though it enters into the midst of a thousand of them, it gives no attention to any bird other than the one that it has first marked. Gangsters enter a rooftop and see a black man with

his back turned. The man turns around.

ROOFTOP MAN

Hey, what the hack is goin' on fellas?

GANGSTER 1 shoots man.

GANGSTER 2 looks at GANGSTER 1 in surprise.

GANGSTER 1

GANGSTER 2 Shit. I don't think that's him.

GANGSTER 1 How the hell do you know? It could be him!

GANGSTER 2 I dunno, it doesn't feel right.

GANGSTER 1

Yeah, well now he's got his own wings... he can fly around up there with his pigeons over there. Look, Vino says if he even looks like the guy, shoot him immediately, right?

GANGSTER 2 I know, I know...

GANGSTER 1 So?

GANGSTER 2

...I know. Come on, let's go. I gotta take care of something personal for Sonny.

(The Gangsters leave the rooftop.)

Ghost Dog stands on street corner. Watches Sonny drive by in a car. Sonny doesn't know him from Adam, but he knows Sonny.

631

MANNER

MANNER

GHOST DOG looks under the floorboards, at his safe. Opens the safe and removes his briefcase. Looks in the case.

Screen text and voiceover

In the words of the ancients, one should make his decisions in the space of seven breaths. It is a matter of being determined and having the spirit to break right through to the other side.

GHOST DOG cleans and assembles his weapons, preparing to go hunt down his master's enemies like the dogs they are... SOURCE: Ghost Dog Screenplay

MUSIC **Fifteen Feet of Pure White Snow** Nick Cave

2001

Where is Mona? She's long gone Where is Mary? She's taken her along But they haven't put their mittens on And there's fifteen feet of pure white snow?

Where is Michael? Where is Mark? Where is Matthew? Now it's getting dark... Where is John? They're all out back Under fifteen feet of pure white snow

← Would you please put down that 632 telephone? We're under fifteen feet of pure white snow

I waved to my neighbour My neighbour waved to me But my neighbour Is my enemy I kept waving my arms Till I could not see Under fifteen feet of pure white snow

Is there anybody Out there please? It's too quiet in here And I'm beginning to freeze I've got icicles hanging From my knees Under fifteen feet of pure white snow Is there anybody here who feels this low Under fifteen feet of pure white snow Raise your hands up to the sky Raise your hands up to the sky Raise your hands up to the sky Is it any wonder? Oh my Lord. Oh my Lord Oh my Lord, Oh my Lord

Doctor, Doctor I'm going mad This is the worst day I've ever had I can't remember Ever feeling this bad Under fifteen feet of pure white snow

Where's my nurse I need some healing I've been paralysed By a lack of feeling I can't even find Anything worth stealing Under fifteen feet of pure white snow

Is there anyone here who doesn't know? We're under fifteen feet of pure white snow Raise your hands up to the sky Raise your hands up to the sky Raise your hands up to the sky Is it any wonder? Oh my Lord, Oh my Lord Oh my Lord, Oh my Lord

Save yourself! Help yourself! Save yourself! Help yourself! Save yourself! Help yourself! Save yourself! Help yourself! SOURCE: Fifteen Feet Of Pure White Snow, Lyrics

IMPERSONATION Gordon Gekko **Oliver Stone** 1987

← The point is, ladies and gentlemen, 633 greed is good. Greed works, greed is right. Greed clarifies, cuts through, and captures the essence of the evolutionary spirit. Greed in all its forms, greed for life, money, love, knowledge, has marked the upward surge of mankind-and greed, mark my words-will save not only Teldar Paper but that other malfunctioning corporation called the USA... Thank you.

← Master arrives at meeting place in a car. gets out a cigarette, and goes around a corner to smoke. He sees a pigeon above. The pigeon flies away. He is about

to light his cigarette when a gun held by a black hand is raised to his head.

MASTER Fuck. I knew that was gonna be you. (lights cigarette) You gonna kill me? You might as well kill me.

GHOST DOG I'm your retainer. I follow a code. I've always given you my respect.

MASTER So that's why you got that big fuckin' gun to my head?

GHOST DOG Forgive me. I don't mean you no disrespect.

MASTER How the fuck did you find me here?

GHOST DOG Called me in for a meeting...

MASTER Yeah

GHOST DOG Everything seems to be changing all around us, doesn't it?

MASTER You can say that again... when you did that guy the other night, was there a girl there?

GHOST DOG I wasn't instructed to eliminate no girl.

MASTER

Yeah, I know. It's just that... things have gotten... all complicated now. They're gonna whack you, Ghost Dog. If they don't find you they're gonna whack me instead. Probably gonna whack me anyways.

GHOST DOG Ray Vigo?

MASTER Yeah, the whole fuckin' family's lookin' for you.

GHOST DOG And the underboss, Sonny Volari, he's lookin' for me?

MASTER

Of course! He's part of all this... Hey, how the fuck do you know so much about our organization?

GHOST DOG (ignoring the question) Who's the airl?

MASTER She's... forget about her, I can't talk about that. I'm trying to warn you that they're gonna kill you. And maybe me too.

GHOST DOG Better me than you, Louie.

MASTER Well, uh... right now I'd have to agree with that.

(GANGSTER 2 appears)

GANGSTER 2 Hey Louie! Sorry I'm late! And I'm REAL sorry about this! (GANGSTER 2 pulls out a gun) Ghost Dog turns corner and plugs GANGSTER 2 full of lead.

MASTER Jesus Christ. That's Saul Marini. He's Volario's fuckin' brother-in-law.

GHOST DOG He had a gun. He was going to shoot you.

MASTER What?

GHOST DOG See if he's dead.

MASTER Well I don't think he's gettin' any older.

GHOST DOG Roll him over.

MASTER rolls Marini's body over.

MASTER Ohhhhhh. What in the hell'd you do that for?

GHOST DOG

You told me to. I don't mean you disrespect. Anyway, now you got an excuse, you can tell the Master I attacked you both.

GHOST DOG leaves.

MASTER (ALONE) Like you said, everything seems to be changing around us. Nothing makes any sense anymore.

GHOST DOG goes to rooftop home. Finds it ransacked, with all his pigeons killed.

After a sunny afternoon spent in the local Cineworld, I can assure you that Oliver Stone's new Wall Street film goes down about as well as an auction of Irish government bonds.

How could it be otherwise? After all, the lead actor is Shia LaBeouf, a boy-man who never explains to viewers whether he's deliberately trying to be a cheap copy of pensive Ed Norton. Gordon Gekko, AKA Michael Douglas, is relegated to little more than a walk-on, despite the fact that he still gamely sports that Brylcreemed Niagara of a hairstyle. And the script ends neither with a bang nor a whimper, but in a prolonged asthma attack of false endings and attempted reconciliations.

Then again, the first Wall Street, released in 1987, wasn't much cop either. Delve deep into your memory and it probably returns a montage of shots of suit lapels large enough to land a plane on, Daryl Hannah defrosting and cheap synth arpeggios. But what gave that film its punch were the bits based on real events from the 80s boom. Stone based the insider stocktrading storyline on a scandal that had only just left the front pages. The film's famous definition of wealth as being not "\$450,000 a year, but rich enough to have your own jet" was pure bull-market speak.

Finally, there is the part everyone remembers— Gekko's electrifying speech: "The point is, ladies and gentlemen, greed is good. Greed is right. Greed works." That was inspired by a university address made the year before by corporate raider Ivan Boesky. "I think greed is healthy," he told students at Berkeley, and they cheered.

What was shocking about the first Wall Street was how close it came to being a wildlife documentary, with the director bringing us rare footage of the strange new beasts now stalking Gotham City. If the second Wall Street feels flat in comparison, that's because that culture of greed is no longer novel or outrageous: it's almost prosaic. Put another way, Gekko was once a monster; now he's practically the norm. Take pay. In the mid-80s, when Stone and his associates would have been putting together the cast and the finance to make Wall Street, massive bonuses were still comparatively rare. The leading historian of the City of London, David Kynaston, notes that as late as the mid-80s it was not unknown for bank staff to get hampers for Christmas, instead of cash. Skip forward to the end of the 90s, and while the new brashness had reached the Square Mile, it was novel enough for newspapers to put in big fonts.

In 1998, when Jeffrey Archer's son, James, and his trader friends, known as the Flaming Ferraris, took a stretch limo to their bank's Christmas party, the Sunday Telegraph could barely contain itself. Yet to look at the headline now is to experience a piercing nostalgia: "City team to get £5 m bonus". That's between 16 of them, of course: just over a decade ago, the doling out of £400,000 (as it would be in today's money) apiece to a bunch of hot-shot bankers was all over the press and radio phone-ins. At the end of 2007, by contrast, an estimated 4,500 financiers each took home bonuses of over \pounds 1m.

But what has changed in business culture isn't only incentives; it's what those incentives are for. When Gekko defended greed, he was also articulating a philosophy of how companies and countries should be run. "Greed," he told shareholders, "will save not only Teldar Paper but that other malfunctioning corporation called the USA." In just a few minutes, he summed up what economists call the principal-agent argument: the belief that companies should be run solely to secure rewards for their shareholders—and that considerations such as workers' welfare, customer loyalty or doing right by business partners came way way down the agenda.

"Wall Street's moral blueprint" is how finance anthropologist Karen Ho describes this, and in her recent book *Liquidated* she shows how it became boardroom orthodoxy too. In 1978, the Business Roundtable of the top 200 chief executives in America put out a communique listing social responsibility as one of the four core functions of any company board of directors. Meeting in the early 80s, the same group downgraded social responsibility somewhat. By 1990, three years after the release of Wall Street, it had dropped off the list entirely. Gekko now ruled.

Of course, after the banking crisis, the greed-is-good ideology is once again reviled. The business secretary Vince Cable makes speeches about spivs and charlatans and is applauded in the press. And yet the old ways die hard. When regulators talk about preventing City short-termism, among their preferred solutions is giving the traders more stock in their own companies—which is exactly the sort of thinking Gekko would approve of.

In his latest book, *Injustice*, economic geographer Danny Dorling records a radio interview from last year with one of the scriptwriters of the original Wall Street. Could he write the film today, the Today presenter asked. The Hollywood answer was revealing: "In the 1980s greed had been individual [but] in the early years of the current century it had become institutional."

And that's the real problem with the new version of Wall Street: what was once evil is now merely banal. SOURCE: www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2010/oct/12/ wall-street-gordon-gekko-greed

MYTH Lyre

HERMES INVENTOR OF THE LYRE

634 ← Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 3. 113 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Outside the cave [of his mother Maia] he [the infant god Hermes] found a tortoise feeding. He cleaned it out, and stretched across the shell strings made from the cattle he had sacrificed, and when he had thus devised a lyre he also invented a plectrum ... When Apollon heard the lyre, he exchanged the cattle for that. And as Hermes was tending the cattle, this time he fashioned a shepherd's pipe which he proceeded to play. Covetous also of this, Apollon offered him the golden staff which he held when he herded cattle. But Hermes wanted both the staff and proficiency in the art of prophecy in return for the pipe. So he was taught how to prophesy by means of pebbles, and gave Apollon the pipe."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 3. 43:

"Amphion [of Thebes, son of Zeus] pursued a career in singing, after Hermes presented him with a lyre." *Pausanias, Description of Greece 2. 19. 7 (trans. Jones)* (*Greek travelogue C2nd A.D.*):

"Within the temple [of Apollon Lykios in Argos] is a statue of ... Hermes with a tortoise which he has caught to make a lyre."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 5. 14. 8:

"[There is an] altar of Apollon and Hermes in common [at Olympia], because the Greeks have a story about them that Hermes invented the lyre and Apollon the lute."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 8. 17. 5: "Adjoining [Mount] Kyllene [in Arkadia] is another mountain, Khelydorea (Rich in Tortoises), where Hermes is said to have found a tortoise, taken the shell from the beast, and to have made therefrom a harp."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 9. 5. 8: "The writer of the poem on Europa says that Amphion was the first harpist, and that Hermes was his teacher." Pausanias, Description of Greece 9. 30. 1:

"There is also [dedicated in the shrine] on Helikon [in Boiotia] a bronze Apollon fighting with Hermes for the lyre."

Philostratus the Elder, Imagines 1. 10 (trans. Fairbanks) (Greek rhetorician C3rd A.D.):

"[From a description of an ancient Greek painting:] The clever device of the lyre, it is said, was invented by Hermes, who constructed it of two horns and a crossbar and a tortoise-shell; and he presented it first to Apollon and the Mousai (Muses), then to Amphion of Thebes. ... Look carefully at the lyre first, to see if it is painted faithfully. The horn is the horn 'of a leaping goat,' as the poets say, and it is used by the musician for his lyre and by the bowman for his bow. The horns, you observe, are black and jagged and formidable for attack. All the wood required for the lyre is of boxwood, firm and free from

knots—there is no ivory anywhere about the lyre, for men did not yet know wither the elephant or the use they were to make of its tusks. The tortoise-shell is black, but its portrayal is accurate and true to nature in that the surface is covered with irregular circles which touch each other and have yellow eyes; and the lower ends of the strings below the bridge lie close to the shell and are attached to knobs, while between the bridge and the crossbar the strings seem to be without support, this arrangement of the strings being apparently best adapted for keeping them stretched taut on the lyre."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Astronomica 2. 7 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"[Constellation Lyre.] The Lyre was put among the constellations for the following reason, as Eratosthenes [Greek writer C3rd B.C.] says. Made at first by Mercurius [Hermes] from a tortoise shell, it was given to Orpheus, son of Calliope and Oeagrus." *Pseudo-Hyginus, Astronomica 2. 7:*

"[Constellation Lyre]. Others say that when Mercurius [Hermes] first made the lyre on Mount Cyllene in Arcadia, he made it with seven strings to correspond to the number of Atlantides, since Maia, his mother, was of their company. Later, when he had driven away the cattle of Apollo and had been caught in the act, to win pardon more easily, at Apollo's request he gave him permission to claim the invention of the lyre, and received from him a certain staff as reward. ... Apollo took the lyre, and is said to have taught

Orpheus on it, and after he himself had invented the cithara, he gave the lyre to Orpheus."

Statius, Silvae 2. 7. 6 (trans. Mozley) (Roman poetry C1st A.D.):

"Ye who have the privilege of song in your keeping, Arkadian discoverer of the vocal lyre [Hermes], and thou, Euhan [Dionysos], whirler of thy Bassarides, and Paean [Apollon] and the Hyantian Sisters [the Mousai]." Nonnus, Dionysiaca 41. 339 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.):

"Shepherd Pan will invent the syrinx, Helikonian Hermes the harp."

Homeric Hymn 4 to Hermes (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C7th to 4th B.C.): [II. HERMES INVENTS THE LYRE.]

"Born with the dawning, at mid-day he [Hermes] played on the lyre, and in the evening he stole the cattle of far-shooting Apollon on the fourth day of the month; for on that day queenly Maia bare him.

So soon as he had leapt from his mother's heavenly womb, he lay not long waiting in his holy cradle, but he sprang up and sought the oxen of Apollon. But as he stepped over the threshold of the high-roofed cave [of Maia on Mount Kyllene], he found a tortoise there and gained endless delight. For it was Hermes who first made the tortoise a singer. The creature fell in his way at the courtyard gate, where it was feeding on the rich grass before the dwelling, waddling along. When he saw it, the luck-bringing son of Zeus laughed and said: 'An omen of great luck for me so soon! I do not slight it. Hail, comrade of the feast, lovely in shape, sounding at the dance! With joy I meet

MANNER

you! Where got you that rich gaud for covering, that PRICE spangled shell-a tortoise living in the mountains? But I will take and carry you within: you shall help me and I will do you no disgrace, though first of all you must profit me. It is better to be at home: harm may come out of doors. Living, you shall be a spell against mischievous witchcraft: but if you die, then you shall make sweetest song.'

Thus speaking, he took up the tortoise in both hands and went back into the house carrying his charming toy. Then he cut off its limbs and scooped out the marrow of the mountain-tortoise with a scoop of grey iron. As a swift thought darts through the heart of a man when thronging cares haunt him, or as bright glances flash from the eye, so glorious (kydimos) Hermes planned both thought and deed at once. He cut stalks of reed to measure and fixed them, fastening their ends across the back and through the shell of the tortoise, and then stretched ox hide all over it Like what? by his skill. Also he put in the horns and fitted a crosspiece upon the two of them, and stretched seven strings of sheep-gut. But when he had made it he proved each string in turn with the key, as he held the lovely thing. At the touch of his hand it sounded marvellously; and, as he tried it, the god sang sweet random snatches, even as youths bandy taunts at festivals. He sang of Zeus Kronion and neat-shod Maia, the converse which they had before in the comradeship of love, telling all the glorious tale of his own begetting. He celebrated, too, the handmaids of the Nymphe, and her bright home, and the tripods all about the house, and the abundant cauldrons. But while he was singing of all these, his heart was

bent on other matters. And he took the hollow lyre and laid it in his sacred cradle, and sprang from the sweet-smelling hall to a watch-place.

FILM **American Psycho** Mary Harron 2000

COURTNEY Tell me. Stash... do you think SoHo is becoming too... commercial?

CARRUTHERS Yes. I read that.

PRICE Oh, who gives a rat's ass?

VANDEN Hey. That affects us. (Wired on coke) Oh ho ho. That affects us? What about the massacres in Sri Lanka, honey? Doesn't that affect us, too? I mean don't you know anything about Sri Lanka? About how the Sikhs are killing like tons of Israelis there? Doesn't that affect us?

BATEMAN

Oh come on. Price. There are a lot more important problems than Sri Lanka to worry about. Sure our foreign policy is important, but there are more pressing problems at hand.

PRICE

BATEMAN

Well, we have to end apartheid for one. And slow down the nuclear arms race, stop terrorism and world hunger. But we can't ignore our social needs either. We have to stop people from abusing the welfare system. We have to provide food and shelter for the homeless and oppose racial discrimination and promote civil rights while also promoting equal rights for women but change the abortion laws to protect the right to life yet still somehow maintain women's freedom of choice.

The table stares at Bateman uncomfortably.

BATEMAN

We also have to control the influx of illegal immigrants. We have to encourage a return to traditional moral values and curb graphic sex and violence on TV, in movies, in pop music, everywhere. Most importantly we have to promote general social concern and less materialism in young people.

Price chokes on his drink. Everyone is silent and mystified.

CARRUTHERS Patrick, how thought-provoking.

INT. EVELYN'S BEDROOM-LATER THE SAME **EVENING** Bateman and Evelyn are lying on her bed watching television.

BATEMAN Why don t you just go for Price?

EVELYN Oh God, Patrick. Why Price? Price?

BATEMAN He's rich. EVELYN Everybody's rich.



EVELYN

← BATEMAN

He's good-looking.

Everybody's good-looking, Patrick.

BATEMAN He has a great body.

EVELYN Everybody has a great body now.

Bateman unbuttons his shirt and makes advances to get Evelyn to have sex with him. She ignores him. watching the Home Shopping Channel with the remote in her hand. Finally, he straddles her, penis close to her face. She tries to look around him at the TV, then takes notice.

EVELYN What do you want to do with that, floss with it?

Bateman flops back down beside her and stares at the television.

EVELYN Are you using minoxidil?

BATEMAN No. I'm not. Why should I?

EVELYN Your hairline looks like it's receding.

BATEMAN It's not. SOURCE: American Psyho, Screenplay

IMPERSONATION Mr. Abagnale by Devin Faraci 22.02.2012

Devin Faraci: Do you think that even with police databases and the like it would be possible for someone to do what you did, crisscrossing the globe? Frank Abagnale, Jr: Yeah. Unfortunately there are much more brilliant criminals than I was who have not been caught yet. Then we move to the world of the WorldComs and the Enrons, where we have brilliant educated people who are defrauding thousands

of companies. What it really all comes down to, and I know people think it's simplistic, but the truth is what it comes down to is in America today we live in an extremely unethical society. We don't teach ethics at home, we don't teach it in school, you can't find a college that teaches ethics. So what we've come down to is we're a country with great technology and really unethical people. I tell my clients all the time: Amateurs hack into computers. Professionals hack people. You always go to the weakest link. If I need a customer's profile at Chase Manhattan Bank, I'm not going to break into their database, I'm going to find an employee walking out at lunch and pay them \$15,000 cash to go get what I need. And unfortunately 99.99% of the time they're going to go do it. We're living in a very unethical society and until we're willing to address that issue, crime is only going to get easier. Ironically, at the [FBI] Academy I teach ethics. And I teach it because of who I am. I teach young agents about character and ethics. I try to stress to them the importance of that over everything else. DF: You did have a kind of code of ethics. You only fleeced corporations or banks, never individuals. FA: I think what that was, is that I was raised at Iona, in New Rochelle, I went from kindergarten to high school. I was raised by Christian Brothers of Ireland, I was raised in a Catholic family, I was raised to know right from wrong. So even though as we go down the road we stray from the right path I couldn't stray too far, because that was instilled in me. What would happen is that if I wanted to buy a pair of pants, I would think. "Well if I go in this store and write them out a check they'll be out a pair of pants and out the money. But I'll go here across the street to pass the check at the bank, they have a billion dollars and won't miss a hundred dollars, I'll go back and buy the pants. That was an adolescent's justification of what I'm doing. Literally, I could have honestly, truthfully walked into a store at that time and there could have been a register drawer open with 300 laying in it and the people in the back room. I wouldn't have taken a dime. I would have thought to myself, "That's stealing. That's beneath me."

DF: How did you pass the Louisiana Bar Exam? FA: It wasn't very difficult. One, Louisiana did not require a law degree to take the bar back in those days. Second, Louisiana practices under the Napoleonic Criminal Code of Procedure, based on parishes and not counties and so on. So had I been a Harvard graduate in Louisiana I would have had to study the Code to take the Bar. And Louisiana at that time allowed you to take the Bar over and over as many times as you needed. It was really a matter of eliminating what you got wrong, and having the IQ I had and the memory I had, I could eliminate those things and go back and pass.

I never had any desire to be any of those people, I just fell into those things. I would always be willing to take it to the next level, to see if I could do it, and when I got to that level, it was enough for me. When I got to the hospital I did not need to stay at the hospital for a year. All I needed was to say, "Can I get in

636

I was supposed to be.

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DESIGN

The new S-Class blurs the boundaries between work and play. Its highly attractive interior and superior ride comfort make it the ideal place to relax. And when you're still on duty, the rear is equipped with a cutting edge multimedia workplace that makes for ideal working conditions. There's luxury automatic climate control and a subtle fragrance emitted by the optional Air-Balance Package that makes you feel calm and relaxed. A feel good atmosphere has never felt this good.

EXTERIOR

With its large, demonstrably three-dimensional radiator grille, long bonnet and gently sloping tail end, the new S-Class has the proportions of a classic saloon. The size and space requirements were intentionally designed to give the new S-Class an aura of prestige, while also showing off a sporty coupé-like side with its dynamic roofline and with its clean architecture, the interior design of the new S-Class embodies a classic saloon, as superior as it is ultra-modern.

INTERIOR

The S-Class is renowned for excellence. It's something we work hard for. The interior is the very definition of luxury, with features that are functional yet beautifully coordinated, all hand-crafted and fitted with the greatest attention to detail. Among them it boasts ambient lighting (standard for the long wheelbase models), exotic wood trim and soft leather upholstery. The S-Class often excels, but here it has outdone itself too.

TECHNOLOGY

360° VISION

Getting the full picture can be priceless. That's why the S-Class can optionally be fitted with a 360° camera to help reverse into a parking space, or to manoeuvre the saloon at low speeds.

BETTER NIGHT VISION

Optional Night View Assist Plus features a Spotlight function. When detecting pedestrians at the roadside, the system sends out four short light pulses. As a result, both driver and pedestrians are warned. This minimises one of the great accident dangers at night.

TWO 12.3-INCH SCREENS

Two TFT screens incorporate the innovative display unit of instrument cluster and COMAND Online. The simplicity and ease of operating the information and communication functions are just as impressive as the ingenuity of the central display's corona illumination.

UTOPIA HAS BECOME REALITY

In 2005, the S-Class became the first-ever vehicle to be awarded the Environmental Certificate from TÜV SÜD. This tradition is being successfully continued with the new 2013 S-Class. All models lead their respective classes in terms of efficiency. The CO₂ emissions of the S 400 HYBRID have been cut from

and be a doctor?" And when I saw the child with the leg and realized that this could be a child in a life or death situation, I knew right away that was not where

← DF: How concerned were you about CATTLE-HERD OF HERMES getting caught?

FA: I was really never concerned. Because I was so young there was nothing about what if. I don't think the words "what if" ever came in. If I was going in somewhere I didn't premeditate it, and I didn't say "What if they do this, what if there's a guard at the door?" What I said to myself was, "If that happens, I'll deal with it when that happens." I would go on. I would never sit there and think about the consequences, being an adolescent. I would never think. "What if they catch me? What will they do to me, where will I go?" That never entered my mind.

One thing that happens is that when you do criminal things, once you start doing them it's a lot easier to do the next one. It's like the guy who says, "Well I already murdered two people, the third is not a big deal." Unfortunately it's like that because you say, "Well, they're already looking for me, they're already chasing me."

DF: What happened to all the money??

FA: The money was kept in safety deposit boxes. What happened is when the government finally brought me back to the United States and arraigned me, the prosecutor said, "We want all the money back, we want to know where all the money is, and if you don't tell us where the money is, we're going to convict you and bring you back to court on income tax invasion, convict you of that and add twenty years to your sentence. It was all over the country, so I just gave them where the boxes are. They all swear that I still have a box hidden.

DF: What do you do now that, after the story laying low for so long, it's back out?

FA: I go back to my business and do what I want to do. I believe that fame is very fleeting. This is an issue I'll have to deal with for several months, but it will go by just like it went by when I was famous in the late 70s, doing all the television shows. It went by and people forgot that I existed. I hope the same thing happens now, this will go on and people will forget. This will be the last chapter in my life, I won't have to deal with the notoriety again.

SOURCE: thai-d.com/movie-english/catchme/interview.htm

MYTH Cattle

Homeric Hymn 4 to Hermes 68 & 115 & 190 & 490 ff (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C7th to 4th B.C.): "Hermes came hurrying to the shadowy mountains of Pieria, where the divine cattle of the blessed gods had their steads and grazed the pleasant, unmown meadows. Of these the Son of Maia, the sharp eyed (euskopos) slaver of Argos (Argeiphontes) then cut off from the herd fifty loud-lowing kine, and drove them straggling-wise across a sandy place...

And kindling the fire, he dragged out two lowing, horned cows close to the fire: for great strength was with him. He threw them both panting upon their backs on the ground, and rolled them on their sides, bending their necks over, and pierced their vital chord. Then he went on from task to task: first he cut up the rich, fatted meat, and pierced it with wooden spits, and roasted flesh and the honourable chine and the paunch full of dark blood all together. He laid them there upon the ground, and spread out the hides on a rugged rock: and so they are still there many ages afterwards, a long, long time after all this, and are continually...

[Apollon came seeking his cattle, and asked an old man if he had seen them:] 'Old man, weeder of grassy Onkhestos, I am come here from Pieria seeking cattle, cows all of them, all with curving horns, from my herd. The black bull was grazing alone away from the rest, but fierce-eyed hounds followed the cows, four of them, all of one mind, like men. These were left behind, the dogs and the bull-which is great marvel; but the cows strayed out of the soft meadow, away from the pasture when the sun was just going down.'...

[Apollon agrees to give Hermes the cattle in return for the lyre: | 'This song of yours is worth fifty cows, and I believe that presently we shall settle our quarrel peacefully.'...

He [Hermes] held out the lyre: and Phoibos Apollon took it, and readily put his shining whip in Hermes' hand, and ordained him keeper of herds. Afterwards they two, the all-glorious sons of Zeus turned the cows back towards the sacred meadow, but themselves hastened back to snowy Olympos, delighting in the lyre."

← Homeric Hymn 4 to Hermes 490 ff 637 (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C7th to 4th B.C.):

"[Hermes trades with Apollon the godhead of music for the godhead of cattle:] 'I will give you this lyre, glorious son of Zeus, while I for my part will graze down with wild-roving cattle the pastures on hill and horse-feeding plain: so shall the cows covered by the bulls calve abundantly both males and females...' When Hermes had said this, he held out the lyre: and Phoibos Apollon took it, and readily put his shining [cattle] whip in Hermes' hand, and ordained him keep-

er of herds."

ARTICLE **Mercedes-Benz** 2013

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The future travels at its own pace, always one step ahead. Introducing the new S-Class: progress at its most beautiful. The iconic star on its bonnet urges you along, eager to reveal what's underneath the strikingly sculpted metal: power, elegance and, of course, ground-breaking innovation-like the optional Magic Body Control anticipatory suspension system that responds with a masterclass in the art of movement.

THE LEADER.

AGAIN.

← IT'S TIME TO PLAY FOLLOW

186 g CO₂/km to 147 g CO₂/km compared with the that the grounds surrounding them at different previous model. All models comply with the EURO 6 emissions standard. The S 400 HYBRID and the S 350 BlueTEC additionally meet the strict criteria of efficiency class A, with the S 300 BlueTEC HYBRID even qualifying for class A+.

SOURCE: http://www.thenewmercedes-benzsclass.co.uk/

ART **The Notebooks** Leonardo Da Vinci 1503-1517

14. ON THE THREE BRANCHES OF PERSPECTIVE.

There are three branches of perspective; the first deals with the reasons of the (apparent) diminution of objects as they recede from the eye, and is known as Diminishing Perspective.—The second contains 18. the way in which colours vary as they recede from the eye.-The third and last is concerned with the explanation of how the objects [in a picture] ought to be less finished in proportion as they are remote (and the names are as follows): Linear Perspective. The Perspective of Colour. The Perspective of Disappearance. Footnote: 13. From the character of the handwriting I infer that this passage was written before the year 1490.]

15. ON PAINTING AND PERSPECTIVE.

The divisions of Perspective are 3, as used in drawing; of these, the first includes the diminution in size of opaque objects: the second treats of the diminution and loss of outline in such opaque objects; the third, of the diminution and loss of colour at long distances. [Footnote: The division is here the same as in the previous chapter No. 14, and this is worthy of note when we connect it with the fact that a space of about 20 years must have intervened between the writing of the two passages.]

16. THE DISCOURSE ON PAINTING.

Perspective, as bearing on drawing, is divided into 19. OF THE MISTAKES MADE BY THOSE three principal sections; of which the first treats of the diminution in the size of bodies at different distances. The second part is that which treats of the diminution in colour in these objects. The third [deals with] the diminished distinctness of the forms and outlines displayed by the objects at various distances.

← 17. ON THE SECTIONS OF [THE BOOK ON] PAINTING. The first thing in painting is that the objects it represents should appear in relief, and

distances shall appear within the vertical plane of the foreground of the picture by means of the 3 branches of Perspective, which are: the diminution in the distinctness of the forms of the objects, the diminution in their magnitude; and the diminution in their colour. And of these 3 classes of Perspective the first results from [the structure of] the eye, while the other two are caused by the atmosphere which intervenes between the eye and the objects seen by it. The second essential in painting is appropriate action and a due variety in the figures, so that the men may not all look like brothers. &c.

[Footnote: This and the two foregoing chapters must have been written in 1513 to 1516. They undoubtedly indicate the scheme which Leonardo wished to carry out in arranging his researches on Perspective as applied to Painting. This is important because it is an evidence against the supposition of H. LUDWIG and others, that Leonardo had collected his principles of Perspective in one book so early as before 1500; a Book which, according to the hypothesis, must have been lost at a very early period, or destroyed possibly, by the French (!) in 1500 (see H. LUDWIG. L. da Vinci: _Das Buch van der Malerei_. Vienna 1882 III, 7 and 8).]

These rules are of use only in correcting the figures; since every man makes some mistakes in his first compositions and he who knows them not, cannot amend them. But you, knowing your errors, will correct your works and where you find mistakes amend them, and remember never to fall into them again. But if you try to apply these rules in composition you will never make an end, and will produce confusion in your works.

