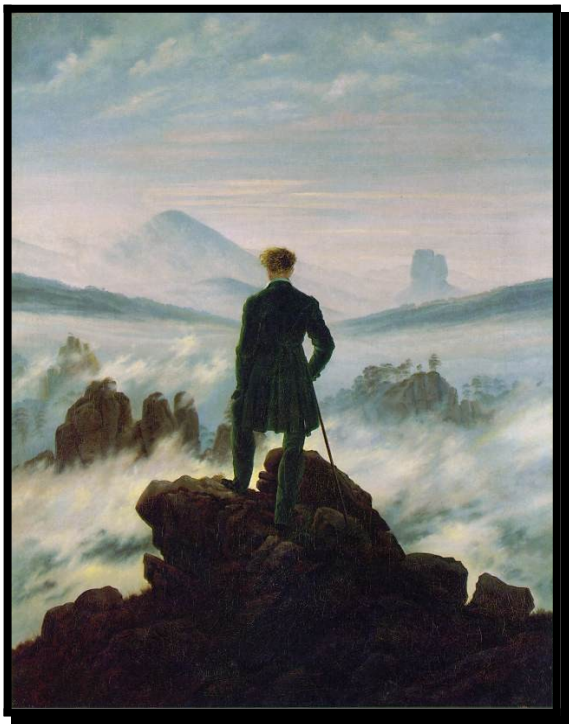
Primary Sources for Students in the Humanities

third edition



edited and annotated by

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PREFACE

Welcome to the third edition. I've revised many of the introductory passages and a few new texts have been added, as well as a small number of illustrations. Over the years, this project has been assembled out of small fragments, excerpts that I've drawn from the canon of the humanities. These works have been chosen to exemplify humanity's collective search for understanding through its ongoing dialogue with truth and imagination, beauty and meaning, eternal ideal and ephemeral creation. Given the overflow of creativity and wisdom streaming out of our past and into the present, these efforts have made me painfully aware of just how difficult it is to imbibe in only a few tiny sips of these deep and myriad currents. However, my intent here is to achieve just that. In order to receive the full impact of these brief passages, I highly recommend the analytical technique of "close reading."

This text continues to be a work in progress, a blunt instrument for teaching "Introduction to the Humanities" courses. As such, it is a fluid document and I warrant personal penance for every error contained herein. Once again, I'd like to express thanks to my Central Florida Community College Humanities and Social Sciences colleagues for their cherished friendship and their intellectual generosity, and to my students for their insightful inquiries and their joyful enthusiasm.

Peter Dunbaugh Smith, Ph.D.
Ocala Florida, July 2007

JOSEPH CAMPBELL (1904-1987)
"MYTHS TO LIVE BY" (1972)

Myths are stories that both reflect and reinforce the values and meanings embraced by the cultures that create them. From the earliest periods of the human experience, myths have explained the nature of the universe and have helped us understand our place in it. Campbell was one of the first scholars to observe that mythic narratives and the objects of material culture created by early humans to represent these myths, reflect consistent themes and patterns. In his influential book "The Hero with a Thousand Faces," he discovered that consistent themes seem to run through the stories that are told by members of almost every culture. Here he addresses the function of art in Paleolithic culture.

The rugged race and lifestyle of Neanderthal Man passed away and even out of memory with the termination of the Ice Ages, some forty thousand years ago; and there appeared then, rather abruptly, a distinctly superior race of man, Homo sapiens proper, which is directly ancestral to ourselves. It is with these men -- significantly -- that the beautiful cave paintings are associated of the French Pyrenees, French Dordogne, and Spanish Cantabrian hills; also, those little female figurines of stone, or of mammoth bone or ivory, that have been dubbed -- amusingly -- Paleolithic Venuses and are, apparently, the earliest works ever produced of human art. A worshiped cave-bear skull is not an art object, nor is a burial, or a flaked tool, in the sense that I am here using the term. The figurines were fashioned without feet, because they were intended to be pressed into the earth, set up in little household shrines.

And it seems to me important to remark that, whereas when masculine figures appear in the wall paintings of the same period they are always clothed in some sort of costume, these female figurines are absolutely naked, simply standing, unadorned. This says something about the psychological and consequently mythical values of, respectively, the male and the female presences. The woman is immediately mythic in herself and is experienced as such, not only as the source and giver of life, but also in the magic of her touch and presence. The accord of her seasons with the cycles of the moon is a matter of mystery too. Whereas the male, costumed, is one who has gained his powers and represents some specific, limited, social role or function. In infancy -- as both Freud and Jung[1] have pointed out -- the mother is experienced as a power of nature and the father as the authority of society. The mother, has brought forth the child, provides it with nourishment, and in the infant's imagination may appear also (like

[1] Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung were influential 20th century psychoanalysts.

the witch of Hansel and Gretel) as a consuming mother, threatening to swallow her product back. The father is, then, the initiator, not only inducting the boy into his social role, but also, as representing to his daughter her first and foremost experience of the character of the male, awakening her to her social role as female to male. The Paleolithic Venuses have been found in the precincts always of domestic hearths, while the figures of the costumed males, on the other hand, appear in the deep, dark interiors of the painted temple-caves, among the wonderfully pictured animal herds. They resemble in their dress and attitudes, furthermore, the shamans of our later primitive tribes, and were undoubtedly associated with rituals of the hunt and of initiation.

The "Venus of Laussel" Dordogne, France
(c. 20,000 B.C.E.)

“THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH” (c. 2000 B.C.E.)

*An **epic** is a long narrative poem that recounts the adventures of a heroic figure. The hero seeks to discover meaning and establish his place in the world. There is evidence that there was once an historical ruler of the Mesopotamian city of Uruk named Gilgamesh, and lived around 2700 B.C.E. Legends surrounding him were recited orally for many years before they were written down sometime around the beginning of the second millennium B.C.E. This excerpt of the saga recounts Gilgamesh’s reaction to the death of his friend, Enkidu, and his urgent desire to learn the secret of eternal life. The boatman Urshanabi ferries him to the realm of Utnapishtim, the one whom the gods have rewarded with immortality for saving mankind from a great flood.*

“Enkidu, my friend, who chased wild asses in the mountain, the panther of the wilderness, we joined together, and went up into the mountain. We grappled with and killed the Bull of Heaven, we destroyed Humbaba[2] who dwelled in the Cedar Forest, we slew lions in the mountain passes! My friend, whom I love deeply, who went through every hardship with me. Enkidu, my friend, whom I love deeply, who went through every hardship with me, the fate of mankind has overtaken him. Six days and seven nights I mourned over him and would not allow him to be buried until a maggot fell out of his nose. I was terrified by his appearance, I began to fear death, and so roam the wilderness. The issue of my friend oppresses me, so I have been roaming long trails through the wilderness. The issue of Enkidu, my friend, oppresses me, so I have been roaming long roads through the wilderness. How can I stay silent, how can I be still! My friend whom I love has turned to clay; Enkidu, my friend whom I love, has turned to clay! Am I not like him! Will I lie down never to get up again!”

Gilgamesh spoke to Utanapishtim, saying: “That is why I must go on, to see Utanapishtim whom they call 'The Faraway.' I went circling through all the mountains, I traversed treacherous mountains, and crossed all the seas--that is why sweet sleep has not mellowed my face, through sleepless striving I am strained, my muscles are filled with pain. I had not yet reached the tavern-keeper's area before my clothing gave out. I killed bear, hyena, lion, panther, tiger, stag, red-stag, and beasts of the wilderness; I ate their meat and wrapped their skins around me. The gate of grief must be bolted shut, sealed with pitch and bitumen!..”

Utanapishtim spoke to Gilgamesh, saying: “Why, Gilgamesh, do you have sadness? You who were created from the flesh of gods and mankind who made ... like your father and mother?.. You have toiled without cease, and what have you got! Through toil you wear

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[2]the monstrous giant who personified the river of the dead and was guardian of the Forest of the Cedars, where the gods dwelt.

yourself out, you fill your body with grief, your long lifetime you are bringing near (to a premature end)! Mankind, whose offshoot is snapped off like a reed in a canebreak, the fine youth and lovely girl... Death. No one can see death, no one can see the face of death, no one can hear the voice of death, yet there is savage death that snaps off mankind. For how long do we build a household? For how long do we seal a document! For how long do brothers share the inheritance? For how long is there to be jealousy in the land! For how long has the river risen and brought the overflowing waters, so that dragonflies drift down the river!' The face that could gaze upon the face of the Sun has never existed ever. How alike are the sleeping and the dead. The image of Death cannot be depicted. (Yes, you are a) human being, a man! After Enlil[3] had pronounced the blessing,'" the Anunnaki,[4] the Great Gods, assembled. Mammetum,[5] she who forms destiny, determined destiny with them. They established Death and Life, but they did not make known 'the days of death'"...

[Utnapishtim then relates to Gilgamesh the story of the Great Flood that was brought on by the gods.]

The wife of Utanapishtim the Faraway said to him: "Gilgamesh came here exhausted and worn out. What can you give him so that he can return to his land (with honor)?.." Utanapishtim spoke to Gilgamesh, saying: "Gilgamesh, you came here exhausted and worn out. What can I give you so you can return to your land? I will disclose to you a thing that is hidden, Gilgamesh, I will tell you. There is a plant... like a boxthorn, whose thorns will prick your hand like a rose. If your hands reach that plant you will become a young man again." Hearing this, Gilgamesh opened a conduit (to the Apsu[6]) and attached heavy stones to his feet. They dragged him down, to the Apsu they pulled him. He took the plant, though it pricked his hand, and he cut the heavy stones from his feet, letting the waves throw him onto its shores. Gilgamesh spoke to Urshanabi, the ferryman, saying: "Urshanabi, this plant is a plant against decay by which a man can attain his survival. I will bring it to Uruk-Haven, and have an old man eat the plant to test it. The plant's name is 'The Old Man Becomes a Young Man.' Then I will eat it and return to the condition of my youth." At twenty leagues they broke for some food, at thirty leagues they stopped for the night. Seeing a spring and how cool its waters

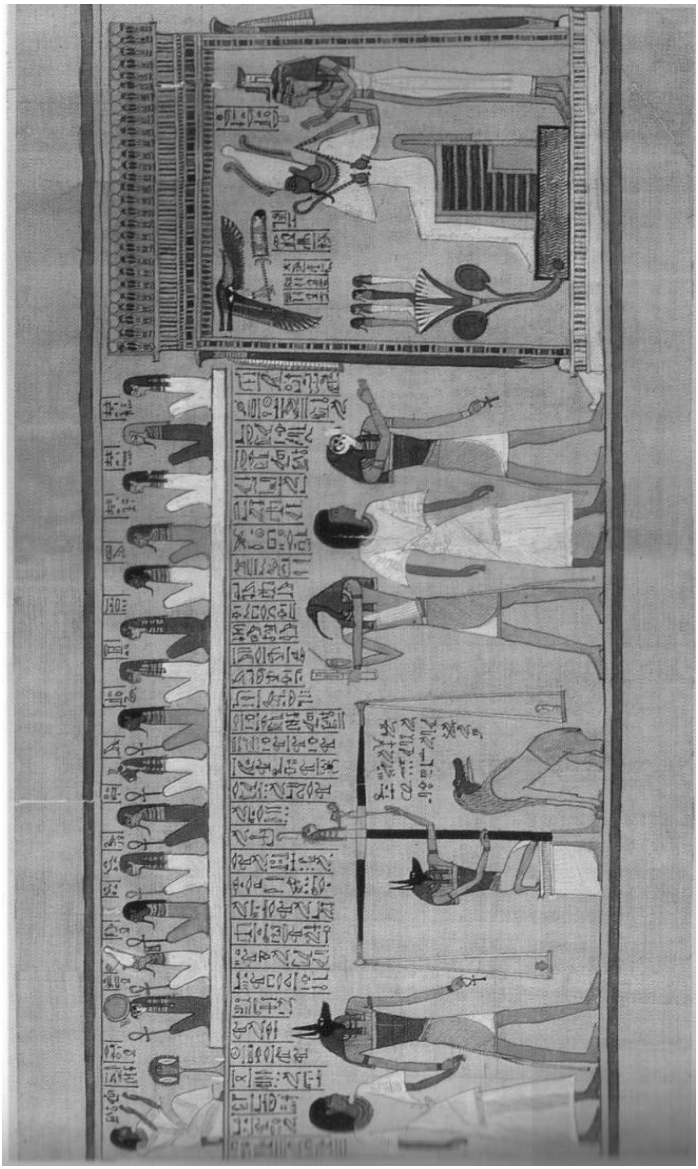
[3]the Mesopotamian sky god, one of the most important deities.

[4]the seven judges of the gods.

[5]the mother of fate (destiny).

[6]the life-sustaining sweet (fresh) waters

were, Gilgamesh went down and was bathing in the water. A snake smelled the fragrance of the plant, silently came up and carried off the plant. While going back it sloughed off its casing.' At that point Gilgamesh sat down, weeping, his tears streaming over the side of his nose.



Funerary Papyrus, *Egyptian Book of the Dead*
"Judgment before Osiris" c. 1285 B.C.E.

"THE EGYPTIAN BOOK OF THE DEAD (THE PAPYRUS OF ANI): HYMN TO OSIRIS" (c. 2401 B.C.E.)

In the Egyptian cult of the dead, Osiris, as judge of the dead, was held in the highest esteem. Isis, his consort, is represented as a nurturing goddess. The first excerpt demonstrates the power of language in this early civilization. The second excerpt includes references to the many deities of Egypt, reflecting its ***polytheistic*** *belief system.*

...His sister [Isis] hath protected him, and hath repulsed the fiends, and turned aside calamities of evil. She uttered the spell with the magical power of her mouth. Her tongue was perfect, and it never halted at a word. Beneficent in command and word was Isis, the woman of magical spells, the advocate of her brother. She sought him untiringly, she wandered round and round about this earth in sorrow, and she alighted not without finding him. She made light with her feathers, she created air with her wings, and she uttered the death wail for her brother. She raised up the inactive members of whose heart was still, she drew from him his essence, she made an heir, she reared the child in loneliness, and the place where he was not known, and he grew in strength and stature, and his hand was mighty in the House of Keb.[7] The Company of the Gods rejoiced, rejoiced, at the coming of Horus, the son of Osiris, whose heart was firm, the triumphant, the son of Isis, the heir of Osiris."

"EGYPTIAN BOOK OF THE DEAD (THE PAPYRUS OF ANI): HYMN OF PRAISE TO RA WHEN HE RISES IN THE EASTERN PART OF HEAVEN"

Behold, the Osiris Ani, the scribe of the holy offerings of all the gods, saith: Homage to thee, O thou who hast come as Khepera,[8] Khepera the creator of the gods, You are seated on your throne, you rise up in the sky, illumining your mother [Nut],[9] you are seated on your throne as the king of the gods. [Your] mother Nut stretches out her hands, and performs an act of homage to you. The domain of Manu[10] receives you with satisfaction. The goddess Maat[11] embraces you at the

[7]Keb (or Geb) was god of the earth

[8]the moving sun, associated with the scarab beetle

[9]mother goddess (of the sky)

[10]mountain of the sunset

[11]truth and justice

two seasons of the day. May Ra[12] give glory, and power, and truth-speaking, and the appearance as a living soul so that he may gaze upon Heru-khuti,[13] to the KA[14] of the Osiris the Scribe Ani, who speaks truth before Osiris, and who says, “Hail, O all you gods of the House of the Soul, who weigh heaven and earth in a balance, and who give celestial food [to the dead]. Hail, Tatun,[15] [who are] One, you creator of mortals [and] of the Companies of the Gods of the South and of the North, of the West and of the East, ascribe you praise to Ra, the lord of heaven, the King, Life, Strength, and Health, the maker of the gods...”

[12]the sun god

[13]the path of the sun

[14]one’s eternal double (soul)

[15]mythic creator of the gods and men

"THE RIG VEDA" (c.1200-900 B.C.E)

One of the Sanskrit Vedas, this text remains the oldest surviving sacred scripture. Written down between c.1200 and 900 B.C.E., its complex, poetic description of the transcendent nature of the cosmos continues to be the formative text for Hindu culture. The first excerpt documents the creation of the universe out of nothingness. The second one describes the gods' sacrifice of the primal being Puruṣa, out of whose body, all of the material world was created.

There was neither non-existence nor existence then; there was neither the realm of space nor the sky which is beyond. What stirred? Where? In whose protection? Was there water, bottomlessly deep?

There was neither death nor immortality then. There was no distinguishing sign of night nor day. That one breathed, windless by its own impulse. Other than that there was nothing beyond.

Darkness was hidden by darkness in the beginning; with no distinguishing sign, all this was water. The life force that was covered with emptiness, that one arose through the power of heat.

Desire came upon that one in the beginning; that was the first seed of mind. Poets seeking in their heart with wisdom found the bond of existence in non-existence.

Their cord was extended across. Was there below? Was there above? There were seed-placers; there were powers. There was impulse beneath; there was giving-forth above.

Who really knows? Who will here proclaim it? Whence was it produced? Whence is this creation? The gods came afterwards, with the creation of this universe. Who then knows whence it has arisen?

Whence this creation has arisen—perhaps it formed itself, or perhaps it did not—the one who looks down on it, in the highest heaven, only he knows—or perhaps he does not know.

…When the gods spread the sacrifice with the Man[16] as the offering, spring was the clarified butter, summer the fuel, autumn the oblation.

They anointed the Man, the sacrifice born at the beginning upon the sacred grass. With him the gods, Sādhyas,[17] and sages sacrificed.

From that sacrifice in which everything was offered, the melted fat was collected, and he made it into those beasts who live in the air, in the forest, and in villages.

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[16] Puruṣa, the primeval living being.

[17] demi-gods (literally, those who are yet to be fulfilled)

From that sacrifice in which everything was offered, the verses and chants were born, the meters were born from it, and from it the formulas were born.[18]

Horses were born from it, and those other animals that have two rows of teeth; cows were born from it, and from it goats and sheep were born.

When they divided the Man, into how many parts did they apportion him? What do they call his mouth, his two arms and thighs and feet?

His mouth became the Brahmin; his arms were made into the Warrior, his thighs the People, and from his feet the Servants were born.[19]

The moon was born from his mind; from his eye the sun was born. Indra and Agni[20] came from his mouth, and from his vital breath the Wind was born.

From his navel the middle realm of space arose; from his head the sky evolved. From his two feet came the earth, and the quarters of the sky from his ear. Thus they set the worlds in order.

There were seven enclosing sticks[21] for him, and thrice seven fuel-sticks, when the gods, spreading the sacrifice bound the Man as the sacrificial beast.

With the sacrifice the gods sacrificed to the sacrifice. These were the first ritual laws. These very powers reached the dome of the sky where dwells the Sādhyas, the ancient gods.

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[18] This primal sacrifice thus becomes the model, the formula for all ritual sacrificial worship that follows.

[19] Here one can see the mythic origins of the Indian caste system, a division of human society into various categories and hierarchies.

[20] Indra was the king of the early Vedic gods and Agni was the god of fire.

[21] enclosing sticks were green pieces of wood formed a boundary to keep the sacrificial fire from spreading.

"THE BHAGAVAD GITA" (c.400 C.E.)

The Bhagavad Gita is one brief episode in the vast Indian epic,"The Mahabharata" (the "Great Tale of the Bharata Family"), a Sanskrit text which was compiled over many centuries before arriving in its completed form around 400 C.E. Prince Arjuna is troubled by the war for supremacy that he is fighting against his cousins. He realizes that his charioteer is Krishna, a divine being who is an avatar of the Hindu god Vishnu. Krishna explains the religious and philosophical stance that will enable him to fulfill his duty.

Krishna: When one, O Pritha's Son![22]
Abandoning desires which shake the mind--
Finds in his soul full comfort for his soul,
He hath attained the Yog[23]--that man is such!
In sorrows not dejected, and in joys
Not overjoyed; dwelling outside the stress
Of passion, fear, and anger; fixed in calms
Of lofty contemplation;--such an one
Is Muni,[24] is the Sage, the true Recluse!
He who to none and nowhere overbound
By ties of flesh, takes evil things and good
Neither desponding nor exulting, such
Bears wisdom's plainest mark! He who shall draw
As the wise tortoise draws its four feet safe
Under its shield, his five frail senses back
Under the spirit's buckler from the world
Which else assails them, such an one, my Prince!
Hath wisdom's mark! Things that solicit sense
Hold off from the self-governed; nay, it comes,
The appetites of him who lives beyond
Depart,--aroused no more. Yet may it chance,
O Son of Kunti![25] that a governed mind
Shall some time feel the sense-storms sweep, and wrest
Strong self-control by the roots. Let him regain
His kingdom! let him conquer this, and sit
On Me intent. That man alone is wise
Who keeps the mastery of himself! If one
Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs

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[22]a reference to Prince Arjuna

[23]the yoga, the meditative and mystical teaching

[24]meditative wise man

[25]another name for Prince Arjuna

Attraction; from attraction grows desire,
Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds
Recklessness; then the memory--all betrayed--
Lets noble purpose go, and saps the mind,
Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone.
But, if one deals with objects of the sense
Not loving and not hating, making them
Serve his free soul, which rests serenely lord,
Lo! such a man comes to tranquillity;
And out of that tranquillity shall rise
The end and healing of his earthly pains,
Since the will governed sets the soul at peace.
The soul of the ungoverned is not his,
Nor hath he knowledge of himself; which lacked,
How grows serenity? and, wanting that,
Whence shall he hope for happiness?

The mind that gives itself to follow shows of sense
Seeth its helm of wisdom rent away,
And, like a ship in waves of whirlwind, drives
To wreck and death. Only with him, great Prince!
Whose senses are not swayed by things of sense--
Only with him who holds his mastery,
Shows wisdom perfect. What is midnight-gloom
To unenlightened souls shines wakeful day
To his clear gaze; what seems as wakeful day
Is known for night, thick night of ignorance,
To his true-seeing eyes. Such is the Saint!

And like the ocean, day by day receiving
  Floods from all lands, which never overflows
Its boundary-line not leaping, and not leaving,
  Fed by the rivers, but unswelled by those;--
So is the perfect one! to his soul's ocean
  The world of sense pours streams of witchery;
They leave him as they find, without commotion,
  Taking their tribute, but remaining sea.

Yea! whoso, shaking off the yoke of flesh
Lives lord, not servant, of his lusts; set free
From pride, from passion, from the sin of “Self,”
Toucheth tranquillity! O Pritha's Son!
That is the state of Brahman[26]! There rests no dread
When that last step is reached! Live where he will,
Die when he may, such passeth from all plaining,

[26]the totality of all that is divine.

To blest Nirvana, with the Gods, attaining.....

...Know thou that Nature and the Spirit both
Have no beginning! Know that qualities
And changes of them are by Nature wrought;
That Nature puts to work the acting frame,
But Spirit doth inform it, and so cause
Feeling of pain and pleasure. Spirit, linked
To moulded matter, entereth into bond
With qualities by Nature framed, and, thus
Married to matter, breeds the birth again
In good or evil yonis,[27]

Yet is this
Yea! in its bodily prison!--Spirit pure,
Spirit supreme; surveying, governing,
Guarding, possessing; Lord and Master still
Puruşa[28] Ultimate, One Soul with Me.