These rules will enable you to have a free and sound judgment; since good judgment is born of clear understanding, and a clear understanding comes of reasons derived from sound rules, and sound rules are the issue of sound experience-the common mother of all the sciences and arts. Hence, bearing in mind the precepts of my rules, you will be able, merely by your amended judgment, to criticise and recognise every thing that is out of proportion in a work, whether in the perspective or in the figures or any thing else.

NECESSITY OF THEORETICAL KNOWLEDGE (19. 20).

WHO PRACTISE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE. Those who are in love with practice without knowledge are like the sailor who gets into a ship without rudder or compass and who never can be certain where he is going. Practice must always be founded on sound theory, and to this Perspective is the guide and the gateway; and without this nothing can be done well in the matter of drawing.

SOURCE: The Notebooks of Leonardo Da Vinci (Volume 1)

MANNER

FILM

2009

GRACE

(to Selfridge)

(to Quaritch)

(to Selfridge)

SELFRIDGE

Start by listening to her.

Jake nods to Grace to continue.

Omaticaya in a way you can't imagine.

here it falls on some sacred fern.

SELFRIDGE

JAKE

GRACE

Avatar

James Cameron

You need to muzzle your dog!

Or what, Ranger Rick? You gonna shoot me?

You say you want to keep your people alive.

Can we just take this down a couple notches, please.

This is bad, Parker. Those trees were sacred to the

You know what? You throw a stick in the air around

I'm not talking about pagan voodoo here—I'm

are ten to the twelfth trees on Pandora-

SELFRIDGE That's a lot I'm quessing.

GRACE

That's more connections than the human brain. You get it? It's a network—a global network. And the Na'vi can access it-they can upload and download data-memories-at sites like the one you destroyed.

SELFRIDGE

What the hell have you people been smoking out there? They're just. Goddamn. Trees.

GRACE

You need to wake up, Parker. The wealth of this world isn't in the ground-it's all around us. The Na'vi know that, and they're fighting to defend it. If you want to share this world with them, you need to understand them.

QUARITCH

We understand them just fine. Thanks to Jake here.

Jake shares a look of alarm with Grace as Quaritch selects a NEW CLIP on the main monitor-TIGHT ON MONITOR-VIDEO-LOG IMAGE of Jake. looking haggard and borderline deranged, rambling in a late-night monologue. SOURCE: Avatar Script

talking about something real and measurable in the biology of the forest.

GRACE

SELFRIDGE (FRUSTRATED) Which is what exactly?

Grace's nerve fails. A rush of conflicting emotionsthe need to act, to do something, colliding with her scientific rigor.

GRACE

(to Jake)

I can't do this. How am I supposed to reduce years of work to a sound bite for the illiterate?

JAKE

Just tell him what you know in your heart.

She turns to Parker, steeling herself.

← GRACE 641 Alright, look—I don't have the answers

vet. I'm just now starting to even frame the questions. What we think we know—is that there's some kind of electrochemical communication between the roots of the trees. Like the synapses between neurons. Each tree has ten to the fourth connections to the trees around it, and there

MYTH Wife

THE MARRIAGE OF ZEUS & HERA Hesiod, Theogony 921 ff (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C8th or C7th B.C.):

"Lastly, he [Zeus] made Hera his blooming wife: and she was joined in love with the king of gods and men, and brought forth Hebe and Ares and Eileithyia." [N.B. Hesiod says "lastly" because the marriage of Hera followed after Zeus' seductions of the goddesses Metis, Themis, Eurynome, Demeter, Mnemosyne, and Leto.]

Aristophanes, Birds 1720 ff (trans. O'Neill) (Greek comedy C5th to 4th B.C.):

"Let your nuptial hymns, your nuptial songs, greet him and his [wife]! 'Twas in the midst of such [wedding] festivities that the Moirai (Fates) formerly united Olympian Hera to the King [Zeus] who governs the gods from the summit of his inaccessible throne. Oh! Hymen! oh! Hymenaios! Rosy Eros with the golden wings held the reins and guided the chariot;

'twas he, who presided over the union of Zeus and the fortunate Hera. Oh! Hymen! oh! Hymenaios!" *Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 2. 113 (trans. Aldrich)* (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Gaia (Earth) had given them [the golden apples and tree] to Zeus when he married Hera. An immortal serpent guarded them ... With it the Hesperides themselves were posted as guards, by name Aigle, Erytheis, Hesperie, and Arethusa."

Callimachus, Aetia Fragment 2. 3 (from Scholiast on Homer's Iliad 1. 609) (trans. Trypanis) (Greek poet C3rd B.C.):

"Zeus loved [Hera] passionately for three hundred years." [N.B. This refers to the Hieros Gamos or secret marriage of Zeus and Hera.]

← Diodorus Siculus, Library of History 5. 72. 4 (trans. Oldfather) (Greek historian C1st B.C.):

"Men say that the marriage of Zeus and Hera was held in the territory of the Knossians [on the island of Krete], at a place near the river Theren, where now a temple stands in which the natives of the place annually offer holy sacrifices and imitate the ceremony of the marriage, in the manner in which tradition tells it was originally performed."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 2. 38. 2 (trans. Jones) (Greek travelogue C2nd A.D.):

"In Nauplia ... is a spring called Kanathos. Here, say the Argives, Hera bathes every year and recovers her maidenhood [i.e. her virginity]."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 8. 22. 2: "[Temenos of Arkadia] gave her [Hera] three surnames when she was still a maiden, Pais (Girl); when married to Zeus he called her Teleia (Grown-up)." Athenaeus, Deipnosophistae 3. 83c (trans. Gullick) (Greek rhetorician C2nd to C3rd A.D.):

"As for the so-called apples of the Hesperides, Asklepiades [C2nd A.D.], in the sixtienth book of his Egyptian History, says that Ge (Earth) brought them forth in honour of the nuptials, as it was called, of Zeus and Hera."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Astronomica 2. 3 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Constellation Serpent ... He is said to have guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides, and after Hercules killed him, to have been put by Juno among the stars. He is considered the usual watchman of the Gardens of Juno [Hera]. Pherecydes [Greek mythographer C5th B.C.] says that when Jupiter [Zeus] wed Juno, Terra [Gaia] came, bearing branches with golden applies, and Juno, in admiration, asked Terra to plant them in her gardens near distant Mount Atlas. When Atlas' daughters kept picking the apples from the trees, Juno is said to have placed this guardian there."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 9. 497 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.):

"Gods have loved their sisters; yes, indeed! Why Saturnus [Kronos] married Ops [Rhea], his kin by blood ... and Rector Olympi (Olympus' Lord) [Zeus], married Juno [Hera]. But the gods above are laws unto themselves."

Ovid, Heroides 4. 35 ff (trans. Showerman) (Roman poetry C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.):

"Should Juno yield me him who is at once her brother and lord."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 41. 263 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.):

"[Aphrodite addresses Harmonia:] 'I joined Zeus in wedlock with Hera his sister, after he had felt the pangs of longlasting desire and desired her for three hundred years: in gratitude he bowed his wise head, and promised a worthy reward for the marriage that he would commit the precepts of Justice (Dike) to one of the cities allotted to me [i.e. Beruit].'"

Servius, On Virgil's Aeneid 1. 505 (Roman scholia C4th A.D.):

"For his wedding with Juno [Hera], Jupiter [Zeus] ordered Mercurius [Hermes] to invite all the gods, the men and the animals to the wedding. Everyone invited by Mercurius [Hermes] came, except for [the Nymphe] Chelone who did not deign to be there, mocking the wedding. When Mercurius noticed her absence, he went back down to the earth, threw in the river the house of Chelone that was standing over the river and changed Chelone in an animal that would bear her name [the tortoise]."

ARTICLE Montblanc Fountain Pen by Ariel Adams 03.14.2013

MONTBLANC ON HOW TO BE A LUXURY BRAND FOR MANY

Ariel Adams: For luxury brands like Montblanc, perception and customer trust is so important in their decision to own something from your brand. How is the perception of luxury created and strong customer trust nurtured?

Lutz Bethge: What luxury is, is naturally a very personal perception. For me, luxury products are a promise. A promise that the product you buy from Montblanc is of highest esteem, based on its timeless, elegant design and the high quality, which is derived from the excellence of our craftsmen. It's a promise that you will still love the product in 10, 20 or 30 years, like in many times where you received a Montblanc item as a gift, you still will appreciate and love the person who gave it to you to show how much this person respects, appreciate or loves you. It is our most important task to nurture this trust in our brand and our products. Sustainable value, highest quality, excellence in craftsmanship, and creativity make our products elegant and refined objects, which enrich the individual style of our customers.

A Montblanc product is luxury because it's a lifetime companion that is worthy to be handed down to the next generation.

AA: Montblanc for many people is a maker of writing instruments, but of course the brand has branched out into other areas such as leather goods and timepieces. How has Montblanc kept an equally high level of consumer respect and interest for these relatively new products to the brand?

LB: When we started with new categories such as leather goods and timepieces, we could rely on the trust of our customers, who believed in Montblanc as a brand that provides excellence in its core category writing instruments based on its philosophy of manufacturing competence, highest quality, sustainable value and creativity. The challenge was how to keep or earn the trust. This is why Montblanc had invested in our own manufacturing facilities and ateliers for our new categories. We knew our customers would want us to demonstrate to them the same excellence in the new categories that we possess in writing instruments. We believe that you need to be able to understand, in-depth, your metier. This is why we have our manufactures and ateliers in those areas, which have a long tradition in these metiers, where people from generations have accumulated know-how and excellence. This is why we are in Switzerland with our watch manufacture, and in Florence, Italy, with our leather competence center. To ask somebody to produce e.g. the watches for us instead of building up our own know-how would certainly have resulted in a failure in this category. Instead, the watch business has become a huge success for Montblanc and is our fastest growing category since more than ten years.

AA: It seems that many luxury brands focus on a particular demographic of person who they most see wearing or using their products. Montblanc however has both entry-level priced and very high-end luxury products. How do you communicate who your products are intended for?

LB: Montblanc is a Maison that offers to confident and determined people, products that enrich their individual, cultural lifestyle and reflect their creativity and passionate personality. Our brand speaks to people who lead a cultured and refined lifestyle. In many ways they are successful and a reference for others. This is why a lot of our marketing initiatives are referring to cultural projects. Our Montblanc de la Culture Arts Patronage Award, which is given to modern patrons of the art in 12 countries, our PRIX Montblanc supporting young classical musicians, the Young Directors Project in Salzburg supporting young theatre directors and their ensembles or our Young Artist World Patronage Program that is a testament to creativity of young contemporary artists giving them a stage for their works in our boutiques, all this represents the Montblanc philosophy shared by our customers. Based on our roots in writing culture we support UNICEF in their strive to give each child access to a quality education. Our short-film contest "The Beauty of a Second" and our unique

app-based worldwide photo contest "Montblanc Worldsecond" demonstrated the creativity of our customers and made them enjoy our watches in a very contemporary and digital way. And there are many more occasions, where we can invite our customers to join Montblanc in initiatives that are part of their lifestyle.

AA: When the Montblanc Villeret manufacture was announced, it heralded in a new level of "high-end" for your timepiece division with products much more exclusive and expensive than many customers were accustomed to from the company. What was the strategy to make the Villeret watches "Montblanc" and make sense to the consumer?

LB: Our traditional writing instrument customers are used to choosing between our iconic Montblanc Meisterstück, StarWalker and Solitaire products as well as enjoying the creativity in our Limited Editions. We even offer our customers the option to create together with our designers and craftsmen their own writing instrument—a bespoke piece—at prices starting at 200,000 €. The experience and joy, which they receive from these writing editions was something our customers longed for as well in our watches. When I first visited the atelier in Villeret it reminded me immediately of our writing instruments atelier in Hamburg. Since then we have made Villeret our Artisan Atelier for Montblanc watches, where traditional watch making is safeguarded and further developed with exciting innovation. Since then, it is not only writing instrument customers who enjoy these special editions or even made-to-order pieces. but we have now as well a number of watch collectors who were enthused by these exciting Montblanc watches created in Villeret and have become writing instrument collectors too.

AA: Is there a hope for "trickle down" effect where halo products like your most high-end watches and writing instruments will be perceived to increase the quality of your more entry-level products?

LB: You may compare this to the car industry: you learn and develop innovations in Formula 1. These innovations will never be 1:1 realized in the industrial production, but you grow your competence and know-how in general, of which all product lines will benefit. Both in our Montblanc ateliers for writing instruments and for watches, we have to date seen a number of developments, which one way or another found their way into our serial production.

AA: Many ultra high-end luxury customers are interested in exclusivity—namely that what they are buying is rare and unattainable by most people. How does Montblanc cater to these customers while at the same time offering higher-volume products to a wider consumer base?

> ← LB: Montblanc has the unique benefit that our most iconic product, the Montblanc Meisterstück, both

symbolizes exclusivity, as it is a writing instrument, which is on the desk of the most important decision makers in the world, and at the same time, in terms of RSP, is still an affordable luxury product. The myth

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of the Meisterstück as the Power Pen (signifying your power when signing important documents) and as a true lifetime companion, which you have received or bought at an important junction in your life (graduation, becoming a partner in a company, your first corner office, documenting your marriage, etc.) has kept the exclusivity of this unique writing instrument alive with our customers for more than 89 years.

It has inspired our customers and made our brand relevant in the mind of luxury customers. For those reguiring more exclusivity we provide Limited Editions or even made-to-order pieces. A unique treat, which only a brand can offer that is deeply rooted in artisanery and craftsmanship, the origin of true luxury. SOURCE: HTTP://WWW.FORBES.COM/SITES/ARIELADAMS/ 2013/03/14/MONTblanc-on-how-to-be-a-luxury-brand-for-many/

BOOK Anna Karenina Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy 1877

 \leftarrow Happy families are all alike: every 644 unhappy family is unhappy in its own way Everything was in confusion in the Oblonskys' house.

The wife had discovered that the husband was carrying on an intrigue with a French girl, who had been a governess in their family, and she had announced to her husband that she could not go on living in the same house with him.

This position of affairs had now lasted three days. and not only the husband and wife themselves, but all the members of their family and household, were painfully conscious of it. Every person in the house felt that there was no sense in their living together, and that the stray people brought together by chance in any inn had more in common with one another than they, the members of the family and household of the Oblonskys. The wife did not leave her own room, the husband had not been at home for three days. The children ran wild all over the house; the English governess quarreled with the housekeeper, and wrote to a friend asking her to look out for a new situation for her: the man-cook had walked off the day before just at dinner time; the kitchen-maid, and the coachman had given warning.

Three days after the guarrel. Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch Oblonsky-Stiva, as he was called in the fashionable world-woke up at his usual hour, that is, at eight o'clock in the morning, not in his wife's bedroom, but on the leather-covered sofa in his study. He turned over his stout, well-cared-for person on the ceed in adapting his face to the position in which he

springy sofa, as though he would sink into a long sleep again: he vigorously embraced the pillow on the other side and buried his face in it: but all at once he jumped up, sat up on the sofa, and opened his eves. "Yes, yes, how was it now?" he thought, going over his dream. "Now, how was it? To be sure! Alabin was giving a dinner at Darmstadt: no. not Darmstadt, but something American. Yes, but then, Darmstadt was in America. Yes, Alabin was giving a dinner on glass tables, and the tables sang, Il mio tesoro-not Il mio tesoro though, but something better, and there were some sort of little decanters on the table, and they were women, too," he remembered.

Stepan Arkadyevitch's eyes twinkled gaily, and he pondered with a smile. "Yes, it was nice, very nice. There was a great deal more that was delightful, only there's no putting it into words, or even expressing it in one's thoughts awake." And noticing a gleam of light peeping in beside one of the serge curtains, he cheerfully dropped his feet over the edge of the sofa, and felt about with them for his slippers, a present on his last birthday, worked for him by his wife on gold-colored morocco. And, as he had done every day for the last nine years, he stretched out his hand, without getting up, towards the place where his dressing-gown always hung in his bedroom. And thereupon he suddenly remembered that he was not sleeping in his wife's room, but in his study, and why: the smile vanished from his face, he knitted his brows. "Ah, ah, ah! Oo!..." he muttered, recalling everything that had happened. And again every detail of his guarrel with his wife was present to his imagination. all the hopelessness of his position, and worst of all, his own fault.

"Yes, she won't forgive me, and she can't forgive me. And the most awful thing about it is that it's all my fault-all my fault, though I'm not to blame. That's the point of the whole situation," he reflected. "Oh, oh, oh!" he kept repeating in despair, as he remembered the acutely painful sensations caused him by this quarrel.

Most unpleasant of all was the first minute when, on coming, happy and good-humored, from the theater, with a huge pear in his hand for his wife, he had not found his wife in the drawing-room, to his surprise had not found her in the study either, and saw her at last in her bedroom with the unlucky letter that revealed everything in her hand.

She, his Dolly, forever fussing and worrying over household details, and limited in her ideas, as he considered, was sitting perfectly still with the letter in her hand, looking at him with an expression of horror, despair, and indignation.

"What's this? this?" she asked, pointing to the letter. And at this recollection, Stepan Arkadyevitch, as is so often the case, was not so much annoyed at the fact itself as at the way in which he had met his wife's words.

There happened to him at that instant what does happen to people when they are unexpectedly caught in something very disgraceful. He did not sucwas placed towards his wife by the discovery of his FRANCIS fault. Instead of being hurt, denying, defending himself, begging forgiveness, instead of remaining indifferent even—anything would have been better than what he did do—his face utterly involuntarily (reflex spinal action, reflected Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was fond of physiology)-utterly involuntarily assumed its habitual, good-humored, and therefore idiotic smile.

This idiotic smile he could not forgive himself. Catching sight of that smile, Dolly shuddered as though at Did you? physical pain, broke out with her characteristic heat into a flood of cruel words, and rushed out of the room. Since then she had refused to see her husband. No. "It's that idiotic smile that's to blame for it all," thought Stepan Arkadvevitch.

"But what's to be done? What's to be done?" he said to himself in despair, and found no answer. SOURCE: Ana Karenina (Part One—Chapter One)

IMPERSONATION Claire Underwood by David Fincher 2013

INT. UNDERWOOD RESIDENCE-LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

TIGHT on Claire sitting alone, stock still, face grim. We hear the front door open. In the background we see Francis enter the room. He looks weary, spent. He comes into the foreground, sits down across from her. Shame in his eyes. Disappointment in hers.

FRANCIS Claire—

CLAIRE You didn't call me.

FRANCIS l was—

CLAIRE (harder this time) You didn't call me, Francis.

Before Francis can defend himself she's on her feet. all the pent-up energy from waiting bursting forth. She's furious.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

When you didn't call me right after I wondered. When I called and you didn't call back I knew. You don't not call me. Not when it's this big.

You're right. CLAIRE When have we ever avoided each other? FRANCIS I wanted to figure out a solution first.

FRANCIS

A long beat.

CLAIRE So they lied to your face.

FRANCIS For months.

CLAIRE And you didn't see it coming?

FRANCIS

It was always a possibility. My mistake wasn't in failing to consider this scenario; it was in miscalculating the risk. I thought it was almost impossible.

CLAIRE You're usually good at sussing out liars.

FRANCIS I am. But this time... (shakes his head) Hubris, Ambition.

CLAIRE Those aren't bad things.

FRANCIS They are when they blind you.

CLAIRE Aren't you angry?

FRANCIS Of course I am.

CLAIRE Then where's your anger?

FRANCIS You want to me lash out at Walker? At Vasquez? You want me to go to the press and make a mess of something I can't change?

CLAIRE I want more than what I'm seeing. FRANCIS How kind of you.

CLAIRE I'm not doling out sympathy.

FRANCIS I didn't ask for it.

CLAIRE You're better than this, Francis.

← FRANCIS 645 (aenuinely) I'm sorry, Claire.

CLAIRE No. That I won't accept.

FRANCIS What?

CLAIRE Apologies.

Claire looks hard at him. A typical wife might smother him with sympathy, but not Claire. She knows that's the worst thing she could do for a man like Francis.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

My husband doesn't apologize, even to me. SOURCE: House Of Cards—Episode One Script

MYTH Mother

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← Homer, Iliad 14. 200 ff (trans. Lattimore) (Greek epic C8th B.C.): "I [Hera] go now to the ends of the

generous earth on a visit to Okeanos, whence the gods have risen, and Tethys our mother who brought me up kindly in their own house, and cared for me and took me from Rheia, at that time when Zeus of the wide brows drove Kronos underneath the earth and the barren water."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 1. 19 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Hera bore Hephaistos without benefit of sexual intercourse, although Homer says that Zeus was his father. Zeus threw him from the sky for helping Hera when she was in chains. Zeus had hung her from Olympos as punishment for setting a storm on Herakles as he was sailing back from his conquest of Troy. Hephaistos landed on Lemnos, cripped in both legs."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 9. 3. 1:

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"Hera, they say, was for some reason or other angry with Zeus, and had retreated to Euboia. Zeus, failing to make her change her mind, visited Kithaeron, at that time despot in Plataia [or the mountain-god], who surpassed all men for his cleverness. So he ordered Zeus to make an image of wood, and to carry it, wrapped up, in a bullock wagon, and to say that he was celebrating his marriage with Plataia, the daughter of Asopos. So Zeus followed the advice of Kithairon. Hera heard the news at once, and at once appeared on the scene. But when she came near the wagon and tore away the dress from the image, she was pleased at the deceit, on finding it a wooden image and not a bride, and was reconciled to Zeus. To commemorate this reconciliation they celebrate a festival called Daidala."

Hesiod, Theogony 921 ff (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C8th or C7th B.C.):

"Lastly, he [Zeus] made Hera his blooming wife: and she was joined in love with the king of gods and men, and brought forth Hebe and Ares and Eileithyia."

Aeschylus, Fragment 282 (from Papyri Oxyrhynchus) (trans. Lloyd-Jones):

"Hera has reared a violent son [Ares] whom she has borne to Zeus, a god irascible, hard to govern, an one whose mind knew no respect for others. He shot wayfarers with deadly arrows, and ruthless hacked ... ((lacuna)) with hooked spears ... ((lacuna)) he rejoiced and laughed."

Hesiod, Theogony 921 ff (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C8th or C7th B.C.):

"Zeus gave birth from his own head to Tritogeneia [Athena] ... Hera was very angry and quarrelled with her mate. And because of this strife she bare without union with Zeus who hold the aigis a glorious son, Hephaistos, who excelled all the sons of Heaven in crafts."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 1. 19 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Hera bore Hephaistos without benefit of sexual intercourse, although Homer says that Zeus was his father. Zeus threw him from the sky for helping Hera when she was in chains. Zeus had hung her from Olympos as punishment for setting a storm on Herakles as he was sailing back from his conquest of Troy. Hephaistos landed on Lemnos, cripped in both legs."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 1. 20. 3 (trans. Jones) (Greek travelogue C2nd A.D.):

"One of the Greek legends is that Hephaistos, when he was born, was thrown down by Hera. In revenge he sent as a gift a golden chair with invisible fetters. When Hera sat down she was held fast, and Hephaistos refused to listen to any other of the gods save Dionysos—in him he reposed the fullest trust--and after making him drunk Dionysos brought him to heaven."

647

BOOK **Pride and Prejudice** Jane Austen 1813

← It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters. "My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?" Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do vou not want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! Single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our airls!"

"How so? How can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! Nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes." "I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley may like you the best of the party." "My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grownup daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not."

"You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others: and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference." "They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion for my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these last twenty vears at least."

"Ah, you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood."

"It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of guick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

SOURCE: Pride and Prejudice—Chapter One

FILM Evita Alan Parker 1996

648 ← PERON People of Europe! I send you the Rainbow of Argentina!

Spain has fallen to the charms of Evita She can do what she likes—it doesn't matter much.

OFFICERS She's our Lady of the New World with the golden touch She filled a bull-ring—forty-five thousand seater.

снё But if you're prettier than General Franco

But if you're prettier than General Franco That's not hard.

OFFICERS

CHÈ

Franco's reign in Spain should see out the forties So you've just acquired an ally who Who looks as secure in his job as you More important, current political thought is Your wife's a phenomenal asset Your trump card

PERON AND OFFICERS Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour It's been an incredible success We weren't quite sure, we had a few doubts

снè Would Evita win through?

PERON AND OFFICERS But the answer is yes!

PERON

There you are, I told you so Makes no difference where she go The whole world over—just the same Just listen to them call her name And who would underestimate the actress now?

CHÈ

Now I don't like to spoil a wonderful story But the news from Rome isn't quite as good She hasn't gone down like we thought she would Italy's unconvinced by Argentine glory They equate Peron with Mussolini Can't think why

EVA (IN ITALY) Did you hear that? They called me a whore! They actually called me a whore!

AN ITALIAN ADMIRAL But Signora Peron— It's an easy mistake I'm still called an admiral Yet I gave up the sea long ago

OFFICERS More bad news from Rome she met with the Pope She only got a rosary, a kindly word

MANNER

CHÈ I wouldn't say the Holy father gave her the bird But papal decoration's never a hope

OFFICERS She still looked the part at St. Peter's Caught the eye

PERON AND OFFICERS Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour It's been an incredible success We weren't quite sure, we had a few doubts

CHÈ Would Evita win through?

PERON AND OFFICERS
But the answer is—

снÈ A qualified—

PERON AND OFFICERS

CHÈ

Eva started well, no question, in France Shining like the sun through the post-war haze A beautiful reminder of the carefree days She nearly captured the French, she sure had the chance But she suddenly seemed to lose interest She looked tired

Face the facts, the Rainbow's starting to fade I don't think she'll make it to England now

OFFICER It wasn't on the schedule anyhow

CHÈ

You'd better get out the flags and fix a parade Some kind of coming home in triumph Is required

PERON AND OFFICERS

Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour It's been an incredible success We weren't quite sure, we had a few doubts Would Evita win through?

CHÈ And the answer is—

MANNER

PERON AND OFFICERS Yes CHÈ And no

PERON AND OFFICERS
And yes

снè And no

PERON AND OFFICERS And yes...

снè **No**

OFFICERS

Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour It's been an incredible success We weren't quite sure, we had a few doubts Would Evita win through? And the answer is—yes. Yes. Yes? SOURCE: Evita Script

MYTH Avenger

HERA'S WRATH

Hesiod, Theogony 921 ff (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C8th or C7th B.C.):

"Zeus gave birth from his own head to Tritogeneia [Athena] ... Hera was very angry and quarrelled with her mate. And because of this strife she bare without union with Zeus who hold the aigis a glorious son, Hephaistos, who excelled all the sons of Heaven in crafts." *Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 2. 5–9 (trans. Aldrich)* (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Zeus seduced lo while she was a priestess of Hera. When Hera discovered them, Zeus touched the girl, changed her into a white cow, and swore that he had not had sex with her. For this reason, says Hesiod, oaths made in love do not incite divine anger.

Hera demanded the cow from Zeus, and assigned Argos Panoptes as its guard ... Argos tied the cow to an olive tree in the grove of the Mykenaians. Zeus instructed Hermes to steal her, and Hermes ... killed Argos with a stone.

Hera then inflicted the cow with a gadfly, and she made her way [in a journey out of Greece] ... until she finally reached Aigyptos (Egypt), where she regained her shape and gave birth beside the Neilos

(Nile) to a son Epaphos. Hera asked the Kouretes to kidnap the child, which they did. When Zeus found this out, he slew the Kouretes, while lo set out to find their babe [and eventually located him in Syria]." Nonnus, Dionysiaca 36. 28 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.):

"The gods took sides in the battle between the army of Dionysos and the Indians: Against Hera came highland Artemis as champion for hillranging Dionysos, and rounded her bow straight. Hera as ready for conflict seized one of the clouds of Zeus, and compressed it across her shoulders where she held it as a shield proof against all: and Artemis shot arrow after arrow moving through the airy vault in vain against that mark, until her quiver was empty, and the cloud still unbroken she covered thick with arrows all over. It was the very image of a flight of cranes moving in the air and circling one after another in the figure of a wreath: the arrows were stuck in the dark cloud, but the veil was untorn and the wounds without blood. Then Hera picked up a rough missile of the air, a frozen mass of hail, circled it and struck Artemis with the jagged mass. The sharp stony lump broke the curves of the bow. But the consort of Zeus did not stop the fight there, but struck Artemis flat on the skin of the breast, and Artemis smitten by the weapon of ice emptied her quiver upon the ground."

649 ← Antoninus Liberalis, Metamorphoses 11 (trans. Celoria)

(Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.): "One day they [Polytekhnos and Aedon of Kolophon in Lydia] blurted out the needless remark that they loved each other more than did Hera and Zeus. Hera found what was said to be insupportable and sent Eris (Discord) between them to create strife in their activities. Polytekhnos was on the point of finishing off a standing board for a chariot and Aedon of completing the web she was weaving. They agreed that whoever of the two would finish the task more quickly would hand over a female servant to the other.

Aedon was the quicker in finishing off her web— Hera had helped her in the task. Polytekhnos was infuriated by the victory of Aedon."

[N.B. The story concludes with Polytekhnos fetching Aedon's sister Khelidon, raping her and bringing her back disguised as a slave for his wife. The pair discover each other's identities, murder Polytekhnos' son and feed the boy to his father. The entire family are then transformed into birds.]

Aelian, On Animals 15. 29 (trans. Scholfield) (Greek natural history C2nd A.D.):

"A certain woman became queen and ruled over the Pygmaioi; her name was Gerana, and the Pygmaioi worshipped her as a god, paying her honours too august for a human being. The result was, they say, that she became so puffed up in her mind that she held the goddesses of no account. It was especially Hera, Athena, Artemis, and Aphrodite that, she said, came nowhere near her in beauty. But she was not destined to escape the evil consequences of her

Hera 745

MUSIC Got To Get You into My Life The Beatles 1966

← I was alone, I took a ride, 650 I didn't know what I would find there Another road where maybe I could see another kind of mind there

Ooh, then I suddenly see you, Ooh, did I tell you I need you Every single day of my life?

You didn't run, you didn't lie You knew I wanted just to hold you Had you gone, you knew in time, we'd meet again For I had told you

Ooh, you were meant to be near me Ooh, and I want you to hear me Say we'll be together every day

Got to get you into my life

What can I do, what can I be, When I'm with you I want to stay there If I'm true I'll never leave And if I do I know the way there

Ooh, then I suddenly see you, Ooh, did I tell you I need you Every single day of my life?

Got to get you into my life Got to get you into my life

I was alone, I took a ride, I didn't know what I would find there Another road where maybe I could see another kind of mind there

Then suddenly I see you Did I tell you I need you Every single day of my life? SOURCE: Got To Get You Into My Life Lyrics

IMPERSONATION Carla Bruni

by Decca Aitkenhead 01.06.2013

CARLA BRUNI: SARKOZY AND ME (...)

Becoming a politician's wife taught her one thing, she says. "That there is no way to be funny any more. Fun doesn't really work with this kind of position, so I couldn't play around—and me. I like a lot to play around for fun, you know? I don't take it very seriously. I mean, I take life very seriously, but not myself or the situation."

Even so, some comments have landed Bruni in hot water. She jokes with me that women could do with wives to take care of them-"Yes, we need wives! You know, we should live together. Then the men can come and have fun and make love, you know?"but had to apologise last year for telling Vogue that "We don't need to be feminist in my generation."

"I said I'm not a feminist, meaning I'm not a militant," she protests. "Because I'm not! I'm not very militant about anything. Either you're militant or you're not. I just said I admire the feminists, but I'm not myself a feminist because many women who came before me gave us rights. I'm allowed not to be, right? I never was politically militant, never socially militant, you know. I'm a bubble person," and she starts to laugh again. "At home with my guitar, reading a poem, I'm not militant. I know I should be, but I'm not. I'm not someone who would go and fight for something." She maintains the same innocent bewilderment when I bring up the song on her album called Le Pingouin. She reportedly told friends it was about Hollande, and the lyrical allusions seem unambiguous: the rightwing critics' nickname for him, Mr Neither-Yes-Nor-No, appears to be echoed by the line, "Neither ugly nor beautiful, neither tall nor short, neither hot nor cold, the penguin, neither yes or no", while another appears to mock his official portrait, taken in the Elysée Palace gardens: "You look all alone in your garden." So is the song about her husband's successor? "It's not, no no no, not even a little bit," she protests. "Because I never really write like that. It's hard to explain, but when I write, I don't have such a precise idea in my head. I don't say, OK, I'm going to write a song about X."