Whoso thus knows himself, and knows his soul
Puruşa, working through the qualities
With Nature's modes, the light hath come for him!
Whatever flesh he bears, never again
Shall he take on its load. Some few there be
By meditation find the Soul in Self
Self-schooled; and some by long philosophy
And holy life reach thither; some by works:
Some, never so attaining, hear of light
From other lips, and seize, and cleave to it
Worshiping; yea! and those--to teaching true--
Overpass Death!

Wherever, Indian Prince!
Life is--of moving things, or things unmoved,
Plant or still seed--know, what is there hath grown
By bond of Matter and of Spirit: Know
He sees indeed who sees in all alike
The living, lordly Soul; the Soul Supreme,
Imperishable amid the Perishing:
For, whoso thus beholds, in every place,
In every form, the same, one, Living Life,

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[27]wombs

[28]see the note in the previous excerpt. It was believed that all of creation is only 1/4th of Puruşa's total form, the rest of his body still remains unmanifested.

Doth no more wrongfulness unto himself,
But goes the highest road which brings to bliss.
Seeing, he sees, indeed, who sees that works
Are Nature's wont, for Soul to practice by
Acting, yet not the agent; sees the mass
Of separate living things--each of its kind--
Issue from One, and blend again to One:
Then hath he Brahman, he attains!

SIDDHARTHA GAUTAMA "THE BUDDHA"
(c. 563-483 B.C.E.), "THE SERMON AT BENARES"

Although the Buddha left no writings of his own, his teachings were preserved by his followers as instructional passages, known as "sutras." By the first century B.C.E., these were written down, to create three main texts, the "Pitakas" ("Baskets of Law"). He left behind an early life of privilege and pleasure to discover enlightenment. The first excerpt outlines his concept of the Four Noble Truths and the Eightfold Path. His ideas represent a break from the prevailing Hindu belief of his time, encouraging a pursuit of the "middle path" that leads between the extreme choices in life.

There are two extremes, O bhikkhus,[29] which the man who has given up the world ought not to follow- the habitual practice, on the one hand, of self-indulgence which is unworthy, vain and fit only for the worldly-minded- and the habitual practice, on the other hand, of self-mortification, which is painful, useless and unprofitable. Neither abstinence from fish and flesh, nor going naked, nor shaving the head, nor wearing matted hair, nor dressing in a rough garment, nor covering oneself with dirt, nor sacrificing to Agni,[30] will cleanse a man who is not free from delusions. Reading the Vedas,[31] making offerings to priests, or sacrifices to the gods, self-mortification by heat or cold, and many such penances performed for the sake of immortality, these do not cleanse the man who is not free from delusions. Anger, drunkenness, obstinacy, bigotry, deception, envy, self-praise, disparaging others, superciliousness and evil intentions constitute uncleanness; not verily the eating of flesh.

A middle path, O bhikkhus, avoiding the two extremes, has been discovered by the Tathagata[32]- a path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvana!

What is that middle path, O bhikkhus, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathagata - that path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvana?

Let me teach you, O bhikkhus, the middle emaciated devotee produces confusion and sickly thoughts in his mind. Mortification is not conducive even to worldly knowledge; how much less to a triumph over the senses!

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[29]disciples.

[30]the Hindu god of fire.

[31]ancient Hindu Sanskrit texts.

[32]the "one who is genuine," the Buddha

He who fills his lamp with water will not dispel the darkness, and he who tries to light a fire with rotten wood will fail. And how can any one be free from self by leading a wretched life, if he does not succeed in quenching the fires of lust, if he still hankers after either worldly or heavenly pleasures? But he in whom self has become extinct is free from lust; he will desire neither worldly nor heavenly pleasures, and the satisfaction of his natural wants will not defile him. However, let him be moderate, let him eat and drink according to the need of the body.

Sensuality is enervating; the self-indulgent man is a slave to his passions, and pleasure-seeking is degrading and vulgar. But to satisfy the necessities of life is not evil. To keep the body in good health is a duty, for otherwise we shall not be able to trim the lamp of wisdom, and keep our minds strong and clear. Water surrounds the lotus flower, but does not wet its petals.

This is the middle path, O bhikkhus, that keeps aloof from both extremes.

And the Blessed One spoke kindly to his disciples, pitying them for their errors, and pointing out the uselessness of their endeavors, and the ice of ill-will that chilled their hearts melted away under the gentle warmth of the Master's persuasion.

Now the Blessed One set the wheel of the most excellent law rolling, and he began to preach to the five bhikkhus, opening to them the gate of immortality, and showing them the bliss of Nirvana.

The Buddha said: “The spokes of the wheel are the rules of pure conduct: justice is the uniformity of their length; wisdom is the tire; modesty and thoughtfulness are the hub in which the immovable axle of truth is fixed. He who recognizes the existence of suffering, its cause, its remedy, and its cessation has fathomed the four noble truths. He will walk in the right path.

Right views will be the torch to light his way. Right aspirations will be his guide. Right speech will be his dwelling-place on the road. His gait will be straight, for it is right behavior. His refreshments will be the right way of earning his livelihood. Right efforts will be his steps: right thoughts his breath; and right contemplation will give him the peace that follows in his footprints.

Now, this, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning suffering:

Birth is attended with pain, decay is painful, disease is painful, death is painful. Union with the unpleasant is painful, painful is separation from the pleasant; and any craving that is unsatisfied, that too is painful. In brief, bodily conditions which spring from attachment are painful.

This, then, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning suffering.

Now this, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the origin of suffering: Verily, it is that craving which causes the renewal of existence, accompanied by sensual delight, seeking satisfaction now

here, now there, the craving for the gratification of the passions, the craving for a future life, and the craving for happiness in this life.

This, then, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the origin of suffering.

Now this, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the destruction of suffering:

Verily, it is the destruction, in which no passion remains, of this very thirst; it is the laying aside of, the being free from, the dwelling no longer upon this thirst.

This, then, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the destruction of suffering.

Now, this, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the way which leads to the destruction of sorrow.

Verily, it is this noble eightfold path; that is to say: Right views; right aspirations; right speech; right behavior; right livelihood; right effort; right thoughts; and right contemplation.

This, then, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the destruction of sorrow.

By the practice of loving-kindness I have attained liberation of heart, and thus I am assured that I shall never return in renewed births. I have even now attained Nirvana.

When the Blessed One had thus set the royal chariot-wheel of truth rolling onward, a rapture thrilled through all the universes...

THE BUDDHA, "SERMON ON ABUSE"

The Blessed One observed the ways of society and noticed how much misery came from malignity and foolish offenses done only to gratify vanity and self-seeking pride. And the Buddha said: "If a man foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me; the fragrance of goodness always comes to me, and the harmful air of evil goes to him."

A foolish man learning that the Buddha observed the principle of great love which commends the return of good for evil, came and abused him. The Buddha was silent, pitying his folly. When the man had finished his abuse, the Buddha asked him, saying: "Son, if a man declined to accept a present made to him, to whom would it belong?" And he answered: "In that case it would belong to the man who offered it."

"My son," said the Buddha, "thou hast railed at me, but I decline to accept thy abuse, and request thee to keep it thyself. Will it not be a source of misery to thee? As the echo belongs to the sound, and the shadow to the substance, so misery will overtake the evil-doer without fail." The abuser made no reply, and Buddha continued: "A wicked man who reproaches a virtuous one is like one who looks up

and spits at heaven; the spittle soils not the heaven, but comes back and defiles his own person. The slanderer is like one who flings dust at another when the wind is contrary; the dust does but return on him who threw it. The virtuous man cannot be hurt and the misery that the other would inflict comes back on himself." The abuser went away ashamed, but he came again and took refuge in the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha[33].

[33]in Hinduism, dharma refers to the moral and ethical aims of human life, in Buddhism it refers to the teachings of the wisdom of buddha - sangha refers to the community of Buddhist believers.

CONFUCIUS (c. 552-479 B.C.E.), "ANALECTS"

Confucius had been in government service during the late Chou Dynasty's "Period of the Warring States." What we know of his words of wisdom have been preserved in the form of discourses with students. His description of wise and virtuous leadership became required reading for anyone who desired a position in Chinese government for the next two and a half millennia.

There were four things which the Master taught, letters, ethics, devotion of soul, and truthfulness. The Master said, "A sage it is not mine to see; could I see a man of real talent and virtue, that would satisfy me." The Master said, "A good man it is not mine to see; could I see a man possessed of constancy, that would satisfy me. "Having not and yet affecting to have, empty and yet affecting to be full, straitened and yet affecting to be at ease: it is difficult with such characteristics to have constancy." The Master angled, -but did not use a net. He shot, -but not at birds perching. The Master said, "There may be those who act without knowing why. I do not do so. Hearing much and selecting what is good and following it; seeing much and keeping it in memory: this is the second style of knowledge."

Chi K'ang asked Confucius about government. Confucius replied, "To govern means to rectify. If you lead on the people with correctness, who will dare not to be correct?" Chi K'ang, distressed about the number of thieves in the state, inquired of Confucius how to do away with them. Confucius said, "If you, sir, were not covetous, although you should reward them to do it,
they would not steal." Chi K'ang asked Confucius about government, saying, "What do you say to killing the unprincipled for the good of the principled?" Confucius replied, "Sir, in carrying on your government, why should you use killing at all? Let your evinced desires be for what is good, and the people will be good. The relation between superiors and inferiors is like that between the wind and the grass. The grass must bend, when the wind blows across it."

LAO TZU (flourished c. 570 B.C.E.)
"THE TAO DE CHING"

Lao Tzu was an enigmatic figure whose work emerged from the social chaos of the late Chou period. Flowing water is the Taoist model for harmonic existence. It follows the most effortless path and flows around any obstacles, yet gently wears them away over time.

There is nothing in the world
More soft and weak than water,
And yet for attacking things
That are firm and strong
There is nothing that can take precedence of it;
For there is nothing (so effectual)
For which it can be changed.

Every one in the world knows
That the soft overcomes the hard,
And the weak the strong,
But no one is able to carry it out in practice.

Therefore a sage has said,
"He who accepts his state's reproach,
Is hailed therefore its altars' lord;
To him who bears men's direful woes
They all the name of King accord."

Words that are strictly true seem to be paradoxical.

LAO TZU, "THE TAO DE CHING"

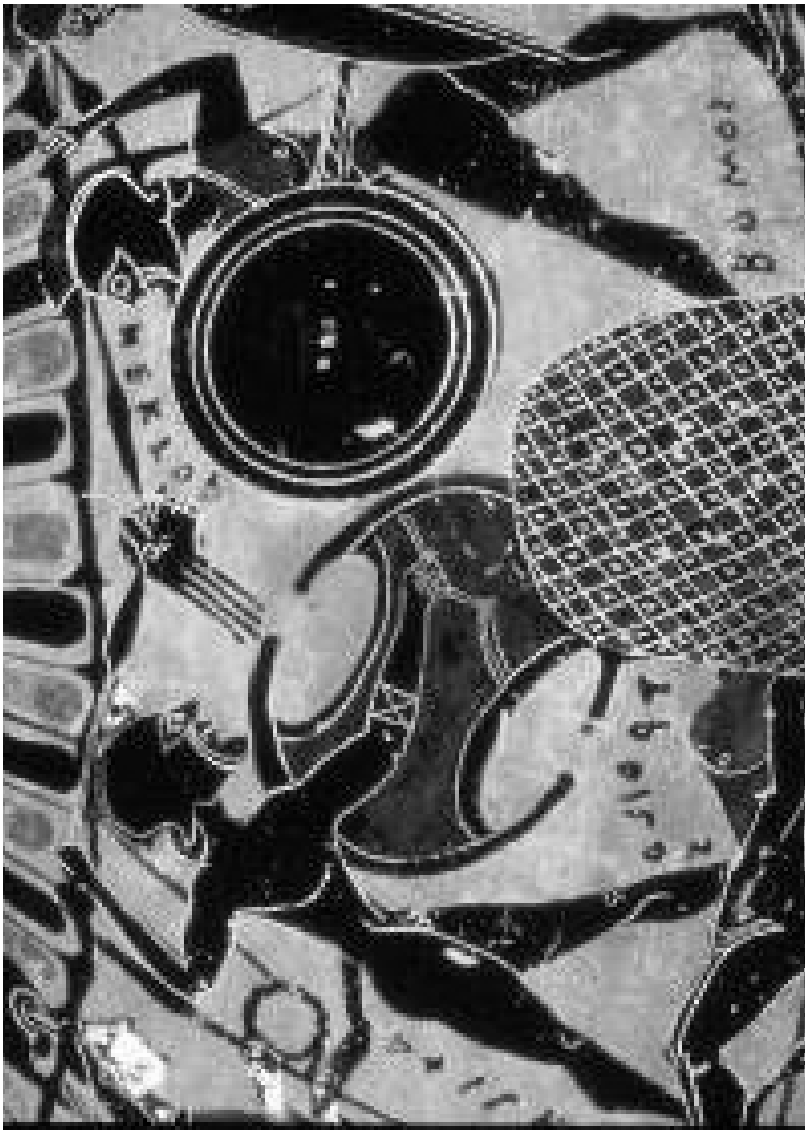
In embracing both being and non-being (nothingness), this brief excerpt exemplifies another one of the central ideas of Taoist belief, the necessary balance of opposites.

Thirty spokes will converge
In the hub of a wheel;
But the use of the cart will depend on the part
Of the hub that is empty space.

With a wall all around
A clay bowl is molded;
But the use of the bowl
Will depend on the part
Of the bowl that is empty space.

Cut out the windows and doors
In the house as you build;
But the use of the house
Will depend on the space
In the walls that is empty space.

So advantage is had
From whatever is there;
But usefulness rises
From whatever is not.



“Achilles and Hector” Amphora Painting, c. 550 B.C.E.

HOMER, "THE ILIAD"

This epic poem recounts the events of the Trojan War, which occurred around 1250 B.C.E. and were preserved orally until they were put in poetic form by the semi-mythological poet, Homer. The great warrior Achilles refuses to help the Greeks in their siege of Troy after suffering an insult at the hands of the Greek commander Agamemnon. The tide of battle has turned against the Greeks and they are driven back to their ships by the Trojan advance. Achilles' lifelong friend, Patroclus volunteers to rally the Greeks by wearing Achilles' armor. Patroclus ignores his friend's warnings not to challenge Hector, the hero of Troy. Hector kills Patroclus and the Greeks manage to retrieve his body, but not before the Trojans strip Achilles' armor from it, humiliating the Greeks and enraging Achilles. Achilles' mother, the goddess Thetis (daughter of Poseidon, the sea god) goes to Hephaestus, the god of fire to ask him to forge new armor for her son.

…And Thetis, shedding tears as she spoke:
"Hephaestus, is there a goddess on Olympus
Who has suffered as I have? Zeus son of Cronus
Has given me suffering beyond all the others.
Of all the saltwater women he singled me out
To be subject to a man, Aeacus's son Peleus.
I endured a man's bed, much against my will.
He lies in his halls forspent with old age,
But I have other griefs now. He gave me a son[34]
To bear and rear, the finest of heroes.
He grew like a sapling, and I nursed him
As I would nurse a plant in my hillside garden,
And I sent him to Ilion[35] on a sailing ship
To fight the Trojans. And now I will never
Welcome him home again to Peleus' house.
As long as he lives and sees the sunlight
He will be in pain, and I cannot help him.
The girl that the army chose as his prize
Lord Agamemnon took out of his arms.
He was wasting his heart out to grief for her,

But now the Trojans have penned the Greeks
In their beachhead camp, and the Argive[36] elders
Have petitioned him with a long list of gifts.

[34]Achilles

[35]Troy

[36]Greek

He refused to beat off the enemy himself,
But he let Patroclus wear his armor,
And sent him into battle with many men.
All day long they fought by the Scaean Gates[37]
And would have sacked the city that very day,
But after Menoetius' valiant son[38]
Had done much harm, Apollo killed him
In the front ranks and gave Hector the glory.
So I have come to your knees to see if you
Will give my son, doomed to die young,
A shield and helmet, a fine set of greaves,
And a corselet too. His old armor was lost
When the Trojans killed his faithful companion,
And now he lies on the ground in anguish."

And the renowned smith answered her:
"Take heart, Thetis, and do not be distressed.
I only regret I do not have the power
To hide your son from death when it comes.
But armor he will have, forged to a wonder,
And its terrible beauty will be a marvel to men."

Hephaestus left her there and went to his bellows,
Turned them toward the fire and ordered them to work.
And the bellows, all twenty, blew on the crucibles,
Blasting out waves of heat in whatever direction
Hephaestus wanted as he hustled here and there
Around his forge and the work progressed.
He cast durable bronze into the fire, and tin,
Precious gold and silver. Then he positioned
His enormous anvil up on its block
And grasped his mighty hammer
In one hand, and in the other his tongs.

He made a shield first, heavy and huge,
Every inch of it intricately designed.
He threw a triple rim around it, glittering
Like lightning, and he made the strap silver.
The shield itself was five layers thick, and he
Crafted its surface with all of his genius.

On it he made the earth, the sky, the sea,
The unwearied sun, and the moon near full,

[37]the gates to the city of Troy

[38]Patroclus

And all the signs that garland the sky,
Pleiades, Hyades, mighty Orion,
And the Bear they also call the Wagon,
Which pivots in place and looks back at Orion
And alone is aloof from the wash of Ocean

On it he made two cities, peopled
And beautiful. Weddings in one, festivals,
Brides led from their rooms by torchlight
Up through the town, bridal song rising,
Young men reeling in dance to the tune
Of lyres and flutes, and the women
Standing in their doorways admiring them.
There was a crowd in the market-place
And a quarrel arising between two men
Over blood money for a murder,
One claiming the right to make restitution,
The other refusing to accept any terms.
They were heading for an arbitrator
And the people were shouting, taking sides,
But heralds restrained them. The elders sat
On polished stone seats in the sacred circle
And held in their hands the staves of heralds.
The pair rushed up and pleaded their cases,
And between them lay two ingots of gold
For whoever spoke the straightest in judgment...

...On it he put a soft field, rich farmland
Wide and thrice-tilled, with many plowmen
Driving their teams up and down rows.
Whenever they came to the end of the field
And turned, a man would run up and hand them
A cup of sweet wine. Then they turned again
Back up the furrow pushing on through deep soil.
To reach the other end. The field was black
Behind them, just as if plowed, and yet
It was gold, all gold, forged to a wonder.

On it he put land sectioned off for a king,
Where reapers with sharp sickles were working.
Cut grain lay deep where it fell in the furrow,
And binders made sheaves bound with straw bands.
Three sheaf-binders stood by, and behind them children
Gathered up armfuls and kept passing them on.
The king stood in silence near the line of reapers,
Holding his staff, and his heart was happy.

Under an oak tree nearby heralds were busy
Preparing a feast from an ox they had slaughtered
In sacrifice, and women were sprinkling it
With abundant white barley for the reapers dinner.
On it he put a vineyard loaded with grapes,
Beautiful in gold. The clusters were dark,
And the vines were set everywhere on silver poles.
Around he inlaid a blue enamel ditch
And a fence of tin. A solitary path led to it,
And vintagers filed along it to harvest the grapes.
Girls, all grown up, and light-hearted boys
Carried the honey-sweet fruit in wicker baskets.
Among them a boy picked out on a lyre
A beguiling tune and sang the Linos song[39]
In a low, light voice, and the harvesters
Skipped in time and shouted the refrain.

On it he made a herd of straight-horn cattle.
The cows were wrought of gold and tin
And rushed out mooing from the farmyard dung
To a pasture by the banks of a roaring river,
Making their way through swaying reeds.
Four golden herdsmen tended the cattle,
And nine nimble dogs followed along.
Two terrifying lions at the front of the herd
Were pulling down an ox. Its long bellows alerted
The dogs and the lads, who were running on up,
But the two lions had ripped the bull's hide apart
And were gulping down the guts and black blood.
The shepherds kept trying to set on the dogs,
But they shied away from biting the lions
And stood there barking just out of harm's way.

On it the renowned lame god made a pasture
In a lovely valley, wide, with silvery sheep in it,
And stables, roofed huts, and stone animal pens.

On it the renowned lame god embellished
A dancing ground, like the one Daedalus
Made for ringleted Ariadne in wide Cnossus[40]
Young men and girls in the prime of their beauty
Were dancing there, hands clasped around wrists.
The girls wore delicate linens, and the men

[39]harvest song

[40]characters from a Minoan myth.

Ha golden knives hung from silver straps.
They ran feet that knew how to run
With the greatest ease, like a potter's wheel
When he stoops to cup it in the palms of his hands
And gives it a spin to see how it runs. Then they
Would run in lines that weaved in and out.
A large crowd stood round the beguiling dance,
Enjoying themselves, and two acrobats
Somersaulted among them on cue to the music.

On it he put the great strength of the River Ocean,
Lapping the outermost rim of the massive shield.

And when he had wrought the shield, huge and heavy,
He made a breastplate gleaming brighter than fire
And a durable helmet that fit close at the temples,
Lovely and intricate, and crested with gold.
And he wrought leg-armor out of pliant tin.
And when the renowned lame god had finished this gear,
He set it down before Achilles' mother,
And she took off like a hawk from snow-capped Olympus,
Carrying armor through the sky like summer lightning.

[This brief encounter between the gods depicts their petty quarrels and their tendency to play out their rivalries by meddling in the affairs of men.]

...Zeus wheeled his chariot from Ida[41]
To Olympus, where the gods sat assembled.
No less than Poseidon unyoked his team,
Set the car on its stand, and draped it with a cloth
While Zeus rumbled onto his golden throne
And mighty Olympus trembled under his feet.
Only Hera and Athena sat apart from Zeus
And failed to address him or ask him a question.
he knew what was wrong and said:

"Why are you two so upset, Athena and Hera?
It's not battle fatigue. You two never get tired
Of pulverizing Trojans, your mortal enemies.
It all comes down to this: these two hands are more powerful
Than all the gods on Olympus combined.
As for you two, your shining limbs trembled
Before you got close enough to see the front lines.

[41]a mountain near Troy

And it's just as well, because one thing is certain:
Once you had been struck by my thunderbolt
You would never have made it back to Olympus."

The two goddesses murmured to each other,
Huddling close and still scheming against Troy.
Athena kept silent and said nothing out loud,
Although she was furious at her father Zeus.
Hera, however, could not contain her anger.

"The awesome son of Cronus has spoken again!
We're all too familiar with your irresistible strength,
But we still feel pity for the Danaan[42] spearmen
Who are now destined to die an ugly death.
Fine! We will withdraw from the war,
If you command it. But we will still advise the Greeks,
So they won't all become casualties of your wrath."

And Zeus, clouds gathering around him:

"At dawn you will see Cronus' almighty son,[43]
If you wish, my ox-eyed lady Hera,
Making casualties of much of the Greek army.
Hector will not be absent from the war
Until Achilles has risen up from beside his ship
On the day when the fighting for Patroclus' dead body
Reaches its fever pitch by the ships' sterns.
That is decisively decreed. Your wrath is nothing to me,
Not even if you go to the deepest foundations
Of Earth and Sea, where Cronus and Iapetus
Dwell out of the light of Hyperion the Sun,
Cooled by no winds, in the trench of Tartarus--
Not even then will I care that you are angry,
Because there is nothing more shameless than you."

He spoke, and white-armed Hera said nothing.

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[42]Greek

[43] Zeus

HOMER, "THE ODYSSEY"

In his epic poem "The Odyssey," Homer recounts the difficult journey home of Odysseus, one of the Greek heroes of the Trojan War. In the course of this adventure, he must descend into the realm of Hadês, an underworld populated by the unhappy souls of the dead. Through this passage, Homer provides us with greater insight into the Ancient Greeks' bleak perspective on the nature of the afterlife.

As we stood talking together of our sorrows in a mournful way, other ghosts came up; Achilles and Patroclos, and Antilochos, the man without stain and without reproach, and Ajax, who was the most handsome and noble of all next to the admirable Achilles.[44] The ghost of Achilles knew me, and said in plain words: "There is Prince Odysseus who never fails! Oh, you foolhardy man! Your ingenious brain will never do better than this. How did you dare come down to Hadês, where dwell the dead without sense or feeling, phantoms of mortals whose weary days are done?" I answered him, "My lord Achilles, son of Peleus, our chief and champion before Troy. I came to ask Teiresias[45] if he had any advice or help for me on my way to my rugged island home. For I have not yet set foot in my own country, since trouble has ever been my lot. But you, Achilles, are the most blessed of all men who ever were or will be. When you lived , we honored you like the gods; and now you are a potentate in the world of the dead. Then do not deplore your death, Achilles. He answered at once, "Don't praise death to me, Odysseus. I would rather be a humble plowman to a landless farmer, than be lord of all the kingdom of the dead.

[44]heros of the Trojan War

[45]the blind soothsayer (he appears in many Greek narratives)

SOPHOCLES (496-406 B.C.E.), OEDIPUS (429 B.C.E.)
Translation by William Butler Yeats

Sophocles won first prize at the Festival of Dionysus in 429 B.C.E. with this play. In it, Laius, king of Thebes learns of a prophecy predicting that the child born to him and his wife Jocasta, will slay its father and wed its mother. He rivets the child's feet together and leaves it to die on Mount Citherae. A Corinthian shepherd finds the infant and delivers it to his master, King Polybus who raises Oedipus as his own son. Unaware of his true parentage, young Oedipus, hears the same prophecy at the oracle at Delphi and flees home to avoid his fate. Oedipus kills a man at a crossroads, then arrives at Thebes, where he saves the city by solving the riddle of the Sphinx. The thankful Thebans make him their king and he marries their recently widowed queen. Oedipus flourishes in Thebes for many years until a plague falls upon the city. When he seeks out the reason for the gods' anger, he realizes that it is caused by his own fulfillment of the prophecy and by his fatal pride in believing that he could thwart this inevitable, but horrible fate.

Shepherd: For if you are what this man says, you are the most miserable of all men.
Oedipus: Oh! Oh! All brought to pass, all truths! Now, oh light, may I look my last upon you. Having been found accursed in bloodshed, accursed in marriage, and in my coming into the world, accursed! (Exits)
Chorus 1: And the shadow-like generations of man attain, but build up a dazzling mockery of delight that under their touch, dissolves again. Oedipus seemed blessed, but there is no man blessed amongst men
Chorus 2: Oedipus overcame the woman-breasted fate. He seemed like a strong tower against Death and first among the fortunate. He sat upon the ancient throne of Thebes and all men called him great.
Chorus 1: But, looking for a marriage bed, he found the bed of his birth, tilled the field his father had tilled, cast seed into the same abounding earth, entered through the door that had sent him wailing forth.
Chorus 2: Begetter and begot as one, how could that be hid. What darkness covered up that marriage bed?
Chorus 1: Time watches. He is eagle-eyed and all the works of man are known and every soul is tried.
Chorus 2: Would you had never come to Thebes, nor to this house, nor riddled with the woman dressed as fate, beaten off death, and succored us, that I had never raised this song, heart-broken Oedipus!
Messenger (coming from the house): Friends and kinsmen of this house! What deeds must you look upon, what burden of sorrow bear if

true to race, you still love the House of Labdacus[46]? For nor Ister nor Phasis[47] could wash this house clean so many misfortunes have been brought upon it, so many has it brought upon itself, and those misfortunes are always the worst, that a man brings upon himself.
Chorus: Great already are the misfortunes of this house, and yet you bring us a new tale?
Messenger: A short tale in the telling: Jocasta, our Queen, is dead.
Chorus: Alas, miserable woman. How did she die?
Messenger: By her own hand. It cannot be as terrible to you as to one that saw it with his eyes, yet so far as words can serve, you shall see it. When she had come into the palace, she ran half-crazed towards her marriage bed, clutching at her hair with the fingers of both hands, and once within the chamber, dashed the doors together behind her. Then called upon the name of Laius, long since dead, remembering that son who killed the father and upon the mother begot an accursed race. And wailed because of that marriage wherein she had borne a two-fold race, husband by a husband, children by her child. Then Oedipus, with a shriek burst in and rushing here and there, asked for a sword, asked where he would find the wife that was no wife, but a mother who had borne his children and himself. Nobody answered him. We all stood dumb! But supernatural power helped him, for with a dreadful scream, as though beckoned, he sprang at the double doors, drove them in, burst the bolts out of the sockets and rushed into the room. There we saw the woman hanging in a swinging halter[48] and with a terrible cry he loosened the halter from her neck. When that unhappiest woman lay stretched upon the ground, we saw another dreadful sight. He dragged the golden brooches from her dress and lifting them struck them upon his eyeballs, crying out, "You have looked enough upon those you ought never to have looked upon, failed long enough to have known those that you should have known. Henceforth, you shall be dark!" The blood poured down, and not with a few slow drops, but all at once over his beard, in a dark cataract of scarlet! Such evils have come forth from the deeds of those two and fallen not on one alone, but upon husband and wife. They inherited much happiness, much good fortune, but today, ruin, shame, death, and loud crying. All evils that can be counted up. All, all are theirs.
Chorus: Is he any quieter?
Messenger: It is his purpose to cast himself out of the land that he may not bring all this house under his curse, but he has not the strength to do it. He must be supported and led away.
Chorus: The door is opening.

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[46]father of Laius.

[47]two remote rivers, the Danube and the Colchis

[48]a noose

Messenger: You are going to look upon a sight which even those who shudder must pity.
Oedipus: Woe, miserable, miserable that I am. Where am I? Where am I going? Where am I cast away? Who hears my words?
Chorus: Cast away indeed, dreadful to the sight of the eye, dreadful to the ear.
Oedipus: Ah friend, the only friend left to me, friend still faithful to the blind man. I know that you are there, blind though I am. I recognize your voice.
Chorus: Where did you get the courage to put out your eyes?
Oedipus: Apollo, friend, Apollo. But it was my own hands alone, wretched that I am, that quenched these eyes.
Chorus: You were better dead than blind
Oedipus: No, it is better to be blind. What sight is there that could give me joy. How could I have looked into the face of my father when I came among the dead? Aye, or on my miserable mother? Since against them both I have sinned such things that no halter could punish. I have doomed myself to banishment. I have commanded all to thrust out the unclean thing.
Chorus: It had indeed been better if the herdsman had never taken your feet out of the bonds or brought you back to life.
Oedipus: Ah, three roads, oh secret glen; oh coppice[49] and narrow way where three roads met. You that drank up the blood I spilled, the blood that was my own, my father's blood, remember what deeds I wrought for you to look upon, and after that, when I had come thither, what new deeds I wrought. Oh, marriage bed that gave me birth, and after that, gave children to your child, creating an incestuous kindred of fathers, brothers, sons, wives, and mothers. Yes, oh the shame. And the uncleanness I have wrought.
Chorus: For all my pity, I shudder and turn away.

[49]grove

PLATO (428-347 B.C.E.)
"THE APOLOGY OF SOCRATES"

Plato's friend and mentor, the humanist philosopher Socrates was put on trial in 399 B.C.E. on charges of heresy and corrupting the youth of Athens. Socrates' unexpected choice of defense strategy reflects his profound belief that he was pursuing only what was best for the moral character of his polis.[50] *Plato's description of this event includes an example of the "Socratic Method" in which Socrates pursued truth through use of the dialectic, a type inquiry that challenged statements of fact by presenting the possibility of their opposite.*

Men of Athens, this reputation of mine has come of a certain sort of wisdom which I possess. If you ask me what kind of wisdom, I reply, wisdom such as may perhaps be attained by man, for to that extent I am inclined to believe that I am wise; whereas the persons of whom I was speaking have a superhuman wisdom which I may fail to describe, because I have it not myself; and he who says that I have, speaks falsely, and is taking away my character. And here, O men of Athens, I must beg you not to interrupt me, even if I seem to say something extravagant. For the word which I will speak is not mine.

I will refer you to a witness who is worthy of credit; that witness shall be the God of Delphi--he will tell you about my wisdom, if I have any, and of what sort it is. You must have known Chaerephon; he was early a friend of mine, and also a friend of yours, for he shared in the recent exile of the people, and returned with you. Well, Chaerephon, as you know, was very impetuous in all his doings, and he went to Delphi and boldly asked the oracle to tell him whether--as I was saying, I must beg you not to interrupt--he asked the oracle to tell him whether anyone was wiser than I was, and the Pythian prophetess answered, that there was no man wiser. Chaerephon is dead himself; but his brother, who is in court, will confirm the truth of what I am saying.

Why do I mention this? Because I am going to explain to you why I have such an evil name. When I heard the answer, I said to myself, What can the god mean? and what is the interpretation of his riddle? for I know that I have no wisdom, small or great. What then can he mean when he says that I am the wisest of men? And yet he is a god, and cannot lie; that would be against his nature. After long consideration, I thought of a method of trying the question. I reflected that if I could only find a man wiser than myself, then I might go to the god with a refutation in my hand. I should say to him, 'Here is a man who is wiser than I am; but you said that I was the wisest.' Accordingly I went to one who had the reputation of wisdom, and observed him--his name I need not mention; he was a politician whom I selected for

[50]city-state.

examination--and the result was as follows: When I began to talk with him, I could not help thinking that he was not really wise, although he was thought wise by many, and still wiser by himself; and thereupon I tried to explain to him that he thought himself wise, but was not really wise; and the consequence was that he hated me, and his enmity was shared by several who were present and heard me. So I left him, saying to myself, as I went away: Well, although I do not suppose that either of us knows anything really beautiful and good, I am better off than he is,-- for he knows nothing, and thinks that he knows; I neither know nor think that I know. In this latter particular, then, I seem to have slightly the advantage of him. Then I went to another who had still higher pretensions to wisdom, and my conclusion was exactly the same. Whereupon I made another enemy of him, and of many others besides him...

This inquisition has led to my having many enemies of the worst and most dangerous kind, and has given occasion also to many calumnies. And I am called wise, for my hearers always imagine that I myself possess the wisdom which I find wanting in others: but the truth is, Omen of Athens, that God only is wise; and by his answer he intends to show that the wisdom of men is worth little or nothing; he is not speaking of Socrates, he is only sing my name by way of illustration, as if he said, He, O men, is the wisest, who, like Socrates, knows that his wisdom is in truth worth nothing. And so I go about the world, obedient to the god, and search and make enquiry into the wisdom of any one, whether citizen or stranger, who appears to be wise; and if he is not wise, then in vindication of the oracle I show him that he is not wise; and my occupation quite absorbs me, and I have no time to give either to any public matter of interest or to any concern of my own, but I am in utter poverty by reason of my devotion to the god.

There is another thing:--young men of the richer classes, who have not much to do, come about me of their own accord; they like to hear the pretenders examined, and they often imitate me, and proceed to examine others; there are plenty of persons, as they quickly discover, who think that they know something, but really know little or nothing; and then those who are examined by them instead of being angry with themselves are angry with me: This confounded Socrates, they say; this villainous misleader of youth!-- and then if somebody asks them, Why, what evil does he practice or teach? they do not know, and cannot tell; but in order that they may not appear to be at a loss, they repeat the ready-made charges which are used against all philosophers about teaching things up in the clouds and under the earth, and having no gods, and making the worse appear the better cause; for they do not like to confess that their pretense of knowledge has been detected--which is the truth; and as they are numerous and ambitious and energetic, and are drawn up in battle array and have persuasive

tongues, they have filled your ears with their loud and inveterate calumnies.

PLATO, "THE REPUBLIC"

This example describes Plato's "Theory of Forms" through his "allegory[51] *of the cave." The excerpt is from one of the many dialogues, in which he expresses wisdom through the fictional character of Socrates, who converses with a student or an acquaintance, in this case, Glaucon. Plato placed the "forms" of true knowledge that can be perceived by our intellects on a much higher plane than those which can be observed through our senses. Plato founded the Academy in Athens and his philosophy continued to influence intellectual thought for many centuries.*

Next, said Socrates, here is an allegory to illustrate the degrees in which our nature may be enlightened or unenlightened. Imagine the condition of men living in a sort of cavernous chamber underground, with an entrance open to the light and a long passage all down the cave. Here they have been from childhood, chained by the leg and also by the neck, so that they cannot move and can only see what is in front of them, because the chains will not let them turn their heads. At some distance higher up is the light of a fire burning behind them and between the prisoners and the fire is a track with a parapet built along it, like the screen at a puppet show, which hides the performers while they show puppets over the top.

I see, said Glaucon...

Suppose one of them were set free and forced suddenly to stand up, turn his head, and walk with eyes lifted to the light; all these movements would be painful, and he would be too dazzled to make out the objects whose shadows he had been used to seeing... And suppose someone were to drag him away forcibly up the steep and rugged ascent and not let him go until he had hauled him out into the sunlight?.. He would begin to draw the conclusion that is the Sun that produces the seasons and the course of the year and controls everything in the visible world, and moreover is in a way the cause of all that he and his companions used to see.

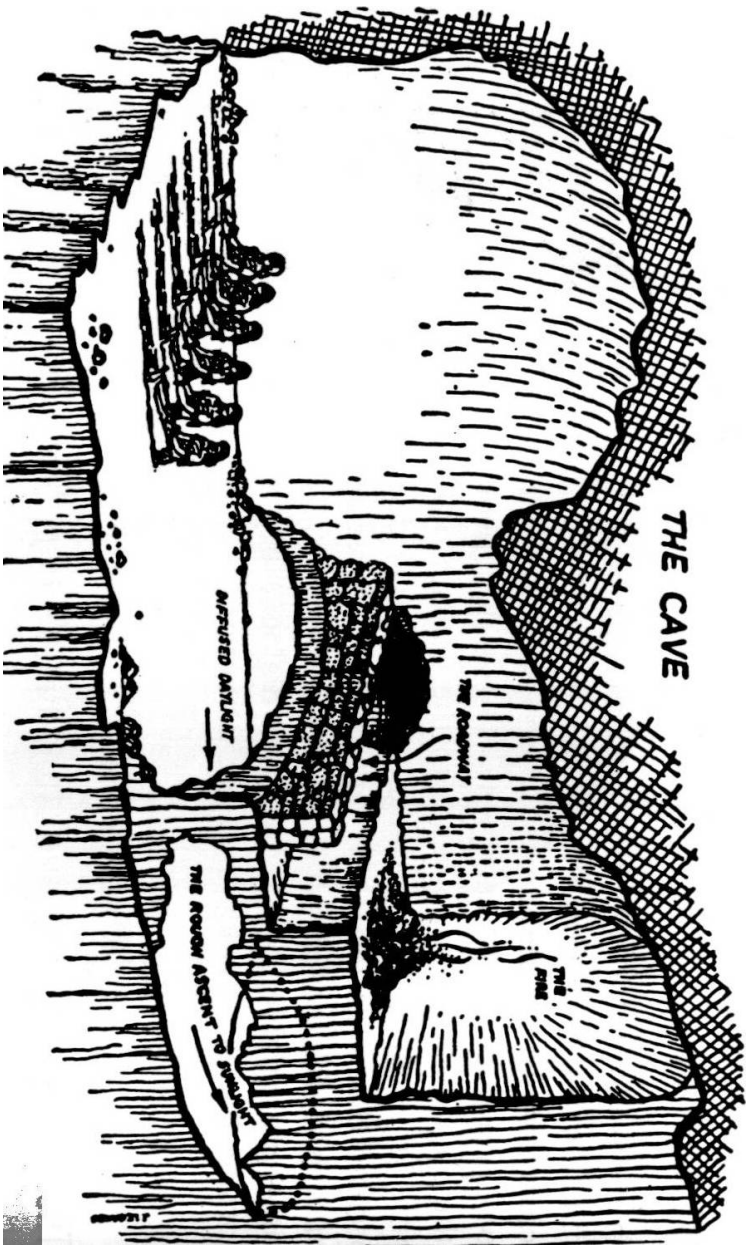
Clearly he would come at last to that conclusion, said Glaucon...

Every feature in this allegory, my dear Glaucon, is meant to fit our earlier analysis. The prison dwelling corresponds to the region revealed to us through the sense of sight, and the fire-light within it to the power of the Sun. The ascent to see the things of the upper world you make as standing for *upward journey of the soul to the region of the intelligible*; then you will be in possession of what I surmise, since that is what you wish to be told. Heaven knows whether it is true; but this, at any rate, is how it appears to me. *In the world of knowledge, the last thing to be perceived and only with great difficulty is the*

[51] a figurative form of speech where symbols represent alternative concepts.

essential Form of Goodness. Once it is perceived, the conclusion must follow that , for all things, this is the cause of whatever is right and good; in the visible world it gives birth to light and to the lord of light, while it is itself sovereign in the intelligible world and the parent of intelligence and truth. Without having had a vision of this Form no one can act with wisdom in his own life or in matters of state...

The soul of every man possesses the power of learning the truth and the organ to see it with; and that, just as one might have to turn the whole body around in order that the eye should see the light instead of darkness, so the entire soul must be turned away from this changing world, until its eye can bear to contemplate reality and that supreme splendor which we have called Good.



Plato's "Allegory of the Cave"

ARISTOTLE (384-322), "THE POETICS"

Aristotle provides us with one of the earliest examples of a theory of aesthetics (philosophy of beauty and art) in this work. He notes that imitation is one of the basic human instincts.

Poetry in general seems to have sprung from two causes, each of them lying deep in our nature. First, the instinct of imitation is implanted in man from childhood, one difference between him and other animals being that he is the most imitative of living creatures, and through imitation learns his earliest lessons; and no less universal is the pleasure felt in things imitated. We have evidence of this in the facts of experience. Objects which in themselves we view with pain, we delight to contemplate when reproduced with minute fidelity: such as the forms of the most ignoble animals and of dead bodies. The cause of this again is, that to learn gives the liveliest pleasure, not only to philosophers but to men in general; whose capacity, however, of learning is more limited. Thus the reason why men enjoy seeing a likeness is, that in contemplating it they find themselves learning or inferring, and saying perhaps, 'Ah, that is he.' For if you happen not to have seen the original, the pleasure will be due not to the imitation as such, but to the execution, the coloring, or some such other cause.

Imitation, then, is one instinct of our nature. Next, there is the instinct for 'harmony' and rhythm, meters being manifestly sections of rhythm. Persons, therefore, starting with this natural gift developed by degrees their special aptitudes, till their rude improvisations gave birth to Poetry.

ARISTOTLE, "NICOMACHEAN ETHICS"

The "Doctrine of the Mean" refers to the choice of virtuous action that is precisely between the extremes of behavior, the "Golden Mean."

There are three kinds of disposition, then, two of them vices, involving excess and deficiency respectively, and one a virtue, that is the *mean*, and all are in a sense opposed to all; for the extreme states are contrary both to the intermediate state and to each other, and the intermediate to the extremes; as the equal is greater relatively to the less, less relatively to the greater, so the middle states are excessive relatively to the deficiencies, deficient relatively to the excesses, both in passions and in actions. For the brave man appears rash relatively to the coward, and cowardly relatively to the rash man; and similarly the temperate man appears self-indulgent relatively to the insensible man, insensible relatively to the self-indulgent, and the liberal man prodigal relatively to the mean man, mean relatively to the prodigal. Hence also the people at the extremes push the intermediate man each over to the other, and the brave man is called rash by the coward, cowardly by the rash man, and correspondingly in the other cases. These states being thus opposed to one another, the greatest contrariety is that of the extremes to each other, rather than to the intermediate; for these are further from each other than from the intermediate, as the great is further from the small and the small from the great than both are from the equal.

EPICURUS (341-271 B.C.E.)
"LETTER TO MENOECEUS"

Epicurus was the founder of a school of philosophy that came to be known as Epicureanism. He advocated a rational life that acknowledged the value of calm composure and encouraged the pursuit of pleasure (in moderation). He rejected the influences of divine forces on humanity and believed humans should live in complete freedom. Later, this Hellenistic philosophy along with Stoicism would emerge as foundational influences on Roman thought.

Let no one be slow to seek wisdom when he is young nor weary in the search thereof when he is grown old. For no age is too early or too late for the health of the soul. And to say that the season for studying philosophy has not yet come, or that it is past and gone, is like saying that the season for happiness is not yet or that it is now no more. Therefore, both old and young ought to seek wisdom, the former in order that, as age comes over him, he may be young in good things because of the grace of what has been, and the latter in order that, while he is young, he may at the same time be old, because he has no fear of the things which are to come. So we must exercise ourselves in the things which bring happiness, since, if that be present, we have everything, and, if that be absent, all our actions are directed toward attaining it.

Those things which without ceasing I have declared to you, those do, and exercise yourself in those, holding them to be the elements of right life. First believe that God is a living being immortal and happy, according to the notion of a god indicated by the common sense of humankind; and so of him anything that is at agrees not with about him whatever may uphold both his happiness and his immortality. For truly there are gods, and knowledge of them is evident; but they are not such as the multitude believe, seeing that people do not steadfastly maintain the notions they form respecting them. Not the person who denies the gods worshiped by the multitude, but he who affirms of the gods what the multitude believes about them is truly impious. For the utterances of the multitude about the gods are not true preconceptions but false assumptions; hence it is that the greatest evils happen to the wicked and the greatest blessings happen to the good from the hand of the gods, seeing that they are always favorable to their own good qualities and take pleasure in people like to themselves, but reject as alien whatever is not of their kind.

Accustom yourself to believe that death is nothing to us, for good and evil imply awareness, and death is the privation of all awareness; therefore a right understanding that death is nothing to us makes the mortality of life enjoyable, not by adding to life an unlimited time, but by taking away the yearning after immortality. For life has no terror; for those who thoroughly apprehend that there are no terrors for

them in ceasing to live. Foolish, therefore, is the person who says that he fears death, not because it will pain when it comes, but because it pains in the prospect. Whatever causes no annoyance when it is present, causes only a groundless pain in the expectation. Death, therefore, the most awful of evils, is nothing to us, seeing that, when we are, death is not come, and, when death is come, we are not. It is nothing, then, either to the living or to the dead, for with the living it is not and the dead exist no longer. But in the world, at one time people shun death as the greatest of all evils, and at another time choose it as a respite from the evils in life. The wise person does not deprecate life nor does he fear the cessation of life. The thought of life is no offense to him, nor is the cessation of life regarded as an evil. And even as people choose of food not merely and simply the larger portion, but the more pleasant, so the wise seek to enjoy the time which is most pleasant and not merely that which is longest. And he who admonishes the young to live well and the old to make a good end speaks foolishly, not merely because of the desirability of life, but because the same exercise at once teaches to live well and to die well. Much worse is he who says that it were good not to be born, but when once one is born to pass with all speed through the gates of Hades. For if he truly believes this, why does he not depart from life? It were easy for him to do so, if once he were firmly convinced. If he speaks only in mockery, his words are foolishness, for those who hear believe him not.

We must remember that the future is neither wholly ours nor wholly not ours, so that neither must we count upon it as quite certain to come nor despair of it as quite certain not to come.