In fairness to Bruni, the French media's claims that a line about Sofitel in another song alludes to Dominique Strauss-Khan's alleged rape of a maid in a Manhattan hotel owned by the chain cannot possibly be true, for it was written a year before his arrest. The track Mon Raymond is, however, unequivocally dedicated to her husband, and casts him as a pirate and an atomic bomb.

"I think he likes it," she grins. "But they're not used to being muses, men. They're used to being the artist. The minute you put them in the muse position, they go: what? Especially Latins." She laughs. "See? I am a feminist! This is a feminist act, to write a song about then you're stuck—people are sitting there, they've your man. Of course it is feminist, because what is more free than that?"

She jumps to her husband's defence when I bring up one of many legal cases he is currently fighting. Sarkozy has been accused of "abusing the frailty" of his country's richest woman, the L'Oréal heiress Liliane Bettencourt, by demanding and receiving campaign donations from the then 84-year-old. The charge of "elder abuse" is, Bruni urges indignantly, ludicrous. "I mean, my man, you should see. He has something with women—very old-fashioned, right? So he would never come here and let us pay for our Coca-Cola. If you walk into a room, he would never stay seated."

Does she like that? "I like it very much. It reminds me of my dad. A little Freud," she adds as an aside, smiling. "I like men to be gallant. Maybe because his mother got divorced when he was very young, and was alone with the three kids, and at the age of 30 she studied, became a lawyer, she's really, really strong, really intelligent and strong. And he sees the woman, my husband, he sees the woman in general like the mother," and she gasps, a sharp intake of reverence to make her point. "He's always taking care of my mother, my aunt, so he would just never do anything to a woman. It's just unimaginable. You can't think about it when you know him! You can say, 'Oh, I don't like Sarkozy, I don't like his policies.' Or even 'I don't like the way he talks.' Or whatever, you know? Taste is taste. But you can never say Sarkozy does something to a woman, never! Never never. It's impossible when you know him."

While Sarkozy was president, Bruni continued to write songs, but very rarely performed. Commentators were dumbfounded by her apparent transformation from permissive free spirit to doting bourgeois housewife, with critics divided between suspicion and disappointment. Early on, she tells me,

← "I would stay home and be a mum 651

at home. I would love that." But later she volunteers, "I love family life, but

I get slightly depressed when I stay only with the children. I mean, don't you? Like, just a little bit depressed. I know it's not politically correct to say that, but it's true-that's how I feel. After three weeks doing only children and my man and the house, children, the house and my man, children, the house and my man. And I think women that do that are very useful."

She throws herself back in the chair. "I think they should be paid! It's such a hard job-and on top of that they are not admired. You go to a dinner party and someone says, 'What are you doing?' 'Oh, I take care of my three children'-and they turn away." She pauses to reflect. "But then again, I also like quiet. I think most women are like me, contradictory and ambivalent."

In fact, she says, she used to suffer crippling stage fright-and still does. "It's a little better now. The problem is that it doesn't really show, so people don't believe it. But it's physical-I get a little ill. But

bought a ticket, so what are you going to do? Escape? You always hope something happens-the ceiling falls in, the floor explodes, someone is sick in the audience, and the show is cancelled. Or maybe I die from fear, and they just go on stage and say, 'Carla Bruni is dead.' But then you don't die. So you've got to go on."

So why do it? "You know, everything in life feels like that to me. I am very fearful by nature. I'm just an anxious type. So I am full of fear." Of what? Criticism? Failure? Death? "I'm afraid of death, yes," she agrees guickly, with feeling, "You know, age, death, death of other people, disease. Urgh." She shudders. "So I try to fill up life, you know. I think I try to put as many things between me and death as I can. A lot of life, change life, change country, change language, who cares?"

There have been so many rumours about cosmetic surgery that I ask if she has also changed her body. I've certainly never seen a 45-year-old without a single line around the eyes before; but then again, I've never met a woman who's had facial work but wears no makeup. "No," she says firmly. "I would do surgery if I was sure it would work, but I'm not sure it does. They look strange, the women-they don't look younger, so I'm just not sure it works. I wouldn't have any moral judgment about it-but if it goes wrong, it's for ever!" Her eyes widen with fright. "So those kind of things I don't really trust yet."

And how would she feel about becoming first lady again? She sinks back in her chair, her expression fixed in an almost theatrical despond. "It was really, like, a great honour, but it doesn't really depend on me, and it's not something I think about. And an election campaign, it's a little bit like a war-a small war-so the thought of going through that again ... " She shudders. "I'm not a warrior, I'm not a fighter, I'm not a boxer. He is."

Does she think France needs another Sarkozy presidency? She offers an airy, rueful shrug, "I'm not gualified to judge that. Of course I think he's the best. But then, I'm in love with him."

SOURCE: http://www.theguardian.com/culture/2013/jun/01/ carla-bruni-sarkozy-interview

MUSIC It Could Happen to You Frank Sinatra 1944

 \leftarrow Hide your heart from sight, lock 652 your dreams at night It could happen to you Don't count stars or you might stumble Someone drops a sigh and down you tumble

Keep an eye on spring, run when church bells ring It could happen to you All I did was wonder how your arms would be And it happened to me

Keep an eye on spring, run when church bells ring It could happen to you All I did was wonder how your arms would be And it happened to me SOURCE: It Could Happen To You Lyrics

ART Jan Van Eyck by Carola Hicks 1434

PORTRAIT WITH A THOUSAND SECRETS: THE MYSTERY BEHIND A MASTERPIECE

The Arnolfini portrait by Jan van Eyck is one of the most popular masterpieces in London's National Gallery. Painted in 1434 in Bruges, this small oil masterpiece on an oak panel has influenced painters from Velázquez to David Hockney. It has become a symbol of marriage, yet the identity of the couple and the meaning of the scene are still uncertain. Art historian Carola Hicks unravels a little of the mystery... **The couple.** Among the foreign merchants living in prosperous 15th-century Bruges were members of the Arnolfini clan from Lucca in Italy. They combined trade with finance and were the first merchant bankers. Argument has flourished over which Arnolfini this is and we will never know for sure. The best guess is that it is Giovanni di Nicolao Arnolfini, who married Costanza Trenta in 1426.

← The pregnancy? Giovanni and 653 Costanza had no recorded children and Costanza had died by 1433, the

year before the portrait was painted. Is this a memorial to Costanza, who might have died in childbirth? Artists liked to pose women in a pregnant stance, whether they were or not, as fertility was

an essential quality in a wife. There are other symbols of fertility, from the red bed to the rug-a rare commodity in 15th-century Northern Europe, and associated with a birthing chamber. Also, the figure carved on the chair behind the woman is St Margaret, patron saint of childbirth.

MANNER

The bed. This is what quests would have expected to see in a reception room. It may not have been used for sleeping in, but implied that the master of the house was of sufficiently high status to exhibit such a possession as an adornment.

The oranges. In Bruges, oranges were a rare delicacy imported from the far south. They were prized for their culinary properties, adding zest to sauces that livened up dull Flemish winter fare. The fruit and its blossom were symbols of love and marriage, and doctors recommended that oranges be carried in order to stave off the plague.

The sandals. These (lying on the floor) are the one really fashionable element of the woman's ensemble. Dyed leather was another luxury, with dark tones the hardest to achieve. With the embellishment of the shiny brass studs, these sandals must have been expensive, a status symbol as prized as Louboutins today. Their clothes. Both wear the products that made Bruges the centre of a trading empire-fur, silk, wool, linen, leather and gold. The wife's gown has astonishing dimensions—a replica made in 1997 by students from the Wimbledon School of Art required 35 metres of material. It is lined with squirrel fur, perhaps as many as 2,000 skins. The most prestigious fur was sable, reserved for royalty and aristocracy. The husband's tabard is lined with pine marten-the next best thing-and its plum tones are another statement of wealth, for dark dyes were more expensive to produce. The mirror. The mirror supplies a new subject-two more people entering the room. The Latin inscription above it—Johannes van Eyck fuit hic (Jan van Eyck was here)-confirms the presence of the artist himself in this invented room. The circular, slightly convex surface was the only shape available for mirrors made of glass—which were a rare domestic item. Only the privileged few were able to see their own faces.

The beads and the brush. The string of amber beads to the left of the mirror is a paternoster-a form of rosary, produced in Bruges. Van Eyck was perhaps advertising a local industry exported by Arnolfini. Beads symbolised female piety and were a standard gift from a man to his bride. The brush, hanging to the right of the mirror, represents the industry and humility of Christ's mother-suggesting the Flemish tradition of showing biblical characters in modern settings. The dog. This is a Brussels griffon, the descendant of a long line of Flanders terriers bred to catch rats. The breed reached England in the 19th century and its features are still carefully prescribed by the Kennel Club today.

SOURCE: http://www.dailymail.co.uk/home/you/article-2036955/ The-Arnolfini-portrait-Jan-van-Eyck-The-mystery-National-Gallery-masterpiece.html

MYTH

Queen

HYMNS TO HERA

gods far off from you.'

Homeric Hymn 3 to Pythian Apollo 300 ff (trans.

"She [Python] it was who once received from gold-

throned Hera and brought up fell, cruel Typhaon to

be a plague to men. Once on a time Hera bare him

because she was angry with father Zeus, when Kro-

nides bare all-glorious Athene in his head. Thereup-

on queenly Hera was anary and spoke among the

assembled gods: '... Yes, now I will contrive that a

son be born me to be foremost among the undying

gods-and that without casting shame on the holy

bond of wedlock between you and me. And I will not

come to your bed, but will consort with the blessed

When she had so spoken, she went apart from the

gods, being very angry. Then straightway large-eved

queenly Hera prayed, striking the ground flatwise

with her hand, and speaking thus: 'Hear now, I pray,

Gaia and wide Ouranos above, and you Titanes gods

who dwell beneath the earth about great Tartaros,

and from whom are sprung both gods and men!

Harken you now to me, one and all, and grant that

I may bear a child apart from Zeus, no wit lesser than

him in strength-nay, let him be as much stronger

Thus she cried and lashed the earth with her strong

hand. Then the life-giving Gaia (Earth) was moved:

and when Hera saw it she was glad in heart, for she

thought her prayer would be fulfilled. And thereafter

she never came to the bed of wise Zeus for a full year...

But when the months and days were fulfilled and the

seasons duly came on as the earth moved round, she

bare one neither like the gods nor mortal men, fell,

cruel Typhaon, to be a plague to men. Straightway

large-eyed queenly Hera took him and bringing one

evil thing to another such, gave him to the drakaina:

and she received him. And this Typhaon used to work

than Zeus as all-seeing Zeus than Kronos.'

Evelvn-White) (Greek epic C7th-4th B.C.):

loveliness, she went out from the chamber, and called aside Aphrodite to come away from the rest of the gods, and spoke a word to her:

'Would you do something for me, dear child, if I were to ask you? Or would you refuse it? Are you forever angered against me because I defend the Danaans, while you help the Trojans?' Then the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, answered her: 'Hera, honoured goddess, daughter of mighty Kronos, speak whatever is in your mind. My heart is urgent to do it if I can, and if it is a thing that can be accomplished.'

Then, with false lying purpose the lady Hera answered her: 'Give me loveliness and desirability, graces with which you overwhelm mortal men, and all the immortals. Since I go now to the ends of the generous earth, on a visit to Okeanos, whence the gods are risen, and Tethys our mother who brought me up kindly in their own house, and cared for me and took me from Rheia, at that time when Zeus of the wide

brows drove Kronos underneath the earth and the barren water. I shall go visit these, and resolve their division of discord, since now for a long time they have stayed apart from each other and from the bed of love, since rancour has entered their feelings. Could I win over with persuasion the dear heart within them and bring them back to their bed to be merged in love with each other I shall be forever called honoured by them, and beloved.'

Then in turn Aphrodite the laughing answered her: 'I cannot, and I must not deny this thing that you ask for, you, who lie in the arms of Zeus, since he is our areatest.'

She spoke, and from her breasts unbound the elaborate pattern-pierced zone, and on it are figured all beguilements... Hera smiled on her and smiling hid the zone away in the fold of her bosom.

So Aphrodite went back into the house, Zeus' daughter, while Hera in a flash of speed left the horn of Olympos and crossed over Pieria and Emathia the lovely and overswept the snowy hills of the Thrakian riders and their uttermost pinnacles, nor touched the ground with her feet ... Hera light-footed made her way to the peak of Gargaros on towering Ida. And Zeus who gathers the clouds saw her, and when he saw her desire was a mist about his close heart as mush as on that time they first went to bed together and lay in love, and their dear parents knew nothing of it. He stood before her and called her by name and spoke to her: 'Hera, what is your desire that you come down here from Olympos? And your horses are not here, nor your chariot, which you would ride in.' Then with false lying purpose the lady Hera answered him: 'I am going to the ends of the generous earth, on a visit to Okeanos, whence the gods have risen, and Tethys our mother, who brought me up kindly in their house and cared for me...'

Then in turn Zeus who gathers the clouds answered her: 'Hera, there will be a time afterwards when you can go there as well. But now let us go to bed and turn to love-making. For never before has love for any goddess or woman so melted about the heart inside me, broken it to submission, as now."

great mischief among the famous tribes of men." 654

← Homer, Iliad 14. 153–316: "Now Hera, she of the golden throne, standing on Olympos' horn, looked

out with her eyes, and saw at once how her brother and her lord's brother, was bustling about the battle where men win glory, and her heart was happy. Then she saw Zeus, sitting along the loftiest summit on Ida of the springs, and in her eyes she was hateful. And now the lady ox-eyed Hera was divided in purpose as to how she could beguile the brain in Zeus of the aegis. And to her mind this thing appeared to be the best counsel, to array herself in loveliness, and go down to Ida, and perhaps he might be taken with desire to lie in love with her next her skin, and she might be able to drift an innocent warm sleep across his eyelids, and seal his crafty perceptions...

[She applies her makeup and adorns herself in jewelry.] Now, when she had clothed her body in all this

MANNER

CHAPTER XVI: DIVORCE

During the remainder of the winter, the Du Roys often visited the Walters. Georges, too, frequently dined there alone, Madeleine pleading fatigue and preferring to remain at home. He had chosen Friday as his day, and Mme. Walter never invited anyone else on that evening; it belonged to Bel-Ami. Often in a dark corner or behind a tree in the conservatory, Mme. Walter embraced the young man and whispered in his ear: "I love you, I love you! I love you desperately!" But he always repulsed her coldly, saying: "If you persist in that, I will not come again."

Toward the end of March people talked of the marriage of the two sisters: Rose was to marry, Dame Rumor said, Count de Latour-Ivelin and Suzanne, the Marquis de Cazolles. The subject of Suzanne's possible marriage had not been broached again between her and Georges until one morning, the latter having been brought home by M. Walter to lunch, he whispered to Suzanne: "Come, let us give the fish some bread."

They proceeded to the conservatory in which was the marble basin containing the fish. As Georges and Suzanne leaned over its edge, they saw their reflections in the water and smiled at them. Suddenly, he said in a low voice: "It is not right of you to keep secrets from me, Suzanne."

She asked:

"What secrets, Bel-Ami?"

"Do you remember what you promised me here the night of the fete?"

"No."

"To consult me every time you received a proposal." "Well?"

"Well, you have received one!"

"From whom?"

"You know very well."

"No, I swear I do not."

"Yes, you do. It is from that fop of a Marquis de Cazolles."

"He is not a fop."

"That may be, but he is stupid. He is no match for you who are so pretty, so fresh, so bright!" She asked with a smile: "What have you against him?"

"I? Nothing!"

"Yes, you have. He is not all that you say he is." "He is a fool, and an intriguer." She glanced at him: "What ails you?"

He spoke as if tearing a secret from the depths of his

heart: "I am—I am jealous of him."

She was astonished. "You?"

"Yes, I."

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"Why?"

"Because I love you and you know it" Then she said severely: "You are mad, Bel-Ami!" He replied: "I know that I am! Should I confess it—I, a married man, to you, a young girl? I am worse than mad—I am culpable, wretched—I have no possible hope, and that thought almost destroys my reason. When I hear that you are going to be married, I feel murder in my heart. You must forgive me, Suzanne." He paused. The young girl murmured half sadly, half gaily: "It is a pity that you are married; but what can

gaily: "It is a pity that you are married; but what can you do? It cannot be helped." He turned toward her abruptly and said: "If I were

free would you marry me?"

She replied: "Yes, Bel-Ami, I would marry you because I love you better than any of the others."

He rose and stammering: "Thanks—thanks—do not, I implore you, say yes to anyone. Wait a while. Promise me."

Somewhat confused, and without comprehending what he asked, she whispered: "I promise."

Du Roy threw a large piece of bread into the water and fled, without saying adieu, as if he were beside himself. Suzanne, in surprise, returned to the salon. When Du Roy arrived home, he asked Madeleine, who was writing letters: "Shall you dine at the Walters' Friday? I am going."

She hesitated: "No, I am not well. I prefer to remain here."

"As you like. No one will force you." Then he took up his hat and went out.

For some time he had watched and followed her, knowing all her actions. The time he had awaited had come at length.

On Friday he dressed early, in order, as he said, to make several calls before going to M. Walter's. At about six o'clock, after having kissed his wife, he went in search of a cab. He said to the cabman: "You can stop at No. 17 Rue Fontaine, and remain there until I order you to go on. Then you can take me to the restaurant Du Coq-Faisan, Rue Lafayette."

The cab rolled slowly on; Du Roy lowered the shades. When in front of his house, he kept watch of it. After waiting ten minutes, he saw Madeleine come out and go toward the boulevards. When she was out of earshot, he put his head out of the window and cried: "Go on!"

The cab proceeded on its way and stopped at the Coq-Faisan. Georges entered the dining-room and ate slowly, looking at his watch from time to time. At seven-thirty he left and drove to Rue La Rochefoucauld. He mounted to the third story of a house in that street, and asked the maid who opened the door: "Is M. Guibert de Lorme at home?"

He was shown into the drawing-room, and after waiting some time, a tall man with a military bearing and gray hair entered. He was the police commissioner.

Du Roy bowed, then said: "As I suspected, my wife is with her lover in furnished apartments they have rented on Rue des Martyrs."

The magistrate bowed: "I am at your service, sir."

"Very well, I have a cab below." And with three other officers they proceeded to the house in which Du Roy expected to surprise his wife. One officer remained at the door to watch the exit; on the second floor they halted; Du Roy rang the bell and they waited. In two or three minutes Georges rang again several times in succession. They heard a light step approach, and a woman's voice, evidently disguised, asked: "Who is there?"

The police officer replied: "Open in the name of the law."

The voice repeated: "Who are you?"

"I am the police commissioner. Open, or I will force the door."

The voice continued: "What do you want?"

Du Roy interrupted: "It is I; it is useless to try to escape us."

The footsteps receded and then returned. Georges said: "If you do not open, we will force the door." Receiving no reply he shook the door so violently

that the old lock gave way, and the young man almost fell over Madeleine, who was standing in the antechamber in her petticoat, her hair loosened, her feet bare, and a candle in her hand.

He exclaimed: "It is she. We have caught them," and he rushed into the room. The commissioner turned to Madeleine, who had followed them through the rooms, in one of which were the remnants of a supper, and looking into her eyes said:

"You are Mme. Claire Madeleine du Roy, lawful wife of M. Prosper Georges du Roy, here present?" She replied: "Yes, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

She made no reply. The officer repeated his question; still she did not reply. He waited several moments and then said: "If you do not confess, Madame, I shall be forced to inquire into the matter."

They could see a man's form concealed beneath the covers of the bed. Du Roy advanced softly and uncovered the livid face of M. Laroche-Mathieu. The officer again asked: "Who are you?"

As the man did not reply, he continued: "I am the police commissioner and I call upon you to tell me your name. If you do not answer, I shall be forced to arrest you. In any case, rise. I will interrogate you when you are dressed."

In the meantime Madeleine had regained her composure, and seeing that all was lost, she was determined to put a brave face upon the matter. Her eyes sparkled with the audacity of bravado, and taking a piece of paper she lighted the ten candles in the candelabra as if for a reception. That done, she leaned against the mantelpiece, took a cigarette out of a case, and began to smoke, seeming not to see her husband.

In the meantime the man in the bed had dressed himself and advanced. The officer turned to him: "Now, sir, will you tell me who you are?"

He made no reply.

"I see I shall have to arrest you."

Then the man cried: "Do not touch me. I am inviolable." Du Roy rushed toward him exclaiming: "I can have

you arrested if I want to!" Then he added: "This man's name is Laroche-Mathieu, minister of foreign affairs." The officer retreated and stammered: "Sir, will you tell me who you are?"

"For once that miserable fellow has not lied. I am indeed Laroche-Mathieu, minister," and pointing to Georges' breast, he added, "and that scoundrel wears upon his coat the cross of honor which I gave him."

Du Roy turned pale. With a rapid gesture he tore the decoration from his buttonhole and throwing it in the fire exclaimed: "That is what a decoration is worth which is given by a scoundrel of your order."

The commissioner stepped between them, as they stood face to face, saying: "Gentlemen, you forget yourselves and your dignity."

Madeleine smoked on calmly, a smile hovering about her lips. The officer continued: "Sir, I have surprised you alone with Mme. du Roy under suspicious circumstances; what have you to say?"

"Nothing; do your duty."

The commissioner turned to Madeleine: "Do you confess, Madame, that this gentleman is your lover?" She replied boldly: "I do not deny it. That is sufficient." The magistrate made several notes; when he had finished writing, the minister, who stood ready, coat upon arm, hat in hand, asked: "Do you need me any longer, sir? Can I go?"

Du Roy addressed him with an insolent smile: "Why should you go, we have finished; we will leave you alone together." Then, taking the officer's arm, he said: "Let us go, sir; we have nothing more to do in this place."

> ← An hour later Georges du Roy entered the office of "La Vie Francaise." M. Walter was there; he raised his

head and asked: "What, are you here? Why are you not dining at my house? Where have you come from?"

Georges replied with emphasis: "I have just found out something about the minister of foreign affairs." "What?"

"I found him alone with my wife in hired apartments. The commissioner of police was my witness. The minister is ruined."

"Are you not jesting?"

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"No, I am not. I shall even write an article on it." "What is your object?"

"To overthrow that wretch, that public malefactor." Georges placed his hat upon a chair and added: "Woe to those whom I find in my path. I never pardon." The manager stammered: "But your wife?" "I shall apply for a divorce at once."

"A divorce?"

"Yes, I am master of the situation. I shall be free. I have a stated income. I shall offer myself as a candidate in October in my native district, where I am known. I could not win any respect were I to be hampered with a wife whose honor was sullied. She took me for a simpleton, but since I have known her game, I have watched her, and now I shall get on, for I shall be free." Georges rose.

"I will write the item; it must be handled prudently."

SOURCE: Bel Ami

MANNER

MANNER

CLOSE ON TAPE: "PROPERTY OF MARY ALICE SCOTT."

MARY ALICE (V.O.)

After some initial hesitation, she decided to return the blender she had borrowed from me six months before.

EXT. HUBER HOUSE—FRONT YARD—DAY

Edith exits her front door, CARRYING THE BLENDER, and crosses to Mary Alice's front door. She KNOCKS. She waits for a response. Nothing. She goes to the side of the house and peers in the window. She suddenly sees Mary Alice's lifeless BODY. She SCREAMS.

INT. HUBER HOUSE—KITCHEN—CONTINUOUS Edith runs in. puts the BLENDER on the counter and quickly picks up the PHONE.

MRS. HUBER

(emotional) Hello?! You've got to send an ambulance! It's my neighbor-omigod-there's blood everywhere! Yes! I think she's been shot! Please. You've got to send

Edith HANGS up the phone. She stands for a beat, TEARY-EYED.

MARY ALICE (V.O.)

someone now!

And for a moment, Mrs. Huber wept in her kitchen. overcome by this senseless tragedy. But only for a moment. If there was one thing Mrs. Huber was known for, it was her ability to look on the bright side.

Edith reaches down to the blender and RIPS off the tape that reads 'PROPERTY OF MARY ALICE SCOTT'. She then puts the BLENDER back into her PANTRY.

FADE OUT. END OF TEASER SOURCE: Desperate Housewives Script

IMPERSONATION Lee Kuan Yew by The New York Times 29.08.2007

EXCERPTS FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH I FF KUAN YFW ()

International Herald Tribune: Let me connect one more thought here that I am not clear about. In this more open, interconnected world where the educated and the elites are traveling and easily moving all over the world, what does this do to Asian values? Does it inevitably dilute them?

Lee Kuan Yew: It's already diluted and we can see it in the difference between the generations. It's inevitable. One of the things we did which we knew would call for a big price was to switch from our own languages into English.

We had Chinese, Malay, Indian schools-separate language medium schools. The British ran a small English school sector to produce clerks, storekeepers, teachers for the British. Had we chosen Chinese, which was our majority language, we would have perished, economically and politically.

Riots-we've seen Sri Lanka, when they switched from English to Sinhalese and disenfranchised the Tamils and so strife ever after.

We chose-we didn't say it was our national lanquage-we said it was our working language, that everybody learns English whatever language medium school you go to. Which means nobody needs interpretation to read English.

So, our sources of culture, literature, ideas are now more from the English text than from the Chinese or the Malay or the Tamil.

So, there's a clear difference between the grandfathers and the grandchildren. Look, my grandchildren, never mind the grandfather, their Chinese is not equal to their parents' Chinese.

My children were educated in what were then Chinese schools and they learned English as a subject. But they made up when they went to Englishlanguage universities. So they didn't lose out. They had a basic set of traditional Confucian values. Not my grandchildren.

I've got one grandson gone to MIT. Another grandson had been in the American school here. Because he was dyslexic and we then didn't have the teachers to teach him how to overcome or cope with his dyslexia, so he was given exemption to go to the American school. He speaks like an American. He's going to Wharton.

Between him and his father, there's a clear breach in cultural continuity-never mind between him and me. But that's the top 20 percent, right?

For the majority in the heartlands, they don't go to American schools or have that exposure. But from 20, it will become 30 percent going to tertiary institutions, universities.

TV SERIES Desperate Housewives Marc Cherry

those right who are caught in such scrapes."

2004

FADE IN: EXT. SUBURBAN STREET-DAY

We're DRIVING down a tree-lined suburban street. Mary Alice stands on a chair and reaches up to the We finally stop at a well-kept UPPER MIDDLE-CLASS house complete with white picket fence.

MARY ALICE (V.O.)

My name is Mary Alice Scott. When you read this morning's paper you may come across an article closet and empty its contents into my head. about the unusual day I had last week.

CLOSE-UP-MARY ALICE SCOTT

The camera pulls back to reveal an ATTRACTIVE MARY ALICE falls to the floor. WOMAN IN HER EARLY 30s wearing gardening gloves, emerging from the house. She crosses to the flower bed and begins pruning.

MARY ALICE (V.O.)

Normally there's never anything newsworthy about INT. HUBER HOUSE-KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS my life. But that all changed last Thursday.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE-KITCHEN-DAY Mary Alice's HUSBAND AND SON are seated at a table. She is busy serving them BREAKFAST.

MARY ALICE (V.O.)

Of course everything seemed quite normal at first.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE-LAUNDRY ROOM-DAY Mary Alice puts some clothes into the WASHING MACHINE.

MARY ALICE (V.O.) I performed my chores.

EXT. DRY CLEANERS-DAY Mary Alice emerges from a dry cleaners with some CLOTHING encased in PLASTIC.

MARY ALICE (V.O.) I ran my errands.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE—BACKYARD—DAY Mary Alice paints some LAWN FURNITURE.

The old man hesitated, then said: "Do so: it serves MARY ALICE (V.O.) I completed my projects.

> INT. SCOTT HOUSE-KITCHEN-DAY Mary Alice ADJUSTS bric-a-brac around the room.

← MARY ALICE (V.O.) 656

In truth, I spent the day as I spent every other day. Quietly polishing the routine of my life until it gleamed with perfection.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-DAY Mary Alice stands completely still in the middle of the IMMACULATE room.

MARY ALICE (V.O.)

Which is why it was so astounding when late last Thursday afternoon...

INT. SCOTT HOUSE—HALLWAY—DAY top shelf of the hall closet. She brings down a

MARY ALICE (V.O.)

REVOLVER.

... I decided to take a loaded gun from the hallway

CLOSE on A GUN FIRING.

We see what appears to be BLOOD spreading out over some tile. As a woman's HAND begins to wipe it away...

...we PULL BACK to reveal it's the hand of EDITH HU-BER, a plump woman in her late 40s, who has just spilled some TOMATO SAUCE onto her kitchen counter. She wipes it up when she suddenly HEARS something from outside.

MARY ALICE (V.O.)

My body was discovered by my next-door neighbor, Mrs. Edith Huber, who had been startled by what she would later describe to the police as a strange popping sound.

EXT. HUBER HOUSE—BACKYARD—DAY Edith crosses to the FENCE and JUMPS up several times trying to PEER OVER. Seeing nothing, she goes back inside her home.

MARY ALICE (V.O.) Her curiosity aroused, Mrs. Huber quickly tried to think of a reason for dropping in on me unannounced.

INT. HUBER HOUSE-KITCHEN DAY Edith crosses to her pantry, and pulls out a BLENDER that has a piece of TAPE on the side.

work, let's do it.

IHT: Thank you.

forts. So please do it and do it well.

29iht-lee-excerpts.html?pagewanted=all

moorings

IHT: Let me just make a point here. I've read your second book, where you get into a lot of these issues ["From Third World to First, Singapore 1965-2000" HarperCollins, 2000]. Is it the Internet? Is it wisdom? **LKY:** No, it is the inevitability of modern society, as they travel, as they-the world is changing around us every day.

IHT: That's the circle that I wanted to close. You talked about fighting for survival at the beginning of our talk. And the theme that's run through the rest of our talk has also been anticipating and defending against possible threats and dangers. That's really what Singapore is about, in some ways.

Is it fighting for survival?

LKY: It is. Yes.

IHT: And you, as a fighter, beginning your career as a fighter for-you've just kept on yourself, still fightina—

LKY: Let me put it like this. You do what you can in your lifetime. And as I went into my 70s I did less, and in my 80s I'm doing even less.

not determine what your people and your country are going to face in subsequent years, because forces are at work which will play out in a different way. So Churchill made a Herculean effort to save the British Isles and the British Empire, but-the forces were already set in motion for the dissolution of that empire and making Britain an island off Europe.

Stalin thought he had created the world's biggest empire at the end of WWII in 1945. But it was dissolved in 1991. So, history is a long time. I've done my bit. By that I mean I've only done what I could and had to do, I've also ensured succession, so that the system will continue to work.

And fortunately, my successor also ensured his succession. Now, it's up to the present team to make sure that there's a generation that can look after Singaporeans in different circumstances, maybe more trying than those we faced, because it will be a radically different world and a more demanding people. The present generation say this is the base line. Now we want more and better, and the leaders have to produce.

IHT: This system, machinery of government here in Singapore is looked on as a model all over the world. Are you confident that it can survive indefinitely or does it face problems that some companies face? For example, when they try to expand, they start to lose their edge. They start to lose their competitiveness. LKY: Well, I cannot say that we will not lose it. If we lose it, then we're done in. We go back to where we started, right?

We knew that if we were just like our neighbors, we would die. Because we've got nothing to offer against what they have to offer. So we had to produce something which is different and better than what they have. It's incorrupt. It's efficient. It's meritocratic. It works.

You asked me to predict what it will be in 50 years or The system works regardless of your race, language even 20 years. I cannot, because we have left our or religion because otherwise we'd have divisions. We are pragmatists. We don't stick to any ideology. Does it work? Let's try it and if it does work, fine, let's continue it. If it doesn't work, toss it out, try another one. We are not enamored with any ideology.

Let the historians and the Ph.D. students work out their doctrines. I'm not interested in theories per se. **IHT:** But a lot of these reflect your personality—the force of your personality.

LKY: No, no. A lot of it is the result of the problems we face and a team of us-I wasn't a loner. I had some very powerful minds working with me. And we sat down and thought through our options. Take this matter of getting MNCs [multinational corporations] to come here when the developing world expert economists said, "No, MNCs are exploiters,"

I went to America. This was a happenstance ... What were the Americans doing? They were exporting their manufacturing capabilities ... That's what I wanted. That's how it started.

 \leftarrow I said O.K., let's make this a first ບວ world oasis in a third world region. So not only will they come here to set

You can be the greatest leader in the world. You can-up plants and manufacture, they will also come here and from here explore the region.

> What do we need to attract them? First class infrastructure. Where do we get it from? We had the savings from our Central Provident Fund. We had some loans from the World Bank.

> We built up the infrastructure. The difficult part was getting the people to change their habits so that they behaved more like first world citizens, not like third world citizens spitting and littering all over the place.

> That was the difficult part. So, we had campaigns to do this, campaigns to do that. We said, "Look, if you don't do this, you won't get the jobs. You must make this place like the countries they came from. Then, they are comfortable. Then they'll do business here. Then, you'll have a job. Then, you'll have

> homes, schools, hospitals, etc." That's a long process. **IHT:** I'll come back to where I began. It was a model that was admired and respected around the world for generations and will be for a long time. Do you ever feel though, looking back, were there times where you'd overreached?

> LKY: (laughs) ... So many times where we could have made more deft moves. But, given the circumstances at that time and the pressure to get things done, we did the best we could given the facts and the circumstances we were in.

> IHT: Well, what about your opponents? Do you ever feel that, looking back now, maybe I didn't have to go that far?

LKY: My political opponents, you mean? IHT: Uhm-hmm.

LKY: No, I don't think so. I never killed them. I never destroyed them. Politically, they destroyed themselves.

IHT: To what extent can you replicate the Singapore model in other countries? Does it work?

LKY: Supposing we had oil and gas, do you think I 658-677 could get the people to do this? No. If I had oil and gas I'd have a different people, with different motivations and expectations. It's because we don't have CHI oil and gas and they know that we don't have, and they know that this progress comes from their ef-RON We are ideology-free. What would make the place SOURCE: http://www.nytimes.com/2007/08/29/world/asia/

> ART Marcel Duchamp by John Perreault 1917

DADA PERFUME: A DUCHAMP INTERVIEW

John Perreault: It has been a long time since we had one of our little conversations. They always meant so much to me.

Marcel Duchamp: 1964? Bob Rauschenberg brought you by, thinking you could play chess.

JP: I can, but I hate it. Besides, I think it was Jill Johnston. I know it wasn't Jasper, because I never really knew him and I didn't meet John Cage until much later, actually, in the South Pacific at a kind of conference.

A lot has happened since I first met vou. MD: Particularly to me.

MD: It is kind of embarrassing. I used to say that what happened to me only happens to others.

JP: Not to belabor the point, but I remember that when I first met you, which was at the beginning of my career as an art critic, and the so-called end of my career as an artist-we might call it an occlusionand almost the end of my career as a poet, you insisted that the true artist had no choice but to go underground. Now you are truly underground. MD: Very amusing.

JP: Not as amusing as your last artwork, Given: 1. the waterfall. 2. the lighting gas. Very few knew about that tableau until after it appeared at the Philadelphia Museum of Art among your other masterpieces. MD: My gift to the art world.

JP: Why did you keep it a secret?

MD: As we have discussed in the past, secrets have been essential to my work, which may or may not have anything to do with art.

JP: I read in Calvin Tomkins' biography called simply Duchamp (Henry Holt, 1996) that your brotherin-law Jean Crotti once said that how you used time was your real art work.

MD: Rather, it was how I abused time.

JP: For me your main contribution has been your secretiveness. And this inspired my own Secret Artworks. I'd say that that secrets are certainly a theme in your work. I think of the 1916 readymade called With a Hidden Noise, which is a ball of string with something inside of it that makes a noise when you shake it. What causes the noise? And the work, which I think is magnificent, is not Given itself-the barn door with peepholes and the nude and the waterfall beyond—but that it was kept a secret all the time you were working on it from 1946 to 1966 and beyond, until it was unveiled. Also, as I pointed out in print years ago, your output after the Bride Stripped Bare... when you were supposed to have given up art for chess has in retrospect proven not insignificant. Now when you look at the work, so much of which is at the Whitney now in Francis Naumann's exhibition called "Making Mischief: Dada Invades New York," it looks as if you were quite busy between chess games. The work was always there, but invisible, somewhat like Poe's purloined letter in that famous short story: hidden but in plain sight.

MD: I always kept busy in a mental way.

JP: Was that mental activity art?

MD: After a certain point I lost interest in making objects or pictures for sale. If you take away commerce and the prattle of critics, present company excepted, there is something left which may be art that in Calvin Tomkins' biography of you. I can underor something else.

JP: What is that something else? An idea? You have had an enormous influence on art that foregrounds an idea, on anti-object art, on process art, on postmodernism.

MD: No, not an idea. A rumor, a perfume.

JP: Yes. A perfume. You once said that art had a smell

that only lasted 30 years. And in the interview I published in the East Village Other in 1965. I guoted you as saying that art left a scent behind, even when it was removed to another room, another state, another country.

MANNER

← MD: One of my many contradicto-658 ry statements, so it must be true.

JP: Speaking of contradictions, does the current Whitney exhibition bring back memories? All your friends are there from the New York Dada period. The Countess, Man Ray, Beatrice Wood. Is there any art scent left in the objects, drawings, paintings, books?

MD: For me, none at all. All that work is dead. They have passed their 30 years. All the energy has been sucked out of them. I felt I was looking at work found in an Eqyptian tomb.

JP: I had a different experience. You still come up as the kingpin, although most of your important work has always been on view at the Philadelphia Museum of Art all of these years. On the whole, I think the show is worthwhile. You can see it and save the train fare to Philadelphia.

MD: Nicely put.

JP: I did, however, like the seven paintings by your old friend John Covert, particularly the one of an apple and an apple cut in half. And the little collection of things by the Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven. It made me go and look up some of her poems.

MD: She was an inspiration to us all. She had absolutely no fear. Her costumes were her art. And I enioved the way she hunted down and tortured poor William Carlos Williams, who had somehow become the object of her lust. Hadn't you seen her or Covert's art before?

JP: Not that I can remember.

MD: There. That explains why they were still alive to you. They have not been seen as much as my works. They have not been drained of their energy by the public. That explains their present-day perfume. Also I am sure you have guessed by now that the art perfume is sometimes mostly in the nose of the sniffer. JP: True. I also liked the mock-up of the Walter Arensberg apartment, where so many salons were held, having never been there myself.

MD: I found it suffocating. But business is business. Let the legend linger.

JP: Can I dare to urge you to be even more personal? MD: I hate being personal, but since I have long admired what the awful Hilton Kramer in the N.Y. Times called your avuncular, haphazard approach to art criticism, I will do my best.

JP: This is a dangerous question. Why did you marry Lydie Sarazin-Levassor? I have been reading about stand your relationship with Mary Reynolds, and then your marriage to Teeny, but Lydia, whom you married in 1927, seemed totally unsuitable. She was uninterested in art and not even very rich.

MD: Although it would have been pleasant if she had been as rich as I first thought, I married her because she was indifferent to art. I now claim the marriage as

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an artwork, a Happening, a Performance, very much I was recognized, and they offered to take off their ahead of its time. After all, my masterpiece is called The Bride Stripped Bare by Bachelors, Even. My first marriage extended that theme.

money. We know you kept your expenses to a minimum. But isn't it true that you became a private art dealer?

MD: There were all these Brancusi sculptures floating around and this and that. One has to make a living. But also remember that for a long time I made some spending money by giving French lessons.

JP: And the Whitney exhibition? Is it true to the period? **MD:** It is not for me to judge. For me, it is a collection of ghosts; cadavers on a slab; dead meat.

JP: Is there Dada now?

MD: The Dada we tried to create has not vet come into existence, probably cannot come into existence. This exhibition is not Dada; Tomkins' book is definitely not Dada. It might have been better to have added another floor showing fresh art, art with some surprise in it.

JP: The show is educational. It tries to capture a really wild period in American art. I am not sure that Naumann's theory that New York Dada, as opposed to European Dada, is humorous rather than witty. Tomkins points out that the French word you used, usually translated as "mind," in your famous statement that you wanted to put painting in the service of the mind, also means spirit, soul, vitality, character and wit. MD: He's right.

JP: The exhibition inadvertently confirms your role as a catalyst. But beyond the time frame of the exhibition, it is now a commonplace that without you, and without Dada, there would be not Pop, Conceptual Art and postmodern art.

MD: I take no responsibility.

JP: Have you seen any new art that you like?

MD: I don't get around much any more.

JP: May I recommend an exhibition?

MD: Certainly. I am always interested in what other artists are doing, particularly when they are following up on my ideas.

JP: Just yesterday, when I was opening my mail, there was a large-format newsprint poster picturing what I thought was your *Fountain*, the urinal you signed as a readymade in 1917. The poster said Saint Duchamp near where I live. How odd, I thought. MD: And?

JP: It's a brightly lit store front painted stark white, and directly in the window is a rack of novena candles, lit, and to the left a kind of kneeling device from a church with your Mona Lisa above it. Further inside: Nude Descending a Staircase, Fountain, Bottle-Rack, an unfinished Tu m' and the two-way door from Paris. At the rear, a door is open revealing a toilet with the lid up. The gallery was locked.

Fortunately, I saw light pouring out of the open cellar door-it was early evening-and walked down the stairs. Inside were a man and three women sitting around, the walls covered with drawings of Fountain.

clothes, because of the painting Alice Neel did of me nude. I said that wouldn't be necessary. The man remembered that I once had a studio in P.S. 122, which JP: My next, quite personal question is also about is untrue. But then again, I recently discovered that there is a young poet in New Jersey using my name, or pretty close, so perhaps he was the one who had the studio.

> MD: Don't tell me. The man in the cellar was the notorious Mike Bidlo, who has made Jackson Pollock paintings and copied everything exactly. Even Andy Warhol.

> JP: His best show yet. His name isn't even on the announcement. At the risk of adding inspiration to injury, I would like to add that eight of the 16 objects by you in the Whitney are replicas, reproductions, reconstructions or latter-day editions. Bidlo's Duchamps might be seen as replicas of replicas.

> MD: Well, I always said that a readymade had to consist of something of no aesthetic value, and that is certainly true of my readymades. I think that Bidlo fellow is on to something ...

JP: Are you still making art yourself?

MD: It is one of my bad habits. I am sure there will be more posthumous artworks surfacing.

JP: Finally, since the Whitney show focuses on New York Dada, what did New York mean to you and your artist friends?

MD: Freedom.

JP: What did Dada mean? MD: Freedom.

SOURCE: http://www.artsiournal.com/artopia/2014/08/ dada-perfume-a-duchamp-interview.html

FILM **Alien Resurrection** Jean-Pierre Jeunet 1997

and gave the address, which happened to be quite Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon, Ronald Shusett and Joss Whedon.

> CUT TO: INT. HALL-LATER Ripley and Call are on point. Ripley looks down the hall. Call is staring at her, and Ripley can feel the girl's eyes on her back.

RIPLEY (without looking around)

Did you think I was going to ... feed you to them?

CALL I think you still might. Ripley smiles. She may be right. RIPLEY I want to live.

CALL And you don't care about anything else.

ripley No.

CALL (BITTERLY) I guess you're more human than I thought.

RIPLEY Why did you come here?

CALL To kill you, remember? (after a beat) Because somebody has to.

RIPLEY Well it's not me. I did my time. Now I just want to...

She stops dead, staring at a door. CLONING STORAGE FACILITY is written on it. Stencilled beneath that is 'numbers 1–7'. Ripley stares. Tries the door, which opens.

DISTEPHMO That's not the way.

CHRISTIE

Ripley, we got no time for sightseeing. Ripley is looking down at her arm, at the 8 tattooed on it. She looks at Call. Looks back at Wren.

WREN Ripley... don't.

She enters.

CUT TO: INT. CLONING STORAGE FACILITY— CONTINUOUS

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stands in the doorway, others crowding behind her. Every face registers the horror of what they are seeing, but none more so than Ripley's. Numbers one through seven. The first failed efforts to clone Ripley. They are lined up like museum

← She stands a moment, staring,

before proceeding through it. Call

exhibits—or side show freaks. Here is the fetal Ripley, the fetal alien visible through

its translucent chest. In a jar.

Here is a prematurely old, diseased Ripley, withered blue skin clinging to collapsed bones.

Here is an attempt to separate the alien and grow it without the host—boneless, bubbling tissue, weak and useless mouth rigored in midmew.

Each one more horrifying than the last, and the last the worst of all. Ripley approaches, and stares at number seven.

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A complete mixture of alien and human DNA. A tortured, disgusting hybrid, half Ripley, half nightmare.

Hooked up wires and machines, it lies on the tilted-table, its head nearly level with Ripley's as she finally approaches it. When it opens its eyes, they are hers. It turns its head ever so slightly to look at her. Recognises her. Ripley cannot even speak. She begins to shake slightly looking at number seven.

NUMBER SEVEN Kill... us...

Ripley's eyes go saucered as it speaks out of nothing resembling a mouth. Ripley staggers back a step, shaking now. This is too much to bear...

CALL Ripley!

Ripley turns, slowly, still in a fever dream. Call cocks the grenade launcher with a loud CRACK. Her eyes meet Ripley's. Call tosses it to Ripley as the crew steps back and even catches it. Ripley FIRES, a grenade chugging to the end of room and BURST-ING in fire and noise, she FIRES another, tissue and steel exploding into flame, she turns to number seven, hand shakes momentarily... And she FIRES, the poor creature dissolving in a cloud of flame. Freezing gas jets fill the room, extinguishing potential spread, but the heart of the firestorm continues to rage in the chamber. She backs out, the crew waiting for her outside.

The launcher falls loudly to the ground. Ripley turns to Wren, her face rigid with pain. Wren backs up a step, looking around him for protection that the others have no thought of providing.

CALL Ripley... Don't do it.

Ripley stops. Weariness suffusing her expression.

RIPLEY Don't do what?

The tension passes. Wren breathes a little sigh of relief.

Call PUNCHES him across the jaw, his head whipping around as he collapses to the ground. Call starts down the hall, not even looking at him.

CALL Don't do that.

Feeling his jaw, Wren actually smiles at the absurdity of all this. It's kind of winning.

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Christie helps him up.

CHRISTIE Had it coming, Doc.

Johner looks in at the burning lab.

JOHNER What's the big deal? Fucking waste of ammo.

 $\ensuremath{\mathsf{ST}}\xspace$ JUST Let's move before anything comes to check out the noise.

JOHNER Chicks. man....

DISTEPHANO We go down from here.

CHRISTIE (TO VRIESS) We got to lose the chair. Vriess.

vriess **I know.**

CHRISTIE Kawlang maneuver, all right?

Vriess is pulling a coil of cords from the chair.

VRIESS Just like old times... SOURCE: Alien Resurrection, Screenplay

MYTH

Mentor

CHIRON MENTOR

Pindar, Pythian Ode 3. 1 ff (trans. Conway) (Greek lyric C5th B.C.):

"Would that Kheiron (Chiron), the son of Philyre—if so be that my lips the prayer must utter that lives in every heart—would that he might regain the life he left long since, that man of widespread power, the son of Kronos (Cronus) son of Ouranos, and that wild creature of the woods, that lover of mankind, were lord of Pelion's valleys still; such as he was when long ago he nursed gentle Asklepios (Asclepius), that craftsman of new health for weary limbs and banisher of pain, the godlike healer of mortal sickness." *Ovid, Metamorphoses 2. 628 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.):*

"Phoebus [Apollon] ... snatched his son [Asklepios, Asclepius] out of his mother's womb [as she lay dead

on her funeral pyre], out of the flames and carried him to two-formed Chiron's cave ... The centaur was delighted with that child of heavenly stock, his honourable charge. One day the Centaurus' [Chiron's] daughter came ... Ocyroe (Swift-Flowing) ... In the mystic mood of prophecy, when hidden in her heart the heavenly fervour glowed, she fixed her eyes upon the child [Asklepios, and foretold his future]." *Pindar, Pythian Ode 9. 26 ff (trans. Conway) (Greek lyric C5th B.C.):*

"Once as she [Kyrene, mother of Aristaios] battled with a fearsome lion, alone, without a spear, Apollon, far-shooting god of the broad guiver, came upon her; and straightway called from out his dwelling Kheiron (Chiron) and thus addressed him: 'Son of Philvre, come from your holy cave, and marvel at a woman's spirit and mighty vigour; with what undaunted mind she wages battle, a young maid with a heart that rides o'er every labour, and a spirit never shaken by the cold storms of fear. What mortal father begot this maid? And from what race of men has she been reft, to dwell within the dark dells of these clouded mountains? For her soul breeds a boundless wealth of valour. It is right to lay on her the touch of an ennobling hand, or even to pluck the flower of love, sweeter than honey?'

Then spoke the inspired Kentauros (Centaur), gentle laughter gleaming beneath his kindly brows and of his wisdom made straightway this answer: 'Secret, great Phoibos [Apollon], are the keys of wise Persuasion (Peitho) to love's true sanctities; both gods and men alike, in reverent modesty, are loth to taste in the open light of day the first sweet fruits of love. Yet thou, for whom even to savour falsehood is sacrilege, art led by they desire's delight thus to dissemble. Dost thou ask, o king, of what race is the maiden? Thou who knowest well the fated end of all things, whither all roads shall lead, who know'st the number of leaves that earth puts forth to meet the spring, how many grains of sand the surge of sea, or the sweeping gales send rolling down beside the river banks; thou who see'st clearly what shall be, and whence it shall betide! Yet if I needs must rival my wisdom against thine, thus shall I speak: to this glade didst thou come to be a husband to this maid, with the intent to carry her far o'er the sea, to a choice garden of great Zeus.

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 3. 30 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"To Autonoe and Aristaios was born a son Aktaion (Actaeon), who was reared by Kheiron (Chiron) and trained as a huntman, but was later eaten up on Kithairon (Cithaeron) by this own dogs ... They say that the goddess [Artemis] changed him [Aktaion] into a deer, and drove his fifty hunting dogs into a frenzy so that they unintentionally ate him. When he was no more, they looked for their master with great howls and bays, coming in the course of their search to Kheiron's cave. He made a likeness of Aktaion, which assuaged their grief."

Apollonius Rhodius, Argonautica 2. 512 ff (trans. Rieu) (Greek epic C3rd B.C.): "Kyrene herself was left in Libya by Apollon, who in token of his love made her a Nymphe and huntress with the gift of a long life. But he took his infant son [Aristaios, Apollon's son by Kyrene] away to be brought up by Kheiron (Chiron) in his cave. When the child had grown up the divine Mousai (Muses) found him a bride, taught him the arts of healing and prophecy, and made him the shepherd of all their flocks that grazed on the Athamantian plain in Phthia, round Mount Othrys and in the valley of the sacred River Apidanos. There came a time, however, when Aristaios migrated.

Pindar, Pythian Ode 4. 101 ff (trans. Conway) (Greek lyric C5th B.C.):

661 ← "With a bold heart and gentle words [Jason] answered him thus: 'Kheiron (Chiron) my teacher was, this shall

I prove. From Khariklo, I say, and Philyra's cave I come, where the chaste daughters of the Kentauros nursed my young days. Through all my twenty years I gave them no rough word or hasty deed ... For they [lason's parents], when first I saw the light, fearing that leader's overweening and cruel pride, laid forth within the house dark robes of mourning, as though their babe were dead; and amidst wailing women sent me forth secretly, wrapped in purple swaddling clothes, that only the dark of night might know my path, and gave me to Kheiron, Kronos' (Cronus') son, to be my guardian."

ARTICLE iPhone by Fred Vogelstein 06.10.2013

AND THEN STEVE SAID, 'LET THERE BE AN IPHONE'

The 55 miles from Campbell to San Francisco make for one of the nicest commutes anywhere. The journey mostly zips along the Junipero Serra Freeway, a grand and remarkably empty highway that abuts the east side of the Santa Cruz Mountains. It is one of the best places in Silicon Valley to spot a start-up tycoon speed-testing his Ferrari and one of the worst places for cellphone reception. For Andy Grignon, it was therefore the perfect place for him to be alone with his thoughts early on Jan. 8, 2007.

This wasn't Grignon's typical route to work. He was a senior engineer at Apple in Cupertino, the town just west of Campbell. His morning drive typically covered seven miles and took exactly 15 minutes. But today was different. He was going to watch his boss, Steve Jobs, make history at the Macworld trade show in San Francisco. Apple fans had for years

begged Jobs to put a cellphone inside their iPods so they could stop carrying two devices in their pockets. Jobs was about to fulfill that wish. Grignon and some colleagues would spend the night at a nearby hotel, and around 10 a.m. the following day they along with the rest of the world—would watch Jobs unveil the first iPhone.

Grignon knew the iPhone unveiling was not an ordinary product announcement, but no one could have anticipated what a seminal moment it would become. In the span of seven years, the iPhone and its iPad progeny have become among the most important innovations in Silicon Valley's history. They transformed the stodgy cellphone industry. They provided a platform for a new and hugely profitable software industry-mobile apps, which have generated more than \$10 billion in revenue since they began selling in 2008. And they have upended the multibillion-dollar personal-computer industry. If you include iPad sales with those for desktops and laptops, Apple is now the largest P.C. maker in the world. Around 200 million iPhones and iPads were sold last year, or more than twice the number of cars sold worldwide.

662 ← The impact has been not only economic but also cultural. Apple's

innovations have set off an entire rethinking of how humans interact with machines. It's not simply that we use our fingers now instead of a mouse. Smartphones, in particular, have become extensions of our brains. They have fundamentally changed the way people receive and process information. Ponder the individual impacts of the book, the newspaper, the telephone, the radio, the tape recorder, the camera, the video camera, the compass, the television, the VCR and the DVD, the personal computer, the cellphone, the video game and the iPod. The smartphone is all those things, and it fits in your pocket. Its technology is changing the way we learn in school, the way doctors treat patients, the way we travel and explore. Entertainment and media are accessed and experienced in entirely new ways.

When Jobs started talking about the iPhone on Jan. 9, 2007, he said, "This is a day I have been looking forward to for two and a half years." Then he regaled the audience with myriad tales about why consumers hated their cellphones. Then he solved all their problems—definitively.

As Grignon and others from Apple sat nervously in the audience, Jobs had the iPhone play some music and a movie clip to show off the phone's beautiful screen. He made a phone call to show off the phone's reinvented address book and voice mail. He sent a text and an e-mail, showing how easy it was to type on the phone's touch-screen keyboard. He scrolled through a bunch of photos, showing how simple pinches and spreads of two fingers could make the pictures smaller or bigger. He navigated The New York Times's and Amazon's Web sites to show that the iPhone's Internet browser was as good as the one on his computer. He found a Starbucks with Google Maps—and called the number from the

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stage—to show how it was impossible to get lost with an iPhone.

By the end, Grignon wasn't just relieved; he was drunk. He'd brought a flask of Scotch to calm his nerves. "And so there we were in the fifth row or something engineers, managers, all of us—doing shots of Scotch after every segment of the demo. There were about five or six of us, and after each piece of the demo, the person who was responsible for that portion did a shot. When the finale came—and it worked along with everything before it, we all just drained the flask. It was the best demo any of us had ever seen. And the rest of the day turned out to be just a [expletive] for the entire iPhone team. We just spent the entire rest of the day drinking in the city. It was just a mess, but it was great."

SOURCE: http://www.nytimes.com/2013/10/06/magazine/ and-then-steve-said-let-there-be-an-iphone. html?pagewanted=1&_r=1

IMPERSONATION Michel Foucault 1969

CHAPTER I

THE UNITIES OF DISCOURSE

The use of concepts of discontinuity, rupture, threshold, limit, series, and transformation present all historical analysis not only with questions of procedure, but with theoretical problems. It is these problems that will be studied here (the questions of procedure will be examined in later empirical studies—if the opportunity, the desire, and the courage to undertake them do not desert me). These theoretical problems too will be examined only in a particular field: in those disciplines—so unsure of their frontiers, and so vague in content—that we call the history of ideas, or of thought, or of science, or of knowledge. But there is a negative work to be carried out first:

we must rid ourselves of a whole mass of notions. each of which, in its own way, diversifies the theme of continuity. They may not have a very rigorous conceptual structure, but they have a very precise function. Take the notion of tradition: it is intended to give a special temporal status to a group of phenomena that are both successive and identical (or at least similar); it makes it possible to rethink the dispersion of history in the form of the same; it allows a reduction of the difference proper to every beginning, in order to pursue without discontinuity the endless search for the origin; tradition enables us to isolate the new against a background of permanence, and to transfer its merit to originality, to genius, to the decisions proper to individuals. Then there is the notion of influence, which provides a support—of too

magical a kind to be very amenable to analysis-for the facts of transmission and communication: which refers to an apparently causal process (but with neither rigorous delimitation nor theoretical definition) the phenomena of resemblance or repetition; which links, at a distance and through time—as if through the mediation of a medium of propagation-such defined unities as individuals' oeuvres, notions, or theories. There are the notions of development and evolution: they make it possible to group a succession of dispersed events, to link them to one and the same organizing principle, to subject them to the exemplary power of life (with its adaptations, its capacity for innovation, the incessant correlation of its different elements, its systems of assimilation and exchange), to discover, already at work in each beginning, a principle of coherence and the outline of a future unity, to master time through a perpetually reversible relation between an origin and a term that are never given, but are always at work. There is the notion of 'spirit', which enables us to establish between the simultaneous or successive phenomena of a given period a community of meanings, symbolic links, an interplay of resemblance and reflexion, or which allows the sovereignty of collective consciousness to emerge as the principle of unity and explanation. We must question those ready-made syntheses, those groupings that we normally accept before any examination, those links whose validity is recognized from the outset; we must oust those forms and obscure forces by which we usually link the discourse of one man with that of another: they must be driven out from the darkness in which they reign. And instead of according them unqualified, spontaneous value, we must accept, in the name of methodological rigour, that, in the first instance, they concern only a population of dispersed events.

> ← We must also question those divisions or groupings with which we have become so familiar. Can one

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accept, as such, the distinction between the major types of discourse, or that between such forms or genres as science, literature, philosophy, religion, history, fiction, etc., and which tend to create certain great historical individualities? We are not even sure of ourselves when we use these distinctions in our own world of discourse, let alone when we are analyzing groups of statements which, when first formulated, were distributed, divided, and characterized in a guite different way: after all, 'literature' and 'politics' are recent categories, which can be applied to medieval culture, or even classical culture, only by a retrospective hypothesis, and by an interplay of formal analogies or semantic resemblances; but neither literature, nor politics, nor philosophy and the sciences articulated the field of discourse, in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, as they did in the nineteenth century. In any case, these divisions-whether our own, or those contemporary with the discourse under examination-are always themselves reflexive categories, principles of classification, normative rules,

institutionalized types: they, in turn, are facts of discourse that deserve to be analysed beside others; of course, they also have complex relations with each other, but they are not intrinsic, autochthonous, and universally recognizable characteristics.

But the unities that must be suspended above all are those that emerge in the most immediate way: those of the book and the oeuvre. At first sight, it would seem that one could not abandon these unities without extreme artificiality. Are they not given in the most definite way? There is the material individualization of the book, which occupies a determined space, which has an economic value, and which itself indicates, by a number of signs, the limits of its beginning and its end; and there is the establishment of an oeuvre, which we recognize and delimit by attributing a certain number of texts to an author. And yet as soon as one looks at the matter a little more closely the difficulties begin. The material unity of the book? Is this the same in the case of an anthology of poems, a collection of posthumous fragments, Desargues' Trait! des Coniques, or a volume of Michelet's Histoire de France? Is it the same in the case of Mallarmé's Un Coup de dés, the trial of Gilles de Rais, Butor's San Marco, or a Catholic missal? In other words, is not the material unity of the volume a weak, accessory unity in relation to the discursive unity of which it is the support? But is this discursive unity itself homogeneous and uniformly applicable? A novel by Stendhal and a novel by Dostoevsky do not have the same relation of individuality as that between two novels belonging to Balzac's cycle La Comédie humaine; and the relation between Balzac's novels is not the same as that existing between Joyce's Ulysses and the Odyssey. The frontiers of a book are never clear-cut: beyond the title, the first lines, and the last full stop, beyond its internal configuration and its autonomous form, it is caught up in a system of references to other books, other texts, other sentences: it is a node within a network. And this network of references is not the same in the case of a mathematical treatise, a textual commentary, a historical account, and an episode in a novel cycle; the unity of the book, even in the sense of a group of relations, cannot be regarded as identical in each case. The book is not simply the object that one holds in one's hands; and it cannot remain within the little parallelepiped that contains it: its unity is variable and relative. As soon as one questions that unity, it loses its self-evidence; it indicates itself, constructs itself, only on the basis of a complex field of discourse.

The problems raised by the oeuvre are even more difficult. Yet, at first sight, what could be more simple? A collection of texts that can be designated by the sign of a proper name. But this designation (even leaving to one side problems of attribution) is not a homogeneous function: does the name of an author designate in the same way a text that he has published under his name, a text that he has presented under a pseudonym, another found after his death in the form of an unfinished draft, and another that is merely a collection of jottings, a notebook? The

establishment of a complete oeuvre presupposes a number of choices that are difficult to justify or even to formulate: is it enough to add to the texts published by the author those that he intended for publication but which remained unfinished by the fact of his death? Should one also include all his sketches and first drafts, with all their corrections and crossings out? Should one add sketches that he himself abandoned? And what status should be given to letters, notes, reported conversations, transcriptions of what he said made by those present at the time, in short, to that vast mass of verbal traces left by an individual at his death, and which speak in an endless confusion so many different languages? In any case, the name 'Mallarmé' does not refer in the same way to his themes (translation exercises from French into English), his translations of Edgar Allan Poe, his poems, and his replies to questionnaires; similarly, the same relation does not exist between the name Nietzsche on the one hand and the youthful autobiographies, the scholastic dissertations, the philological articles, Zarathustra, Ecce Homo, the letters, the last postcards signed 'Dionysos' or 'Kaiser Nietzsche', and the innumerable notebooks with their jumble of laundry bills and sketches for aphorisms. In fact, if one speaks, so undiscriminately and unreflectingly of an author's oeuvre, it is because one imagines it to be defined by a certain expressive function. One is admitting that there must be a level (as deep as it is necessary to imagine it) at which the oeuvre emerges, in all its fragments, even the smallest, most inessential ones, as the expression of the thought, the experience, the imagination, or the unconscious of the author, or, indeed, of the historical determinations that operated upon him. But it is at once apparent that such a unity, far from being given immediately, is the result of an operation; that this operation is interpretative (since it deciphers, in the text, the transcription of something that it both conceals and manifests); and that the operation that determines the opus, in its unity, and consequently the oeuvre itself, will not be the same in the case of the author of Le Théâtre et son double (Artaud) and the author of the Tractatus (Wittgenstein), and therefore when one speaks of an oeuvre in each case one is using the word in a different sense. The oeuvre can be regarded neither as an immediate unity, nor as a certain unity, nor as a homogeneous unity.