We must also reflect that of desires some are natural, others are groundless; and that of the natural some are necessary as well as natural, and some natural only. And of the necessary desires some are necessary if we are to be happy, some if the body is to be rid of uneasiness, some if we are even to live. He who has a clear and certain understanding of these things will direct every preference and aversion toward securing health of body and tranquillity of mind, seeing that this is the sum and end of a happy life. For the end of all our actions is to be free from pain and fear, and, when once we have attained all this, the tempest of the soul is laid; seeing that the living creature has no need to go in search of something that is lacking, nor to look anything else by which the good of the soul and of the body will be fulfilled. When we are pained pleasure, then, and then only, do we feel the need of pleasure. For this reason we call pleasure the alpha and omega of a happy life. Pleasure is our first and kindred good. It is the starting-point of every choice and of every aversion, and to it we come back, inasmuch as we make feeling the rule by which to judge of every good thing. And since pleasure is our first and native good, for that reason we do not choose every pleasure whatever, but often pass over many pleasures when a greater annoyance ensues from them. And often we

consider pains superior to pleasures when submission to the pains for a long time brings us as a consequence a greater pleasure. While therefore all pleasure because it is naturally akin to us is good, not all pleasure is worthy of choice, just as all pain is an evil and yet not all pain is to be shunned. It is, however, by measuring one against another, and by looking at the conveniences and inconveniences, teat all these matters must be judged. Sometimes we treat the good as an evil, and the evil, on the contrary, as a good. Again, we regard. independence of outward things as a great good, not so as in all cases to use little, but so as to be contented with little if we have not much, being honestly persuaded that they have the sweetest enjoyment of luxury who stand least in need of it, and that whatever is natural is easily procured and only the vain and worthless hard to win. Plain fare gives as much pleasure as a costly diet, when one the pain of want has been removed, while bread an water confer the highest possible pleasure when they are brought to hungry lips. To habituate one's se therefore, to simple and inexpensive diet supplies al that is needful for health, and enables a person to meet the necessary requirements of life without shrinking and it places us in a better condition when we approach at intervals a costly fare and renders us fearless of fortune.

When we say, then, that pleasure is the end and aim, we do not mean the pleasures of the prodigal or the pleasures of sensuality, as we are understood to do by some through ignorance, prejudice, or willful misrepresentation. By pleasure we mean the absence of pain in the body and of trouble in the soul. It is not an unbroken succession of drinking-bouts and of merrymaking, not sexual love, not the enjoyment of the fish and other delicacies of a luxurious table, which produce a pleasant life; it is sober reasoning, searching out the grounds of every choice and avoidance, and banishing those beliefs through which the greatest disturbances take possession of the soul. Of all this the d is prudence. For this reason prudence is a more precious thing even than the other virtues, for ad a life of pleasure which is not also a life of prudence, honor, and justice; nor lead a life of prudence, honor, and justice, which is not also a life of pleasure. For the virtues have grown into one with a pleasant life, and a pleasant life is inseparable from them.

Who, then, is superior in your judgment to such a person? He holds a holy belief concerning the gods, and is altogether free from the fear of death. He has diligently considered the end fixed by nature, and understands how easily the limit of good things can be reached and attained, and how either the duration or the intensity of evils is but slight. Destiny which some introduce as sovereign over all things, he laughs to scorn, affirming rather that some things happen of necessity, others by chance, others through our own agency. For he sees that necessity destroys responsibility and that chance or fortune is inconstant; whereas our own actions are free, and it is to them that

praise and blame naturally attach. It were better, indeed, to accept the legends of the gods than to bow beneath destiny which the natural philosophers have imposed. The one holds out some faint hope that we may escape if we honor the gods, while the necessity of the naturalists is deaf to all entreaties. Nor does he hold chance to be a god, as the world in general does, for in the acts of a god there is no disorder; nor to be a cause, though an uncertain one, for he believes that no good or evil is dispensed by chance to people so as to make life happy, though it supplies the starting-point of great good and great evil. He believes that the misfortune of the wise is better than the prosperity of the fool. It is better, in short, that what is well judged in action should not owe its successful issue to the aid of chance.

Exercise yourself in these and kindred precepts day and night, both by yourself and with him who is like to you; then never, either in waking or in dream, will you be disturbed, but will live as a god among people. For people lose all appearance of mortality by living in the midst of immortal blessings.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO (106-46 B.C.E.)
"ON DUTY"

For many centuries, Cicero was celebrated for his eloquent writing style. His work exemplifies the close connection between the Stoic philosophy and its function as a means of maintaining the strength of Roman civil society.

First of all, Nature has endowed every species of living creature with the instinct of self-preservation, of avoiding what seems likely to cause injury to life or limb, and of procuring and providing everything needful for life -- food, shelter, and the like. A common property of all creatures is also the reproductive instinct (the purpose of which is the propagation of the species) and also a certain amount of concern for their offspring. But the most marked difference between man and beast is this: the beast, just as far as it is moved by the senses and with very little perception of past or future, adapts itself to that alone which is present at the moment; while man -- because he is endowed with reason, by which he comprehends the chain of consequences, perceives the causes of things, understands the relation of cause to effect and of effect to cause, draws analogies, and connects and associates the present and the future -- easily surveys the course of his whole life and makes the necessary preparations for its conduct.

Above all, the search after truth and its eager pursuit are peculiar to man. And so, when we have leisure from the demands of business cares, we are eager to see, to hear, to learn something new, and we esteem a desire to know the secrets or wonders of creation as indispensable to a happy life. Thus we come to understand that what is true, simple, and genuine appeals most strongly to a man's nature. To this passion for discovering truth there is added a hungering, as it were, for independence, so that a mind well-molded by Nature is unwilling to be, subject to anybody save one who gives rules of conduct or is a teacher of truth or who, for the general good, rules according to justice and law. From this attitude come greatness of soul and a sense of superiority to worldly conditions...

...You see here, the very form and as it were the face of Moral Goodness; "and if," as Plato says, "it could be seen with the physical eye, it would awaken a marvelous love of wisdom." But all that is morally right rises from some one of four sources: it is concerned either (1) with the full perception and intelligent development of the true; or (2) with the conservation of organized society, with rendering to every man his due, and with the faithful discharge of obligations assumed; or (3) with the greatness and strength of a noble and invincible spirit; or (4) with the orderliness and moderation of everything that is said and done, wherein consist temperance and self-control.

Although these four are connected and interwoven, still it is in each one considered singly that certain definite kinds of moral duties

have their origin: in that category, for instance, which was designated first in our division and in which we place wisdom and prudence, belong the search after truth and its discovery; and this is the peculiar province of that virtue. For the more clearly anyone observes the most essential truth in any given case and the more quickly and accurately he can see and explain the reasons for it, the more understanding and wise he is generally esteemed, and justly so. So, then, it is truth that is, as it were, the stuff with which this virtue has to deal and on which it employs itself.

Before the three remaining virtues, on the other hand, is set the task of providing and maintaining those things on which the practical business of life depends so that the relations of man to man in human society may be conserved, and that largeness and nobility of soul may be revealed not only in increasing one's resources and acquiring advantages for one's self and one's family but far more in rising superior to these very things. But orderly behavior and consistency of demeanor and self-control and the like have their sphere in that department of things in which a certain amount of physical exertion, and not mental activity merely, is required. For if we bring a certain amount of propriety and order into the transactions of daily life, we shall be conserving moral rectitude and moral dignity...

The interests of society, however, and its common bonds will be best conserved, if kindness be shown to each individual in proportion to the closeness of his relationship. But it seems we must trace back to their ultimate sources the principles of fellowship and society that Nature has established among men. The first principle is that which is found in the connection subsisting between all the members of the human race; and that bond of connection is reason and speech, which by the processes of teaching and learning, of communicating, discussing, and reasoning associate men together and unite them in a sort of natural fraternity. In no other particular are we farther removed from the nature of beasts; for we admit that they may have courage (horses and lions, for example); but we do not admit that they have justice, equity, and goodness; for they are not endowed with reason or speech. This, then, is the most comprehensive bond that unites together men as men and all to all; and under it the common right to all things that Nature has produced for the common use of man is to be maintained, with the understanding that, while everything assigned as private property by the statutes and by civil law shall be so held as prescribed by those same laws, everything else shall be regarded in the light indicated by the Greek proverb: “Amongst friends all things in common.”

LUCIUS ANNAEUS SENECA (c. 55 B.C.E. - 41 C.E.)
"ON THE TRANQUILITY OF MIND"

Seneca provides us with another example of the Stoic philosophy. In the first paragraph of the excerpt, he describes the necessity of pursuing the skills that each person's destiny has provided them with. In the next passage, he demonstrates that one can refine one's fate through rational choices.

You must determine whether your nature is more adapted to business or to quiet study and contemplation, and you must turn in that direction in which the strength of your genius carries you. Isocrates forcibly led Ephorus[52] away from the forum,[53] because he believed that he would be more useful in compiling books of history. Indeed the mind responds but poorly when forced: when nature resists, labor is useless.

Nothing delights the mind so much as true and sweet friendship. What a blessing it is when there are hearts prepared for you in which every secret rests securely, whose knowledge you fear less than your own, whose conversation calms your anxieties, whose opinion aids your plan, whose mirth dispels your sorrow, whose very sight delights you! For that purpose, therefore, we would choose those who are, as far as possible, free from immoderate desires. For vices gradually spread, and pass to one's neighbors, and injure by contact. Therefore, as in the time of pestilence, we must be careful lest we sit near person who are already seized and burning with the disease, because we shall incur danger and be poisoned by their very breath; so, in choosing the character of our friends we must endeavor to choose those who are least impure. It is the beginning of disease for healthy bodies to come in contact with the sick. Yet I would not advise you to follow or to draw to yourself no one except a wise man; for where will you find that one whom we have sought for so many ages? He who is least bad must pass for the best man. You would scarcely find an opportunity for a happier choice if you could have sought good men among the Platos and Xenophons and all that produce of the progeny of Socrates, or if you had power over the age of Cato[54], which bore many men who were worthy to be born in Cato's age--just as it bore many who were worse than ever before and the authors of the greatest crimes. For both classes of people were needed in order that Cato might be understood: he needed both good men, whose approbation he

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[52]student of Isocrates and noted 4th century Athenian historian

[53] The forum was the center of Roman political life, where oratory was the preferred method for political persuasion.

[54] 2nd Century Roman politician, a champion of austerity and simplicity

could win, and bad men against whom he could try his strength. But now, in such a scarcity of good men, a less critical choice must be made; however, especially avoid those who are sad and deplore all things, to whom every occasion for complaint is welcome. Although such an one may remain constant in his fidelity and friendship towards you, yet a companion who is troubled and bewails everything is an enemy to one's peace of mind.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENAL (c. 60-130 C.E.)
"ON THE CITY OF ROME"

In this scathing satire, Juvenal ridicules the state of affairs in Imperial Rome and provides us with a portrait of the underbelly of this cosmopolitan city. Each of his complaints provides us with fresh insights into the wide variety of different elements that composed the city of Rome. It is presented in the form of a letter from a friend, who explains why he is leaving the urban life behind him. His references are so prolific that I'll leave it to the reader to look them up.

Since at Rome there is no place for honest pursuits, no profit to be got by honest toil---my fortune is less to-day than it was yesterday, and to-morrow must again make that little less---we purpose emigrating to the spot where Daedalus put off his wearied wings, while my grey hairs are still but few, my old age green and erect; while something yet remains for Lachesis to spin, and I can bear myself on my own legs, without a staff to support my right hand. Let us leave our native land. There let Arturius and Catulus live. Let those continue in it who turn black to white; for whom it is an easy matter to get contracts for building temples, clearing rivers, constructing harbors, cleansing the sewers, the furnishing of funerals, and under the mistress-spear set up the slave to sale. It is that the city is become Greek, Quirites, that I cannot tolerate; and yet how small the proportion even of the dregs of Greece! Syrian Orontes has long since flowed into the Tiber, and brought with it its language, morals, and the crooked harps with the flute-player, and its national tambourines, and girls made to stand for hire at the Circus. Go thither, you who fancy a barbarian harlot with embroidered turban. That rustic of yours, Quirinus, takes his Greek supper-cloak, and wears Greek prizes on his neck besmeared with Ceroma. One forsaking steep Sicyon, another Amydon, a third from Andros, another from Samos, another again from Tralles, or Alabanda, swarm to Esquiliae, and the hill called from its osiers, destined to be the very vitals, and future lords of great houses. These have a quick wit, desperate impudence, a ready speech, more rapidly fluent even than Isaeus. Tell me what you fancy he is? He has brought with him whatever character you wish---grammarian rhetorician, geometer, painter, trainer, soothsayer, ropedancer, physician, wizard---he knows everything. Bid the hungry Greekling go to heaven! He'll go. In short, it was neither Moor, nor Sarmatian, nor Thracian, that took wings, but one born in the heart of Athens. Shall I not shun these men's purple robes? Shall this fellow take precedence of me in signing his name, and recline pillowed on a more honorable couch than I, though imported to Rome by the same wind that brought the plums and figs? Does it then go so utterly for nothing, that my infancy inhaled the air of Aventine, nourished on the Sabine berry? Why add that this nation, most deeply versed in flattery, praises the conversation of an ignorant, the face of a

hideously ugly friend, and compares some weak fellow's crane-like neck to the brawny shoulders of Hercules, holding Antaeus far from his mother Earth: and is in raptures at the squeaking voice, not a whit superior in sound to that of the cock as he bites the hen. Besides, there is nothing that is held sacred by these fellows, or that is safe from their lust. Neither the mistress of the house, nor your virgin daughter, nor her suitor, unbearded as yet, nor your son, heretofore chaste. If none of these are to be found, he assails his friend's grandmother. They aim at learning the secrets of the house, and from that knowledge be feared. And since we have begun to make mention of the Greeks, pass on to their schools of philosophy, and hear the foul crime of the more dignified cloak. It was a Stoic that killed Bareas--the informer, his personal friend--the old man, his own pupil--bred on that shore on which the pinion of the Gorgonean horse lighted. There is no room for any Roman here, where some Protogenes, or Diphilus, or Erimanthus reigns supreme; who, with the common vice of his race, never shares a friend, but engrosses him entirely to himself. In exact proportion to the sum of money a man keeps in his chest, is the credit given to his oath. Though you were to swear by all the altars of the Samothracian and our own gods, the poor man is believed to despise the thunder-bolts and the gods, even with the sanction of the gods themselves.

Why add that this same poor man furnishes material and grounds for ridicule to all, if his cloak is dirty and torn, if his toga is a little soiled, and one shoe gapes with its upper leather burst; or if more than one patch displays the coarse fresh darning thread, where a rent has been sewn up. Poverty, bitter though it be, has no sharper pang than this, that it makes men ridiculous. “Let him retire, if he has any shame left, and quit the cushions of the knights, that has not the income required by the law, and let these seats be taken by the sons of pimps, in whatever brothel born! Here let the son of the sleek crier applaud among the spruce youths of the gladiator, and the scions of the fencing-school. Who was ever allowed at Rome to become a son-in-law if his estate was inferior, and not a match for the portion of the young lady? What poor man's name appears in any will? When is he summoned to a consultation even by an aedile ? All Quirites that are poor, ought long ago to have emigrated in a body. Difficult indeed is it for those to emerge from obscurity whose noble qualities are cramped by narrow means at home; but at Rome, for men like these, the attempt is still more hopeless; it is only at an exorbitant price they can get a wretched lodging, keep for their servants, and a frugal meal. A man is ashamed here to dine off pottery ware, which, were he suddenly transported to the Marsi and a Sabine board, contented there with a coarse bowl of blue earthenware, he would no longer deem discreditable. Here, in Rome, the splendor of dress is carried beyond men's means; here, something more than is enough, is taken occasionally from another's chest. In this fault all participate. Here we

all live with a poverty that apes our betters. Why should I detain you? Everything at Rome is coupled with high price. What have you to give, that you may occasionally pay your respects to Cossus? that Veiento may give you a passing glance, though without deigning to open his mouth? One shaves the beard, another deposits the hair of a favorite; the house is full of venal cakes. I must live in a place, where there are no fires, no nightly alarms. Already is Ucalegon shouting for water! already is he removing his chattels: the third story in the house you live in is already in a blaze. Yet you are unconscious! For if the alarm begin from the bottom of the stairs, he will be the last to be burnt whom a single tile protects from the rain, where the tame pigeons lay their eggs. Codrus had a bed too small for his Procula, six little jugs the ornament of his sideboard, and a little can besides beneath it, and a Chiron reclining under the same marble; and a chest now grown old in the service contained his Greek books, and mice gnawed poems of divine inspiration. Codrus possessed nothing at all; who denies the fact? and yet all that little nothing that he had, he lost. But the climax that crowns his misery is the fact, that though he is stark naked and begging for a few scraps, no one will lend a hand to help him to bed and board. But, if the great mansion of Asturius has fallen, the matrons appear in weeds, the senators in mourning robes, the praetor adjourns the courts. Then it is we groan for the accidents of the city; then we loathe the very name of fire. The fire is still raging, and already there runs up to him one who offers to present him with marble, and contribute towards the rebuilding. Another will present him with naked statues of Parian marble, another with a chef-d'oeuvre of Euphranor or Polycletus. Some lady will contribute some ancient ornaments of gods taken in our Asiatic victories; another, books and cases and a bust of Minerva; another, a whole bushel of silver. Persicus, the most splendid of childless men, replaces all he has lost by things more numerous and more valuable, and might with reason be suspected of having himself set his own house on fire.

If you can tear yourself away from the games in the circus, you can buy a capital house at Sora, or Fabrateria, or Frusino, for the price at which you are now hiring your dark hole for one year. There you will have your little garden, a well so shallow as to require no rope and bucket, whence with easy draft you may water your sprouting plants. Live there, enamored of the pitch-fork, and the dresser of your trim garden, from which you could supply a feast to a hundred Pythagoreans. It is something to be able in any spot, in any retreat whatever, to have made oneself proprietor even of a single lizard. Here full many a patient dies from want of sleep; but that exhaustion is produced by the undigested food that loads the fevered stomach. For what lodging-houses allow of sleep? None but the very wealthy can sleep at Rome. Hence is the source of the disease.

The passing of wagons in the narrow curves of the streets, and the mutual reviles of the team drivers brought to a standstill, would banish sleep even from Drusus and sea-calves. If duty calls him, the rich man will be borne through the yielding crowd, and pass rapidly over their heads on the shoulders of his tall Liburnian, and, as he goes, will read or write, or even sleep inside his litter, for his sedan with windows closed entices sleep. And still he will arrive before us. In front of us, as we hurry on, a tide of human beings stops the way; the mass that follows behind presses on our loins in dense concourse; one man pokes me with his elbow, another with a hard pole; one knocks a beam against my head, another a ten-gallon cask. My legs are coated thick with mud; then, anon, I am trampled upon by great heels all round me, and the hob-nail of the soldier's caliga remains imprinted on my toe. Tunics that have been patched together are torn asunder again. Presently, as the tug approaches, the long fir-tree quivers, other wagons are conveying pine-trees; they totter from their height, and threaten ruin to the crowd. For if that wain, that is transporting blocks of Ligustican stone, is upset, and pours its mountain-load upon the masses below, what is there left of their bodies? Who can find their limbs or bones? Every single carcass of the mob is crushed to minute atoms as impalpable as their souls. While, all this while, the family at home, in happy ignorance of their master's fate, are washing up the dishes, and blowing up the fire with their mouths, and making a clatter with the well-oiled strigils, and arranging the bathing towels with the full oil-flask. Such are the various occupations of the bustling slaves.

Now revert to other perils of the night distinct from these. What a height it is from the lofty roofs, from which a potsherd tumbles on your brains. How often cracked and chipped earthenware falls from the windows! with what a weight they dint and damage the flint-pavement where they strike it! You may well be accounted remiss and improvident against unforeseen accident, if you go out to supper without having made your will. It is clear that there are just so many chances of death, as there are open windows where the inmates are awake inside, as you pass by. Pray, therefore, and bear about with you this miserable wish, that they may be contented with throwing down only what the broad basins have held. One that is drunk, and quarrelsome in his cups, if he has chanced to give no one a beating, suffers the penalty by loss of sleep; he passes such a night as Achilles bewailing the loss of his friend; lies now on his face, then again on his back. Under other circumstances, he cannot sleep. In some persons, sleep is the result of quarrels; but though daring from his years, and flushed with unmixed wine, he cautiously avoids him whom a scarlet cloak, and a very long train of attendants, with plenty of flambeaux and a bronzed candelabrum, warns him to steer clear of. He stands right in front of you, and bids you stand! Obey you must. For what can you do, when he that gives the command is mad with drink, and at the same

time stronger than you! “Where do you come from?” he thunders out: “With whose vinegar and beans are you blown out? What cobbler has been feasting on chopped leek or boiled sheep's head with you? Don't you answer? Speak, or be kicked! Say where do you hang out? In what Jew's begging-stand shall I look for you?” Whether you attempt to say a word or retire in silence, is all one; they beat you just the same, and then, in a passion, force you to give bail to answer for the assault. This is a poor man's liberty ! When thrashed he humbly begs, and pummeled with fisticuffs supplicates to be allowed to quit the spot with a few teeth left in his head. Nor is this yet all that you have to fear, for there will not be wanting one to rob you, when all the houses are shut up, and all the fastenings of the shops chained, are fixed and silent. Sometimes too a footpad does your business with his knife, whenever the Pontine marshes and the Gallinarian wood are kept safe by an armed guard. Consequently they all flock thence to Rome as to a great preserve. What forge or anvil is not weighed down with chains? The greatest amount of iron used is employed in forging fetters; so that you may well fear that enough may not be left for plowshares, and that mattocks and hoes may run short. Well may you call our great-grandsires happy, and the ages blest in which they lived, which, under kings and tribunes long ago, saw Rome contented with a single jail. To these I could subjoin other reasons for leaving Rome, and more numerous than these; but my cattle summon me to be moving, and the sun is getting low. I must go. For long ago the muleteer gave me a hint by shaking his whip. Farewell then, and forget me not! and whenever Rome shall restore you to your native Aquinum, eager to refresh your strength, then you may tear me away too from Cumae to Helvine Ceres, and your patron deity Diana. Then, equipped with my caliga, I will visit your chilly regions, to help you in your satires---unless they scorn my poor assistance.

Construction of the Tomb of Haterius (late 1st C. C.E.)

“THE FIRST BOOK OF MOSES, GENESIS”
THE BIBLE, OLD TESTAMENT
(KING JAMES NEW REVISED EDITION)

The story of Abraham is central to Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. As the earliest Hebrew patriarch, he was believed to have been the first to affirm a covenant with the Canaanite deity, Yahweh (also referred to as Elohim, meaning “God”). The circumcision of all Hebrew males symbolized this relationship. Note the differing fates of his two children, Ishmael and Isaac, yet each would be seen as the father of different religious traditions.