SOURCE: The Archaeology of Knowledge

BOOK Frankenstein Mary Shelley *1818*

← From this day natural philosophy, and particularly chemistry, in the

most comprehensive sense of the term, became nearly my sole occupation. I read with ardour those works, so full of genius and discrimination, which modern inquirers have written on these subjects. I attended the lectures and cultivated the acquaintance of the men of science of the university, and I found even in M. Krempe a great deal of sound sense and real information. combined, it is true, with a repulsive physiognomy and manners, but not on that account the less valuable. In M. Waldman I found a true friend. His gentleness was never tinged by dogmatism, and his instructions were given with an air of frankness and good nature that banished every idea of pedantry. In a thousand ways he smoothed for me the path of knowledge and made the most abstruse inquiries clear and facile to my apprehension. My application was at first fluctuating and uncertain; it gained strength as I proceeded and soon became so ardent and eager that the stars often disappeared in the light of morning whilst I was yet engaged in my laboratory. As I applied so closely, it may be easily conceived that my progress was rapid. My ardour was indeed the astonishment of the students, and my proficiency that of the masters. Professor Krempe often asked me, with a sly smile, how Cornelius Agrippa went on, whilst M. Waldman expressed the most heartfelt exultation in my progress. Two years passed in this manner, during which I paid no visit to Geneva, but was engaged, heart and soul, in the pursuit of some discoveries which I hoped to make. None but those who have experienced them can conceive of the enticements of science. In other studies you go as far as others have gone before you, and there is nothing more to know; but in a scientific pursuit there is continual food for discovery and wonder. A mind of moderate capacity which closely pursues one study must infallibly arrive at great proficiency in that study; and I, who continually sought the attainment of one object of pursuit and was solely wrapped up in this, improved so rapidly that at the end of two years I made some discoveries in the improvement of some chemical instruments, which procured me great esteem and admiration at the university. When I had arrived at this point and had become as well acquainted with the theory and practice of natural philosophy as depended on the lessons of any of the professors at Ingolstadt, my residence there being no longer conducive to my improvements, I thought of returning to my friends and my native town, when an incident happened that protracted my stay.

One of the phenomena which had peculiarly attracted my attention was the structure of the human frame,

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and, indeed, any animal embued with life. Whence, I often asked myself, did the principle of life proceed? It was a bold question, and one which has ever been considered as a mystery; yet with how many things are we upon the brink of becoming acquainted, if cowardice or carelessness did not restrain our inquiries. I revolved these circumstances in my mind and determined thenceforth to apply myself more particularly to those branches of natural philosophy which relate to physiology. Unless I had been animated by an almost supernatural enthusiasm, my application to this study would have been irksome and almost intolerable. To examine the causes of life. we must first have recourse to death. I became acquainted with the science of anatomy, but this was not sufficient: I must also observe the natural decay and corruption of the human body. In my education my father had taken the greatest precautions that my mind should be impressed with no supernatural horrors. I do not ever remember to have trembled at a tale of superstition or to have feared the apparition of a spirit. Darkness had no effect upon my fancy, and a churchyard was to me merely the receptacle of bodies deprived of life, which, from being the seat of beauty and strength, had become food for the worm. Now I was led to examine the cause and progress of this decay and forced to spend days and nights in vaults and charnel-houses. My attention was fixed upon every object the most insupportable to the delicacy of the human feelings. I saw how the fine form of man was degraded and wasted; I beheld the corruption of death succeed to the blooming cheek of life; I saw how the worm inherited the wonders of the eye and brain. I paused, examining and analysing all the minutiae of causation, as exemplified in the change from life to death, and death to life, until from the midst of this darkness a sudden light broke in upon me-a light so brilliant and wondrous, yet so simple, that while I became dizzy with the immensity of the prospect which it illustrated, I was surprised that among so many men of genius who had directed their inquiries towards the same science, that I alone should be reserved to discover so astonishing a secret.

Remember, I am not recording the vision of a madman. The sun does not more certainly shine in the heavens than that which I now affirm is true. Some miracle might have produced it, yet the stages of the discovery were distinct and probable. After days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue, I succeeded in discovering the cause of generation and life; nay, more, I became myself capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter.

The astonishment which I had at first experienced on this discovery soon gave place to delight and rapture. After so much time spent in painful labour, to arrive at once at the summit of my desires was the most gratifying consummation of my toils. But this discovery was so great and overwhelming that all the steps by which I had been progressively led to it were obliterated, and I beheld only the result. What had been the study and desire of the wisest men

MANNER

since the creation of the world was now within my grasp. Not that, like a magic scene, it all opened upon me at once: the information I had obtained was of a nature rather to direct my endeavours so soon as I should point them towards the object of my search than to exhibit that object already accomplished. I was like the Arabian who had been buried with the dead and found a passage to life, aided only by one glimmering and seemingly ineffectual light. I see by your eagerness and the wonder and hope which your eyes express, my friend, that you expect to be informed of the secret with which I am acquainted; that cannot be: listen patiently until the end of my story, and you will easily perceive why I am reserved upon that subject. I will not lead you on, unguarded and ardent as I then was, to your destruction and infallible misery. Learn from me, if not by my precepts, at least by my example, how dangerous is the acquirement of knowledge and how much happier that man is who believes his native town to be the world, than he who aspires to become greater than his nature will allow. When I found so astonishing a power placed within my hands, I hesitated a long time concerning the manner in which I should employ it. Although I possessed the capacity of bestowing animation, yet to prepare a frame for the reception of it, with all its intricacies of fibres, muscles, and veins, still remained a work of inconceivable difficulty and labour. I doubted at first whether I should attempt the creation of a being like myself, or one of simpler organization; but my imagination was too much exalted by my first success to permit me to doubt of my ability to give life to an animal as complex and wonderful as man. The materials at present within my command hardly appeared adequate to so arduous an undertaking, but I doubted not that I should ultimately succeed. I prepared myself for a multitude of reverses; my operations might be incessantly baffled, and at last my work be imperfect, yet when I considered the improvement which every day takes place in science and mechanics. I was encouraged to hope my present attempts would at least lay the foundations of future success. Nor could I consider the magnitude and complexity of my plan as any argument of its impracticability. It was with these feelings that I began the creation of a human being. As the minuteness of the parts formed a great hindrance to my speed, I resolved, contrary to my first intention, to make the being of a gigantic stature, that is to say, about eight feet in height, and proportionably large. After having formed this determination and having spent some months in successfully collecting and arranging my materials, I began. No one can conceive the variety of feelings which bore me onwards, like a hurricane, in the first enthusiasm of success. Life and death appeared to me ideal bounds, which I should first break through, and pour a torrent of light into our dark world. A new species would bless me as its creator and source; many happy and excellent natures would owe their being to me. No father could claim the gratitude of his child so completely as I should deserve theirs. Pursuing these reflections, I thought that if I could bestow animation upon

lifeless matter, I might in process of time (although I now found it impossible) renew life where death had apparently devoted the body to corruption. These thoughts supported my spirits, while I pursued my undertaking with unremitting ardour. My cheek had grown pale with study, and my person had become emaciated with confinement. Sometimes, on the very brink of certainty, I failed; yet still I clung to the hope which the next day or the next hour might realize. One secret which I alone possessed was the hope to which I had dedicated myself; and the moon gazed on my midnight labours, while, with unrelaxed and breathless eagerness, I pursued nature to her hiding-places. Who shall conceive the horrors of my secret toil as I dabbled among the

unhallowed damps of the grave or tortured the living animal to animate the lifeless clay? My limbs now tremble, and my eyes swim with the remembrance; but then a resistless and almost frantic impulse urged me forward; I seemed to have lost all soul or sensation but for this one pursuit. It was indeed but a passing trance, that only made me feel with renewed acuteness so soon as, the unnatural stimulus ceasing to operate, I had returned to my old habits. I collected bones from charnel-houses and disturbed, with profane fingers, the tremendous secrets of the human frame. In a solitary chamber, or rather cell, at the top of the house, and separated from all the other apartments by a gallery and staircase, I kept my workshop of filthy creation; my eyeballs were starting from their sockets in attending to the details of my employment. The dissecting room and the slaughter-house furnished many of my materials; and often did my human nature turn with loathing from my occupation, whilst, still urged on by an eagerness which perpetually increased, I brought my work near to a conclusion.

The summer months passed while I was thus engaged, heart and soul, in one pursuit. It was a most beautiful season; never did the fields bestow a more plentiful harvest or the vines vield a more luxuriant vintage, but my eyes were insensible to the charms of nature. And the same feelings which made me neglect the scenes around me caused me also to forget those friends who were so many miles absent, and whom I had not seen for so long a time. I knew my silence disquieted them, and I well remembered the words of my father: "I know that while you are pleased with yourself you will think of us with affection, and we shall hear regularly from you. You must pardon me if I regard any interruption in your correspondence as a proof that your other duties are equally neglected." I knew well therefore what would be my father's feelings, but I could not tear my thoughts from my employment, loathsome in itself, but which had taken an irresistible hold of my imagination. I wished, as it were, to procrastinate all that related to my feelings of affection until the great object, which swallowed up every habit of my nature, should be completed. I then thought that my father would be unjust if he ascribed my neglect to vice or faultiness on my part, but I am now convinced that he was justified in blame. A human being in perfection ought always to preserve a calm and peaceful mind and never to allow passion or a transitory desire to disturb his tranguillity. I do not think that the pursuit of knowledge is an exception to this rule. If the study to which you apply yourself has a tendency to weaken your affections and to destroy your taste for those simple pleasures in which no alloy can possibly mix, then that study is certainly unlawful, that is to say, not befitting the human mind. If this rule were always observed; if no man allowed any pursuit whatsoever to interfere with the tranquillity of his domestic affections. Greece had not been enslaved. Caesar would have spared his country, America would have been discovered more gradually, and the empires of Mexico and Peru had not been destroyed. But I forget that I am moralizing in the most interesting part of my tale, and your looks remind me to proceed. My father made no reproach in his letters and only took notice of my silence by inquiring into my occupations more particularly than before. Winter, spring, and summer passed away during my labours; but I did not watch the blossom or the expanding

conceiving that I should not be altogether free from

leaves-sights which before always yielded me supreme delight—so deeply was I engrossed in my occupation. The leaves of that year had withered before my work drew near to a close, and now every day showed me more plainly how well I had succeeded. But my enthusiasm was checked by my anxiety, and I appeared rather like one doomed by slavery to toil in the mines, or any other unwholesome trade than an artist occupied by his favourite employment. Every night I was oppressed by a slow fever, and I became nervous to a most painful degree; the fall of a leaf startled me, and I shunned my fellow creatures as if I had been guilty of a crime. Sometimes I grew alarmed at the wreck I perceived that I had become; the energy of my purpose alone sustained me: my labours would soon end, and I believed that exercise and amusement would then drive away incipient disease: and I promised myself both of these when my creation should be complete.

SOURCE: www.gutenberg.org/files/84/84-h/84-h.htm

FILM Blade Runner Ridley Scott 1982

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT—NIGHT Pris is staring out the window, watching. Batty lies quietly on the couch, rubbing one of his hands.

Sounds emanate from the kitchen. Batty gets up and goes to a chess set in the corner of the room, a game is obviously in progress. Batty studies it for a moment, then moves the White Queen to the Bishop. Pris walks over to him. Her tone muted but demanding.

PRIS Well?

Batty finds her attitude amusing, which makes her even more pugnacious.

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I want to know what's going on?

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BATTY
There's only two of us left.
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Pris is shocked. Her whisper comes out a hiss.

PRIS

Then we're stupid and we'll die.

J- BATTY

Not if everybody is doing their job here at home. How are things at home?

Pris doesnt answer, as they hear Sebastian coming out of the kitchen.

PRIS What if he won't co-operate?

BATTY

Mr. Sebastian is a host who wants to be appreciated. We'll appreciate him and he'll co-operate.

Sebastian walks into the room with a tray. He takes some eggs and puts them into a glass flask full of bubbling water that is standing on a retort stand over a bunsen burner on his work bench. He notices the move on the chess set.

SEBASTIAN No. The Knight takes the Queen, see? It won't do.

He takes the White Queen with the Black Knight. Batty smiles a smile totally without feeling or interest. Sebastian stares at Batty for a long moment, then at Pris.

BATTY Why are you staring at us?

SEBASTIAN You're just so... so different.

Batty nods his head smiling, sending home the fact and Sebastian is certainly getting it.

RATTY What Sebastian?

A long pause.

PRIS What makes you think so. Sebastian?

SERASTIAN Well, you're ...so perfect.

Sebastian is grinning from ear to ear.

← SEBASTIAN 665 What generation are you?

BATTY Nexus 6.

Sebastian whistles. To the couch. Batty couldn't be more pleased.

SEBASTIAN I know because I do genetic design work for the Tyrell Corporation. (proudly) There's some of me in you!

BATTY We have a lot in common.

SEBASTIAN What do you mean?

RATTY We have similar problems. Accelerated decrepitude. (or) Like the fabled salmon we came home to die. But we don't want to die guite yet.

SEBASTIAN Of course not...Could you....

His voice is trembling.

SEBASTIAN Show me something.

BATTY Like what?

SERASTIAN Like... anything?

Like a million things, but he's too excited to think of one.

BATTY We're not computers, Sebastian, we're physical. Pris perks up proudly.

I think, therefore I am.

PPIS

BATTY Very good Pris. Now show him why.

Without a moment's hesitation. Pris walks over to the flask, sticks her hands into the boiling water and pulls out one of the eggs and hands it to Sebastian. Sebastian is riveted, his eyes wide and astounded, like he's just seen the devil. He laughs nervously, glad that the devil is a friend. Then drops the egg which is suddenly burning his hand.

MANNER

BATTY You could help us.

SEBASTIAN I don't know much about biomechanics Roy, I wish I did, but you're out of my league.

BATTY If we don't find help soon, Pris hasn't got long to live.

Batty walks back to the chess set.

BATTY Is he good?

SEBASTIAN Who?

BATTY Your opponent.

SEBASTIAN Dr. Tyrell.... More than brilliant. He's a genius. He's the Einstein of genetics.

BATTY Maybe he can help us, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN I'd be happy to mention it to him.

RATTY Be better if I could talk to him in person. But he's not an easy man to get to.

SEBASTIAN No.

Batty leans forward and looks right into Sebastian's eyes.

BATTY Will you help us? MANNER

SEBASTIAN I....I.. can't.

He gets up and walks slowly over to Pris.

PRIS We really need you Sebastian, you're our best and only friend.

A smile begins to spread across Sebastian's face. She is irresistable. He sits there for a long moment enjoying her embrace. Batty leans back nodding in gratitude.

BATTY I'm sure glad vou found us. Sebastian. What do you think, Pris?

PRIS I don't think there's another human being in this whole world who would have helped us.

Pris gives Sebastian a big kiss. SOURCE: Blade Runner, Screenplay

MYTH Protector

CHIRON PROTECTOR

Pindar, Nemean Ode 4. 55 ff (trans. Conway) (Greek lvric C5th B.C.):

"When he [Peleus] had foiled Akastos' bride Hippolyte and her treacherous quile [i.e. she accused him of attempting to seduce her]. Then [Akastos] sought Pelias' son [Peleus], stealing his sword, the blade of Daidalos' magic, to contrive his death by ambush; saved by Kheiron's (Chiron's) hand, the fate destined by Zeus he made his own."

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← Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 3. 167 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"After he [Peleus] had gone to sleep on Pelion, Akastos hid his dagger ... and returned home, deserting Peleus. As he awoke and started looking for his dagger, he was taken by the Kentauroi (Centaurs), and was on the verge of perishing when he was spared by Kheiron (Chiron), who also sought out and handed him back his dagger."

Diodorus Siculus, Library of History 6 Fragment 7 (trans. Oldfather) (Greek historian C1st B.C.):

"At a later time, since Kheiron (Chiron) conferred benefactions upon him [Peleus] and shared his own country with him he ... became king of the city of the lolkoi."

Antoninus Liberalis, Metamorphoses 38 (trans, Celoria) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"He [Peleus] betook himself to Akastos whose wife's amorous behaviour led to his being marooned alone on Mount Pelion. In his wanderings he encountered Kheiron (Chiron) the kentauros (centaur), sought his help and was received into his cave."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 14 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Peleus and Telamon, sons of Aeacus and Endeis, daughter of Chiron."

ARTICLE **Recreational Vehicle. Full-Time RVer's Story:** by Mary Campbell

← In the year 1997 my family rented 667 an RV Class C so we could follow our son Mike who was on the rowing

team at the University of Michigan. We loved the idea that we could drive in the evening, get to the rowing parking lot late, sleep there at night and be in the middle of the activity the next day for the rowing meet.

In the year 2000, my husband and I decided to buy a bigger RV Class A and retire after 40 years in the workforce. We had a home in Detroit that we loved and we started to take some trips, first 4 months in 2000 then 6 months in 2001, then in 2002 we took a 10 month 30,000 mile trip to Alaska and back by way of ground zero in New York, Vero Beach, FL, New Orleans, LA, the Guatemalan Border, the Arctic Circle, Alaska, Apple Valley, CA, Napa Valley and home.

It was a great trip and on the way we built houses for Habitat for Humanity with a group called the RV Care-a-Vanners-a group of retirees who travel in their RVs and take two weeks out along the way to build affordable housing according to the philosophy of Millard Fuller, the founder of Habitat, that everyone is entitled to a decent place to sleep at night.

In 2006 we decided that if we could spend 10 months in the RV traveling around the country that we could spend a lifetime. So we sold our home and our belongings as garage sale items and moved in. What a thrill and a simple life it is. We have travelled, building for Habitat and visiting friends and family along the way.

It is 2009 and we have been full-timers for three years with no plans in sight to buy a house and stand still. I even volunteered to take on the coordinator's job for the RV Care-a-Vanners when, due to budget cuts, that position was dropped from the program. I went to Americus, Georgia, the Habitat Headquarters and

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volunteered to run the program if they would let me run it from my RV. So on June 15th of this year my husband Tony and I went on the road with a laptop, the program, an air-card and the phone number from the RV Coordinator desk running the program and never looked back.

We know some day that the time will come when we won't be as strong and healthy as we are now. I guess at that time we will hang up our hiking boots and our map of the back country of Yosemite and Denali and buy a rocking chair. But don't look for us doing that any time soon?

SOURCE: http://www.rvlifestyleexperts.com/free-rv-info/ full-time-rving/full-time-rvers-story/

ART Cremaster 4 Matthew Barney 1994

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← Cremaster 4 adheres most closely to the project's biological model. This penultimate episode describes the

system's onward rush toward descension despite its resistance to division. The logo for this chapter is the Manx triskelion-three identical armored legs revolving around a central axis. Set on the Isle of Man, the film absorbs the island's folklore as well as its more recent incarnation as host to the Tourist Trophy motorcycle race. Myth and machine combine to narrate a story of candidacy, which involves a trial of the will articulated by a series of passages and transformations. The film comprises three main character zones. The Loughton Candidate (played by Barney) is a satyr with two sets of impacted sockets in his head-four nascent horns, which will eventually grow into those of the mature, Loughton Ram, an ancient breed native to the island. Its horns-two arcing upward, two down-form a diagram that proposes a condition of undifferentiation, with ascension and descension coexisting in equilibrium.

The second and third character zones comprise a pair of motorcycle sidecar teams: the Ascending and Descending Hacks. These primary characters are attended to by a trio of fairies who mirror the three narrative fields occupied by the Candidate and the two racing teams. Having no volition of their own, these creatures metamorphose in accordance with whatever field they occupy at any given time.

Cremaster 4 begins and ends in a building on the end of Queen's Pier. As the film starts, the Candidate is being prepared by the fairies for a journey. The motorcycle race begins, and each team speeds off in opposite directions. The camera cuts back and forth

between the race and the Candidate, who is tap-dancing his way through a slowly eroding floor. As the bikes vie for the title, the camera pulls in for close-up shots of the riders' torsos.

Gelatinous gonadal forms—undifferentiated internal sex organs—emerge from slots in their uniforms in a migratory quest for directionality. In the case of the Ascending Hack, the organs move upward toward a second set of slots in the leather. With the Descending Hack, they ooze downward.

Back at the pier, the Candidate plunges through the floor into the sea and heads toward the island. At the moment of his fall-a transition from the utopian realm of pregenital oneness to that of bifurcationthe Ascending Hack collides with a stone embankment and the Descending Hack pulls off the course for a pit stop, where the fairies service its motorcycle. The Candidate reaches land and begins to burrow his way up into the body of the island through a curving channel that he must navigate in order to reach the finish line, where the two Hacks will converge. This conduit leads him to a bluff, where the fairies are having a picnic. They frolic in a game that mirrors the conflict enacted by the principal characters, but with none of the tension. Still in his underground tunnel, the Candidate finally reaches his destination. The Loughton Ram stands at this junction-a symbol for the integration of opposites, the urge for unity that fuels this triple race. But before the Candidate and Hacks meet, the screen goes white. The Candidate's dream of transcending his biology to dwell in the space of pure symmetry is shattered. In the final sequence at the pier the Hacks are parked on discrete ramps sloping down from the building's exterior. In the closing image the camera peers through an open crotch at the top of the frame toward the end of the pier. A tightly retracted scrotum is pierced with clasps connected to vinyl cords, which trail off to the awaiting Ascending and Descending Hacks, who will drive toward the island to pick up the slack. Full descension is guaranteed. SOURCE: http://www.cremaster.net/crem4.htm

BOOK Metamorphosis Franz Kafka 1915

CHAPTER ONE

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← One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a

horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked.

"What's happened to me?" he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table—Samsa was a travelling salesman—and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her lower arm towards the viewer.

Gregor then turned to look out the window at the dull weather. Drops of rain could be heard hitting the pane, which made him feel quite sad. "How about if I sleep a little bit longer and forget all this nonsense", he thought, but that was something he was unable to do because he was used to sleeping on his right, and in his present state couldn't get into that position. However hard he threw himself onto his right, he always rolled back to where he was. He must have tried it a hundred times, shut his eyes so that he wouldn't have to look at the floundering legs, and only stopped when he began to feel a mild, dull pain there that he had never felt before.

"Oh, God", he thought, "what a strenuous career it is that I've chosen! Travelling day in and day out. Doing business like this takes much more effort than doing your own business at home, and on top of that there's the curse of travelling, worries about making train connections, bad and irregular food, contact with different people all the time so that you can never get to know anyone or become friendly with them. It can all go to Hell!" He felt a slight itch up on his belly; pushed himself slowly up on his back towards the headboard so that he could lift his head better; found where the itch was, and saw that it was covered with lots of little white spots which he didn't know what to make of; and when he tried to feel the place with one of his leas he drew it quickly back because as soon as he touched it he was overcome by a cold shudder.

He slid back into his former position. "Getting up early all the time", he thought, "it makes you stupid. You've got to get enough sleep. Other travelling salesmen live a life of luxury. For instance, whenever I go back to the guest house during the morning to copy out the contract, these gentlemen are always still sitting there eating their breakfasts. I ought to just try that with my boss; I'd get kicked out on the spot. But who knows, maybe that would be the best thing for me. If I didn't have my parents to think about I'd have given in my notice a long time ago. I'd have gone up to the boss and told him just what I think, tell him everything I would, let him know just what I feel. He'd fall right off his desk! And it's a funny sort of business to be sitting up there at your desk, talking down at your subordinates from up there, especially when you have to go right up close because the boss is hard of hearing. Well, there's still some hope; once I've got the money together to pay off my parents' debt to him-another five or six years I suppose-that's definitely what I'll do. That's when I'll make the big change. First of all though, I've got to get up, my train leaves at five."

And he looked over at the alarm clock, ticking on the chest of drawers. "God in Heaven!" he thought. It was half past six and the hands were quietly moving forwards, it was even later than half past, more like guarter to seven. Had the alarm clock not rung? He could see from the bed that it had been set for four o'clock as it should have been; it certainly must have rung. Yes, but was it possible to quietly sleep through that furniture-rattling noise? True, he had not slept peacefully, but probably all the more deeply because of that. What should he do now? The next train went at seven: if he were to catch that he would have to rush like mad and the collection of samples was still not packed, and he did not at all feel particularly fresh and lively. And even if he did catch the train he would not avoid his boss's anger as the office assistant would have been there to see the five o'clock train go, he would have put in his report about Gregor's not being there a long time ago. The office assistant was the boss's man, spineless, and with no understanding. What about if he reported sick? But that would be extremely strained and suspicious as in fifteen years of service Gregor had never once yet been ill. His boss would certainly come round with the doctor from the medical insurance company, accuse his parents of having a lazy son, and accept the doctor's recommendation not to make any claim as the doctor believed that no-one was ever ill but that many were workshy. And what's more, would he have been entirely wrong in this case? Gregor did in fact, apart from excessive sleepiness after sleeping for so long, feel completely well and even felt much hungrier than usual.

SOURCE: Metamorphosis

MANNER

ART **Daniel Lee** by James A. Cotter 2002

 \leftarrow There was a time when the streets of Lower Manhattan were crawling with monsters: street people, barflies, druggies, and the homeless dominated neighborhoods like SoHo and Alphabet City.

These areas have long since been gentrified, and you are more likely to run into a gang of yuppies coming back from dinner at a trendy bistro than to be running from a pack of angry punks. The creatures are still there, of course; they've just been pushed further underground, away from the glare of the spic and span. Daniel Lee remembers the old days well. When he came to New York in the early 1970s, he lived on a block where the homeless found solace in his doorway and muggings were a nightly occurrence. "You wouldn't want to leave a car on the street. The next day, you'd find the tires gone or worse." But Lee has found beauty and inspiration in the underbelly of the city and the beasts that occupy its dark corners.

Lee's exploration of the human form and its relation to our primitive past draws inspiration equally from Darwin's theory of evolution, the Chinese zodiac, the Buddhist belief in reincarnation, and the pulsing rhythm of New York after hours. But perhaps most important to Lee's work is a fascination with how photographs of ordinary people can be manipulated to create images that are both grotesque and elegant. One would not want to meet up with one of Lee's creations in a dark alley, but in the artist's mind, they are a representation of what we all have lurking inside us, waiting for the opportunity to burst out.

Born in China and educated in Taiwan, Lee spent his formative years painting and drawing. He earned a BFA from the College of Chinese Culture, and found interest and success in filmmaking in Asian markets such as Hong Kong. He came to the United States in 1970 with the expectation of continuing his education (he earned a master's degree at the Philadelphia College of Art in 1972) and finding work in the visual arts. To his dismay, he discovered that the skills he developed in school and overseas did not translate into meaningful career opportunities. "When I moved to New York after graduate school, I couldn't get a job in photography, and forget about the movies," remembers Lee. "I did everything, from waitering to being a busboy before I got a job in an ad agency." Lee honed his technical skills in layout and typesetting in the advertising world and steadily worked his way up to the position of art director. But he longed to use his artistic talent in a more creative way. Lee found himself hanging around the studio whenever a project called for a photographer. He was intrigued by the use of lighting and the techniques employed to get the perfect shot. Lee had some experience in

graduate school with photography and was determined to realize his dream of working as a full-time artist. Boldly, Lee guit the agency and started to experiment with the camera to satisfy his creative drive. To see Lee's early work is to understand the profound effect the computer has had in shaping his career. Initially, Lee's images were marked by potent realism: colorful still lifes, street scenes in New York, and portraits of marginalized people from trips to China and Spain. Although the work was well received, he felt limited by the constraints of traditional photography. Like many photographers, Lee's first computer, a Macintosh Quadra 950, provided him with the tools necessary to create the kind of images that had always been in his imagination. "I spent all my money, maybe \$10,000. I wanted to start work that was more conceptual, to start something completely from scratch. If you want to make real progress in life, sometimes you have to drop everything and not look back. The computer gave me a different way of thinking about the art form." Lee began to alter his images in Adobe Photoshop and found the freedom of the technology inspired him to approach the creative process in a fresh way. "I could see how easy it was to change color, to superimpose, to strip images. That was really the beginning of something new. "The result of his experimentation, a series titled "Manimals," drew from Lee's background as a Chinese immigrant. "In China, there are people who still believe in reincarnation. They have faith that in the next life, or a in a past life, they might have been an animal of some sort." Lee's own belief in Darwin's theory of evolution contributed to his exploration of the connection between animals and humans. "I believe that because we have only been able to distinguish human behavior from animal behavior for about 30,000 years, that deep inside our minds and hearts, we still have certain animal desires. We have a certain wildness. I chose to experiment with these ideas for Manimals." The 12 portraits of the series correspond to the 12 animals (including the horse. rabbit, and ox) represented in the Chinese zodiac. According to the artist, a person is believed to exhibit behavioral and personality traits, sometimes even physical characteristics, relative to the animal year during which he or she was born. Lee found models who were born in a specific year and used their human likeness as the basis of each portrait. Each image took weeks to construct, with layer upon layer of manipulation added to the original image using the painting tools in Photoshop. The response to "Manimals" was immediate and unexpected. The bizarre and disquieting images drew rave reviews when displayed at the prominent OK Harris gallery in New York City. Lee finally found himself in the unique position to create personal work on his own terms. (...) Lee also has to find the right human models who have striking features that can be translated into animal characteristics. Skin tone, body size, the shape of the face, and bone

structure all contribute to how the figure will eventually be changed. For instance, to create a panther, Lee found an African-American model with wide a piteous season that glowed with autumn's full heat eves and strong cheekbones that approximate what the final product might look like. For a pig, Lee photographed a robust, round man with soft lines and a wide expression. Although there is no definitive formula (he does not look for specific beauty or ugliness), the closer a model is to the ideal, the easier it will be to produce a convincing creature. SOURCE: Photo Insider

MYTH

Healer

CHIRON INVENTOR OF MEDICINE & SURGERY

Homer. Iliad 11. 832 ff (trans. Lattimore) (Greek epic C8th B.C.):

"[Eurypylos addresses Patroklos in the Trojan War:] 'Cut the arrow out of my thigh ... and put kind medicines on it, good ones, which they say you have been told of by Akhilleus, since Kheiron (Chiron), most righteous of the Kentauroi (Centaurs), told him about them."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 3. 175 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Phoinix had been blinded by his father ... Peleus led Phoinix to Kheiron (Chiron), who healed his eyes." Aelian, On Animals 2. 18 (trans. Scholfield) (Greek natural history C2nd A.D.):

"In Homer skill in treating the wounded and persons in need of medicine goes back as far as the third generation of pupil and master [see Iliad 11. 832]. Thus Patroklos, son of Mentoitios, is taught the healing art by Akhilleus (Achilles), and Akhilleus, son of Peleus, is taught by Kheiron (Chiron), son of Kronos (Cronus). And heroes and children of the gods learnt about the nature of roots, the use of different herbs, the concocting of drugs, spells to reduce inflammations, the way to staunch blood, and everything else that they knew."

Ptolemy Hephaestion, New History Book 1 (summary from Photius, Myriobiblon 190) (trans. Pearse) (Greek mythographer C1st to C2nd A.D.):

"Kokytos was the name of a pupil to whom Kheiron (Chiron) had taught medicine and who cared for Adonis when he was wounded by the wild boar." Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 274 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Inventors and their inventions ... Chiron, son of Saturnus [Kronos, Cronus], first used herbs in the medical art of surgery."

Virgil, Georgics 3. 549 ff (trans. Fairclough) (Roman bucolic C1st B.C.):

"[A great dearth is followed by hunger and disease:] On this land from the sickened sky there once came My most precious life.

... masters in the art [of medicine] fail. Chiron Phyllyrides (son of Phillyra), and Melampus, Amythaon's son.'

Propertius, Elegies 2. 1 (trans. Goold) (Roman elegy C1st B.C.):

"Medicine can cure all human pains ... Chiron, son of Phillyra, healed the blindness of Phoenix."

Pliny the Elder, Natural History 7. 197 (trans. Rackham) (Roman encyclopedia C1st A.D.):

"[On inventions:] The science of herbs and drugs was discovered by Chiron the son of Saturnus [Kronosl and Philvra."

Statius, Silvae 1. 4. 98 (trans. Mozley) (Roman poetry C1st A.D.):

"If there be any herb [to cure this illness] in twyformed Chiron's health-giving cave."

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← Nonnus, Dionysiaca 35. 60 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.): "What ridge of the pasturing wood-

lands must I traverse to summon old lifebringing Kheiron (Chiron) to help your wound? Or where can I find medicines, the secrets of Paieon the Healer's [Asklepios] pain assuaging art? Would that I had what they call the herb Kentaurida (of the Centaur), that I might bind the flower of no-pain upon your limbs, and bring you back safe and living from Haides whence none returns! What magic hymn have I, or song from the stars, that I may chant the ditty with Euian voice divine, and stay the flow of blood from your wounded side? Would I had here beside me the fountain of life, that I might pour on your limbs that painstilling water and assuage your adorable wound, to bring back even your soul to you again!"

FILM Bram Stoker's Dracula Francis Ford Coppola 1992

Screenplay by James V. Hart based on Bram Stoker's novel "Dracula"

MOMENTS LATER

Seward's Quarters at Carfax Asylum Enter Dracula as green mist. He crawls under the bedcovers. Mina awakens.

MINA Yes, my love, you found me.

DRACULA

MINA I've wanted this to happen. I know that now. I want to Please, I don't care. Make me yours. be with you always.

DRACULA You cannot know what you are saying.

MINA Yes, I do. I feared I would never feel your touch again. I thought you were dead.

DRACULA There is no life in this body.

← MINA But you live! You live! What are you? I must know! You must tell me!

DRACULA I am nothing, lifeless, soulless, hated and feared. I am dead to all the world... hear me! I am the monster the breathing men would kill. I am Dracula.

Mina beats at Dracula.

MINA No! You murdered Lucy!

She collapses in his arms.

I love you. Oh. God forgive me. I do. I want to be what you are, see what you see, love what you love.

DRACULA Mina, to walk with me, you must die to your breathing life and be reborn to mine.

ΜΙΝΔ You are my love and my life always.

DRACULA

Then I give you life eternal, everlasting love, the power over the storm and the beasts of the earth. Walk with me to be my loving wife forever.

MINA I will. Yes, yes.

Dracula drinks from Mina. He opens a vein in his chest.

DRACULA Mina! Mina, drink and join me in eternal life.

Mina drinks.

Dracula suddenly pushes Mina away.

DRACULA No, I cannot let this be. MINA

DRACULA You'll be cursed as I am and walk through the shadow of death for all eternity. I love you too much to condemn vou.

MANNER

Then take me away from all this death!

Mina continues to drink.

The door bursts open.

Enter Harker, Van Helsing, Morris, Holmwood and Seward.

HARKER Mina!

ΜΙΝΔ

Van Helsing holds up a crucifix and begins an exorcism The crucifix catches fire and he drops it.

DRACULA (in the form of a bat) You think you can destroy me with your idols, I who served the cross, I who commanded nations hundreds of years before you.

HELSING Your armies were defeated. You tortured and impaled thousands of people!

DRACULA I was betrayed. Look what your God has done to me!

HELSING No, your war with God is over. You must pay for your crimes.

Van Helsing sprinkles Dracula with holy water and continues the exorcism.

HELSING Christ compels you!

DRACULA She is now mine!

HELSING No!

Harker attempts to shoot Dracula but Mina grabs his arm.

MINA No!

Harker's shot hits Dracula in the chest.

Dracula backs into a dark corner.

MANNER

HELSING Lights, all lights!

Dracula transposes into hundreds of rats which scurry across the floor.

MINA Unclean! Unclean!

HELSING Get them. Get them. They must be found!

MINA Unclean!

LATER THAT NIGHT Carfax Abbey burns. Van Helsing speaks with Mina.

HELSING We have learned something much. Dracula fears us. He fears time for, if not, why does he hurry so?

MINA He is calm.

HELSING How do you know?

MINA He speaks to me.

HELSING He has a strong mind connection to you. His heart was strong enough to survive the grave.

MINA You admire him.

HELSING Ja. He was in life a most remarkable man. His mind was great and powerful, but greater is the necessity to stamp him out and destroy him utterly.

MINA Doctor?

HELSING Ja?

MINA I know that I am becoming like him.

HELSING

Your salvation is his destruction. That is why I want to hypnotize you. I want you to help me find him, Mina. Before it is too late, please help me find him. Please. Look into this light, the light of all light, into this flame. Your eyes are heavy. You want to sleep. Sleep now. Sleep...

MINA He calls to me.

HELSING What do you hear? What do you hear, child? What do you hear?

MINA My Prince is calling me. He is traveling across icy seas to his beloved home. There he will grow strong again. I am coming to him to partake of his strength. SOURCE: Bram Stoker's Dracula, Screenplay

MUSIC Posthuman Marilyn Manson 1998

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← She's got eyes like Zapruder And a mouth like heroin She wants me to be perfect like

Kennedy This isn't god, this isn't god God is just a statistic God is just a statistic Say "show me the dead stars All of them sing." This is a riot **Religious and clean**

God is a number you cannot count to You are posthuman and hardwired

She's pilgrim and pagan Softworn and social In all of her dreams She's a saint like Jackie O

This isn't god, this isn't god God is just a statistic [chorus repeat]

[Coma white:] "All that glitters is cold, all that glitters is cold." SOURCE: Posthuman, Lyrics

ARTICLE Google Glass by Millie Tadewaldt 22.07.2013

GLASS IS THE NEW BLACK: MY EXPERIENCE AS A GOOGLE GLASS EXPLORER

174 ← It's been about a month since I made the ultimate futuristic fashion statement... that is, a month since

I picked up my sky blue Google Glass from the Big G's sprawling headquarters in Silicon Valley. In my four weeks as a Google Glass Explorer, I've given a lot of thought to this innovative new product: how it could influence my work and personal lives, what disruptions it could lead to, and how it might affect society at large once more than a few thousand people get their hands on it.

Google Glass is an ambitious device that is still very much in alpha: the firmware is minimally-featured, battery life is short, and, without wider adoption, availability of apps and collaborative opportunities for use are lacking. But, if Google can get users past some of these hurdles, there is much promise for Glass to seriously change the way people interact with the digital world (and the physical world, too). To pick up a Glass, we "Explorers" must attend a fitting in one of a few select Google campus locations. I'm fortunate to live just up the road from Mountain View, so my husband and I hopped on the 101 one Saturday for the quick one hour drive to Google HQ. My arrival at the designated building had a Willy Wonkaesque vibe to it: friendly, attractive Glass Guides milled about outside and welcomed us with a huge smile and flutes of champagne. I was given a hands-on lesson in using my new Glass, and then a tour around the campus, a perfect opportunity to try out my new gadget. It was a fun, unique and lovalty-building experience and Google managed it perfectly.

Glass is a unique device: most navigation is done either verbally, or through swiping gestures on the outside of a plastic box that sits next to your temple. The critical part of my initial Glass experience was quickly learning how to use the thing, and it was a huge help to have a friendly Guide sitting next to me, using her own Glass in parallel. Given how helpful my Guide was, and how relatively technologicallysavvy I like to think I am, I found myself immediately wondering how Google would be able onboard the general public when the device eventually enters mass-production.

Relatedly, Glass is also a very solitary experience. I discovered this the next week when I offered to do a "demo" of Glass to some coworkers in my office. We blocked an hour and all sat down at a conference table to give it a try. But, we quickly realized that this "demo" consisted of one of my colleagues wearing the Glass while I clumsily tried to explain it from memory. I was definitely not as smooth as my Guide had

been! Glass has a handy Guest Mode that you turn on for sharing with friends, but there's currently no easy way to switch between Google accounts without actually resetting the device to factory settings. This is, of course, no problem once everyone has a Glass, but as an early adopter, there's a bit of a feeling of isolation. This is not a shared experience like all of the other devices we've come to know and love it's very private, which has its benefits, but I imagine will also be a challenge when it comes to creating virality and widespread adoption for Glass.

Wearing it in public is, honestly, a little awkward. I've never been the kind of person who likes to get attention for my appearance and I usually try to blend into the crowd. Perhaps I shouldn't have picked the sky blue Glass, but my logic was that if you're going to dress for the future, go all the way.

One of the very best parts of Glass is the ease of capturing photos and videos. The convenience factor is obvious: if you've ever held up your hands to snap an imaginary photo of a fleeting moment, now you can do it for real. On top of Glass's frame, there's an easyaccess button that's perfect for snapping a quick, spontaneous picture.

But, the most pleasant surprise of all is the strangely nostalgic quality captured in the photos and videos you take with Glass. I took my first video of my husband on Google's campus during my tour and was immediately struck by it. Because Glass's camera is mounted literally over your eye, its images have a very interesting point of view to them, almost exactly as if you are "seeing it" for yourself. Your subjects look directly and comfortably at you and don't mug for the camera in the same way they do when being shot with a smartphone or digital camera.

Google Glass is an extremely bold project and I'm excited to have the opportunity to be a part of it. Time will tell if Google can help users navigate the behavioral and cultural changes that will be required for Glass to be truly game-changing and ubiquitous. Meanwhile, I'm going to see how many different outfits I can rock with my favorite new sky blue and titanium accessory.

SOURCE: http://www.forbes.com/sites/millietadewaldt/2013/07/22/ glass-is-the-new-black-my-experience-as-a-google-glass-explorer/

MUSIC Human Behaviour

Björk 1993

675 ← If you ever get close to a human and human behaviour be ready to get confused

MANNER

there's definitely no logic to human behaviour but yet so irresistible

there is no map to human behaviour

they're terribly moody then all of a sudden turn happy but, oh, to get involved in the exchange of human emotions is ever so satisfying

there's no map and a compass wouldn't help at all

human behaviour SOURCE: Human Behaviour

MYTH Hybrid

THE BIRTH OF CHIRON

Eumelus of Corinth or Arctinus of Miletus, Titanomachia Frag 6 (from Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius 1. 554) (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C7th or C6th B.C.): "The author of the War of the Giants (Gigantomakhia) says that Kronos (Cronus) took the shape of a horse and lay with Philyra, the daughter of Okeanos. Through this cause Kheiron (Chiron) was born a kentauros (centaur): his wife was Khariklo (Chariclo)." Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 1. 8–9 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"The Titanes had children ... Kheiron (Chiron), a doubleformed kentauros (centaur), was born to Kronos (Cronus) and Philyra."

676 ← Apollonius Rhodius, Argonautica 2. 1231 ff (trans. Rieu) (Greek epic C3rd B.C.): "By nightfall they [the Argonauts]

were passing the Isle of Philyra [at the eastern end of the southern Black Sea coast]. This was where Kronos (Cronus) son of Ouranos, deceiving his consort Rhea, lay with Philyra daughter of Okeanos in the days when he ruled the Titanes in Olympos and Zeus was still a child, tended in the Kretan cave by the Kouretes of Ida. But Kronos and Philyra were surprised in the very act by the goddess Rhea. Whereupon Kronos leapt out of bed and galloped off in the form of a long-maned stallion, while Philyra in her shame left the place, deserting her old haunts, and came to the long Pelasgian ridges. There she gave birth to the monstrous Kheiron (Chiron), half horse and half divine, the offspring of a lover in questionable shape." Callimachus, Hymn 4 to Delos 104 ff (trans. Mair) (Greek poet C3rd B.C.):

Chiron 775

"The cliffs of Kheiron (Chiron) [on Mt Pelion] ... O Pelion, bridal chamber of Philyra."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 138 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"When Saturnus [Kronos, Cronus] was hunting Jove [Zeus] throughout the earth, assuming the form of a steed he lay with Philyra, daughter of Oceanus. By him she bore Chiron the Centaur, who is said to have been the first to invent the art of healing. After Philyra saw that she had borne a strange species, she asked Jove [Zeus] to change her into another form, and she was transformed into the tree which is called the linden." *Ovid, Metamorphoses 6. 126 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.):*

"Saturnus [Kronos, Cronus], as a horse begot the centaur Chiron."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 5. 19. 8–9:

"[Amongst the scenes portrayed on the chest of Kypselos dedicated at Olympia:] There is a Kentauros (Centaur) with only two of his legs those of a horse; his forelegs are human. Next come two-horse chariots with women standing in them. The horses have golden wings, and a man is giving armour to one of the women. I conjecture that this scene refers to the death of Patroklos; the women in the chariots, I take it, are Nereides, and Thetis is receiving the armour from Hephaistos. And moreover, he who is giving the armour is not strong upon his feet, and a slave follows him behind, holding a pair of fire-tongs. An account also is given of the Kentauros (Centaur), that he is Khiron (Chiron), freed by this time from human affairs and held worthy to share the home of the gods, who has come to assuage the grief of Akhilleus (Achilles) [perhaps in his constellation form]." Ovid, Fasti 5. 379 ff (trans.Boyle) (Roman poetry C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.):

"Chiron displays his stars, that hybrid man mixed with a tawny horse. Mount Pelion of Haemonia faces south; the summit greens with pines, the rest with oak. Philyra's son claimed it. There's a cave of ancient rock, where, they record, the good old man resided. He is believed to have detained in lyric song the hands [Akhilleus] destined to send Hector to death. Alcides [Herakles] arrived with his labours partly complete; little but the final tasks remained. You would have seen by chance the two death-fates of Troy, the Aecides boy [Akhilleus] and Jupiter's son [Herakles]. Philyra's hero welcomes the young man warmly, and asks the cause of his coming. He's told. He gazes at the club and lion spoils, and says: 'The man deserves the arms, the arms the man.'

Achilles' hands could not resist the brazen impulse to touch the shaggy skin and its bristles. While the old man fingers the foul, poisoned shafts, an arrow slips out and stabs his left foot. Chiron groaned and hauled the iron from his flesh; Alcides [Herakles] groans and Haemonia's boy. Chiron blends picked herbs from the Pagasean hills, and soothes the wound with different treatments. The corrupting poison swamped the treatments; disease penetrated bones and body. The blood of Lerna's Hydra and he Centaur's blood mingled, and gave no time for rescue.

Achilles stood tar-soaked, as if before his sire: the dying Peleus would be mourned like this. His loving hands often stroked Chiron's frail hands (rewarding the teacher with values learnt). He kissed him often, and said to him where he lay: 'Live, I beg you; don't leave me, dear father!'

The ninth day arrived, when you, righteous Chiron, encircled yourself with twice seven stars [i.e. took on the form of the constellation Centaurus or Saggitarius]." *Nonnus, Dionysiaca 48. 77 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.):*

"[In the War of the Giants:] [The Giant] Peloreus took up [Mount] Pelion with hightowering peak as a missile in his innumberable arms, and left the cave Philyre bare: as the rocky roof of his cave was pulled off, old Kheiron (Chiron) quivered and shook, that figure of half a man growing into a comrade horse." *Nonnus, Dionysiaca 14. 49 ff:*

"[Rheia summoned rustic gods to join the army of Dionysos in his war against the Indians:] After them came also the gentle tribe of twiform Kentauroi (Centaurs). Beside Pholos in horse's form was Kheiron (Chiron), himself of that strange nature, untamed, with mouth unbridled."

IMPERSONATION Louise Bourgeois by Richard D. Marshall 23.08.2007

WHITEWALL:

INTERVIEW WITH LOUISE BOURGEOIS

Richard Marshall: Louise, I would like to discuss two separate, but related periods of your life—your early years in New York during the 1940s, and the artwork you have produced during the first seven years of the 21st century. You moved to New York from Paris after your marriage to American art historian Robert Goldwater in 1938. What were your initial impressions of America and, specifically, New York City? **Louise Bourgeois:** I thought New York was beautiful, a cruel beauty in its blue sky, white light and skyscrapers. I felt lonely and stimulated. (...)

RM: A number of works completed during the 1960s through the 1990s are concerned with memories of your childhood, and the fear and anxiety elicited by the configuration of "the father, the mother, the mistress, and the children."

677 ← LB: My work deals with problems that I encounter with other people. I would like people to understand and like me, which is not an easy thing to achieve. My

work is not about memories, but rather about

sire: the problems and difficulties in the present. My work is my psychoanalysis and like psychoanalysis, you must go back and find the source of these feelings, him often, good and bad, in order to understand how they are operating today and affecting the way you feel and live.

In my case, there was a lot of resentment against my father in terms of this behavior and his demands upon me. There is an intense desire to please him. I had antagonistic feelings toward my father or, for the matter, any father figure. On a psychological level, I was being pulled apart in two directions, and I had this fear of falling down. There was a tremendous desire to please and a tremendous desire to "cut" everything in sight. Eventually the anger also turns in on the self and leads to depression.

RM: Works completed since the early 2000s suggest a more personal reference to your own adult life, your children, and your role as a wife and mother, rather than a daughter. Is this accurate?

LB: The most important person in my life was my mother. My "Spiders" are an ode to her. I have the responsibility for taking care of my sons. So when we talk about mother we are oscillating back and forth in time. I miss my mother. I am a mother. I am looking for a mother. (...)

RM: A few recent sculptures, *Cell XI (Portrait), Cell XIV (Portrait), and Cell XXIII (Portrait), are cages that contain threeheaded configurations. Do they represent a triumvirate of emotions, personalities, or fears? LB: The multiple heads of my figures are the different sides of the same person. Conflict and ambivalence are everywhere.*

RM: A 2004 drawing states, "I had a flashback of something that never existed." What does this mean? **LB:** You are presented with a feeling or a vision of something that is very vivid, and yet you have your doubts. You're not sure of this recall.

RM: Sculptures such as Obese, Bulimic, Anorexic, and Hysterical display a fusion of both physical and psychological states. How do you achieve this balance? **LB:** Our emotions affect our body. Body language is revealing. These conditions have been associated mostly with women.

RM: Among your most recent works are ambitious suites of drawings, numbering 50 to 100 sheets each. They seem to suggest a time-consuming ritual, but what is the psychological expression of the repetition, amalgamation, and massing of line, shape, and color?

LB: My drawings are about the passing of time. The repetition gives a physical quality to the mark making. I want to bring my whole body into the process of drawing. The lines are like knitting. They are like a heartbeat. They have the rhythm of the unconscious. END

SOURCE: www.maryellenmark.com/text/magazines/whitewall/ 934L-000-001.html

MANNER

678-697

A TH ENA

"So far so good... "so far so good..." How you fall doesn't matter. It's how you land!

More rioting in the projects outside the city. Last night a mob of youths attacked a police station in the Muguet projects. Pitched battles left officers injured. Arrests were made. A mall and nearby buildings were damaged by looters who dispersed around a.m. Alleged police brutality sparked the riots days ago. A local teen was severely beaten under questioning. The officer was suspended. The victim, Abdel Ichaha, is in hospital in critical condition. Got a looter under arrest, a minor. (...)

Will you guys stop sulking? Who's sulking? Not me! —Unbelievable!—Ask him! A couple of kids! —Who's the kid?—Kids worrying over jackshit! I'm behind you! Wanting to kill a cop is jackshit! Tell your buddy to back off! I never said I wanted to. Yes, you did! —Yes!—No!

VINZ I didn't say that! I said if Abdel died, I'd smoke a cop. Not for the hell of it! Without my gun back there, we'd have been history!

HUBERT My name's not Rodney King! Not the same thing! Expect us to bring you gifts in jail?

VINZ I expect nothing! Not from a guy who kisses cop ass!

HUBERT Go ahead, laugh! Laugh!

VINZ I'm fuckin' sick of the goddam system! We live in rat holes, you do fuck-all to change things!

HUBERT Neither do you!

VINZ You're my homeys, so I'll tell you: If Abdel dies, I hit back. I'll whack a pig!

FILM La Haine Mathieu Kassovitz 1995

You murderers! It's easy to gun us down! We only got rocks!

This film is dedicated to friends and family who died while it was in the making.

678 ← Heard about the guy who fell off a skyscraper? On his way down past each floor, he kept saying to reassure himself: So they know we don't turn the other cheek now!

SAID Wow, what a speech! Half Moses, half Mickey Mouse.

HUBERT

Forget it, Vinz. You're out of your league. If Abdel dies, we lose a friend? Right! If a cop dies, do all cops go away? You're just one guy! You can't blow 'em all away!

Who made you a preacher? You know what's right and wrong? Why do you side with the assholes?

HUBERT

Who's the asshole? In school we learnt that hate breeds hate!

VIN7 I didn't go to school; I'm from the street! Know what it taught me? Turn the other cheek, you're dead mothafucka!

HUBERT

Bullshit! You pointed a gun at a cop! We could abeen killed!

[An old man flushes the toilet and walks out of the SOURCE: La Haine Screenplay stall.]

OLD MAN

Nothing like a good shit! You believe in God? That's the wrong question. Does God believe in us? I once had a friend called Grunwalski. We were sent to Siberia together. When you go to a Siberian work camp. vou travel in a cattle car. You roll across icy steppes for days, without seeing a soul. You huddle to keep warm. But it's hard to relieve yourself, to take a shit, you can't do it on the train, and the only time the train stops is to take on water for the locomotive. But Grunwalski was shy. Even when we bathed together, he got upset. I used to kid him about it. So, the train stops and everyone jumps out to shit on the tracks. I'd teased Grunwalski so much that he went off on his own. The train starts moving, so everyone jumps on, because it waits for nobody. Grunwalski had a problem: he'd gone behind a bush

and was still shitting. So I see him come out from behind the bush. holding up his pants with his hands. He tries to catch up. I hold out my hand, but each time he reaches for it he lets go of his pants and they drop to his ankles. pulls them back up, starts running again, but they fall back down, when he reaches out for me.

MANNER

SAID Then what happened?

OLD MAN Nothing. Grunwalski... froze to death. Good day.

SAID Why'd he tell us that?

VIN7 I got the address. I'll call you.

SAID Why'd he tell us that?

ART

Cindy Sherman by Journal of Contemporary Art 1985

Lichtenstein: I want to return to your process of manipulating the dolls. Can you describe it in more detail?

Sherman: It's exciting, fun, and frustrating. It's like trying to figure out a puzzle. How do I suspend the torso in such a way, and attach these arms around the waist in this way? I would have to rig something in order to hang this body part from something in my studio and position the legs. It was like inventive play. It's very sculptural. Once I set the thing up, I start playing with the camera angle, then I have to change it again, to get it even more interesting.

L: The arrangements appear arbitrary and un-natural. S: All the breasts in the pictures are novelty items. They're not part of the medical mannequins. They're made of a harder plastic. The vagina piece is made

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out of foam and I painted it. When I received it in the mail. I realized it was intended to be used to practice pulling a baby out of it. It seemed so stupid.

L: In one of the images a string of sausages comes out of an old woman's vagina. This piece is extremely disturbing because the "natural" functions of the vagina have been replaced by associations of the sausages with excrement and penises.

S: I find that character so sad and poignant. And yet, I guess there's also a defiant side to her, as well as a resignation suggesting, "This was my life." I started this piece by using the vagina. I had so many different products from the catalogue. I tried not to only use the mannequin, and that's why I did a lot of close-ups of those penises and vaginas that didn't belong to the mannequin—like using this pink foam vagina. I was also experimenting with bellies and breasts that I already had. I did use the mannequin's arms and its head, but nothing really clicked until I experimented with different masks that I had, including the old one. The clear and lucid eyes coming through the weathered face seemed so very touching. And then I thought, What do I do with the background? It would be great to have some bear-skin rug on which she poses for S: So it's fascinating. And not in a way that I'm afraid her lover. I didn't have a bear-skin rug, so I thought about what would look like one. I started putting my wigs around. They seemed more like the scalps of centuries of women who have been grinding out babies or whatever for their men.

← L: So the sausages are a metaphor for female production and reproduction.

S: But they are also phallic-looking and reminiscent, as you said, of shit. I also have other sausages, a white one, but I thought the image should be more repulsive, so I used fat, dark brown sausages. L: Why are fat, dark brown sausages more repulsive? Can you talk about your fascination with repulsion? **S:** I don't know. It's probably juvenile. I have this juvenile fascination with things that are repulsive. It intrigues me why certain things are repulsive. To think about why something repulses me makes me that much more interested in it. I feel that I have to explore it.

L: I'm interested in how things come to signify repulsion in our extremely puritanical culture. Your images absolutely explore our fascination and repulsion with the grotesque. There is a grotesque, comic realism in your work that creates a crisis of category and meaning. Your variety of erotic scenarios interrupt the discrete, culturally given boundaries of male/ female, gay/straight, organic/inorganic, recognition/misrecognition. All these dualities are confused together in ambiguity. The S-M images especially tap into our culture's fears and desires.

S: I think I was trying to diversify the implied sexuality of the images. I wanted some images to look straight. I wanted some to look gay, some of them to be masturbatory, some of them S–M. Some of them would deal with being peed on or excrement. Each of them would address multiple issues. I didn't want to ours? Let us face it: our lives are miserable, laborimake a discrete gay image or a heterosexual couple. ous, and short. We are born, we are given just so

I wanted to make it ambiguous so you wouldn't know whether it was a woman's nose or a man's nose that's right under the genitals of that man. AIDS was also an issue I wanted to address. There are no actual condoms-but allusions to condoms. Part of the terror I wanted to imply in the sexuality of the images is very much from the fear of AIDS and the terror that it engenders in the sexuality of our culture.

L: There's a strong sense of death that permeates. Issues of death and mortality have always been an important component of your work.

S: Yes, death. I don't know why. I didn't realize it until iust a couple of years ago. Someone once interviewed me and brought up the question of death, and I totally denied it. I'm not obsessed with death, and yet, when I started thinking about it. I realized that I actually was. It's one of those mysteries of life-its terrifying and grotesque. It's something we can never know about until it's too late.

L: And we can never really know about it because we are always on the other side of it. Duchamp's epitaph on his tombstone reads, "Besides, it's always the others who die."

of it. I'm more afraid of the way that I would die than of dying itself. That's where the terror part comes in. The whole idea of, let's say, being in a car accident. You never would have dreamed when you woke up one morning that you and your car would be smashed up, and you might have to go to the hospital. You start out your day totally unaware of what's in store. It's absolutely fascinating to me.

SOURCE: http://www.jca-online.com/sherman.html

BOOK **Animal Farm** George Orwell 1945

CHAPTER I (EXCERPT)

"Comrades, you have heard already about the strange dream that I had last night. But I will come to the dream later. I have something else to say first. I do not think, comrades, that I shall be with you for many months longer, and before I die, I feel it my duty to pass on to you such wisdom as I have acquired. I have had a long life, I have had much time for thought as I lay alone in my stall, and I think I may say that I understand the nature of life on this earth as well as any animal now living. It is about this that I wish to speak to you.

"Now, comrades, what is the nature of this life of

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much food as will keep the breath in our bodies, and those of us who are capable of it are forced to work to the last atom of our strength; and the very instant that our usefulness has come to an end we are slaughtered with hideous cruelty. No animal in England knows the meaning of happiness or leisure after he is a year old. No animal in England is free. The life of an animal is misery and slavery: that is the plain truth.

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← "But is this simply part of the order of nature? Is it because this land of ours is so poor that it cannot afford a

decent life to those who dwell upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no! The soil of England is fertile, its climate is good, it is capable of affording food in abundance to an enormously greater number of animals than now inhabit it. This single farm of ours would support a dozen horses, twenty cows, hundreds of sheep—and all of them living in a comfort and a dignity that are now almost beyond our imagining. Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce of our labour is stolen from us by human beings. There, comrades, is the answer to all our problems. It is summed up in a single word-Man. Man is the only real enemy we have. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished for ever.

"Man is the only creature that consumes without producing. He does not give milk, he does not lay eggs, he is too weak to pull the plough, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. Yet he is lord of all the animals. He sets them to work, he gives back to them the bare minimum that will prevent them from starving, and the rest he keeps for himself. Our labour tills the soil, our dung fertilises it, and yet there is not one of us that owns more than his bare skin. You cows that I see before me, how many thousands of gallons of milk have you given during this last year? And what has happened to that milk which should have been breeding up sturdy calves? Every drop of it has gone down the throats of our enemies. And you hens, how many eggs have you laid in this last year, and how many of those eggs ever hatched into chickens? The rest have all gone to market to bring in money for Jones and his men. And you, Clover, where are those four foals you bore, who should have been the support and pleasure of your old age? Each was sold at a year old-you will never see one of them again. In return for your four confinements and all your labour in the fields, what have you ever had except your bare rations and a stall?

"And even the miserable lives we lead are not allowed to reach their natural span. For myself I do not grumble, for I am one of the lucky ones. I am twelve years old and have had over four hundred children. Such is the natural life of a pig. But no animal escapes the cruel knife in the end. You young porkers who are sitting in front of me, every one of you will scream your lives out at the block within a year. To that horror we all must come—cows, pigs, hens, sheep, everyone. Even the horses and the dogs have no better fate. You, Boxer, the very day that those great

muscles of yours lose their power, Jones will sell you to the knacker, who will cut your throat and boil you down for the foxhounds. As for the dogs, when they grow old and toothless, Jones ties a brick round their necks and drowns them in the nearest pond.

"Is it not crystal clear, then, comrades, that all the evils of this life of ours spring from the tyranny of human beings? Only get rid of Man, and the produce of our labour would be our own. Almost overnight we could become rich and free. What then must we do? Why, work night and day, body and soul, for the overthrow of the human race! That is my message to vou, comrades: Rebellion! I do not know when that Rebellion will come, it might be in a week or in a hundred years, but I know, as surely as I see this straw beneath my feet, that sooner or later justice will be done. Fix your eves on that, comrades, throughout the short remainder of your lives! And above all, pass on this message of mine to those who come after you, so that future generations shall carry on the struggle until it is victorious.

"And remember, comrades, your resolution must never falter. No argument must lead you astray. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the animals have a common interest, that the prosperity of the one is the prosperity of the others. It is all lies. Man serves the interests of no creature except himself. And among us animals let there be perfect unity, perfect comradeship in the struggle. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades." SOURCE: Animal Farm

IMPERSONATION Jane Jacobs

1961

CHAPTER 1

The look of things and the way they work are inextricably bound together, and in no place more so than cities. But people who are interested only in how a city "ought" to look and uninterested in how it works will be disappointed by this book. It is futile to plan a city's appearance, or speculate on how to endow it with a pleasing appearance of order, without knowing what sort of innate, functioning order it has. To seek for the look of things as a primary purpose or as the main drama is apt to make nothing but trouble. In New York's East Harlem there is a housing project with a conspicuous rectangular lawn which became an object of hatred to the project tenants. A social worker frequently at the project was astonished by how often the subject of the lawn came up, usually gratuitously as far as she could see, and how much the tenants despised it and urged that it be done away with. When she asked why, the usual answer

was, "What good is it?" or "Who wants it?" Finally one day a tenant more articulate than the others made this pronouncement: "Nobody cared what we wanted when they built this place, they threw our houses down and pushed us here and pushed our friends somewhere else. We don't have a place around here to get a cup of coffee or a newspaper even, or borrow fifty cents. Nobody cared what we need. But the big men come and look at that grass and say, 'Isn't it wonderful! Now the poor have everything!"

> 2 ← This tenant was saying what moralists have said for thousands of years: Handsome is as handsome does. All

that glitters is not gold.

She was saying more: There is a quality even meaner than outright ugliness or disorder, and this meaner quality is the dishonest mask of pretended order, achieved by ignoring or suppressing the real order that is struggling to exist and to be served.

In trying to explain the underlying order of cities, I use a preponderance of examples from New York because that is where I live. But most of the basic ideas in this book come from things I first noticed or was told in other cities. For example, my first inkling about the powerful effects of certain kinds of functional mixtures in the city came from Pittsburgh, my first speculations about street safety from Philadelphia and Baltimore, my first notions about the meanderings of downtown from Boston, my first clues to the unmaking of slums from Chicago. Most of the material for these musings was at my own front door, but perhaps it is easier to see things first where you don't take them for granted. The basic idea, to try to begin understanding the intricate social and economic order under the seeming disorder of cities, was not my idea at all, but that of William Kirk, head worker of Union Settlement in East Harlem, New York, who, by showing me East-Harlem, showed me a way of seeing other neighborhoods, and downtowns too. In every case, I have tried to test out what I saw or heard in one city or neighborhood against others, to find how relevant each city's or each place's lessons might be outside its own special case. I have concentrated on great cities, and on their inner areas, because this is the problem that has been most consistently ended in planning theory. I think this may also have somewhat wider usefulness as time passes, because many of the parts of today's cities in the worst, and apparently most baffling trouble were suburbs or dignified, guiet residential areas not too long ago; eventually many of today's brandnew suburbs or semisuburbs are going to be engulfed in cities and will succeed or fail in that condition depending on whether they can adapt to functioning successfully as city districts. Also, to be frank, I like dense cities best and care about them most.