Now Sarai Abram's wife bare him no children: and she had an handmaid, an Egyptian, whose name was Hagar. And Sarai said unto Abram, Behold now, the Lord hath restrained me from bearing: I pray thee, go in unto my maid; it may be that I may obtain children by her. And Abram hearkened to the voice of Sarai. And Sarai Abram's wife took Hagar her maid the Egyptian, after Abram had dwelt ten years in the land of Canaan, and gave her to her husband Abram to be his wife. And he went in unto Hagar, and she conceived: and when she saw that she had conceived, her mistress was despised in her eyes. And Sarai said unto Abram, My wrong be upon thee: I have given my maid into thy bosom; and when she saw that she had conceived, I was despised in her eyes: the Lord judge between me and thee. But Abram said unto Sarai, Behold, thy maid is in thine hand; do to her as it pleaseth thee. And when Sarai dealt hardly with her, she fled from her face. And the angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness, by the fountain in the way to Shur. And he said, Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence camest thou? and whither wilt thou go? And she said, I flee from the face of my mistress Sarai. And the angel of the Lord said unto her, Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands. And the angel of the Lord said unto her, I will multiply thy seed exceedingly, that it shall not be numbered for multitude. And the angel of the Lord said unto her, Behold, thou art with child and shalt bear a son, and shalt call his name Ishmael; because the Lord hath heard thy affliction. And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren. And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me: for she said, Have I also here looked after him that seeth me? Wherefore the well was called Beerlahairoi; behold, it is between Kadesh and Bered. And Hagar bare Abram a son: and Abram called his son's name, which Hagar bare, Ishmael. And Abram was fourscore and six years old, when Hagar bare Ishmael to Abram.

And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect. And I will make my covenant between

me and thee, and will multiply thee exceedingly. And Abram fell on his face: and God talked with him, saying, As for me, behold, my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations. Neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham; for a father of many nations have I made thee. And I will make thee exceeding fruitful, and I will make nations of thee, and kings shall come out of thee. And I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee. And I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God. And God said unto Abraham, Thou shalt keep my covenant therefore, thou, and thy seed after thee in their generations. This is my covenant, which ye shall keep, between me and you and thy seed after thee; Every man child among you shall be circumcised. And ye shall circumcise the flesh of your foreskin; and it shall be a token of the covenant betwixt me and you. And he that is eight days old shall be circumcised among you, every man child in your generations, he that is born in the house, or bought with money of any stranger, which is not of thy seed. He that is born in thy house, and he that is bought with thy money, must needs be circumcised: and my covenant shall be in your flesh for an everlasting covenant. And the uncircumcised man child whose flesh of his foreskin is not circumcised, that soul shall be cut off from his people; he hath broken my covenant. And God said unto Abraham, As for Sarai thy wife, thou shalt not call her name Sarai, but Sarah shall her name be. And I will bless her, and give thee a son also of her: yea, I will bless her, and she shall be a mother of nations; kings of people shall be of her. Then Abraham fell upon his face, and laughed, and said in his heart, Shall a child be born unto him that is an hundred years old? and shall Sarah, that is ninety years old, bear? And Abraham said unto God, O that Ishmael might live before thee! God said, Sarah thy wife shall bear thee a son indeed; and thou shalt call his name Isaac: and I will establish my covenant with him for an everlasting covenant, and with his seed after him. And as for Ishmael, I have heard thee: Behold, I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly; twelve princes shall he beget, and I will make him a great nation. But my covenant will I establish with Isaac, which Sarah shall bear unto thee at this set time in the next year. And he left off talking with him, and God went up from Abraham. And Abraham took Ishmael his son, and all that were born in his house, and all that were bought with his money, every male among the men of Abraham's house; and circumcised the flesh of their foreskin in the selfsame day, as God had said unto him. And Abraham was ninety years old and nine, when he was circumcised in the flesh of his foreskin. And Ishmael his son was thirteen years old, when he was circumcised in the flesh of his foreskin. In the selfsame day was

Abraham circumcised, and Ishmael his son. And all the men of his house, born in the house, and bought with money of the stranger, were circumcised with him.

And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre: and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day; And he lift up his eyes and looked, and, lo, three men stood by him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground, And said, My Lord, if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant: Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree: And I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; after that ye shall pass on: for therefore are ye come to your servant. And they said, So do, as thou hast said. And Abraham hastened into the tent unto Sarah, and said, Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth. And Abraham ran unto the herd, and fetcht a calf tender and good, and gave it unto a young man; and he hasted to dress it. And he took butter, and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat. And they said unto him, Where is Sarah thy wife? And he said, Behold, in the tent. And he said, I will certainly return unto thee according to the time of life; and, lo, Sarah thy wife shall have a son. And Sarah heard it in the tent door, which was behind him. Now Abraham and Sarah were old and well stricken in age; and it ceased to be with Sarah after the manner of women. Therefore Sarah laughed within herself, saying, After I am waxed old shall I have pleasure, my Lord being old also? And the Lord said unto Abraham, Wherefore did Sarah laugh, saying, Shall I of a surety bear a child, which am old? Is any thing too hard for the Lord? At the time appointed I will return unto thee, according to the time of life, and Sarah shall have a son. Then Sarah denied, saying, I laughed not; for she was afraid.And he said, Nay; but thou didst laugh. And the men rose up from thence, and looked toward Sodom: and Abraham went with them to bring them on the way. And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do; Seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him? For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him. And the Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous; I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto me; and if not, I will know. And the men turned their faces from thence, and went toward Sodom: but Abraham stood yet before the Lord...

And the Lord visited Sarah as he had said, and the Lord did unto Sarah as he had spoken. For Sarah conceived, and bare Abraham

a son in his old age, at the set time of which God had spoken to him. And Abraham called the name of his son that was born unto him, whom Sarah bare to him, Isaac. And Abraham circumcised his son Isaac being eight days old, as God had commanded him. And Abraham was an hundred years old, when his son Isaac was born unto him. And Sarah said, God hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me. And she said, Who would have said unto Abraham, that Sarah should have given children suck? for I have born him a son in his old age. And the child grew, and was weaned: and Abraham made a great feast the same day that Isaac was weaned. And Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian, which she had born unto Abraham, mocking. Wherefore she said unto Abraham, Cast out this bondwoman and her son: for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac. And the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight because of his son. And God said unto Abraham, Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad, and because of thy bondwoman; in all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice; for in Isaac shall thy seed be called. And also of the son of the bondwoman will I make a nation, because he is thy seed. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba. And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs. And she went, and sat her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bow shot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lift up her voice, and wept. And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink. And God was with the lad; and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer. And he dwelt in the wilderness of Paran: and his mother took him a wife out of the land of Egypt...

And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham: and he said, Behold, here I am. And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him. Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off. And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and

worship, and come again to you. And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together. And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering? And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering: so they went both of them together. And they came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son. And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham: and he said, Here am I. And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me. And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son. And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovahjireh: as it is said to this day, In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen. And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven the second time, And said, By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son: That in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed my voice.

“THE SECOND BOOK OF MOSES, EXODUS”
THE BIBLE, OLD TESTAMENT
(KING JAMES NEW REVISED EDITION)

These biblical passages describe the delivery of the moral laws of the god Yahweh to the Hebrew people. These “Ten Commandments” are also known as, “The Decalogue” and create a connection between religious faith and ethics. Adherence to these words was seen as a fulfillment of the covenant between the Hebrew people and their god, Yahweh.

So Moses went down unto the people, and spoke unto them.

And God spoke all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's. And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off. And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die. And Moses said unto the people, Fear not: for God is come to prove you, and that his fear may be before your faces that ye sin not.

"THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW"
THE BIBLE, NEW TESTAMENT
(KING JAMES REVISED EDITION)

The Book of Matthew is one of the four gospels ("good news") that describe the life and teachings of a young Hebrew preacher known to the Jews as Yeshua of Nazareth (in Greek, Jesus Christ, c. 0-33 C.E.). This passage depicts a sermon in which Yeshua articulates his vision of humility, poverty, and generosity as exemplary behaviors, his challenging standards of ethical perfection, and the promise of salvation, eternal life-after-death, through faith and virtue. Note his extensive use of parables and language that is full of rich and complex metaphoric statements.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you. Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt has lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes[55] and Pharisees,[56] ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven. Ye have heard that it was said

[55]the learned class in Israel

of them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca,[57] shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement: But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery. Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.

Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil. Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:[58] But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him

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[56]Hebrew leaders known for strict observance of Jewish ceremonies and their interpretation of the written law

[57]vain or empty

[58]from Exodus 21:24

twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away. Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him. After this manner therefore pray ye: *Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.* For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses. Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; That thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust

doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness! No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.[59] Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles[60] seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more

[59]material wealth and possessions

[60]non-Jews

shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity. Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it. And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine: For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

When he was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him.

“THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS” THE BIBLE, NEW TESTAMENT, (KING JAMES REVISED EDITION

Shortly after the crucifixion of Jesus, Saul, a Jewish citizen of Rome from the Turkish city of Tarsus, described the revelation of Christ’s message that was received by him. He took the name of Paul and soon became one of the most energetic and zealous missionaries for the new religion. The letters (epistles) he wrote to help guide the leadership of the new churches he established are among the oldest written texts to be included in the canon of the emerging Christian scripture. Paul’s theology focuses on the crucifixion of Jesus as the model ritual sacrifice that absolves believers of their sins, and enables the promise of eternal life.

Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen? And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised? And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

“THE EPISTLE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL TO THE ROMANS” THE BIBLE, NEW TESTAMENT, (KING JAMES REVISED EDITION

In the following passage, Paul promotes faith in Jesus as the highest Christian virtue and the path through which salvation can be achieved.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that

tribulation worketh patience; And patience, experience; and experience, hope: And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life. And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.

“THE NICENE CREED” (325 C. E.)

Not long after the Roman Emperor Constantine (ruled 306 to 337 C.E.) converted to Christianity, he convened the ***Council of Nicaea*** *in 325 C.E. Many radically different and conflicting versions of Christian doctrine had evolved over the years, so the Emperor called this meeting of Bishops from all over the Empire to declare and affirm an official theological belief for the recently recognized Christian Church. Articulating its fundamental concepts of monotheism, the divinity of Jesus Christ, the immortality of the individual human spirit, and the trinity (the three-fold nature of the deity), this is the final outcome of their deliberations (as modified by the Council of Constantinople in 381).*

We believe in only one God the Father All-Sovereign, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible;

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, Begotten of the Father before all ages, Light of Light, true God of true God, begotten not made, of one substance with the Father, through whom all things were made; who for us men and for our salvation came down from the heavens, and was made flesh of the Holy Spirit and the Virgin Mary, and became man, and was crucified for us Under Pontius Pilate, and suffered and was buried, and rose again on the third day according to the Scriptures, and ascended into the heavens, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father, and cometh again with glory to judge living and dead, of whose kingdom there shall be no end:

And in the Holy Spirit, the Lord and the Life-giver, that proceedeth from the Father, who with Father and Son is worshipped together and glorified together, who spake through the prophets: In one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church: We acknowledge one baptism unto remission of sins. We look for a resurrection of the dead, and the life of the age to come.

“Crucifixion” Door Carving, Santa Sabina, Rome (c. 430)

AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO (354-430), "CONCERNING THE CITY OF GOD AGAINST THE PAGANS" (427)

In "The City of God," Augustine integrated various Christian doctrines, Hellenistic philosophies, lots of Neo-Platonic thought, and most of all, Biblical scripture to forge a new and distinctively Christian philosophical outlook. The influence of Plato is evident in his disdain for the changing material world (which he names, The City of Man) and his celebration of the eternal, ideal world (The City of God). Augustine's affect on medieval thought was profound, and his ideas informed the dominant ideological view of Christian Europe for a thousand years.

The character of the two cities:

We see then that the two cities were created by two kinds of love; the earthly city was created by self-love reaching the point of contempt for God, the Heavenly City by the love of God carried as far as contempt of self. In fact the earthly city glories in itself, the Heavenly City glories in the Lord.[61] The former looks for glory from men, the latter finds its highest glory in God, the witness of a good conscience. The earthly lifts up its head in its own glory, the Heavenly City says to its God: "My glory; you lift up my head."[62] In the former, the lust for domination lords it over its princes as over nations it subjugates; the other says to its God, "I will love you, my Lord, my strength."[63]

Consequently, in the earthly city its wise men who live by men's standards have pursued the goods of the body or of their own mind, or of both. Or those of them who were able to know God "did not honor him as God, nor did they give thanks to him, but they dwindled into futility in their thoughts, and their senseless heart was darkened; in asserting their wisdom" –that is, exalting themselves in their wisdom, under the domination of pride -- "they became foolish, and changed the glory of the imperishable God into an image representing a perishable man, or birds or beasts or reptiles" –for in the adoration of idols of this kind they were either leaders or followers of the general public -- "and they worshiped and served created things instead of the Creator, who is blessed forever."[64] In the Heavenly City, on the other hand, man's only wisdom is the devotion which rightly worships the true God, and looks for its reward in the fellowship of the

[61]2 Corinthians 10:17

[62]Psalms 3: 3

[63]Psalms 18, 1

[64]Romans 1:21

saints, not only holy men but also holy angels, “so that God may be all in all.”[65]

[65] 1 Corinthian 15:28.

JEROME (354-420)
"LETTER TO POPE DAMASUS"

These letters reveal the role of the written word in the life of this early Christian Church father. The first describes his deliberations and concerns while translating the scriptures from Greek into Latin, creating the Vulgate Bible. The second demonstrates the wistful disdain with which pre-Christian pagan scholarship began to be viewed.

To the blessed Pope Damasus, from Jerome,

You urge me to make a new work from the old, and that I might sit as a kind of judge over the versions of Scripture dispersed throughout the whole world, and that I might resolve which among such vary, and which
of these they may be which truly agree with the Greek. Pious work, yet perilous presumption, to change the old and aging language of the world , to carry it back to infancy, for to judge others is to invite judging by all of them. Is there indeed any learned or unlearned man, who when he picks up the volume in his hand, and takes a single taste of it, and sees what he will have read to differ, might not instantly raise his voice, calling me a forger, proclaiming me now to be a sacrilegious man, that I might dare to add, to change, or to correct anything in the old books? Against such infamy I am consoled by two causes: that it is you, who are the highest priest, who so orders, and truth is not to be what might vary, as even now I am vindicated by the witness of slanderers. If indeed faith is administered by the Latin version, they might respond by which, for they are nearly as many as the books! If, however, truth is to be a seeking among many, why do we not now return to the Greek originals to correct those mistakes which either through faulty translators were set forth, or through confident but unskilled were wrongly revised, or through sleeping scribes either were added or were changed? Certainly, I do not discuss the Old Testament, which came from the Seventy Elders in the Greek language,[66] changing in three steps until it arrived with us [Hebrew > Greek > Latin]. Nor do I seek what Aquila, or what Symmachus may think, or why Theodotion[67] may walk the middle of the road between old and new. This may be the true translation which the Apostles have approved. I now speak of the New Testament, which is undoubtedly Greek, except the Apostle Matthew, who had first set forth the Gospel of Christ in Hebrew letters in Judea. This (Testament) certainly differs in our

[66] The Septuagint was the ancient Greek version of the Old Testament, named after the seventy-two elders who translated it.

[67] Second century Greek translators

language, and is led in the way of different streams; it is necessary to seek the single fountainhead. I pass over those books which are called by the name of Lucian and Hesychius, for which a few men wrongly claim authority, who anyway were not allowed to revise either in the Old Instrument after the Seventy Translators, or to pour out revisions in the New; with the scriptures previously translated into the languages of many nations, the additions may now be shown to be false.

JEROME, "LETTER TO EUSTOCHIUM"

Many years ago, when for the kingdom of heaven's sake I had cut myself off from home, parents, sister, relations, and--harder still--from the dainty food to which I had been accustomed; and when I was on my way to Jerusalem to wage my warfare, I still could not bring myself to forego the library which I had formed for myself at Rome with great care and toil. And so, miserable man that I was, I would fast only that I might afterwards read Cicero. After many nights spent in vigil, after floods of tears called from my inmost heart, after the recollection of my past sins, I would once more take up Plautus.[68] And when at times I returned to my right mind, and began to read the prophets, their style seemed rude and repellent. I failed to see the light with my blinded eyes; but I attributed the fault not to them, but to the sun. While the old serpent was thus making me his plaything, about the middle of Lent a deep-seated fever fell upon my weakened body, and while it destroyed my rest completely--the story seems hardly credible--it so wasted my unhappy frame that scarcely anything was left of me but skin and bone. Meantime preparations for my funeral went on; my body grew gradually colder, and the warmth of life lingered only in my throbbing breast. Suddenly I was caught up in the spirit and dragged before the judgment seat of the Judge; and here the light was so bright, and those who stood around were so radiant, that I cast myself upon the ground and did not dare to look up. Asked who and what I was I replied: "I am a Christian." But He who presided said: "Thou liest, thou art a follower of Cicero and not of Christ. For 'where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also.'" Instantly I became dumb, and amid the strokes of the lash--for He had ordered me to be scourged--I was tortured more severely still by the fire of conscience, considering with myself that verse, "In the grave who shall give thee thanks?" Yet for all that I began to cry and to bewail myself, saying: "Have mercy upon me, O Lord: have mercy upon me."

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[68] Titus Maccius Plautus (c. 254-184 B.C.E.) was Ancient Rome's best known playwright.

"THE QU'RAN"

*The prophet Muhammad (570-632) is believed to have experienced this sacred text through his vision of it as revealed words, carved in stone in heaven. The word Qu'ran translates literally as,"recitation." The term "sura" (or "surah") is used to describe the chapters that comprise this text. This excerpt includes a description of the "Five Pillars of Faith." The first pillar of Islam, the "shahadah," or profession of faith, is the foundational statement, "**There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his messenger**." The remaining four (fasting, prayer, almsgiving, and pilgrimage) are identified in the following passages.*

1. THE OPENING
In the name of Allah, the Most Beneficent, the Most Merciful.[69]

1:1 All Praise belongs to Allah, the Lord of the Worlds,
1:2 The Beneficent, the Merciful,
1:3 The Ruler of the Day of Judgment!
1:4 Thee alone we serve and Thee alone we ask for aid.
1:5 Guide us in the Straight Path,
1:6 The path of those whom Thou hast favored;
1:7 Not of those who earn Thy wrath; nor of those who go astray. ..

2:120. The Jews will not be satisfied with thee, nor yet the Christians, until thou followest their creed. Say, "Allah's guidance is the only guidance;" and if thou were to follow their lusts after the knowledge that has come to thee, thou hast not then from Allah a patron or a help.
2:121. They to whom We have brought the Book and who read it as it should be studied, they are the ones that believe therein; and whoso rejects faith therein, it is they who are the losers.
2:122. O children of Israel! Remember My favors which I bestowed on you, and that I have preferred you over the other people of the worlds.
2:123. And fear the day when no soul shall pay a recompense for another soul, nor shall an equivalent be received therefrom, nor any intercession avail; and they shall not be helped.
2:124. And remember when his Lord tried Abraham with words, and he fulfilled them, He said, "Verily, I will set thee as an Imam[70] for the nations." Said he, "And of my seed also?" Allah said, "My covenant touches not the evildoers..."

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[69]each *sura* of the Qu'ran begins with this invocation

[70]priest, moral leader, or guide

2:183. (*Sawm*, or fasting) O ye who believe! There is prescribed for you the fast as it was prescribed for those before you; haply ye may learn self-restraint.

2:184. A certain number of days, but he amongst you who is ill or on a journey, then let him fast another number of days. And those who can do it with hardship may redeem it by feeding a poor man; but he who gives more of his own will, it is better for him; but if ye fast it is better for you, if ye did but know.

2:185. The month of Ramadhan, wherein was revealed the Quran as a Guidance to mankind, and as manifest Sign, and as a Discrimination. So he amongst you who is at his home during this month then let him fast through it; but he who is sick or on a journey, then another number of days;- Allah desires for you what is reasonable, and desires not for you what is difficult, that ye may complete the prescribed period, and say, "Great is Allah," for that He has guided you; haply ye may give thanks.

2:186. (*salat*, or prayer) When My servants ask thee concerning Me, then, verily, I am near; I listen to the prayer of every suppliant when ever he calls to Me. So let them also, with a will, listen to My call, and let them believe in Me; haply they may be directed aright.

2:187. Lawful for you on the night of the fast is association with your wives; they are a garment unto you, and ye a garment unto them. Allah knows that ye did defraud yourselves, wherefore He has turned towards you and forgiven you; so now go in unto them and crave what Allah has prescribed for you, and eat and drink until a white thread can be distinguished by you from a black one at the dawn. Then fulfill the fast until the night, and go not in unto them while ye are at your devotions in the mosques. These are the bounds that Allah has set, so draw not near thereto. Thus does Allah make manifest His signs to men, that haply they may learn restraint.

2:188. Devour not your wealth among yourselves vainly, nor present it to the judges that ye may devour a part of the wealth of other men sinfully and knowingly.

2:190. Fight in the Cause of Allah with those who fight you, but transgress not the limits; verily, Allah loves not those who are the aggressors.

2:191. Kill them wherever ye find them, and drive them out from whence they drive you out; for oppression is worse than slaughter; but fight them not by the Sacred Mosque unless they fight you there; If they fight you then kill them, for such is the recompense of those that are faithless.

2:192. But if they desist, then, verily, Allah is Forgiving and Merciful.

2:193. But fight them until there be no more oppression and that the Din[71] may be Allah's; but, if they desist, then let there be no hostility save against the unjust oppressors.

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[71]religion, faith, justice, or way of life

2:194. The sacred month for the sacred month; for all sacred things demand retaliation (the Law of Equivalence); and whoso transgresses against you, transgress against him likewise as he transgressed against you; but fear Allah, and know that Allah is with those who practice restraint.
2:195. (*zakat*, or almsgiving) Expend in alms in the cause of Allah and be not cast by your own hands into perdition; but do good, for Allah loves those who do good.
2:196. (*hajj*, or pilgrimage) And fulfill the pilgrimage and the visitation to Allah; but if ye be prevented, then what is easiest for you by way of gift. But shave not your heads until your gift shall reach its destination; and he amongst you who is sick or has a hurt upon his head, then the redemption is by fasting or by alms or by an offering. But when ye are safe again, then let him who would enjoy the visitation until the pilgrimage what is easiest as a gift. And he who cannot afford it, then let him fast three days on the pilgrimage and seven when ye return; these make ten days complete. That is, for him whose family are not present in the Sacred Mosque; and fear Allah and know that Allah is strict in punishment.
2:197. The pilgrimage is in well-known months: whosoever then makes it incumbent on himself (let him have neither) commerce with women, nor fornication, nor a quarrel on the pilgrimage; and whatsoever of good ye do, Allah knoweth it; then provide yourself for your journey; but the best provision is piety. Fear ye Me ye who possess understanding.

The Qu'ran establishes Islam as an extension and continuation of the tradition of Judeo-Christian revelation...
3:81. When Allah made the covenant with the prophets, (He said) "Behold, what I have given you of the Book and Wisdom. Then shall come to you a Messenger confirming that which you possess. Ye shall believe in him and help him." And He said, "Are ye resolved and do you take this covenant as binding on you?" They said, "We are resolved." And He said, "Then bear witness, for I am witness with you;
3:82 . But they who turns back after this, these are the miscreants."
3:83. Seek they other than Allah's religion? When to Him surrenders whosoever is in the heavens and the earth, willingly or unwillingly, and unto Him shall they return!
3:84. Say, "We believe in Allah, and what has been revealed to thee, and what was revealed to Abraham, and Ishmael, and Isaac, and Jacob, and the tribes, and what was given to Moses, and Jesus, and the prophets from their Lord, - we make no distinction between any of them, - and unto Him have we surrendered. ..

Jihad (or striving) is one of the most challenging and controversial concepts in Islamic belief. Many Muslim scholars differentiate

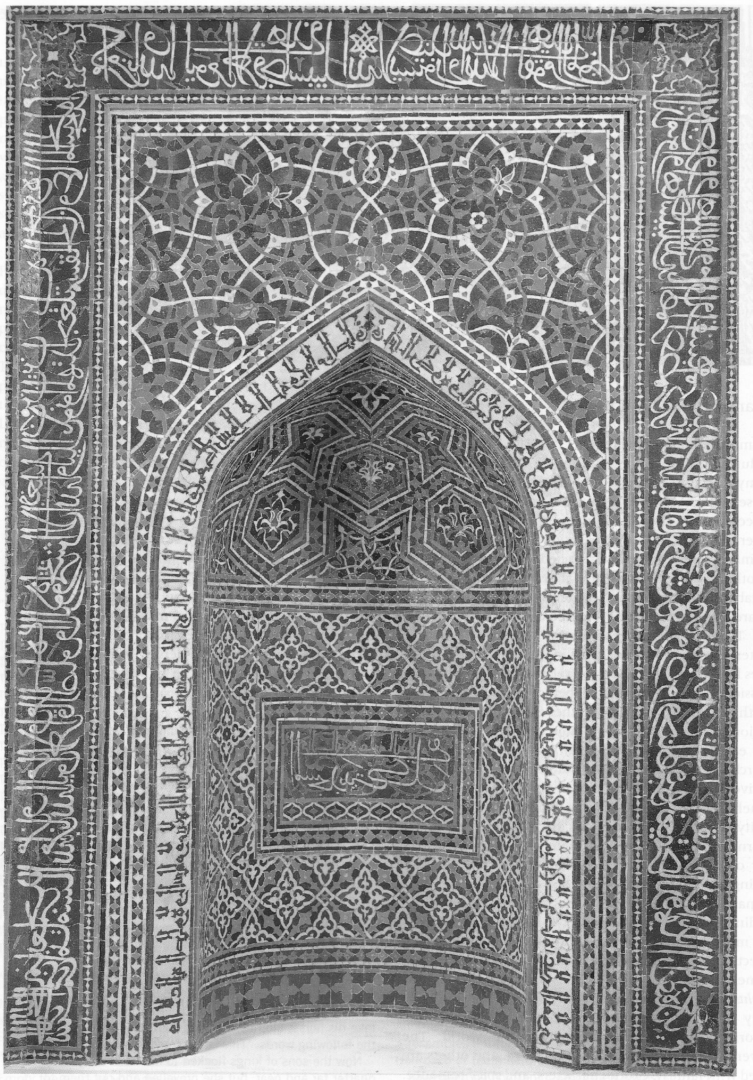
between the "greater jihad," where believers strive for goodness in themselves and the "lesser jihad," where believers defend the faith against external threats.

61:9. He it is Who sent His Messenger with the guidance and the Religion of Truth, that He may make it overcome all religions, though the polytheists may be averse.
61:10. O you who believe! Shall I lead you to an affair (or a transaction), which may deliver you from a painful doom?
61:11. You shall believe in Allah and His Messenger, and strive hard in Allah's way with your property and your lives; that is better for you, did you but know!
61:12. He will forgive you your faults and cause you to enter into Gardens, beneath which rivers flow, and goodly Mansions in Gardens of Eternity; that is the supreme achievement (or triumph);
61:13. And yet another blessing (will He bestow) that you love:- help from Allah and a speedy victory; so give good news to the believers…

THE HADITH

The Hadith are Islamic texts that are comprised of quotes relating the words and deeds of the prophet Muhammad. There are a number of collections (known collectively as "sunnah" or tradition), each characterized by the inclusion of information about the individual who first reported each brief saying. Although not embraced by Muslims as revealed knowledge (like the Qu'ran), these texts present the life and sayings of Muhammad as models for conduct and behavior. The following excerpt is from the hadith compiled by Abu Sa'id al-Khudri, who is one of the narrators most frequently quoted by Sunni Muslims.

Somebody asked, "O Allah's Apostle! Who is the best among the people?" Allah's Apostle replied, "A believer who strives his utmost in Allah's cause with his life and property." They asked, "Who is next?" He replied, "A believer who stays in one of the mountain paths worshipping Allah and leaving the people secure from his mischief."



“Mihrab” decorated with Qu’ranic verses written in Kufic calligraphy, from Iran

"EVERYMAN" (c1100)

This famous example of a morality play dramatizes medieval concerns surrounding the themes death and salvation through the use of an allegorical narrative.

Death: Lo, yonder I see Everyman walking; full little he thinketh on my coming; his mind is on fleshly lusts and his treasure, and great pain it shall cause him to endure before the Lord Heaven King. Everyman, stand still; whither art thou going thus gaily? Hast thy Maker forgot?

Everyman: Why askst thou? Wouldst thou wete?[72]

Death: Yea, sir, I will show you; in great haste I am sent to thee from God out of his majesty.

Everyman: What, sent to me?

Death: Yea, certainly. Though thou have forget him here, he thinketh on thee in the heavenly sphere, as, or we depart, thou shalt know.

Everyman: What desireth God of me?

Death: That shall I show thee; a reckoning he will needs have without any longer respite.

Everyman: To give a reckoning longer leisure I crave; this blind matter troubleth my wit.

Death: On thee thou must take a long journey; therefore thy book of count with thee thou bring: for turn again thou can not by no way. And look thou be sure of thy reckoning: for before God thou shalt answer, and show thy many bad deeds and good but a few; how thou hast spent thy life, and in what wise, before the chief lord of paradise. Have ado that we were in that way, for, wete thou well, thou shalt make none thy attournay.[73]

Everyman: Full unready I am such reckoning to give. I know thee not: what messenger art thou?

Death: I am Death that no man dreadeth. For every man I arrest and no man spareth; For it is God's commandment that all to me should be obedient.

Everyman: O Death, thou comest when I had thee least in mind, in thy power it lieth me to save, yet of my goods will I give thee, if ye will be kind. Yea, a thousand pounds you shall have and defer this matter till another day.

Death: Everyman, it may not be by no way; I set not by gold, silver, nor riches, not by pope, emperor, king, duke, nor princes, for I would receive gifts great, all the world I might get; but my custom is clean contrary. I give thee no respite: come hence, and not tarry.

---

[72]know

[73]mediator

Everyman: Alas, shall I have no longer respite? I may say Death giveth no warning; to think on thee, it maketh my heart sick, for all unready is my book of reckoning, my counting book I would make so clear that my reckoning I should not need to fear. Wherefore, Death, I pray thee, for God's mercy. Spare me till I be provided of remedy.

Death: Thee availeth not to cry, weep, or pray: But haste thee lightly that you were gone the journey. And prove thy friends if thou can. For know thou well; the tide abideth no man, and in the world each living creature for Adam's sin must die of nature.

Everyman: Death, if I should this pilgrimage take, and my reckoning surely make, show me, for saint charity, should I not come again shortly?

Death: No, Everyman; and thou be once there, thou mayst never more come here, trust me verily

Everyman: O gracious God in the high seat celestial, have mercy on me in this most need; shall I have no company from this vale terrestrial of mine acquaintance that way me to lead?

Death: Yea, if any be so hardy, that would go with thee and bear thee company. Hie thee that you were gone to God's magnificence, thy reckoning to give before his presence. What, weenest[74] thou thy life is given thee, and thy worldly goods also?

Everyman: I had supposed so, verily.

Death: Nay, nay; it was but lent thee; for as soon as thou art go, another awhile shall have it, and then go therefrom even as thou has done. Everyman, thou art mad; thou hast thy wis five, and here on earth will not amend thy life, for suddenly I do come.

Everyman: O wretched caitliff, whither shall I flee, that I might scape this endless sorrow! Now, gentle Death, spare me till to-morrow, that I may amend me with good advisement.

Death: Nay, thereto I will not consent, nor no man will I respite, but to the heart suddenly I shall smite without any advisement. And now out of thy sight I will me nie; See thou make thee ready shortly, for thou mast say this is the day that no man living shall scape away.

[Everyman seeks absolution in order to face his judgement, but finds himself abandoned by allegorical figures representing, Fellowship, Cousins, Kindred, and Worldly Goods. Finally, the allegorical character representing his Good Deeds introduces him to Five-Wits and Knowledge, who prepare Everyman to face Death. His "Five Wits" informs Everyman that the only path to redemption is through the Seven Sacraments, the exclusive powers exercised by the Medieval Christian Church which are his sole guarantee of salvation.]

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[74]supposed

Knowledge: Everyman, hearken what I say; go to priesthood, I you advise, and receive of him in any wise the holy sacrament and ointment together; then shortly see ye turn again hither; we will all abide you here.

Five-Wits: Yea, Everyman, hie you that ye ready were. There is no emperor, king, duke, nor baron, that of God hath commission, as hath the least priest in the world being; for of the blessed sacraments pure and benign, he beareth the keys and thereof hath the cure for man's redemption, it is ever sure; which God for our soul's medicine gave us out of his heart and with great pain. Here in this transitory life, for thee and me the blessed sacraments seven there be. *Baptism*, *confirmation*, *with priesthood good*,[75] and *the sacrament of God's precious flesh and blood*,[76] *marriage*, *the holy extreme unction*,[77] and *penance*;[78] these seven be good to have in remembrance, gracious sacraments of high divinity.

Everyman: Fain would I receive that holy body and meekly to my ghostly father I will go.

Five-Wits: Everyman, that is the best that ye can do: God will you to salvation bring, for priesthood exceedeth all other thing; to us Holy Scripture they do teach, and converteth man from sin heaven to reach; God hath to them more power given, than to any angel that is in heaven; with five words he may consecrate God's body in flesh and blood to make, and handleth his maker between his hands; the priest bindeth and unbindeth all bands, both in earth and in heaven; thou ministers all the sacraments seven; though we kissed thy feet thou were worthy; thou art surgeon that cueth sin deadly: No remedy we find under God but all only priesthood. Everyman, God gave priest that dignity, and setteth them in his stead among us to be; thus be they above angels in degree.

Knowledge: If priest be good it is so surely; but when Jesus hanged on the cross with great smart there he gave, out of his bleesed heart, the same sacrament in great torment: He sold them not to us, that Lord Omnipotent. Therefore Saint Peter the apostle doth say that Jesu's curse hath all they which God their Savior do buy or sell, or they for any money do take or tell. Sinful priests giveth the sinners example bad; their children sitteth by other men's fires, I have heard; and some haunteth women's company, with unclean life, as lusts of lechery: These be with sin made blind.

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[75]the investiture of priests

[76]Holy Communion, a ritual re-enactment of Christ's last supper

[77]last rites

[78]confession and absolution of sin

Five Wits: I trust to God no such may we find; therefor let us priesthood honor and follow their doctrine for our souls' succor; we be their sheep, and they shepherds be by whom we all be kept in surety.

ABBÉ SUGER (1081-1151) "LIBER DE REBUS IN ADMINISTRATIONE SUA GESTIS"

Suger, the abbot of the Church of St. Denis in Paris believed that the physical structure of the church could act as an analogy for Christian belief. Those without intellectual capacity would be moved by the experience of the building itself. The first fragment was carved in the doors of the church. The second shows how the church could transport the believer beyond the mundane world. Suger's architectural innovations at St. Denis became the model for all the Gothic cathedrals that followed.

Whoever thou art, if thou seekest to extol the glory of these doors, marvel not at the gold and the expense, but at the craftsmanship of the work. Bright is the noble work; but, being nobly bright, the work should brighten the minds, so that they may travel, through the true lights, to the True Light where Christ is the true door. In what manner it be inherent in this world the golden door defines: the dull mind rises to truth through that which is material. And, in seeing this light, is resurrected from is former submersion...

When out of my delight in the beauty of the house of God the loveliness of the many-colored stones has called me away from external cares, and worthy meditation has induced me to reflect, transferring that which is material to that which is immaterial, on the diversity of the sacred virtues: it seems to me that I see myself dwelling, as it were, in some strange region of the universe which neither exists entirely in the slime of earth nor entirely in the purity of Heaven; and that, by the grace of God, I can be transported from this inferior to the higher world in an analogical manner.

"THE SONG OF ROLAND," (c.1200)

This example of a Medieval "chanson de geste" (song of heroic deeds) relates the tragic tale of one of Charlemagne's knights (his nephew, in fact), who remains behind to battle the Spanish Muslims, yet refuses to call for help and pays the final penalty. This genre of narrative celebrates the chivalry (code of honor) of the virtuous hero and describes an ideal feudal social order.

But Roland felt that death had made a way
Down from his head till on his heart it lay;
Beneath a pine running in haste he came,
On the green grass he lay there on his face;
His olifant[79] and sword beneath him placed,
Turning his head towards the pagan race,
Now this he did, in truth, that Charles might say
(As he desired) and all the Franks his race; --
'Ah, gentle count; conquering he was slain!' --
He owned his faults often and every way,
And for his sins his glove to God upraised. AOI.[80]

But Roland feels he's no more time to seek;
Looking to Spain, he lies on a sharp peak,
And with one hand upon his breast he beats:
"Mea Culpa![81] God, by Thy Virtues clean
Me from my sins, the mortal and the mean,
Which from the hour that I was born have been
Until this day, when life is ended here!"
Holds out his glove towards God, as he speaks
Angels descend from heaven on that scene. AOI.

The count Roland, beneath a pine he sits,;
Turning his eyes towards Spain, he begins
Remembering so many divers things:
So many lands where he went conquering,
And France the Douce,[82] the heroes of his kin,
And Charlemagne, his Lord who nourished him.
Nor can he help but weep and sigh at this.

---

[79]horn

[80]there is divergent scholarship on the meaning of "AOI" in this poem. It may be to simply enhance the drama of an oral performance.

[81]"I am to blame"

[82]gentle

But his own self, he's not forgotten him,
He owns his faults, and God's forgiveness bids:
“Very Father, in Whom no falsehood is,
Saint Lazaron from death Thou didst remit,
And Daniel save from the lions' pit;
My soul in me preserve from all perils
And from the sins I did in life commit!”
His right-hand glove, to God he offers it
Saint Gabriel from's hand hath taken it.
Over his arm his head bows down and slips,
He joins his hands: and so is life finish'd.
God sent him down His angel cherubin,
And Saint Michael, we worship in peril;
And by their side Saint Gabriel alit;
So the count's soul they bare to Paradise.

Rolland is dead; his soul to heav'n God bare.
That Emperor to Rencesvals doth fare.
There was no path nor passage anywhere
Nor of waste ground no ell nor foot to spare
Without a Frank or pagan lying there.
Charles cries aloud: “Where are you, nephew fair?
Where's the Archbishop and that count Oliviers?
Where is Gerins and his comrade Gerers?
Otes the Duke, and the count Berengiers
And Ivorie, and Ive, so dear they were?
What is become of Gascon Engelier,
Sansun the Duke and Anseis the fierce?
Where's old Gerard of Russillun; oh, where
The dozen peers I left behind me here?”
But what avail, since none can answer bear?
“God!” says the King, “Now well may I despair,
I was not here the first assault to share!”
Seeming enraged, his beard the King doth tear.
Weep from their eyes barons and chevaliers,
A thousand score, they swoon upon the earth;
Duke Neimes for them was moved with pity rare.

No chevalier nor baron is there, who
Pitifully weeps not for grief and dule;
They mourn their sons, their brothers, their nephews,
And their liege Lords, and trusty friends and true;
Upon the ground a many of them swoon.
Thereon Duke Neimes doth act with wisdom proof,
First before all he's said to the Emperor:
“See beforehand, a league from us or two,

From the highways dust rising in our view;
Pagans are there, and many them, too.
Canter therefore! Vengeance upon them do!"
"Ah, God!" says Charles, "so far are they re-moved!
Do right by me, my honor still renew!
They've torn from me the flower of France the Douce."
The King commands Gebuin and Otun,
Tedbalt of Reims, also the count Milun:
"Guard me this field, these hills and valleys too,
Let the dead lie, all as they are, unmoved,
Let not approach lion, nor any brute,
Let not approach esquire, nor any groom;
For I forbid that any come thereto,
Until God will that we return anew."
These answer him sweetly, their love to prove:
"Right Emperor, dear Sire, so will we do."
A thousand knights they keep in retinue. AOI.

That Emperor bids trumpets sound again,
Then canters forth with his great host so brave.
Of Spanish men, whose backs are turned their way,
Franks one and all continue in their chase.
When the King sees the light at even fade,
On the green grass dismounting as he may,
He kneels aground, to God the Lord doth pray
That the sun's course He will for him delay,
Put off the night, and still prolong the day.
An angel then, with him should reason make,
Nimbly enough appeared to him and spake:
"Charles, canter on! Light needst not thou await.
The flower of France, as God knows well, is slain;
Thou canst be avenged upon that crimeful race."
Upon that word mounts the Emperor again. AOI.

DANTE ALIGHIERI (1265-1321)
"THE DIVINE COMEDY-INFERNO"
(Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

Towards the end of the "Inferno," Dante has been led through the entire terrain of Hell by his guide, the poet Vergil. In these passages, we are presented with Dante's vision of Satan.

When in advance so far we had proceeded,
That it my Master pleased to show to me
The creature who once had the beauteous semblance,

He from before me moved and made me stop,
Saying: "Behold Dis,[83] and behold the place
Where thou with fortitude must arm thyself."

How frozen I became and powerless then,
Ask it not, Reader, for I write it not,
Because all language would be insufficient.

I did not die, and I alive remained not;
Think for thyself now, hast thou aught of wit,
What I became, being of both deprived.

The Emperor of the kingdom dolorous
From his mid-breast forth issued from the ice;
And better with a giant I compare

Than do the giants with those arms of his;
Consider now how great must be that whole,
Which unto such a part conforms itself.

Were he as fair once, as he now is foul,
And lifted up his brow against his Maker,
Well may proceed from him all tribulation.
O, what a marvel it appeared to me,
When I beheld three faces on his head!
The one in front, and that vermilion[84] was;

Two were the others, that were joined with this
Above the middle part of either shoulder,
And they were joined together at the crest;

---

[83]Satan

[84]red

And the right-hand one seemed 'twixt white and yellow;
  The left was such to look upon as those
  Who come from where the Nile falls valley-ward.

Underneath each came forth two mighty wings,
  Such as befitting were so great a bird;
  Sails of the sea I never saw so large.

 No feathers had they, but as of a bat
  Their fashion was; and he was waving them,
  So that three winds proceeded forth therefrom.

Thereby Cocytus[85] wholly was congealed.
  With six eyes did he weep, and down three chins
  Trickled the tear-drops and the bloody drivel.

At every mouth he with his teeth was crunching
  A sinner, in the manner of a brake,[86]
  So that he three of them tormented thus.

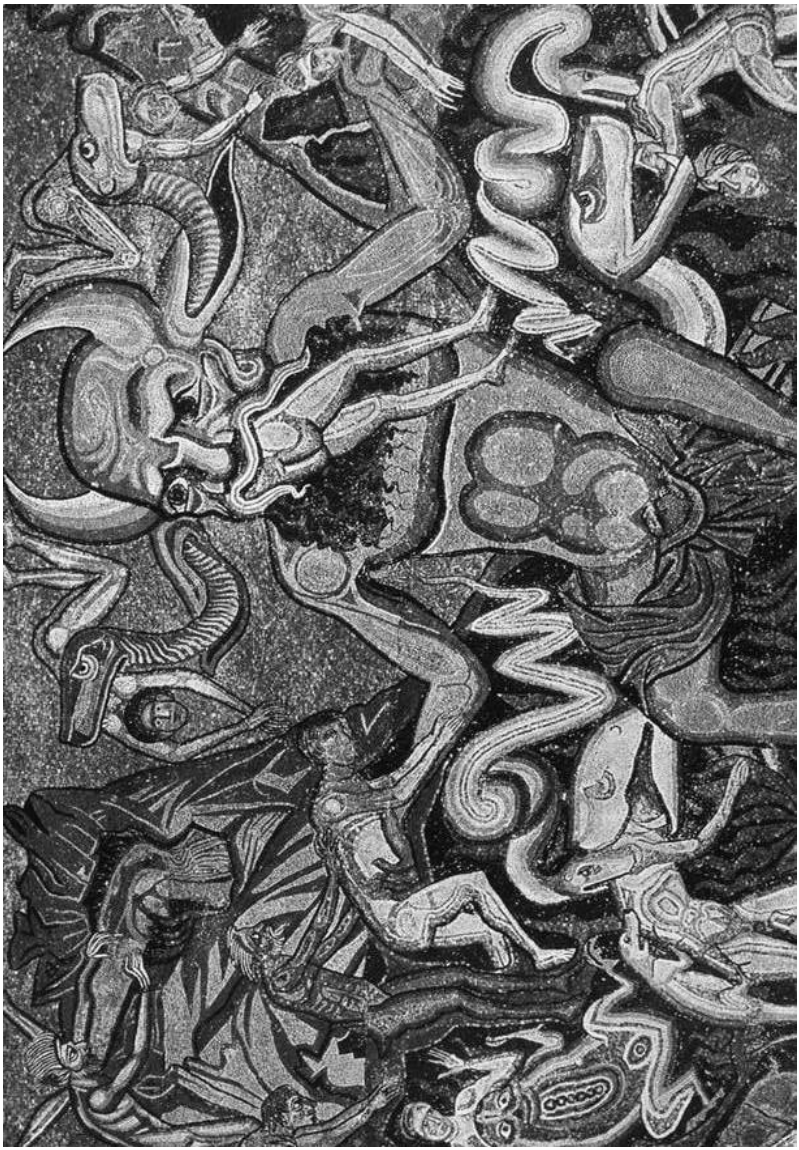
To him in front the biting was as naught
  Unto the clawing, for sometimes the spine
  Utterly stripped of all the skin remained.
“That soul up there which has the greatest pain,”
  The Master said, “is Judas Iscariot;
  With head inside, he plies his legs without.

Of the two others, who head downward are,
  The one who hangs from the black jowl is Brutus;
  See how he writhes himself, and speaks no word.

And the other, who so stalwart seems, is Cassius.
  But night is reascending, and 'tis time
  That we depart, for we have seen the whole.”

[85]the lake in the deepest layer of Hell

[86]a machine for crushing flax



Florence Cathedral Baptistery, mosaic detail (13th C.)

FRANCESCO PETRARCH (1304-1374)
"SONNET LXIX: ERANO I CAPEI D'ORO ALL' AURA SPARSI"

Forefather of the Renaissance humanists, Petrarch wrote many beautiful poems to the object of his unrequited love, the beautiful young Laura, who died of the plague in 1348. Note his development of the fourteen line Italian sonnet form.

Her golden tresses were spread loose to air,
And by the wind in thousand tangles blown,
And a sweet light beyond all brightness shown
From those grand eyes, though now of brilliance bare;
And did that face a flush of feeling wear?
I now thought yes, then no, the truth unknown.
My heart was then for love like tinder grown,
What wonder if it flamed with sudden flare?
Not like the walk of mortals was her walk,
But as when angels glide: and seemed her talk
With other than mere human voice, to flow.
A spirit heavenly, a living sun
I saw, and if she be no longer so,
A wound heals not, because the bow's undone.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340-1400)
"THE CANTERBURY TALES" (c.1385)

Chaucer's literary work captures the infinite variety of human experience through his depiction of a diverse group of pilgrims who, on their way to Canterbury Cathedral, decide to tell stories to each other to pass the time. In this excerpt from the preface, I have preserved the original Middle English of Chaucer's time. During the following two centuries, the language would develop into the modern English of current usage.