But I hope no reader will try to transfer my observations into guides as to what goes on in towns, or little cities, or in suburbs which still are suburban. Towns, suburbs and even little cities are totally different organisms from great cities. We are in enough trouble already from trying to understand big cities

in terms of the behavior, and the imagined behavior of towns. To try to understand towns in terms of big cities will only compound confusion.

I hope any reader of this book will constantly and skeptically test what I say against his own knowledge of cities and their behavior. If I have been inaccurate in observations or mistaken in inferences and conclusions, I hope these faults will be quickly corrected. The point is, we need desperately to learn and to apply as much knowledge that is true and useful about cities as fast as possible.

SOURCE: The Death and Life of Great American Cities

MYTH Wise

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ATHENA WISE

← Homeric Hymn 39 to Athena: "I begin to sing of Pallas Athena, the glorious goddess, bright-eyed,

inventive, unbending of heart, pure virgin, saviour of cities, courageous, Tritogeneia, From his awful head wise Zeus himself bare her arrayed in warlike arms of flashing gold, and awe seized all the gods as they gazed. But Athena sprang guickly from the immortal head and stood before Zeus who holds the aegis, shaking a sharp spear: great Olympos began to reel horribly at the might of the grey-eyed goddess, and earth round about cried fearfully, and the sea was moved and tossed with dark waves, while foam burst forth suddenly: the bright Son of Hyperion [the Sun] stopped his swift-footed horses a long while, until the maiden Pallas Athena had stripped the heavenly armour from her immortal shoulders. And wise Zeus was glad. Hail to you, daughter of Zeus who holds the aegis!"

Orphic Hymn 32 to Athena (trans. Taylor) (Greek hymns C3rd B.C. to 2nd A.D.):

"Only-begotten, noble race of Zeus, blessed and fierce, who joyest in caves to rove: O warlike Pallas, whose illustrious kind, ineffable, and effable we find: magnanimous and famed, the rocky height, and groves, and shady mountains thee delight: in arms rejoicing, who with furies dire and wild the souls of mortals dost inspire. Gymnastic virgin of terrific mind, dire Gorgon's bane, unmarried, blessed, kind: mother of arts, impetuous; understood as fury by the bad, but wisdom by the good. Female and male, the arts of war are thine, O much-formed, Drakaina (She-Dragon), inspired divine: over the Phlegraion Gigantes (Phlegraean Giants), roused to ire, thy coursers driving with destructive dire. Tritogeneia, of splendid mien, purger of evils, all-victorious queen. Hear me, O Goddess, when to thee I pray, with supplicating voice both night and day, and in my latest

hour give peace and health, propitious times, and
necessary wealth, and ever present be thy votaries
aid, O much implored, art's parent, blue-eyed maid."solidifying, cracking, blistering or spreading in a thin
crust,
before falling dormant for a time.Pausanias, Description of Greece 10. 30. 1 (trans.
Jones) (Greek travelogue C2nd A.D.):These wreathes of smoke curling from the bowels of
the Earth

"The daughters of Pandareos... were reared as orphans by Aphrodite and received gifts from other goddesses: from Hera wisdom and beauty of form, from Artemis high stature, from Athena schooling in the works that befit women."

Hesiod, Catalogues of Women Fragment 7 (from Berlin Papyri No 7497 & Oxyrhynchus Papyri 421) (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C8th or 7th B.C.):

"Eurynome the daughter of Nisos, Pandion's son, to whom Pallas Athene taught all her art, both wit and wisdom too; for she was as wise as the gods. A marvellous scent rose from her silvern raiment as she moved, and beauty was wafted from her eyes. Her, then, Glaukos sought to win by Athena's advising, and he drove oxen [as a bride gift] for her."

FILM Home Yann Arthus-Bertrand 2009

← Listen to me, please. You're like me, a homo sapiens, a wise human. Life, a miracle in the universe, appeared around four billion years ago. And we humans only two hundred thousand vears ago. Yet we have succeeded in disrupting the balance so essential to life. Listen carefully to this extraordinary story, which is yours, and decide what you want to do with it. These are traces of our origins. At the beginning, our planet was no more than a chaos of fire, a cloud of agglutinated dust particles, like so many similar clusters in the universe. Yet this is where the miracle of life occurred. Today, life, our life, is just a link in a chain of innumerable living beings that have succeeded one another on Earth over nearly four billion years.

And even today,

new volcances continue to sculpt our landscapes. They offer a glimpse of what our Earth was like at its birth, molten rock surging from the depths,

crust. before falling dormant for a time. These wreathes of smoke curling from the bowels of the Earth bear witness to the Earth's original atmosphere. An atmosphere devoid of oxygen. A dense atmosphere, thick with water vapor, full of carbon dioxide. A furnace. The Earth cooled. The water vapor condensed and fell in torrential downpours. At the right distance from the sun, not too far, not too near. the Earth's perfect balance enabled it to conserve water in liquid form. The water cut channels. They are like the veins of a body, the branches of a tree, the vessels of the sap that the water gave to the Earth. The rivers tore minerals from rocks, adding them to the oceans' freshwater. And the oceans became heavy with salt. Where do we come from? Where did life first spark into being? A miracle of time. primitive life forms still exist in the globe's hot springs. They give them their colors. They're called archeobacteria. They all feed off the Earth's heat. All except the cvanobacteria. or blue-green algae. They alone have the capacity to turn to the sun to capture its energy. They are a vital ancestor of all yesterday's and today's plant species. These tiny bacteria and their billions of descendants changed the destiny of our planet. They transformed its atmosphere. What happened to the carbon that poisoned the atmosphere? It's still here, imprisoned in the Earth's crust. Here, there once was a sea, inhabited by micro-organisms. They grew shells by tapping into the atmosphere's carbon now dissolved in the ocean. These strata are the accumulated shells of those billions and billions of micro-organisms. Thanks to them, the carbon drained from the atmosphere and other life forms could develop. It is life that altered the atmosphere. Plant life fed off the sun's energy, which enabled it to break apart the water molecule and take the oxygen. And oxygen filled the air. The Earth's water cycle is a process of constant renewal. Waterfalls, water vapor, clouds, rain, springs, rivers,

seas, oceans, glaciers... The cycle is never broken. There's always the same quantity of water on Earth. All the successive species on Earth have drunk the 2009 same water. The astonishing matter that is water. One of the most unstable of all. It takes a liquid form as running water, gaseous as vapor, or solid as ice. In Siberia, the frozen surfaces of the lakes in winter contain the trace of the forces that water deploys when it freezes. Lighter than water, the ice floats. It forms a protective mantle against the cold, under which life can go on. The engine of life is linkage. Everything is linked. Nothing is self-sufficient. Water and air are inseparable, united in life and for our life on Earth. Sharing is everything. The green expanse through the clouds is the source of oxygen in the air. 70% of this gas, without which our lungs cannot function, comes from the algae that tint the surface of the oceans. Our Earth relies on a balance, in which every being has a role to play and exists only through the existence of another being. A subtle, fragile harmony that is easily shattered. (...) Everything on Earth is linked, and the Earth is linked to the sun, its original energy source Can humans not imitate plants and capture its energy? In one hour, the sun gives the Earth the same amount of energy as that consumed by all humanity in one year. As long as the Earth exists, the sun's energy will be inexhaustible. All we have to do is stop drilling the Earth and start looking to the sky. All we have to do is learn to cultivate the sun. All these experiments are only examples, but they testify to a new awareness. They lay down markers for a new human adventure based on moderation, intelligence and sharing. It's time to come together. What's important is not what's gone, but what remains. We still have half the world's forests, thousands of rivers, lakes and glaciers, and thousands of thriving species. We know that the solutions are there today. We all have the power to change. So what are we waiting for? SOURCE: Home Screenplay

ARTICLE Toyota Prius

685 ← Tł At la

← The environment. At last, it's on everyone's agenda.

Finally, all carmakers are doing their bit. Everyone's got a car that can help save the planet. That can only be good. All suggestions gratefully received. But which one should we drive? Who can we believe? How about the most respected hybrid? First created ten years ago. When the environment wasn't quite so fashionable. The one with almost a million enthusiastic owners. That has already lowered emissions by a gazillion. [unofficial figures] Perhaps the most pioneering and talked about car on the road. But actually thought of by Toyota, not as a solution, but as brilliant work in progress. A car with a real emissions target of nought point nothing. And then, still not happy, the crazy idea that one day it will even clean the air. Rather than not pollute it. When you're trying to solve the world's biggest problem, wouldn't your biggest problem be to think that vou've cracked it? Toyota Prius. The planet's favorite hybrid.

Hybrid synergy drive.

Toyota

SOURCE: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R17U7YJty_0

MUSIC The Times They Are A-Changin' Bob Dylan 1964

6866 ← Come gather 'round people Wherever you roam And admit that the waters Around you have grown And accept it that soon You'll be drenched to the bone If your time to you Is worth savin' Then you better start swimmin' Or you'll sink like a stone For the times they are a-changin'. Come writers and critics Who prophesize with your pen And keep your eyes wide The chance won't come again And don't speak too soon For the wheel's still in spin And there's no tellin' who That it's namin' For the loser now Will be later to win For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen Please heed the call Don't stand in the doorway Don't block up the hall For he that gets hurt Will be he who has stalled There's a battle outside And it is ragin' It'll soon shake your windows And rattle your walls For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers Throughout the land And don't criticize What you can't understand Your sons and your daughters Are beyond your command Your old road is Rapidly agin' Please get out of the new one If you can't lend your hand For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn The curse it is cast The slow one now Will later be fast As the present now Will later be past The order is Rapidly fadin' And the first one now Will later be last For the times they are a-changin'. SOURCE: The Times They Are A-Changin' Lyrics

ART Jenny Holzer by Kiki Smith

2004

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Kiki Smith: I know you went to the Whitney [Independent Study] Program. [Holzer attended in 1976-77.] Was that a big influence on using language in your work—and making work that was accessible to people?

MANNER

Jenny Holzer: It was, and the ISP was a refuge from graduate school, where I was on thin ice for being a bad painter. [*laughs*] Being in the program made me feel less horrible for trying to be an artist. The ISP, and specifically [ISP director] Ron Clark's love of subject matter, left me more confident about concentrating on work that had content—accessible work. There was a lot of talking and reading in the ISP, so language was welcome.

KS: What I always distinguish out of the Colab group [Collaborative Projects, a New York-based art collective that was initiated in 1977 and was active for nearly a decade], and, in particular, people who went through the Whitney program, was something very socially accessible in their work, like Tom Otterness or John Ahearn. Did you start out with language in your work, or were you trying other things?

JH: Painting was falling away by the time I went to the Whitney. I'd been doing projects outdoors for the public. I made pigeons eat geometry by putting bread out in rhomboids and triangles. I don't know if this activity made sense, but the work was available. And I ripped my paintings and left long colored ropes at the beach for people to puzzle over. I was working outdoors, but I didn't have any language, any clear content outside yet. Words arrived when I started to write on my paintings inside my studio. All that was in Providence, Rhode Island, before I moved to New York, where writing came to the fore. I used language because I wanted to offer content that people—not necessarily art people—could understand.

KS: I remember when I first saw your work outside. For me it was really strange because, as an artist, I never thought about making things outside. Other artists were working with language, but it felt really radical to put it outside at the time.

> ✓ JH: I wasn't sure I was an artist, so I thought maybe I just was throwing ideas out for people to consider. That

took some of the pressure off. [laughs] The first street pieces were black-and-white posters with the Truisms, one-liners on many subjects written from multiple points of view. I went around late at night to paste these posters downtown. I put the next series of posters outside, too, the Inflammatory Essays. (...)

KS: Things change socially. Certainly artists were tremendously active. And I think some artists were active during these last wars, but not in a visible way. Before, they were part of the forefront. It's

JH: In the '60s and '70s, it was often the artists and the musicians who provided alternatives. Now, it has mostly been the comedians fighting the wars, you know? Jon Stewart and Stephen Colbert and Bill Maher. Isn't that weird?

KS: That's true. It's strange. And also the Internet it's where young people go instead of visually presenting themselves in the streets. You had a run of three big shows in 1989 and '90: Dia, the Guggenheim, Venice [Biennale]. The Guggenheim show was one of the most memorable shows in that museum, formally and contentwise. But I remember for the show at Dia, you were writing the text in your own work. It really mixed the personal and the political and social together in an interesting sense of complexity and vulnerability. Shortly after that you began using other people's texts, and I thought, When are you going back to using your own texts? That Dia exhibition was so profound to me. It had enormous emotional resonance.

(...)

KS: Are there any projects that were particularly memorable in the way they stretched your working process?

JH: Working in great buildings is always utterly terrifying, but also gratifying when I don't blow it. It was heady to be inside the Guggenheim in the '80s. That was almost too much for me, but I think the installation looked logical and simple when done. Doing a projection on the outside of the Guggenheim was dandy, too. [Holzer used the facade in 2008 in *For the Guggenheim*.]

KS: Were you one of the first people to use the whole space like that?

JH: Maybe so. Anytime I get into a fabulous building like the [Mies] van der Rohe Neue Nationalgalerie in Berlin, or [Norman] Foster's remake of the Reichstag or [Frank] Gehry's museum in Bilbao—that last one was a stretch because Gehry's work is so curvy and I'm so rigid—it's good for me.

KS: What about Helmut Lang and your collaborations with him?

JH: That was the closest I've come to being able to affect architecture physically, and not only react and meld, because the smart and friendly Richard Gluckman [the architect and designer of Helmut Lang's stores] doesn't hate artists. [*laughs*] He let us mess around and do things like integrate LEDs into railings. *SOURCE: http://www.interviewmagazine.com/art/jenny-holzer/#_*

MYTH Negotiator

ATHENA & POSEIDON VIE FOR ATHENS Plato, Menexenus 237c (trans. Fowler) (Greek philosopher C4th B.C.):

"Our country [Athens] is deserving of praise, not only from us but from all men, on many grounds, but first and foremost because she is god-beloved. The strife of the gods who contended over her [i.e. Athena and Poseidon] and their judgement testify to the truth of our statement."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 3. 14. 1 (trans. Frazer) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Kekrops, a son of the soil, with a body compounded of man and serpent, was the first king of Attika ... In his time, they say, the gods resolved to take possession of cities in which each of them should receive his own peculiar worship. So Poseidon was the first that came to Attika, and with a blow of his trident on the middle of the acropolis, he produced a sea which they now call Erekhtheis. After him came Athena. and, having called on Kekrops to witness her act of taking possession, she planted an olive tree, which is still shown in the Pandrosion. But when the two strove for possession of the country, Zeus parted them and appointed arbiters, not, as some have affirmed, Kekrops and Kranaus, nor yet Erysikhthon, but the twelve gods (dodekatheoi). And in accordance with their verdict the country was adjudged to Athena, because Kekrops bore witness that she had been the first to plant the olive. Athena, therefore, called the city Athens after herself, and Poseidon in hot anger flooded the Thriasian plain and laid Attika under the sea."

Callimachus, Hecale Fragment 1. 2 (from Papyri) (trans. Trypanis) (Greek poet C3rd B.C.):

"The land [Attika] which she [Athena] had newly obtained by vote of Zeus and the twelve other immortals and the witness of the Snake [Kekrops]."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 1. 24. 2 (trans. Jones) (Greek travelogue C2nd A.D.):

"[On the Akropolis is a] group [of statues] dedicated by Alkamenes. Athena is represented displaying the olive plant, and Poseidon the wave."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 1. 24. 5:

"As you enter the temple [of Athena on the Akropolis at Athens] that they name the Parthenon, all the sculptures you see on what is called ... the rear pediment represent the contest for the land between Athena and Poseidon."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 1. 27. 1:

"[Near the temple of Athena Polias on the Akropolis of Athens:] About the olive tree they have nothing to say except that it was testimony the goddess produced when she contended for their land. Legend also says that when the Persians fired Athens the olive was burnt down, but on the very day it was burnt it grew again to the height of two cubits."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 164 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"When there was a contest between Neptunus [Poseidon] and Minerva [Athena] as to who should be the first to found a town in the Attic land, they took Jove [Zeus] as judge. Minerva [Athena] won because she first planted the olive in that land, said to be there to this day. But Neptunus [Poseidon], in anger, wanted to have the sea flood that land. Mercurius [Hermes], at Jove's [Zeus'] command, forbade his doing that. And so Minerva [Athena] in her own name founded Athens, a town said to be the first established in the world."

688 ← Ovid, Metamorphoses 6. 70 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.):

"The rock of Mavors [Ares] in Cecrops' citadel is Pallas' [Athena's] picture [in her weaving contest with Arakhnel and that old dispute about he name of Athens. Twelve great gods, Jove [Zeus] in their midst, sit there on lofty thrones, grave and august, each pictured with his own familiar features: Jove [Zeus] in regal grace, the Sea-God [Poseidon] standing, striking the rough rock with his tall trident, and the wounded rock gushing sea-brine, his proof to clinch his claim. Herself she gives a shield, she gives a spear sharp-tipped, she gives a helmet for her head; the aegis guards her breast, and from the earth struck by her spear, she shows an olive tree, springing pale-green with berries on the boughs; the gods admire; and Victoria [Nike] ends the work."

BOOK Occupy Noam Chomsky 06.01.2012

AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF CLASS WAR Interview conducted at MIT, Cambridge, Massachusetts

Edward Radzivilovskiy: I want to start off with something you said at Occupy Boston: "The most exciting aspect of the Occupy movement is the construction of the linkages that are taking place all over. If they can be sustained and expanded, Occupy can lead to dedicated efforts to set society on a more humane course."

Some have said that the Occupy movement does not have a cohesive message of its demands. If you do believe that the Occupy movement does have specific demands, how many of these demands do you actually think can be realized?

Noam Chomsky: There is quite a range of people from many walks of life and many concerns involved in the Occupy movement. There are some general

things that bring them together, but of course they all have specific concerns as well.

Primarily, I think this should be regarded as a response, the first major public response, in fact, to about thirty years of a really quite bitter class war that has led to social, economic and political arrangements in which the system of democracy has been shredded.

Congress, for example, has its lowest approval level in history—practically invisible—and other institutions' ratings are not much higher.

← The population is angry, frustrated, bitter—and for good reasons. For the past generation, policies have been

initiated that have led to an extremely sharp concentration of wealth in a tiny sector of the population. In fact, the wealth distribution is very heavily weighted by, literally, the top tenth of one percent of the population, a fraction so small that they're not even picked up on the census. You have to do statistical analysis just to detect them. And they have benefited enormously. This is mostly from the financial sector—hedge fund managers, CEOs of financial corporations, and so on.

At the same time, for the majority of the population, incomes have pretty much stagnated. Real wages have also stagnated, sometimes declined. The benefits system that was very strong has been weakened. People have been getting by in the United States by much higher workloads, by debt which sooner or later becomes unsustainable, and by the illusions created by bubbles-most recently, the housing bubble which collapsed, like bubbles do, leaving about \$8 trillion in paper wealth disappearing for some sectors of the population. So, by now, U.S. workers put in far more hours than their counterparts in other industrial countries, and for African Americans almost all wealth has disappeared. It has been a pretty harsh and bitter period-not by the standards of developing nations, but this is a rich society and people judge their situation and their prospects by what ought to be the case.

At the same time, concentration of wealth leads almost reflexively to concentration of political power, which in turn translates into legislation, naturally in the interests of those implementing it; and that accelerates what has been a vicious cycle leading to, as I said, bitterness, anger, frustration and a very atomized society. That's why the linkages in the Occupy movement are so important.

Occupy is really the first sustained response to this. People have referred to the Tea Party as a response, but that is highly misleading. The Tea Party is relatively affluent, white. Its influence and power come from the fact that it has enormous corporate support and heavy finance. Parts of the corporate world simply see them as their shock troops, but it's not a movement in the serious sense that Occupy is.

Going back to your question about the movement's demands, there are general ones that are very widely shared in the population: Concern about the inequality. Concern about the chicanery of the financial institutions and the way their influence on the government has led to a situation in which those responsible for the crisis are helped out, bailed out—richer and more powerful than ever, while the victims are ignored. There are very specific proposals concerning the regulation of financial transaction taxes, reversal of the rules of corporate governance that have led to this kind of situation: for example, a shifting of the tax code back to something more like what it used to be when the very rich were not essentially exempted from taxes, and many other quite specific demands of that kind. It goes on to include the interests of groups and their particular concerns, some of which are quite far reaching.

But I think, if you investigate the Occupy movements and you ask them what are their demands, they are reticent to answer and rightly so, because they are essentially crafting a point of view from many disparate sources. And one of the striking features of the movement has simply been the creation of cooperative communities—something very much lacking in an atomized, disintegrated society—that include general assemblies that carry out extensive discussion, kitchens, libraries, support systems, and so on. All of that is a work in progress leading to community structures that, if they can spread out into the broader community and retain their vitality, could be very important.

SOURCE: Interview with Edward Radzivilovskiy, Student, New York University, Paris

IMPERSONATION Simone de Beauvoir by Madeleine Gobeil 1965

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR, THE ART OF FICTION NO. 35

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← Madeleine Gobeil: In every one of your novels we find a female character who is misled by false

notions and who is threatened by madness. **Simone de Beauvoir:** Lots of modern women are like that. Women are obliged to play at being what they aren't, to play, for example, at being great courtesans, to fake their personalities. They're on the brink of neurosis. I feel very sympathetic toward women of that type. They interest me more than the well-balanced housewife and mother. There are, of course, women who interest me even more, those who are both true and independent, who work and create.

MG: None of your female characters are immune from love. You like the romantic element.

SdB: Love is a great privilege. Real love, which is very rare, enriches the lives of the men and women who experience it.

MG: In your novels, it seems to be the women—I'm thinking of Françoise in She Came to Stay and Anne in The Mandarins—who experience it most.

SdB: The reason is that, despite everything, women give more of themselves in love because most of them don't have much else to absorb them. Perhaps they're also more capable of deep sympathy, which is the basis of love. Perhaps it's also because I can project myself more easily into women than into men. My female characters are much richer than my male characters.

MG: You've never created an independent and really free female character who illustrates in one way or other the thesis of The Second Sex. Why?

SdB: I've shown women as they are, as divided human beings, and not as they ought to be.

MG: After your long novel, The Mandarins, you stopped writing fiction and began to work on your memoirs. Which of these two literary forms do you prefer? SdB: I like both of them. They offer different kinds of satisfaction and disappointment. In writing my memoirs, it's very agreeable to be backed up by reality. On the other hand, when one follows reality from day to day, as I have, there are certain depths, certain kinds of myth and meaning that one disregards. In the novel, however, one can express these horizons, these overtones of daily life, but there's an element of fabrication that is nevertheless disturbing. One should aim at inventing without fabricating. I had been wanting to talk about my childhood and youth for a long time. I had maintained very deep relationships with them, but there was no sign of them in any of my books. Even before writing my first novel, I had a desire to have, as it were, a heart-to-heart talk. It was a very emotional, a very personal need. After Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter I was unsatisfied, and then I thought of doing something else. But I was unable to. I said to myself, "I've fought to be free. What have I done with my freedom, what's become of it?" I wrote the sequel that carried me from the age of twenty-one to the present time, from The Prime of Life to Force of Circumstance-

MG: At the meeting of writers in Formentor a few years ago, Carlo Levi described The Prime of Life as "the great love story of the century." Sartre appeared for the first time as a human being. You revealed a Sartre who had not been rightly understood, a man very different from the legendary Sartre.

SdB: I did it intentionally. He didn't want me to write about him. Finally, when he saw that I spoke about him the way I did, he gave me a free hand.

MG: In your opinion, why is it that, despite the reputation he's had for twenty years, Sartre the writer remains misunderstood and is still violently attacked by critics?

SdB: For political reasons. Sartre is a man who has violently opposed the class into which he was born and which therefore regards him as a traitor. But that's the class which has money, which buys books.

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Sartre's situation is paradoxical. He's an antibourgeois writer who is read by the bourgeoisie and admired by it as one of its products. The bourgeoisie has a monopoly on culture and thinks that it gave birth to Sartre. At the same time, it hates him because he attacks it.

MG: In an interview with Hemingway in The Paris Review, he said, "All you can be sure about, in a political-minded writer is that if his work should last you will have to skip the politics when you read it." Of course, you don't agree. Do you still believe in "commitment"?

SdB: Hemingway was precisely the type of writer who never wanted to commit himself. I know that he was involved in the Spanish civil war, but as a journalist. Hemingway was never deeply committed, so he thinks that what is eternal in literature is what isn't dated, isn't committed. I don't agree. In the case of many writers, it's also their political stand which makes me like or dislike them. There aren't many writers of former times whose work was really committed. And although one reads Rousseau's Social Contract as eagerly as one reads his Confessions, one no longer reads The New Héloïse.

SOURCE: http://www.theparisreview.org/interviews/4444/ the-art-of-fiction-no-35-simone-de-beauvoir

FILM Sicko Michael Moore 2007

If this is what can happen between supposed enemies, if one enemy can hold out his hand and offer to heal, then what else is possible? That's when I heard that the man who runs the biggest anti-Michael Moore website was going to have to shut it down. He could no longer afford to keep it up because his wife was ill and he couldn't afford to pay for her health insurance. He was faced with a choice of either keep attacking me or pay for his wife's health. Fortunately, he chose his wife. But something seemed wrong about being forced into such a decision. Why, in a free country, shouldn't he be able to have health insurance and exercise his First Amendment right to run me into the ground? So I wrote him a check for the 12,000 dollars he needed to keep his wife insured and in treatment, and sent it to him anonymously. His wife got better and his website is still going strong.

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← It was hard for me to acknowledge that in the end, we truly are all in the same boat. And that no matter what

our differences, we sink or swim together. That's how it seems to be everywhere else. They take care of each other, no matter what their disagreements. You know, when we see a good idea from another country, we grab it. If they build a better car, we drive it. If they make a better wine, we drink it. So if they've come up with a better way to treat the sick, to teach their kids, to take care of their babies, to simply be good to each other, then what's our problem? Why can't we do that? They live in a world of 'we', not 'me'. We'll never fix anything until we get that one basic thing right. And powerful forces hope that we never do. And that we remain the only country in the western world without free, universal health care. You know, if we ever did remove the chokehold of medical bills, college loans, daycare, and everything else that makes us afraid to step out of line, well, watch out. Cause it will be a new day in America. In the meantime, I'm gonna go get the government to do my laundry. SOURCE: Sicko script

ARTICLE Freitag Messenger Bag by Brittany 26.03.2012

I LOVE MY FREITAG BAG

I am a big fan of messenger bags and messenger bag style purses, especially since having a baby. There is so much stuff you have to carry around with you including the child when "I'm tired. My legs don't work anymore (said in a particularly whiny voice)" starts kicking in. A regular purse just slides off my shoulder while performing super mom duties, which makes the messenger bag a match for me.

← I love my Freitag bag! Other than 692 being indestructible, it's made out of recycled material so good for my

conscience too. Freitag makes their bags from used truck tarps, worn-out bicycle inner tubes, discarded seatbelts, and recycled airbags. Sounds horrible, doesn't it? In reality, they are actually pretty cool looking.

My friend Lee, who is new here, has noticed that these bags are everywhere and decided it was a must for her to have one as well. I am always up for a shopping trip to Zürich so I gladly joined her. Even though Freitag is a Zürich thing, I oddly enough bought mine in Edinburgh, Scotland. I have seen them for sale in various shops around but I was unaware of the main Freitag store. I looked up the location on the website and off we went.

It was about a 20 minute walk from Zürich main station. The first day of Spring and the weather was amazing so we decided to walk. The shop is located in the Züri-West district in Zürich. During the day, it's a washing machines, lots of Zürich rainwater and our very multicultural area with an eclectic array of shops and restaurants. At night, Langstrasse becomes the red light district. We were in an industrial looking area and thought that we surely must be lost, but then I saw the words "Freitag Shop Zürich" on a tower. As we got closer. I noticed that it was not a tower we were walking towards, but very large cargo crates stacked one on top of another. I was even more surprised when I went inside and looked up. The shop is indeed made out of a stack of hollowed out crates. Each floor is very small with boxes of bags against the wall and a small staircase that leads all the way to the top. Each floor had a different style of bag. There are so many to go through it becomes quite a task. Which bag is right? It is a very personal thing and I don't think it should be given as a gift to someone. Lee found the perfect bag and was a very happy customer.

You will have to check out their website (http://www. freitag.ch/) to see how they are made. Each bag is completely unique. The store is amazing, but on their site you can actually design your own bag. You pick the style and select the part of the tarp you want cut and displayed on the front. One big drawback is how expensive they are. My bag is the small size and cost CHF 145 (\$160, £100). While most bags are in the CHF 150-200 range, you can pay up to CHF 400 (\$440, £275) for one of these. Luckily, they are indestructible and will last forever. If it was up to me, I would have numerous colors in numerous sizes.

FROM TRUCK TILL BAG

Giving used materials a new life is called "recontextualizing" at FREITAG. Whereas similar reincarnations such as From Frog Till Prince or the Cinderella upcycling do not reveal exactly how the transformation process happened and thus leave consumers in the dark, we want to lay our cards on the table.

Transforming used truck tarps into highly functional, unique bags takes place in five highly complex stages at the F-actory:

1. RAW MATERIALS: Anyone who has ever kissed a frog knows that only the best and most beautiful raw materials can be recontextualized into satisfactory R.I.P.s (Recycled Individual Products). And those are rather scarce. A logistical grand offensive is needed to track down so many truck tarps precisely when they are being retired after five to ten years on the road.

2. CUTTING THE TARPS: In our opinion, the Cutting Department at Noerd is the only place in the world where violence is sometimes the only solution since used tarps are not sold by the yard and you can't just measure and cut out the amount you need for your bag parts. They are reinforced with buckles, belts and eyelets to keep them on their trucks for yearsand all that has to go.

3. WASHING: The tarps are beautified due to the accumulation of many layers of snowy slush, acid rain, acrid exhaust fumes, fine dust particles and the usual grime from all over Europe. That all has to be gotten rid of, however, so we need our two gigantic

tarp washers.

4. BAG DESIGN: Other designers produce sketches-our designers create bags. One after the other with a sharp knife at the ready. This is where the process takes place that makes our products one-of-akind in the truest sense of the word: each one is unique because there is not another one like it in the world

5. SEWING: The cut-out tarp pieces have to leave the F-actory in order to complete the transformation. Our longstanding partners' sewing machines rattle away like crazy until the thick tarps are stitched together. When the finished FREITAG bags and accessories finally return home, they then have to pass a few hard tests.

SOURCE: http://andrewsexpat.wordpress. com/2012/03/26/i-love-my-freitag-bag/

MYTH Healer

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ATHENA HEALER

← Quintus Smyrnaeus, Fall of Troy 8. 350 ff (trans. Way) (Greek epic C4th A.D.):

"Athena from Olympos swooped to forest-mantled Ida. Quaked the earth and Xanthos' murmuring streams: so mightily she shook them ... From her immortal armour flashed around the hovering lightnings; fearful serpents breathed fire from her shield invincible; the crest of her great helmet swept the clouds."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 3, 10, 3 (trans, Frazer) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.): "And [Asklepios] having become a surgeon, and carried the art to a great pitch, he not only prevented some from dying, but even raised up the dead; for he had received from Athena the blood that flowed from the veins of the Gorgon, and while he used the blood that flowed from the veins on the left side for the bane of mankind, he used the blood that flowed from the right side for salvation, and by

that means he raised the dead." Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 3. 6. 7 (trans. Frazer)

(Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Now there was among the Thebans a soothsayer, Teiresias, son of Eueres and a nymph Khariklo ... and he had lost the sight of his eyes. Different stories are told about his blindness and his power of soothsav-

ing ... Pherekydes says that he was blinded by Athena; for Khariklo was dear to Athena ... and [when her son] Teiresias [accidentally] saw the goddess stark naked, she covered his eyes with her hands, and so rendered him sightless. And when Khariklo asked

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her to restore his sight, she could not do so, but by cleansing his ears she caused him to understand every note of birds; and she gave him a staff of cornel-wood, wherewith he walked like those who see." Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 142 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Prometheus, son of lapetus, first fashioned men from clay. Later Vulcan [Hephaistos], at Jove's [Zeus'] command, made a woman's form from clay. Minerva [Athene] gave it life, and the rest of the gods each gave come other gift. Because of this they named her Pandora. She was given in marriage to Prometheus' brother Epimetheus, Pyrrha (Fire) was her daughter. and was said to be the first mortal born."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 39 (trans. Grant) (Roman of night shall stay these couriers from the swift mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Daedalus, son of Eupalamus, who is said to have received the art of craftsmanship from Athena, threw down from the roof Perdix, son of his sister, envying his skill, because he first invented the saw."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 8. 236 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.):

"A chattering partridge in a muddy ditch watched him [Daidalos] and clapped its wings and crowed for joy-a bird unique and never seen before, a new creation and a long reproach to Daedalus. His sister, never guessing the fate in store, had given her boy to him for training, twelve years old and quick to learn. This lad observed the backbone of a fish and copied it: he cut a row of teeth in a slim blade or iron and a saw was his invention. He too was the first to fasten with a joint two metal arms so that, keeping a constant space apart, while one stood still the other traced a circle. In jealous rage his master hurled him down headlong from Minvera's sacred citadel [the Akropolis], feigning a fall; but Pallas [Athena], who sustains talent, upheld him, changed him to a bird and clothed the lad with feathers as he fell. Even so his talent's darting guickness passed to wings and feet; he kept his former name [Perdix, Greek for partridge]."

MUSIC **O** Superman Laurie Anderson 1981

O Superman. O judge. O Mom and Dad. Mom and Dad. O Superman. O judge. O Mom and Dad. Mom and Dad. Hi, I'm not home right now. But if you want to leave a message, just start talking at the sound of the tone. Hello? This is your Mother. Are you there? Are you coming home? Hello? Is anybody home? Well, you don't know me, but I know you.

And I've got a message to give to you. Here come the planes. So you better get ready. Ready to go. You can come as you are, but pay as you go. Pay as you go.

And I said: OK. Who is this really? And the voice said: This is the hand, the hand that takes. This is the hand, the hand that takes. This is the hand, the hand that takes. Here come the planes.

They're American planes. Made in America. \leftarrow Smoking or non-smoking? 694 And the voice said:

Neither snow nor rain nor gloom completion of their appointed rounds.

'Cause when love is gone, there's always justice. And when justive is gone, there's always force. And when force is gone, there's always Mom. Hi Mom!

So hold me, Mom, in your long arms. So hold me, Mom, in your long arms. In your automatic arms. Your electronic arms. In your arms.

So hold me, Mom, in your long arms. Your petrochemical arms. Your military arms. In your electronic arms. SOURCE: O Superman Lyrics

ART Every Day in China, We Put the State on Trial by Ai Weiwei 15.04.2013

For ages, artists have asked difficult questions about the human condition. It is their privilege to pursue such questions without needing to yield practical results. As individuals, and as a society, we can never really say we know everything. Society allows artists to explore what we don't know in ways that are distinct from the approaches of science, religion and philosophy. As a result, art bears a unique responsibility in the search for truth.



by the media, has limitations. Manipulation of the truth does not lead to a lack of truth—it's worse than no truth. Manipulated truths help the powerful, or advance the positions of the people who publicize them. So the arts and journalistic media play completely different roles.

I think it is important for artists to see themselves as privileged, and to bear some responsibility, because their job is about communication and expression. These are the core values of life, of being individuals. Most people don't realize that they have to fight for this, but for us artists, it's necessary.

By mixing art with personal observations and social commentary, I became part of the first generation to use the internet well. At first, I would spend day and night online-16 hours a day, or even 24 hours, if important events were unfolding. I became excited about blogging because I thought it was a way for me to accomplish something I always desired: direct communication. My first blog post in 2005 was a single sentence:

"To express yourself needs a reason; expressing vourself is the reason."

That reason, for me, is clear: in China, the media are owned by an authoritarian state, which uses brute power to control information. Since 1949, the media have never revealed a cracked door; even when they want to release a simple fact, it's always with some propagandistic intentions.

(...)

There is no way the party leaders will relax censorship or grant individual liberties, because they have built a fortune—an empire—from the present system. Without this structure, there is no such profit left for them. Their lives depend on the denial of freedom of speech and democracy. In this society, there are two sides: the people who govern and the rest, who have no power. Between them, there's no communication. The people in power never listen to anybody, and they have never made themselves legitimate; they haven't held real elections in over 60 years. Chairman Mao once said:

"As communists we gain control with the power of the gun and maintain control with the power of the pen." If the people are free to speak, then the first thing they will discuss is the legitimacy of those in power -and those people would immediately lose their power. Over decades, they gradually lost the moral ground. Then they lost the ideological ground. But they still have the army and the propaganda. And they're not trying to make any improvements; they will literally just grab the gun and kill anybody who has a different voice.

So, traditional media clearly have many restrictions: they are strongly influenced by their owners-the state, in China's case. On the internet, by contrast, everybody has equal rights. They say all men are created equal, but you're so limited by who you are, who your father is, whom you know, how much money you have, and your education. Through the internet, everything is abstract; you don't really know any of that.

With 140 Chinese characters on Twitter, you can write a short story or novel. It's not like in English, where you only have room for one question or piece of information. So we're very privileged. But at the same time, I have been censored countless times for blogging on Sina Weibo, sharing my opinions and

publishing the names and stories of children killed during the Sichuan earthquake. The authorities delete my sentences. When they find that I'm writing too much, they shut off my IP. So I have to use another one and write under another username. Sometimes, in one month, I have to use a hundred different IP addresses, Still, whatever I do, they'll try to recognize me from the way I talk and the name I takevariations on my name like "Ai Weiwei", "Ai Wei", "Ai" and so on.

Hundreds of thousands of people have registered similar names to confuse the authorities policing the internet. People support me by wearing these virtual masks, calling themselves "Wei" or whatever. Finally, the authorities shut off all access to Sina Weibo and deleted popular accounts linked to me, while they took care to hide their own identities.

In April 2011, I was arrested. After 81 days of detention, I was released on probation, and they fabricated an accusation against me and fined me on charges of tax evasion. Thanks to the internet, these events unfolded in front of everybody, and I have garnered a tremendous amount of support. In just the first few days, 30,000 people donated money to us to pay the fine, which is over 9m yuan.

Nobody could ever have imagined something like this would happen: you're accused by the state, and everybody supports you. When they give us money, they just say, "We never had a chance to vote. This is our vote, so just take it." We're returning every cent, though it may take us a whole year. Many people refused to give us their address, either because they don't need the money back or they are scared that the police will locate them.

This fight is not about me. It's a fight for simple principles: freedom of expression and human rightsthe essential rights, like sharing our opinions, that make us human and not slaves.

Every day, we put the state on trial-a moral trial, conducted with logic and reasoning. Nothing could be better than this. I am preparing a budding civil society to imagine change. First, you need people to recognize they need change. Then, you need them to recognize how to make change. Finally, change will come. SOURCE: http://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2013/apr/15/ ai-weiwei-china-state-on-trial

ARTICLE We Believe by Lush 1995

696 ← We believe in making effective products from fresh, organic* fruit and vegetables, the finest essential

oils and safe synthetics.

We invent our own products and fragrances. We make them fresh by hand, using little or no preservative or packaging, using only vegetarian ingredients, and tell you when they were made. We believe in buying ingredients only from companies that do not commission tests on animals, and in testing our products on humans. We believe in happy people making happy soap, putting our faces on our products and making our

putting our faces on our products and making our mums proud.

We believe in long candlelit baths, sharing showers, massage, filling the world with perfume and in the right to make mistakes, lose everything and start again. We believe our products are good value, that we should make a profit and that the customer is always right.

* We also believe words like fresh and organic have honest meaning beyond marketing. SOURCE: www.lush.co.uk/our-values Athena as his guides Perseus sought out the daughters of Phorkys [the Graia] ... sisters of the Gorgons. ...

Perseus took flight and made his way to the ocean, where he found the Gorgons sleeping. ... All who looked at them were turned to stone. Perseus, therefore, with Athena guiding his hand, kept his eyes on the reflection in a bronze shield as he stood over the sleeping Gorgons, and when he saw the image of Medusa, he beheaded her."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 2. 46:

"Perseus [after returning to Seriphos and disposing of King Polydektes] ... gave the sandals, kibisis and helmet back to Hermes, and the Gorgon's head to Athena. ... Athena placed the Gorgon's head in the centre of her shield."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 204 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Nyctimene, daughter of Epopeus, king of the Lesbians, is said to have been a most beautiful girl. Her father, Epopeus, smitten by passion, embraced her, and overcome by shame, she hid herself in the woods. Minerva [Athena] out of pity changed her into an owl, which, out of shame, does not come into the light but appears at night."

MYTH Protector

ATHENA PROTECTOR

Philostratus the Younger, Imagines 8 (trans. Fairbanks) (Greek rhetorician C3rd A.D.):

"[From a description of a Greek painting:] Three goddesses standing near them—they need no interpreter to tell who they are; for Athena is recognized at a glance, clothed as she is in what the poets call the 'panoply of her race,' casting a 'bright glance' from under her helmet, and ruddy of face as well as masculine in general appearance."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 6. 70 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.):

"[The artist] gives her [Athena] a shield, she gives a spear sharp-tipped, she gives a helmet for her head; the aegis guards her breast."

697 ← Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 2. 37–41 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.):

"Polydeketes assigned him [Perseus] the task of fetching the Gorgon's head. So with Hermes and

EPILOGUE

Orlando in New York

New Year 1964

The Ruby Dress. I call it the Ruby Dress, not because of its ruby color, but because when I put it on I become Ruby. Ruby Shoes, Ruby Lipstick, Ruby Hair. The hair is not ruby, it's a fabulous *electric* blue. It doesn't go with anything. The level to which it clashes is shocking, and that's the idea. The Ruby Stole: light green feathers setting off the hair; and the Ruby Nails. It's about minus four Fahrenheit outside, so if there's a line, people will die. 'That's not gonna be us,' Tommy insists, cause the guy who's put us on the guest list, is 'like the Queen of England: nightclub royalty, believe. You. Me.' Tommy stays cool most of the time, he doesn't really get excited, but you know he's impressed when his punctuation goes erratic. Still, that reminds me I was gonna use the Union Jack handbag, not the plain one, just to show him: I'm on message.

It takes me another half hour to do my eyelashes and then Tommy needs to swing by his dealer because he doesn't trust 'all the crap that'll be doing the rounds there', so by the time we get to the club, it's minutes before midnight and we just have enough time to get in some Mojitos before the big countdown, and then Auld Lang Syne. That's when I catch her eyes and she's: beautiful. She's easily the most beautiful drag queen that I've ever seen. She doesn't even look like a drag queen, she's lean and delicate and extremely elegant; not garish at all, like most of us are, most of the time, even when we're not making an effort to be. She looks like a *lady*, which seems a little ironic. She catches me staring at her and sashays over: 'You must be Ruby,' holding out her hand with the kind of gesture that makes you think, am I supposed to I kiss it? I can't shake it, this is not the kind of hand that you shake. I bend forward and lift her long gloved fingers to my lips, but I don't let my lips touch her knuckles. She smiles. I'm stunned.

I don't know how she knows who I am, I'm quite new on the circuit and actually quite shy, but she keeps beaming at me and says: 'I am Orlando, Tommy's friend, I got you in; you are technically my guest.' I don't know what to say, so I keep staring at her and she continues: 'You don't hold hands here, do you?' Now I'm completely lost: did I do the wrong thing? 'You just drape yourselves over whoever happens to be standing next to you: it does have its very own charm.'

I switch stares to Tommy, *uncomprehending*. What is this girl talking about? 'Auld Lang Syne,' Tommy says: 'you hold hands for it, like this, in England.' Orlando corrects him: 'In fact, in Scotland you only cross arms on the last verse, when you sing: "and there's a hand my trusty fiere! And gie's a hand o'thine..." but very few people know this tradition, and fewer still honour it. As it happens, hardly anyone even knows the third verse...' She squeezes between us and demonstrates by offering us a hand each, crossing her arms in front of her, and then she gives us each a peck on the cheek and trills 'Happy New Year, both of you,' and, to me, 'love the bag, nice touch!' Then she disappears into the crazy melee. I'm not even sure what's just happened, but Tommy shrugs his shoulders and says: 'Told you.'

We drop a couple of Tommy's pills (that detour was a good call: they kick in straight away and the buzz is groovy and smooth) and I go in search for this Audrey-Hepburnesque vision that had appeared before me, because now I'm a little in love. This is unreal: *I'm a drag queen*, I don't fall for other drag queens, plus I'm here with Tommy, and we don't play around (much). But she's *exquisite*. I find her perched on a sofa talking to a guy wearing shades. She sees me and beckons me over. 'Ruby, darling, meet Andy, he's a very talented artist.' The guy with the shades is so softly spoken, I can't catch a word of what he's saying, but then he

doesn't say much anyway, he just smiles at me sweetly, and I'm now high on speed so I don't really care. Tommy comes over and Orlando excuses herself by giving the artist guy a peck on the cheek too, just as she'd given us, and mouths in his ear: 'Happy New Year: make it *special...*' The artist guy stays seated with his inscrutable expression half obscured by those sunglasses, but he seems happy enough there, while Orlando joins us and puts a cigarette on her filter, gets Tommy to light it for her and dances a little dance all by herself, with the artist guy watching.

Tuesday, April 21st-6 p.m.

Somebody arrives at our Greenwich Village apartment wearing a dark suit and a dark tie and sharp shoes, and I don't even recognise him because he's got a haircut like one of the Beatles-who by the way are now on spots one to five in the US singles chart, they are all over the place; what is that all about?—and I think I might still be hallucinating from all the acid I'd been taking over the weekend, either that or John Lennon has just popped round for coffee, but this one's much better looking, and when he opens his mouth and that soft, lilting voice comes out with, 'Ruby, darling, where's Tommy, I have some magnificent news, but we have to get our skates on,' do I get it's Orlando. 'Tommy's not here right now, but come in, what's the news?' Orlando makes straight for the fridge and helps himself to some ice cubes and a shot of vodka from the kitchen cupboard: 'We are going to Andy's first public show at the Factory.'

Friday, April 24th

It's taken me a couple of days to get over it. Seriously: either that man is a complete genius, or I have to stop taking drugs immediately, or both. Orlando takes us Midtown to this studio on East 47th, and to me it looks pretty much like we're never going to get in: there are people waiting round the block, but Orlando ushers us right through and up six floors in a jam-packed elevator, and suddenly we're in this huge space which is decked out in silver foil with silver paint on the walls, music blaring out from speakers everywhere and some kind of light show going on, and the room is filled with... grocery boxes. Just the kind of boxes you'd find in a supermarket or warehouse that would have Brillo pads in them, or tomato juice or whatever, but they don't, they're made of wood and printed on, so I say to Orlando, 'what the hell is this?' and he laughs and says: 'they're sculptures!' The crowd is astonishing: you've got just about everybody here that matters, and I think I at one point *literally* bump into Michael Caine of all people, I don't know what he's doing in town, and then in the middle of it all you've got this Andy Warhol character playing host, smiling benignly at people and welcoming them to his show. To my utter surprise he remembers me, or at least he pretends to, but then unlike Orlando, who hasn't changed out of his suit, I'm here in full Ruby regalia, and Andy says I need to come back as he's now making movies. I tell him I'd love to be in one of his movies but I'm not really an actor, and he says that's just perfect because I'm 'so beautiful!...' I don't know what to make of it all, but on the way out I overhear someone say to someone else who is staggering down the stairs, trying not to fall over: 'I think the Sixties have just begun.'

Friday, June 12th

Orlando and I have been going back to the Factory two or three times a week now for over a month, sometimes daily. I keep expecting Tommy to get jealous, but he's got himself a steady job now and has gotten really quite respectable, so he hasn't got any time anyway and he doesn't seem to mind at all; if anything he seems happy for me to have someone to hang out with. The Factory is an amazing place. People come and go all the time, drag queens, freaks, artists, hustlers, writers, models, and practically every day somebody famous comes in. It seems everybody and anybody who comes to New York is paying a visit to the Factory. There are movie stars like Dennis Hopper and rock stars like David Bowie and then there are people like Baby Jane Holzer and Gerard Malanga who aren't really stars at all but Andy calls them 'Superstars' anyway because he reckons that soon everybody will be famous for fifteen minutes, and there are certainly a lot of people hanging out here who are dying for their fifteen minutes of fame.

A few weeks ago we both made a short film portrait each with Andy. He calls them Screen Tests, but they're not really screen tests at all, because they don't lead to anything else, they're just experiments in their own right. The setup is really simple: Andy positions the camera and you sit down in front of it and once he's happy with the frame, he starts recording and walks away. The film lasts as long as the film in the cartridge, which is nearly three minutes, and you're on your own. Orlando seemed comfortable. He decided to wear neither drag nor normal clothes but kind of a period shirt that looked like something from the sixteen hundreds or something, and then he had me put some make-up on him, very subtle, very androgynous, very sexy. Then he just sat there and looked into the camera, and did nothing at all. I found it hard. I'd come as Ruby-I always

come as Ruby, the Factory is one of the few places where I can be at home just as I am when I'm Ruby, I don't even have to put on an act any more, I can just be there. But sitting in front of a camera for three minutes is tough, you feel tempted to start mugging at the camera doing stuff and you think how can anyone find this interesting. But it is interesting. When you watch it back you realize: you can watch a face forever. And the less somebody does, in a way the more interesting it becomes.

This week, we continued work on *Kiss*, which Andy started last year. The principle is exactly the same: a couple—doesn't matter in what configuration—kiss and Andy films it. On this occasion, Gerard was kissing Mark Lancaster. I was kind of hoping Andy would ask Orlando and me to kiss for him too, but he didn't, and I wasn't going to suggest it because I didn't want to come across too pushy with Orlando...

Andy's movies are all kind of cool and weird at the same time. Earlier in the year, he made *Sleep*. It's literally just him filming his boyfriend John, while he's asleep. For hours. And *Blowjob*, where he keeps the camera not where you'd expect but on the guy's face. The reason I love these movies is not just because they're simple, but because he slows them down: he shoots them at a normal 24 frames per second, but then when he projects them he shows them at 16 frames a second, which is a third slower and just makes them look mesmerizing.

Sunday, July 19th

Things really kicked off in Harlem last night and there are reports of many injured and also some dead. Tommy is worried about me because I've been crying

since Thursday. It's just too awful: the shooting of James Powell has set us back, I don't know, thirty years. Martin Luther King has again called for restraint and peaceful, non-violent protests, but tensions are so high now, it fills me with dread and despair. Orlando is very sweet, he tries to comfort me by saying things like: 'the struggle will be worth it,' and 'we shall, in fact, overcome,' but I find it hard to believe and whenever he holds me I cry even more. My brothers and sisters are being shot down and beaten up and then blamed for their anger at a time when we are still so racially divided that most people just don't have a chance: I don't understand it. I kind of wish I could get out of town for a bit, New York can be just too intense...

Wednesday, October 28th

Poor little Freddy. He said he was going to do this, but nobody believed him, because when somebody says, come round to mine, I'm having a party and I'll be jumping off the roof, you don't think, yeah sure, that's *exactly* what you're gonna be doing. We were at Di's at the time, just chilling, talking, smoking, and he wanted to borrow an LP or something, I wasn't paying that much attention to be honest. He said, come over, it'll be a happening. We kind of laughed, we thought it was funny. But the speed really does something to people. I've said this to Billy at the Factory, 'you gotta be careful with these drugs, man, they change people,' and he smiled and said, 'yes, sure, that's what they do.'

Then last night Freddy went round to his friend, Johnny Dodd's, and he says, 'l'm gonna have a bath,' so he goes and has his bath and then he puts on a record, the Coronation Mass by Mozart. And he dances, high as a kite, and when the *Sanctus* comes on, he dances right out of the window. But he doesn't just dance, it's not like: oh, I just happen to be dancing out of the window; he jumped, he took a leap. He killed himself. And I don't think anybody knows why. He was beautiful. And kind. And yeah, maybe there was a dark side, I don't know, isn't there always?

Saturday, November 7th

Thursday Orlando and I went to Freddy's funeral service at Judson Memorial Church in Washington Square. Everybody was there, everybody was crying. Everybody is sad. Well, I'm not sure Andy is really sad. It's kind of disturbing, he told one of his friends, Peter I think, that it was a shame nobody was there with a camera to film it when Freddy jumped. Peter was furious. I'm furious too, it's a heartless thing to say, even if you're the coolest artist on the planet. I think a lot of people are angry with Andy, he doesn't seem to care. Maybe he can't, maybe he's too absorbed in his own world. Maybe we all are too absorbed in our own worlds. Maybe we're all too absorbed in his world. Orlando sure seems to think so. He's guite wary of it all, I think. Fascinated, yes, but wary. And if you see what's going down at the Factory, you understand why: there's fabulous stuff happening, don't get me wrong, during the summer he made these 40×40 inch silk screen prints of Marilyn and they're fabulous. They capture everything. That's what he does, he captures everything. But he doesn't connect. Orlando says he's taking the Christopher Isherwood principle to another level. I didn't know who Christopher Isherwood was, so Orlando explained he's the guy who went to Berlin and wrote the book on which the Broadway play I Am a Camera is based. 'This idea,' Orlando explained, 'of just being the observer, of capturing everything, of being completely disengaged

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and objective but actually creating the culture in doing so.' Orlando thinks Isherwood was ahead of his time but Andy is exactly of his time. 'Andy *is* New York today,' says Orlando, 'he's worked it out for himself and he's orchestrating a microcosm of everything that makes New York what it is in his Factory. It's brilliant, and it's shocking and it's extremely creative and it's also very destructive.' I've never heard Orlando talk like that. He's been very quiet and very serious lately. I haven't seen his mildly flamboyant, delicate charm at all recently, when I come to think of it. It bothers me.

Sunday, 22nd November

Andy's new show opened at the Castelli Gallery: flowers. They're cool. Kind of. They're not exactly revolutionary, but they're very Andy. He's dedicated a white flower to Freddy. Which is nice...

Tuesday, 8th December

Andy has won an independent filmmakers award. Not everybody is thrilled. I actually am; though I reckon they should have cited *Blowjob* too, not just *Sleep*, *Haircut, Kiss* and the others, but I guess they weren't quite brave enough. Some people are positively angry, and I guess if you've been a serious filmmaker for the last ten years, beavering away at making indie movies and never getting much recognition and then along comes Andy Warhol getting an award for pointing a camera, that must be pretty annoying. But it was a good night and everybody at the Factory seems a lot happier. Andy was handing out fruit to his 'Superstars' as 'awards'. He does have a sense of humor about it all... To deal with last night's hangover, Orlando awarded us both with the best Bloody Mary I've ever had mixed for me. The more time I spend with him, the more I like him. I wonder has he abandoned being a drag queen altogether, so I ask him, and I realize I've not really asked him anything about himself at all, not ever, I don't think, and so I also ask him what brings him to New York and what his plans are. I'm a bit scared I'm probing too hard, because I also realize, I've gone into the 'I don't want to push my luck with this guy, but maybe I want more from him, but I also don't want to lose what I've got of him now' phase, and I always get that phase so catastrophically wrong.

Orlando says he was just travelling and having a look around; he'd wanted to go to Tokyo, but remembered he couldn't really speak Japanese. I said, 'what do you mean, "really"?'-'Well, it's not a big problem,' he thought at first, 'I've learnt other languages before,' but then he reckoned it would be 'as interesting seeing the world come together in one place where he was already familiar with the idiom, as going everywhere and starting from scratch.' As so often I don't really understand what exactly he means, though I'm kind of used to that now. The drag thing he says was just 'playing around'. This makes me a little uneasy. I know for a lot of people drag queens are just figures of fun. Then he asks me whether I actually consider myself to be a transgender person. I shrug, I don't know. I don't think so, but I don't really know what I am. I don't know anything at the moment, I'm this great big six foot three black guy from the Bronx and I'm mixing with people I've never mixed with before and I'm learning stuff that I've never imagined and I'm having my heart peeled open by this tender, intelligent, different young guy who seems to be coming from everywhere and nowhere at the same time... The Bloody Marys appear to be doing a great job, I'm getting sentimental. 'So did you

actually go to Tokyo?'—'Oh no, I didn't. This time, I was wise before the event.' I didn't know what that meant either, but I leant forward to kiss him and he kissed me back. This was the first time. We've known each other for nearly a year now, and we've never come as close as this, even to kissing. Sure, for the first six months or so I was technically seeing Tommy, but once you've been to the Factory, or some of the parties in some of the clubs, or to any of the people's houses: people don't hesitate to kiss. They don't hesitate to do anything. You know the words that spring to mind here but I don't want anyone who ever reads this to feel like they're having to imagine ******** everywhere so I'll just leave it to your imagination. Still: we're talking *orgies* here, right. Not so with Orlando...

ORLANDO IN THE CITIES

Sunday, 21st March 1965

There is a new beauty in town and she captivates everybody. Andy is smitten. Even Orlando seems taken with her. Her name's Edie and she's almost exactly what Orlando would be if he were in fact a woman. 'It's most disconcerting,' he admits. She's like 22, drives around town in a Mercedes-Benz and parties with the kind of style other girls can't even muster the imagination to dream of. At the party for the *Life Magazine* spread, Orlando looked at her and then turned around to me and said: 'She's lost two of her brothers too, you know, isn't that sad?' And he did have a real sadness in his eyes, as if he were mourning them for her, and I said: 'Have you lost two brothers?' He snapped out of it and gave me a tired little smile: 'Not me, a friend...'

Sunday, 20th June

Went to the premiere last night of *Poor Little Rich Girl* in which Edie Sedgwick effectively stars as herself. She's gorgeous, there's no taking that away from her. Orlando says she 'radiates precisely the loss of self that a culture completely fixated on an external expression of the ego makes inevitable.' He no longer feels that comfortable being around the Factory set and he is not the only one. Several of the regulars have drifted away or fallen by the wayside, or simply died. The lifestyle is taking its toll. Somebody said, and I don't think it was the speed talking, 'he really sucks you dry, Drella.' Drella is Andy's nickname: Dracula/Cinderella. Orlando calls it 'curiously apt.'

Thursday, 16h December

Not since he first started working with Edie have I seen Andy so excited. He went to *Bizarre* last night and he says he's found the band he's been looking for. I frankly didn't know he was looking for a band, but I guess that's what makes Andy special: he really doesn't stop at anything, he just does whatever the hell he likes. Maybe that's at the end of the day what really makes an artist: to actually not give a damn. They're called *The Velvet Underground*. Orlando says, 'if Andy takes them on as their manager, then they might just do to music what he's done to art.' Orlando hasn't even heard them yet...

811

Sunday, 10th April 1966-3 p.m.

Oh wow. That was so crazy, and so amazing and so out there and so everything that you'd want from a happening, I'm still buzzing and it's two days later. Orlando is still asleep. I need some vegetable juice or something but I'm hoping the typewriter will wake him up, because I don't want to go out for breakfast on my own. So that was The Exploding Plastic Inevitable upstairs at the Dom. Seriously: I don't even know where to begin. Obviously, The Velvet Underground, in shades on stage; then Andy up on the balcony like a god or something looking down on his creation, and his film being projected on the band and these lights and the drugs. There are people going round literally injecting audience members with speed, right through their clothes. I have never seen so many people so off their faces have such a wild experience, I don't even know if I can go back there. Hedonism? This isn't even an ism any more this is just abandon.

Monday, 26th June 1967

Darling Ruby

I so wish you could have seen this, it would have cheered your gentle giant heart. They connected the whole world together in one single television broadcast via satellite: it was truly remarkable. Our little globe is becoming ever so small, and how magnificent is it, is it not?, that it should be possible to have the peoples of many nations experience the same spectacle, the same sensations, perhaps even the same emotions, at exactly the same time. You see, there is hope, like we said. I so wish you could have seen it and I so wish I could have you near me and look up into those dark brown twinkling eyes of yours. I do miss you terribly. I haven't had the stomach to write anything at all, no poetry, no diary, no letters, just nothing, since I found you, on the big red sofa, lying there as if you were taking a nap. I so wish I didn't have to just find you. I so wish I could have been there, called an ambulance, done something, done anything at all, but that's the insidious nature of these substances, I suppose; they strike without warning. Was there no warning? I so wish I had listened to the warnings, I feel so very culpable. But aren't we all? Aren't we all just trying to make something of it, as best we can? There are extraordinary things happening all over the world now; and everybody seems to be going to San Francisco. I think I shall go there too. I have no idea what I might be doing there or how I shall ever not feel this terrible loss and this terrible fondness I have for you. My darling Ruby, I wish you could come with me. And how I wish you could have seen this thing yesterday. They did segments from a dozen countries or so. The last one came from London. You would have so very much liked it: The Beatles closed the show with a new song they wrote especially for this Our World broadcast. It is called All You Need Is Love.

Peace, You Beautiful Human Being, Peace Orlando

Coda

i am orlando

breathless at the bacchanal bewitched, senses submerged, my image mirrored, my mind magicked, my emotions modulated magnified unmoderated and maybe immodest, myself multiplied:

masked dancer at the carnival bald bearded lady, fashionista beehive diva, torch song bearer of my soul pole-dancing scientist shop floor assistant checking out the other side, experimenter, part-time genius moustachioed hipster sophist nerd geek self-inventor and bespectacled spectator taking in, inhaling, hailing without praise or condemnation participant observer, being-done-to doer

all exposed

base, break through

the tunnel, high speed trains

dark matter and dark energy

the murder of the messengers

a million on the streets in solidarity, fighters

of and for freedom feeling pain, offenders

Coda 813

the pushing to the fore, persistent rushing shoreward of wave upon wave: the daily deluge of disaster wilfully constructed, or else wantonly permitted to occur and then dispersed with breathless kick and fury horned-up with excitement round the clock catastrophe porn paired with power penetration to the brain: every second someone selling something a tsunami of musthave dispensables then news again the weather breaking down ten thousand perish in a flood security alert three men arrested at the airport one who fled soft-spoken leaker of state secrets swears allegiance to the people; people protest the police, the army bullets rifles hand grenades, exsuperpower eyeing up her neighbours' territories, boundaries unkept, unrecognised, rendered irrelevant space probe touchdown on the comet, cheers and champagne at

Coda

in each other's eyes—our tears taste all the same

a smartphone with an app the university that taps into the global lecture hall a telescope array across a mountain table peering deep into the origin of time, and cupcakes talent shows, made-up realities downloads, stolen identities and printed body parts milestones in mending memories, the tantalising likelihood that we are not alone sandcastles made of stars, stars made of frivolities cat videos and piles and piles of rubbish

rejects refugees residents of uncertainty, nomads by adverse conditions, the collateral of calamity unwanted unloved, ununderstood disowned dishonoured dismissed dishevelled, disaffected indistinct in the morass of mass morbidity, inCoda 815

visible

flashes of inspiration fascinations colours. alitter decadences balls: exuberances festivals and congregations, close communions travel at the speed of sound, lightspeed communication instantaneous pools of commonality the vibe and exultation, the euphoria the sharpwit razor of precision, the ingeniousness the shared experience the climactic joy, the sacred orgasm of life

i rest i pause i meditate, i am orlando i reflect

i have no solution, there are no solutions i have no anger: anger is void, i ease i learn i think i offer

silence

Coda

i

become the citizen and i see sparks of wisdom and then once again i laugh i love i give i take i lose myself i win i love again, i want and want not and want not to want, i realise i am a part of it: i am a part of everything, every thing is part of me

i am the gods i am the universe i am the energy i am the code i am the probability i am the failure and the hope and the despair i am the triumph of existence

that is what i am:

i

am

orlando

Credits

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