PROLOGUE:
Here bygynneth the Book of the tales of Caunterbury.

Whan that Aprille, with hise shoures soote,
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth

Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foweles maken melodye,
That slepen al the nyght with open eye-

So priketh hem Nature in hir corages-
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA (1463-1494)
"ORATION ON THE DIGNITY OF MAN" (1486)

Pico was, perhaps, the best-read scholar in Medici Florence. This celebration of humanist potential is informed by his eclectic scholarship, while exalting the formative and creative possibilities of the human will as part of a divine plan. This text remains an important key to our understanding of the emergence of the movement known as ***Renaissance Humanism***.

At last, the Supreme Maker decreed that this creature,[87] to whom He could give nothing wholly his own, should have a share in the particular endowment of every other creature. Taking man, therefore, this creature of indeterminate image, He set him in the middle of the world and thus spoke to him: ``We have given you, O Adam, no visage proper to yourself, nor endowment properly your own, in order that whatever place, whatever form, whatever gifts you may, with premeditation, select, these same you may have and possess through your own judgement and decision. The nature of all other creatures is defined and restricted within laws which We have laid down; you, by contrast, impeded by no such restrictions, may, by your own free will, to whose custody We have assigned you, trace for yourself the lineaments of your own nature. I have placed you at the very center of the world, so that from that vantage point you may with greater ease glance round about you on all that the world contains. We have made you a creature neither of heaven nor of earth, neither mortal nor immortal, in order that you may, as the free and proud shaper of your own being, fashion yourself in the form you may prefer. It will be in your power to descend to the lower, brutish forms of life; you will be able, through your own decision, to rise again to the superior orders whose life is divine." Oh unsurpassed generosity of God the Father, Oh wondrous and unsurpassable felicity of man, to whom it is granted to have what he chooses, to be what he wills to be!

[87] man

GEORGIO VASARI (1511-1574)
"THE LIVES OF THE ARTISTS" (1550)

Vasari was a successful artist who lived and worked in Florence and Rome, cities that were illuminated by the works and careers of the great Renaissance artists of the time. These biographies of his contemporaries and their predecessors are among the most intimate accounts of the relationship between artists and their patrons during this important season in the history of art.

***Cimabue and Giotto*:**

The great flood of misfortunes, by which poor Italy had been afflicted and overwhelmed, had not only reduced to ruins all buildings of note throughout the land, but what was of far more importance, had caused an utter lack of the very artists themselves. At this time, when the supply seemed entirely exhausted, in the year 1240, by the will of God, there was born in the city of Florence, Giovanni, surnamed Cimabue, of the noble family of that name, who was to shed the first light on the art of painting. He, as he grew, being judged by his father and others to possess a fine acute intellect, was sent to S. Maria Novella to be instructed in letters by a relative of his who taught grammar to the novices of that convent. But instead of attending to his lessons, Cimabue spent all the day in painting on his books and papers, men, horses, houses, and such things. To this natural inclination fortune was favorable, for certain painters of Greece, who had been summoned by the rulers of Florence to restore the almost forgotten art of painting in the city, began at this time to work in the chapel of the Gondi in S. Maria Novella; and Cimabue would often escape from school and stand all day watching them, until his father and the painters themselves judging that he was apt for painting, he was placed under their instruction. Nature, however, aided by constant practice, enabled him greatly to surpass both in design and colouring the masters who had taught him. For they, never caring to advance in their art, did everything not in the good manner of ancient Greece, but after the rude manner of those times...

After his return to Florence he made for the church of S. Maria Novella a picture of our Lady, which work was of larger size than those that had been made before that time, and the angels that stand round, although they are in the Greek manner, yet show something of the modern style. Therefore this work caused such marvel to the people of that time, never having seen a better, that it was borne in solemn procession with trumpets and great rejoicing from the house of Cimabue to the church, and he himself received great honors and rewards. It is said, and you may read it in certain records of old pictures, that while Cimabue was painting this picture, King Charles of Anjou passed through Florence, and among other entertainments

provided for him by the people of the city, they took him to see Cimabue's picture; and as no one had seen it before it was shown to the king, there was a great concourse of all the men and women of Florence to see it, with the greatest rejoicing and running together in the world...

One day Cimabue, going on business from Florence to Vespignano, found Giotto, while his sheep were feeding, drawing a sheep from nature upon a smooth and solid rock with a pointed stone, having never learnt from any one but nature. Cimabue, marveling at him, stopped and asked him if he would go and be with him. And the boy answered that if his father were content he would gladly go. Then Cimabue asked Bondone for him, and he gave him up to him, and was content that he should take him to Florence. There in a little time, by the aid of nature and the teaching of Cimabue, the boy not only equaled his master, but freed himself from the rude manner of the Greeks, and brought back to life the true art of painting, introducing the drawing from nature of living persons, which had not been practiced for two hundred years; or at least if some had tried it, they had not succeeded very happily.

***Botticelli*:**

About this time Sandro was charged with the painting of a little picture to be placed in S. Maria Novella, between the two doors. This is the Adoration of the Magi, and you may notice the first old man kissing the feet of our Lord, and overcome with tender emotion at the consummation of his long journey. The figure of this king is the portrait of old Cosimo de' Medici, the most lifelike and most natural to be found in our days. The second king is Giuliano de' Medici, the father of Clement VII, who may be seen intent on offering devout reverence to the Child, and presenting his gift. The third, who is kneeling, and appears to be adoring Him and confessing Him the true Messiah, is Giovanni, son of Cosimo.

Having made a name by such works, he was sent for by Pope Sixtus IV, who had built the chapel in his palace at Rome, and desired to have it adorned with paintings. He appointed Sandro master of the works, and there he painted many things, by which he gained among his fellow workers, both from Florence and other cities, fame and a great name. He received from the Pope a good sum of money, but this being soon consumed by living improvidently, as was his custom, and the work assigned him being finished, he returned to Florence. Being fond of sophistry, he made a commentary on Dante, and made illustrations for the “Inferno” and engraved them, spending much time upon them. He also engraved many of his designs, but in a bad manner, the best from his hand being the triumph of the faith of Fra Girolamo Savonarola of Ferrara, of whose sect he was such a strong partisan that he gave up painting.

***Leonardo*:**

Leonardo undertook to paint for Francesco del Giocondo a portrait of Mona Lisa his wife, but having spent four years upon it, left it unfinished. This work now belongs to King Francis of France, and whoever wishes to see how art can imitate nature may learn from this head. Mona Lisa being most beautiful, he used, while he was painting her, to have men to sing and play to her and buffoons to amuse her, to take away that look of melancholy which is so often seen in portraits; and in this of Leonardo's there is a peaceful smile more divine than human...

He also painted in Milan for the friars of S. Domenic, at S. Maria delle Grazie, a Last Supper, a thing most beautiful and marvelous. He gave to the heads of the Apostles great majesty and beauty, but left that of Christ imperfect, not thinking it possible to give that celestial divinity which is required for the representation of Christ. The work, finished after this sort, has always been held by the Milanese in the greatest veneration, and by strangers also, because Leonardo imagined, and has succeeded in expressing, the desire that has entered the minds of the apostles to know who is betraying their Master. So in the face of each one may be seen love, fear, indignation, or grief at not being able to understand the meaning of Christ; and this excites no less astonishment than the obstinate hatred and treachery to be seen in Judas. Besides this, every lesser part of the work shows an incredible diligence; even in the tablecloth the weaver's work is imitated in a way that could not be better in the thing itself.

It is said that the prior of the place was very importunate in urging Leonardo to finish the work, it seeming strange to him to see Leonardo standing half a day lost in thought; and he would have liked him never to have put down his pencil, as if it were a work like digging the garden. And this not being enough, he complained to the duke, and was so hot about it that he was constrained to send for Leonardo and urge him to the work. Leonardo, knowing the prince to be acute and intelligent, was ready to discuss the matter with him, which he would not do with the prior. He reasoned about art, and showed him that men of genius may be working when they seem to be doing the least, working out inventions in their minds, and forming those perfect ideas which afterwards they express with their hands. He added that he still had two heads to do; that of Christ, which he would not seek for in the world, and which he could not hope that his imagination would be able to conceive of such beauty and celestial grace as was fit for the incarnate divinity. Besides this, that of Judas was wanting, which he was considering, not thinking himself capable of imagining a form to express the face of him who after receiving so many benefits had a soul so evil that he was resolved to betray his Lord and the creator of the world; but this second he was looking for, and if he could find no better

there was always the head of this importunate and foolish prior. This moved the duke marvelously to laughter, and he said he was a thousand times right. So the poor prior, quite confused, left off urging him and left him alone, and Leonardo finished Judas's head, which is a true portrait of treachery and cruelty. But that of Christ, as we have said, he left imperfect. The excellence of this picture, both in composition and incomparable finish of execution, made the King of France desire to carry it into his kingdom, and he tried every way to find architects who could bring it safely, not considering the expense, so much he desired to have it. But as it was painted on the wall his Majesty could not have his will...

***Raphael (Raffaello)*:**

Then Bramante da Urbino, who was in the service of Julius II, being distantly related to Raffaello and of the same district, wrote to him that he had been using his influence with the Pope to obtain for him leave to display his powers in certain rooms of the palace. The tidings pleased Raffaello, and leaving his works at Florence unfinished, he departed for Rome, where he found that many of the chambers of the palace had been already painted, or were being painted, by other masters. Being received with much kindness by Pope Julius, he began in the chamber of the Segnatura, and painted a picture of the reconciliation between Philosophy and Astrology, and Theology. He enriched this work with many figures, and finished it in so delicate and sweet a manner that Pope Julius caused all the pictures of the other masters, both ancient and modern, to be destroyed that Raffaello might have all the work of the chambers. So Raffaello painted the ceiling of this chamber with the figures of Knowledge, Poetry, Theology, and Justice, and on the walls represented Parnassus with the Poets, and Heaven with the Saints and Doctors of the Church, and Justinian giving the laws to the Doctors, and Pope Julius the canon laws. And the Pope, being satisfied with the work, gave him the second chamber to paint.

Raffaello had now acquired a great name, having moreover gentle manners admired by all; but though he studied continually the antiquities in the city, he had not yet given to any of his figures that grandeur and majesty which appeared in his later works. It happened at this time that Michael Angelo, having that difference with the Pope of which we shall speak in his life, had fled to Florence, and Bramante, having the key of the Sistine Chapel, showed it to Raffaello his friend, that he might learn Michael Angelo's methods.

***Michelangelo*:**

Then Michael Angelo made a model in wax of a young David with a sling in his hand, and began to work in S. Maria del Fiore, setting up a hoarding round the marble, and working at it continually without any seeing it until he had brought it to perfection. Master

Simone had so spoilt the marble that in some places there was not enough left for Michael Angelo's purpose, and certainly it was a miracle restoring thus one that was dead.

When Piero Soderini saw it, it pleased him much, but he said to Michael Angelo, who was engaged in retouching it in certain places, that he thought the nose was too thick. Michael Angelo, perceiving that the Gonfaloniere[88] was below the statue, and could not see it truly, to satisfy him went up the scaffold, taking a chisel in his left hand with a little marble dust, and began to work with his chisel, letting a little dust fall now and then, but not touching the nose. Then looking down to the Gonfaloniere, who was watching, he said, "Look at it now." "It pleases me better," said the Gonfaloniere; "you have given it life." So Michael Angelo came down pitying those who make a show of understanding matters about which they really know nothing. Michael Angelo received from Soderini for the statue four hundred crowns, and it was set up in the year 1504...

...Then Michael Angelo prepared to do the whole work[89] himself, and brought it to a successful termination with great labour and study, nor would he let any one see it, by which means the desire grew strong in all. When the half was done and uncovered, all Rome went to see it, the Pope the first; and Raffaello da Urbino, who was excellent in imitating, having seen it, changed his manner. Then Bramante sought to persuade the Pope to give the other half to Raffaello. But the Pope, seeing every day the powers of Michael Angelo, judged that he should finish the other half. So he brought it to an end in twenty months by himself without even the help of a man to grind the colors. Michael Angelo complained that from the haste of the Pope he could not finish it as he would, for the Pope constantly asked him when it would be finished. Once he answered, "It will be finished when I have satisfied myself." "But we will," replied the Popes "that you should satisfy us in our desire to have it quickly." And he added that if it was not done soon he would have him thrown from his scaffold. The Pope used often to tell Michael Angelo to make the chapel rich in color and gold, but Michael Angelo would answer the Holy Father, "In those times men did not wear gold, and those whom I am painting were never very rich, but holy men despising riches."

The work was done in great discomfort from constantly looking up, and it so injured his sight that he could only read or look at drawings in the same position, an effect which lasted many months. But in the ardor of labor he felt no fatigue and cared for no discomfort. The work has been, indeed, a light of our art, illuminating the world which had been so many centuries in darkness. Oh, truly happy age,

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[88]one who wears a princely insignia.

[89]on the Sistine Chapel.

and oh, blessed artists, who at such a fountain can purge away the dark films from your eyes. Give thanks to Heaven, and imitate Michael Angelo in all things.

So when it was uncovered every one from every part ran to see it, and gazed in silent astonishment; and the Pope, inspired by it and encouraged to greater undertakings, rewarded him liberally with money and rich gifts. The great favors that the Pope showed him proved that he recognized his talents, and if sometimes he did him an injury, he healed it with gifts and signal favors; as when, for instance, Michael Angelo once asked leave of him to go to work in S. Giovanni in Florence, and requested money for the purpose, and he said, “Well, and this chapel, when will it be finished?” “When I can, Holy Father.” The Pope having a stick in his hand struck Michael Angelo, saying, “When I can! when I can! I will make you finish it!” Michael Angelo therefore returned to his house and prepared to leave for Florence, but the Pope in haste sent his chamberlain after him with five hundred crowns to pacify him, and ordered him to make his excuses and say it was all done in love and kindness. And he, seeing it was the nature of the Pope and really loving him, took it in good part and laughed at it, finding also that it turned to his profit, for the Pope would do anything to keep him his friend.

Raphael de Sanzio “The Sistine Madonna” (1512-1514)

NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI (1469-1527)
"THE PRINCE" (1513)

It's been said that Machiavelli wrote this treatise in order to ingratiate himself with the younger Medicis, after the family had returned to political power in Florence. This ruthlessly practical manual on how to be a successful Renaissance prince demonstrates humanist reason applied in a chillingly pragmatic fashion.

Chapter XVII - "On Cruelty and Mercy, and Whether It Is Better to Be Loved Than To Be Feared or the Contrary"

Nevertheless a prince ought to inspire fear in such a way that, if he does not win love, he avoids hatred; because he can endure very well being feared whilst he is not hated, which will always be as long as he abstains from the property of his citizens and subjects and from their women. But when it is necessary for him to proceed against the life of someone, he must do it on proper justification and for manifest cause, but above all things he must keep his hands off the property of others, because men more quickly forget the death of their father than the loss of their patrimony. Besides, pretexts for taking away the property are never wanting; for he who has once begun to live by robbery will always find pretexts for seizing what belongs to others; but reasons for taking life, on the contrary, are more difficult to find and sooner lapse. But when a prince is with his army, and has under control a multitude of soldiers, then it is quite necessary for him to disregard the reputation of cruelty, for without it he would never hold his army united or disposed to its duties.

Among the wonderful deeds of Hannibal this one is enumerated: that having led an enormous army, composed of many various races of men, to fight in foreign lands, no dissensions arose either among them or against the prince, whether in his bad or in his good fortune. This arose from nothing else than his inhuman cruelty, which, with his boundless valour, made him revered and terrible in the sight of his soldiers, but without that cruelty, his other virtues were not sufficient to produce this effect. And shortsighted writers admire his deeds from one point of view and from another condemn the principal cause of them.

Chapter XVIII - "How a Prince Should Keep His 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 excuse this nonobservance. Of this endless modern 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.

MARTIN LUTHER (1483-1546)
"THE NINETY-FIVE THESES: DISPUTATION OF DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER CONCERNING PENITENCE AND INDULGENCES" (1517)

When he posted this list of protests against the beliefs and practices of the Roman Catholic Church on the door of the church in Wittenberg, Luther was simply proposing reform. What followed was the violent realignment of Christian Europe into those whose allegiance belonged to the Pope in Rome and those who accepted the beliefs of the Protestant reformers. Chief among Luther's complaints was the practice of "indulgences," where cash payments to the Church were exchanged for spiritual advantages.

In the desire and with the purpose of elucidating the truth, a disputation will be held on the underwritten propositions at Wittenberg, under the presidency of the Reverend Father Martin Luther, Monk of the Order of St. Augustine, Master of Arts and of Sacred Theology, and ordinary Reader of the same in that place. He therefore asks those who cannot be present and discuss the subject with us orally, to do so by letter in their absence. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

1. Our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, in saying "Repent ye, etc.," intended that the whole life of believers should be penitence.
2. This word cannot be understood of sacramental penance, that is, of the confession and satisfaction which are performed under the ministry of priests.
3. It does not, however, refer solely to inward penitence; nay such inward penitence is naught, unless it outwardly produces various mortifications of the flesh.
4. The Penalty thus continues as long as the hatred of self that is, true inward penitence continues: namely, till our entrance into the kingdom of heaven.
5. The Pope has neither the will nor the power to remit any penalties, except those which he has imposed by his own authority, or by that of the canons.
6. The Pope has no power to remit any guilt, except by declaring and warranting it to have been remitted by God; or at most by remitting cases reserved for himself; in which cases, if his power were despised, guilt would certainly remain.
7. God never remits any man's guilt, without at the same time subjecting him, humbled in all things, to the authority of his representative the priest.
8. The penitential canons are imposed only on the living, and no burden ought to be imposed on the dying, according to them.
9. Hence the Holy Spirit acting in the Pope does well for us, in that, in his decrees, he always makes exception of the article of death and of necessity.

10. Those priests act wrongly and unlearnedly, who, in the case of the dying, reserve the canonical penances for purgatory.

11. Those cares about changing of the canonical penalty into the penalty of purgatory seem surely to have been sown while the bishops were asleep.

12. Formerly the canonical penalties were imposed not after, but before absolution, as tests of true contrition.

13. The dying pay all penalties by death, and are already dead to the canon laws, and are by right relieved from them.

14. The imperfect soundness or charity of a dying person necessarily brings with it great fear; and the less it is, the greater the fear it brings.

15. This fear and horror is sufficient by itself, to say nothing of other things, to constitute the pains of purgatory, since it is very near to the horror of despair.

16. Hell, purgatory, and heaven appear to differ as despair, almost despair, and peace of mind differ.

17. With souls in purgatory it seems that it must needs be that, as horror diminishes, so charity increases.

18. Nor does it seem to be proved by any reasoning or any scriptures, that they are outside of the state of merit or of the increase of charity.

19. Nor does this appear to be proved, that they are sure and confident of their own blessedness, at least all of them, though we may be very sure of it.

20. Therefore the Pope, when he speaks of the plenary remission of all penalties, does not mean simply of all, but only of those imposed by himself.

21. Thus those preachers of indulgences are in error who say that, by the indulgences of the Pope, a man is loosed and saved from all punishment.

22. For in fact he remits to souls in purgatory no penalty which they would have had to pay in this life according to the canons.

23. If any entire remission of all penalties can be granted to any one, it is certain that it is granted to none but the most perfect - that is, to very few.

24. Hence the greater part of the people must needs be deceived by this indiscriminate and high-sounding promise of release from penalties.

25. Such power as the Pope has over purgatory in general, such has every bishop in his own diocese, and every curate in his own parish, in particular.

26. The Pope acts most rightly in granting remission to souls, not by the power of the keys (which is of no avail in this case), but by the way of suffrage.

27. They preach mad, who say that the soul flies out of purgatory as soon as the money thrown into the chest rattles.

28. It is certain that, when the money rattles in the chest, avarice and gain may be increased, but the suffrage of the Church depends on the will of God alone...

75. To think that Papal pardons have such power that they could absolve a man - even if by an impossibility - he had violated the Mother of God, is madness.
76. We affirm, on the contrary, that Papal pardons cannot take away even the least of venal sins, as regards its guilt.
77. The saying that, even if St. Peter were now Pope, he could grant no greater graces, is blasphemy against St. Peter and the Pope.
78. We affirm, on the contrary, that both he and any other Pope have greater graces to grant - namely, the Gospel, powers, gifts of healing, etc. (1 Cor. xii. 9.)
79. To say that the cross set up among the insignia of the Papal arms is of equal power with the cross of Christ, is blasphemy.
80. Those bishops, curates, and theologians who allow such discourses to have currency among the people, will have to render an account.
81. This licence in the preaching of pardons makes it no easy thing, even for learned men, to protect the reverence due to the Pope against the calumnies, or, at all events, the keen questionings of the laity.
82. As for instance: Why does not the Pope empty purgatory for the sake of most holy charity and of the supreme necessity of souls - this being the most just of all reasons - if he redeems an infinite number of souls for the sake of that most fatal thing, money, to be spent on building a basilica - this being a very slight reason?
83. Again: why do funeral masses and anniversary masses for the deceased continue, and why does not the Pope return, or permit the withdrawal of the funds bequeathed for this purpose, since it is a wrong to pray for those who are already redeemed?
84. Again: what is this new kindness of God and the Pope, in that, for money's sake, they permit an impious man and an enemy of God to redeem a pious soul which loves God, and yet do not redeem that same pious and beloved soul, out of free charity, on account of its own need?
85. Again: why is it that the penitential canons, long since abrogated and dead in themselves in very fact and not only by usage, are yet still redeemed with money, through the granting of indulgences, as if they were full of life?
86. Again: why does not the Pope, whose riches are at this day more ample than those of the wealthiest of the wealthy, build the one Basilica of St. Peter with his own money, rather than with that of poor believers?
87. Again: what does the Pope remit or impart to those who, through perfect contrition, have a right to plenary remission and participation?..

88. Again: what greater good would the Church receive if the Pope, instead of once, as he does now, were to bestow these remissions and participations a hundred times a day on any one of the faithful?

89. Since it is the salvation of souls, rather than money, that the Pope seeks by his pardons, why does he suspend the letters and pardons granted long ago, since they are equally efficacious?

90. To repress these scruples and arguments of the laity by force alone, and not to solve them by giving reasons, is to expose the Church and the Pope to the ridicule of their enemies, and to make Christian men unhappy.

91. If, then, pardons were preached according to the spirit and mind of the Pope, all these questions would be resolved with ease, nay, would not exist...

THERESA OF AVILA (1515-1582), "OF VISIONS" (FROM "THE LIFE OF SAINT TERESA OF JESUS"), (c. 1564)

Theresa's rapturous spiritual experience reflects the rich appeal to the senses that characterized the Catholic Church's artistic response to the austere challenge of Protestant Reformers. Her angelic visions take on an almost sensual character. Gian Lorenzo Bernini (1598-1680) captured this passage magnificently in his famous marble sculpture.

Our Lord was pleased that I should have at times a vision of this kind: I saw an angel close by me, on my left side, in bodily form. This I am not accustomed to see, unless very rarely. Though I have visions of angels frequently, yet I see them only by an intellectual vision, such as I have spoken of before. It was our Lord's will that in this vision I should see the angel in this wise. He was not large, but small of stature, and most beautiful--his face burning, as if he were one of the highest angels, who seem to be all of fire: they must be those whom we call cherubim. Their names they never tell me; but I see very well that there is in heaven so great a difference between one angel and another, and between these and the others, that I cannot explain it.

I saw in his hand a long spear of gold, and at the iron's point there seemed to be a little fire. He appeared to me to be thrusting it at times into my heart, and to pierce my very entrails; when he drew it out, he seemed to draw them out also, and to leave me all on fire with a great love of God. The pain was so great, that it made me moan; and yet so surpassing was the sweetness of this excessive pain, that I could not wish to be rid of it. The soul is satisfied now with nothing less than God. The pain is not bodily, but spiritual; though the body has its share in it, even a large one. It is a caressing of love so sweet which now takes place between the soul and God, that I pray God of His goodness to make him experience it who may think that I am lying.

During the days that this lasted, I went about as if beside myself. I wished to see, or speak with, no one, but only to cherish my pain, which was to me a greater bliss than all created things could give me…

Gian Lorenzo Bernini "Saint Teresa in Ecstasy"
Santa Maria della Vittoria, Rome (1645-52)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616), "HAMLET"
(c. 1601)

Shakespeare's tragic play depicts the dilemma of an overly-philosophical young Danish prince who learns that his uncle has murdered his father, then married his mother. The burden of vengeance becomes too heavy to bear, so he reflects on an alternative solution, suicide. The subtlety of the playwright's rich use of language evokes a variety of shaded meanings. This excerpt is an example of a soliloquy, a dramatic monologue through which a character's most inner thoughts can be revealed.

Hamlet: To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,[90]
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus[91] make
With a bare bodkin?[92] Who would fardels[93] bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn[94]
No traveler returns, puzzles the will

[90]rude, haughty language

[91]full payment

[92]dagger

[93]burdens

[94]region

And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch[95] and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

In a subsequent scene, Hamlet prepares a troupe of traveling players (actors) to present a play within a play (in order to trick his uncle into revealing himself). Here, Shakespeare provides us with a telling critique of the acting techniques of his day.

(Enter Hamlet and players)

Hamlet: Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings,[96] who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbshows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod:[97] pray you, avoid it.

First Player: I warrant your honour.

Hamlet: Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special o'erstep not
the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the

[95] loftiness

[96] audience members who paid a penny to stand on the ground in front of the stage

[97] noisy and familiar characters from medieval drama

mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature,
scorn her own image, and the very age and body of
the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone,
or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful
laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the
censure of the which one must in your allowance
o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be
players that I have seen play, and heard others
praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely,
that, neither having the accent of Christians nor
the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so
strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of
nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well,
they imitated humanity so abominably.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, "SONNET XVIII"

Shakespeare's love sonnets are based upon a variation of the fourteen line rhyme scheme developed by Petrarch. Once again, his ambiguity and subtlety of tone make these poems all the more poignant.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
  So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
  So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, "SONNET CXXX".

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun[98];
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

[98]brownish grey

And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626), "NOVUM ORGANUM" (1620)

Epistemology is the philosophical question of knowledge. Bacon asks that we reject all of our preconceived notions and build any claim to universal truth upon specific observation only. His was a persuasive call to pursue empirical thought through the scientific method of inductive reasoning.

One method of delivery[99] alone remains to us which is simply this: we must lead men to the particulars themselves, and their series and order; while men on their side must force themselves for a while to lay their notions by and begin to familiarize themselves with facts...

The idols and false notions which are now in possession of the human understanding, and have taken deep root therein, not only so beset men's minds that truth can hardly find entrance, but even after entrance is obtained, they will again in the very instauration[100] of the sciences meet and trouble us, unless men being forewarned of the danger fortify themselves as far as may be against their assaults.

There are four classes of Idols which beset men's minds. To these for distinction's sake I have assigned names, calling the first class Idols of the Tribe; the second, Idols of the Cave; the third, Idols of the Market Place; the fourth, Idols of the Theater.

The formation of ideas and axioms[101] by true induction is no doubt the proper remedy to be applied for the keeping off and clearing away of idols. To point them out, however, is of great use; for the doctrine of Idols is to the interpretation of nature what the doctrine of the refutation of sophisms[102] is to common logic.

The Idols of the Tribe have their foundation in human nature itself, and in the tribe or race of men. For it is a false assertion that the sense of man is the measure of things. On the contrary, all perceptions as well of the sense as of the mind are according to the measure of the individual and not according to the measure of the universe. And the human understanding is like a false mirror, which, receiving rays irregularly, distorts and discolors the nature of things by mingling its own nature with it.

The Idols of the Cave are the idols of the individual man. For everyone (besides the errors common to human nature in general) has a cave or den of his own, which refracts and discolors the light of nature, owing either to his own proper and peculiar nature; or to his education and conversation with others; or to the reading of books, and the

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[99]delivery of knowledge

[100]restoration after decay

[101]a basic statement of accepted truth

[102]an incorrect argument

authority of those whom he esteems and admires; or to the differences of impressions, accordingly as they take place in a mind preoccupied and predisposed or in a mind indifferent and settled; or the like. So that the spirit of man (according as it is meted out to different individuals) is in fact a thing variable and full of perturbation, and governed as it were by chance. Whence it was well observed by Heraclitus[103] that men look for sciences in their own lesser worlds, and not in the greater or common world.

There are also Idols formed by the intercourse and association of men with each other, which I call Idols of the Market Place, on account of the commerce and consort of men there. For it is by discourse that men associate, and words are imposed according to the apprehension of the vulgar. And therefore the ill and unfit choice of words wonderfully obstructs the understanding. Nor do the definitions or explanations wherewith in some things learned men are wont to guard and defend themselves, by any means set the matter right. But words plainly force and overrule the understanding, and throw all into confusion, and lead men away into numberless empty controversies and idle fancies.

Lastly, there are Idols which have immigrated into men's minds from the various dogmas of philosophies, and also from wrong laws of demonstration. These I call Idols of the Theater, because in my judgment all the received systems are but so many stage plays, representing worlds of their own creation after an unreal and scenic fashion. Nor is it only of the systems now in vogue, or only of the ancient sects and philosophies, that I speak; for many more plays of the same kind may yet be composed and in like artificial manner set forth; seeing that errors the most widely different have nevertheless causes for the most part alike. Neither again do I mean this only of entire systems, but also of many principles and axioms in science, which by tradition, credulity, and negligence have come to be received.

[103]Heraclitus of Ephesus, the 5th Century Pre-Socratic philosopher

RENE DESCARTES (1596-1650), "DISCOURSE ON THE METHOD OF RIGHTLY CONDUCTING THE REASON AND SEEKING FOR TRUTH IN THE SCIENCES" (1637)

Descartes attempts to reject all knowledge unless it is something he can be absolutely sure of, without doubt. He realizes that the only thing that he's sure of, is that he's thinking.

I had long before remarked that, in relation to practice, it is sometimes necessary to adopt, as if above doubt, opinions which we discern to be highly uncertain, as has been already said; but as I then desired to give my attention solely to the search after truth, I thought that a procedure exactly the opposite was called for, and that I ought to reject as absolutely false all opinions in regard to which I could suppose the least ground for doubt, in order to ascertain whether after that there remained aught in my belief that was wholly indubitable. Accordingly, seeing that our senses sometimes deceive us, I was willing to suppose that there existed nothing really such as they presented to us; and because some men err in reasoning, and fall into paralogisms[104], even on the simplest matters of geometry, I, convinced that I was as open to error as any other, rejected as false all the reasonings I had hitherto taken for demonstrations; and finally, when I considered that the very same thoughts (presentations) which we experience when awake may also be experienced when we are asleep, while there is at that time not one of them true, I supposed that all the objects (presentations) that had ever entered into my mind when awake, had in them no more truth than the illusions of my dreams. But immediately upon this I observed that, whilst I thus wished to think that all was false, it was absolutely necessary that I, who thus thought, should be somewhat; and as I observed that this truth, *cogito ergo sum* (I think, therefore I am), was so certain and of such evidence that no ground of doubt, however extravagant, could be alleged by the sceptics capable of shaking it, I concluded that I might, without scruple, accept it as the first principle of the philosophy of which I was in search.

In the next place, I attentively examined what I was and as I observed that I could suppose that I had no body, and that there was no world nor any place in which I might be; but that I could not therefore suppose that I was not; and that, on the contrary, from the very circumstance that I thought to doubt of the truth of other things, it most clearly and certainly followed that I was; while, on the other hand, if I had only ceased to think, although all the other objects which I had ever imagined had been in reality existent, I would have had no reason to believe that I existed.

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[104] false arguments

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674), "PARADISE LOST," (1667)

Milton revived epic poetry in England by presenting Satan as his protagonist. In this passage, Satan reflects upon his new domain, after losing heaven.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since hee
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrours, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less then hee
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745), "A MODEST PROPOSAL," (1729)

Dublin-born Swift's satires are biting and brutal. Through a perfectly reasonable and logical argument, he arrives at a comically absurd, yet horrifying solution to the problem of poverty and overpopulation in Ireland. In the process, he lampoons England's tyrannical occupation of Ireland, anti-Catholicism, and even Americans.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle or swine; and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in the sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, increaseth to 28 pounds. I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom: and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of papists among us.

VOLTAIRE (FRANÇOIS-MARIE AROUET, 1694-1778)
"CANDIDE," (1759)

Voltaire's devastating wit made him the most celebrated of the French "philosophes." Although his specific target in these passages is the German philosopher Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibniz (1646-1716), Voltaire demonstrates how ineptly-applied reason can lead to comic folly.

Master Pangloss taught the metaphysico-theologo-cosmolonigology. He could prove to admiration that there is no effect without a cause; and, that in this best of all possible worlds, the Baron's castle was the most magnificent of all castles, and My Lady the best of all possible baronesses.

"It is demonstrable," said he, "that things cannot be otherwise than as they are; for as all things have been created for some end, they must necessarily be created for the best end. Observe, for instance, the nose is formed for spectacles, therefore we wear spectacles. The legs are visibly designed for stockings, accordingly we wear stockings. Stones were made to be hewn and to construct castles, therefore My Lord has a magnificent castle; for the greatest baron in the province ought to be the best lodged. Swine were intended to be eaten, therefore we eat pork all the year round: and they, who assert that everything is right, do not express themselves correctly; they should say that everything is best."

Candide listened attentively and believed implicitly, for he thought Miss Cunegund excessively handsome, though he never had the courage to tell her so. He concluded that next to the happiness of being Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the next was that of being Miss Cunegund, the next that of seeing her every day, and the last that of hearing the doctrine of Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the whole province, and consequently of the whole world....

[Candide is separated from the family, suffers many horrible misadventures, then is reunited with a visibly deteriorating Pangloss.]

At hearing this, Candide fainted away a second time, but, not withstanding, having come to himself again, he said all that it became him to say; he inquired into the cause and effect, as well as into the sufficing reason that had reduced Pangloss to so miserable a condition.

"Alas," replied the preceptor, "it was love; love, the comfort of the human species; love, the preserver of the universe; the soul of all sensible beings; love! tender love!"

"Alas," cried Candide, "I have had some knowledge of love myself, this sovereign of hearts, this soul of souls; yet it never cost me more than a kiss and twenty kicks on the backside. But how could this beautiful cause produce in you so hideous an effect?"

Pangloss made answer in these terms: "O my dear Candide, you must remember Pacquette, that pretty wench, who waited on our

noble Baroness; in her arms I tasted the pleasures of Paradise, which produced these Hell torments with which you see me devoured. She was infected with an ailment, and perhaps has since died of it; she received this present of a learned Franciscan, who derived it from the fountainhead; he was indebted for it to an old countess, who had it of a captain of horse, who had it of a marchioness, who had it of a page, the page had it of a Jesuit, who, during his novitiate, had it in a direct line from one of the fellow adventurers of Christopher Columbus; for my part I shall give it to nobody, I am a dying man."

"O sage Pangloss," cried Candide, "what a strange genealogy is this! Is not the devil the root of it?"

"Not at all," replied the great man, "it was a thing unavoidable, a necessary ingredient in the best of worlds; for if Columbus had not caught in an island in America this disease, which contaminates the source of generation, and frequently impedes propagation itself, and is evidently opposed to the great end of nature, we should have had neither chocolate nor cochineal. It is also to be observed, that, even to the present time, in this continent of ours, this malady, like our religious controversies, is peculiar to ourselves.

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU (1712-1778) "THE SOCIAL CONTRACT" 1762

"MAN is born free; and everywhere he is in chains." Rousseau's reflection on the delicate balance between "natural" freedom and "social" order reflects the tendency of Enlightenment thinkers to approach all questions through the methodology of science.

I suppose men to have reached the point at which the obstacles in the way of their preservation in the state of nature show their power of resistance to be greater than the resources at the disposal of each individual for his maintenance in that state. That primitive condition can then subsist no longer; and the human race would perish unless it changed its manner of existence.

But, as men cannot engender new forces, but only unite and direct existing ones, they have no other means of preserving themselves than the formation, by aggregation, of a sum of forces great enough to overcome the resistance. These they have to bring into play by means of a single motive power, and cause to act in concert.

This sum of forces can arise only where several persons come together: but, as the force and liberty of each man are the chief instruments of his self-preservation, how can he pledge them without harming his own interests, and neglecting the care he owes to himself? This difficulty, in its bearing on my present subject, may be stated in the following terms:

"The problem is to find a form of association which will defend and protect with the whole common force the person and goods of each associate, and in which each, while uniting himself with all, may still obey himself alone, and remain as free as before." This is the fundamental problem of which the Social Contract provides the solution.

The clauses of this contract are so determined by the nature of the act that the slightest modification would make them vain and ineffective; so that, although they have perhaps never been formally set forth, they are everywhere the same and everywhere tacitly admitted and recognized, until, on the violation of the social compact, each regains his original rights and resumes his natural liberty, while losing the conventional liberty in favour of which he renounced it.

These clauses, properly understood, may be reduced to one —— the total alienation of each associate, together with all his rights, to the whole community; for, in the first place, as each gives himself absolutely, the conditions are the same for all; and, this being so, no one has any interest in making them burdensome to others.

Moreover, the alienation being without reserve, the union is as perfect as it can be, and no associate has anything more to demand: for, if the individuals retained certain rights, as there would be no common superior to decide between them and the public, each, being on one

point his own judge, would ask to be so on all; the state of nature would thus continue, and the association would necessarily become inoperative or tyrannical.

Finally, each man, in giving himself to all, gives himself to nobody; and as there is no associate over whom he does not acquire the same right as he yields others over himself, he gains an equivalent for everything he loses, and an increase of force for the preservation of what he has.

If then we discard from the social compact what is not of its essence, we shall find that it reduces itself to the following terms: "Each of us puts his person and all his power in common under the supreme direction of the general will, and, in our corporate capacity, we receive each member as an indivisible part of the whole."

At once, in place of the individual personality of each contracting party, this act of association creates a moral and collective body, composed of as many members as the assembly contains votes, and receiving from this act its unity, its common identity, its life and its will. This public person, so formed by the union of all other persons formerly took the name of city, and now takes that of Republic or body politic; it is called by its members State when passive. Sovereign when active, and Power when compared with others like itself. Those who are associated in it take collectively the name of people, and severally are called citizens, as sharing in the sovereign power, and subjects, as being under the laws of the State. But these terms are often confused and taken one for another: it is enough to know how to distinguish them when they are being used with precision.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790) "AUTOBIOGRAPHY" (1771)

The Enlightenment brought about myriad new ways of looking at humanity's relation with the universe. One of the consequences was a reassessment of traditional religious ideas, leading to the development of Deism, a belief in a remote and detached "clockmaker" creator god, who is best understood through the observational experience of nature. Franklin describes the connection between morality and belief in this short excerpt from his "Autobiography."

My parents had early given me religious impressions, and brought me through my childhood piously in the Dissenting way.[105] But I was scarce fifteen, when, after doubting by turns of several points, as I found them disputed in the different books I read, I began to doubt of Revelation itself. Some books against Deism fell into my hands; they were said to be the substance of sermons preached at Boyle's [106]Lectures. It happened that they wrought an effect on me quite contrary to what was intended by them; for the arguments of the Deists, which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to me much stronger than the refutations; in short, I soon became a thorough Deist. My arguments perverted some others, particularly Collins and Ralph; but, each of them having afterwards wrong'd me greatly without the least compunction, and recollecting Keith's conduct towards me (who was another freethinker), and my own towards Vernon and Miss Read, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, tho' it might be true, was not very useful. My London pamphlet, which had for its motto these lines of Dryden:

> "Whatever is, is right. Though purblind man
> Sees but a part o' the chain, the nearest link:
> His eyes not carrying to the equal beam,
> That poises all above;"

and from the attributes of God, his infinite wisdom, goodness and power, concluded that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world, and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions, no such things existing, appear'd now not so clever a performance as I once thought it; and I doubted whether some error had not insinuated itself unperceiv'd into my argument, so as to infect all that follow'd, as is common in metaphysical reasonings.

I grew convinc'd that truth, sincerity and integrity in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life; and I form'd written resolutions, which still remain in my journal

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[105] protestantism

[106] Robert Boyle (1627-1691) British chemist and physician

book, to practice them ever while I lived. Revelation had indeed no weight with me, as such; but I entertain'd an opinion that, though certain actions might not be bad because they were forbidden by it, or good because it commanded them, yet probably these actions might be forbidden because they were bad for us, or commanded because they were beneficial to us, in their own natures, all the circumstances of things considered. And this persuasion, with the kind hand of Providence, or some guardian angel, or accidental favorable circumstances and situations, or all together, preserved me, thro' this dangerous time of youth, and the hazardous situations I was sometimes in among strangers, remote from the eye and advice of my father, without any willful gross immorality or injustice, that might have been expected from my want of religion. I say willful, because the instances I have mentioned had something of necessity in them, from my youth, inexperience, and the knavery of others. I had therefore a tolerable character to begin the world with; I valued it properly, and determin'd to preserve it.

THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743-1826) "THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE," (1776)

Enlightenment intellectuals believed human reason could solve mankind's problems. The statement below initiated the American project of actualizing this philosophical theory into political practice and may have had a greater affect on social history than any other individual document. The creation of civil society through a "Social Contract" between its constituent members was a central intellectual topic of the Enlightenment.

In Congress, July 4, 1776. A Declaration By the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled.

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 self-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 to abolish it, and to institute 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.

IMMANUEL KANT (1724-1804) "CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON" (1781)

In his typically thorough and methodical fashion, Kant addresses one of the most challenging epistemological questions of philosophy. He explores the distinction between material knowledge that is based upon experience (a posteriori) and formal knowledge, which exists prior to experience (a priori). By questioning if experience is influenced by prior knowledge, he contributes important ideas concerning the philosophical field of metaphysics (the study of that which is outside our objective experience).

...Hitherto it has been assumed that all our knowledge must conform to objects. But all attempts to extend our knowledge of objects by establishing something in regard to them *a priori*, by means of concepts , have, on this assumption, ended in failure. We must therefore make trial whether we may not have more success in the tasks of metaphysics, if we suppose that objects must conform to our knowledge. This would agree better with what is desired, namely, that it should be possible to have knowledge of objects *a priori*, determining something in regard to them prior to their being given. We should then be proceeding on the lines of Copernicus' primary hypothesis. Failing of satisfactory progress in explaining the movements of the heavenly bodies on the supposition that they all revolved around the spectator, he tried whether he might not have better success if he made the spectator to revolve and the stars to remain at rest...

...There can be no doubt that all our knowledge begins with experience. For how should our faculty of knowledge be awakened into action did not objects affecting our senses partly of themselves produce representations, partly arouse the activity of our understanding to compare these representations, and, by combining or separating them, work up the raw material of the sensible impressions into that knowledge of objects which is entitled experience? In the order of time, therefore, we have no knowledge antecedent to experience, and with experience all our knowledge begins.

But though all our knowledge begins with experience, it does not follow that it all arises out of experience. For it may well be that even our empirical knowledge is made up of what we receive through impressions and of what our own faculty of knowledge (sensible impressions serving merely as the occasion) supplies from itself. If our faculty of knowledge makes any such addition, it may be that we are not in a position to distinguish it from the raw material, until with long practice of attention we have become skilled in separating it .

This, then is a question which at least calls for closer examination and does not allow of any off-hand answer: –whether there is any knowledge that is thus independent of experience and even of all

impressions of the senses. Such knowledge is entitled *a priori*, and distinguished from the *empirical*, which has its sources *a posteriori*, that is, in experience.

The expression "*a priori"* does not, however, indicate with sufficient precision the full meaning of our question. For it has been customary to say, even of much knowledge that is derived from empirical sources, that we have it or are capable of having it *a priori*, meaning thereby that we do not derive it immediately from experience, but from a universal rule–a rule which is itself, however, borrowed by us from experience.

IMMANUEL KANT "FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE METAPHYSIC OF MORALS" (1785)

Ethics is the branch of philosophy which investigates the question of human morality. Kant's significant contribution to this field is known as the "categorical imperative." Through this, he measures an individual's ethical actions against the universal application of those actions.

But what sort of law can that be, the conception of which must determine the will, even without paying any regard to the effect expected from it, in order that this will may be called good absolutely and without qualification? As I have deprived the will of every impulse which could arise to it from obedience to any law, there remains nothing but the universal conformity of its actions to law in general, which alone is to serve the will as a principle, i.e., I am never to act otherwise than so that I could also will that my maxim should become a universal law. Here, now, it is the simple conformity to law in general, without assuming any particular law applicable to certain actions, that serves the will as its principle and must so serve it, if duty is not to be a vain delusion and a chimerical notion. The common reason of men in its practical judgements perfectly coincides with this and always has in view the principle here suggested. Let the question be, for example: May I when in distress make a promise with the intention not to keep it? I readily distinguish here between the two significations which the question may have: Whether it is prudent, or whether it is right, to make a false promise? The former may undoubtedly of be the case. I see clearly indeed that it is not enough to extricate myself from a present difficulty by means of this subterfuge, but it must be well considered whether there may not hereafter spring from this lie much greater inconvenience than that from which I now free myself, and as, with all my supposed cunning, the consequences cannot be so easily foreseen but that credit once lost may be much more injurious to me than any mischief which I seek to avoid at present, it should be considered whether it would not be more prudent to act herein according to a universal maxim and to make it a habit to promise nothing except with the intention of keeping it. But it is soon clear to me that such a maxim will still only be based on the fear of consequences. Now it is a wholly different thing to be truthful from duty and to be so from apprehension of injurious consequences.

GEORG WILHELM FRIEDRICH HEGEL (1770-1831), "PHENOMENOLOGY OF THE SPIRIT" (1807)

Hegel continues Kant's investigation of an idealistic view of knowledge. The nature of the "Spirit" (or the mental activity of the mind) becomes a central element in his pursuit.

If we consider the appearance of a claim like this in its more general setting, and look at the level which the self-conscious mind at present occupies, we shall find that self-consciousness has gotten beyond the substantial fullness of life, which it used to carry on in the element of thought — beyond the state of immediacy of belief, beyond the satisfaction and security arising from the assurance which consciousness possessed of being reconciled with ultimate reality and with its all-pervading presence, within as well as without.
Self-conscious mind has not merely passed beyond that to the opposite extreme of insubstantial reflection of self into self, but beyond this too. It has not merely lost its essential and concrete life, it is also conscious of this loss and of the transitory finitude characteristic of its content. Turning away from the husks it has to feed on, and confessing that it lies in wickedness and sin, it reviles itself for so doing, and now desires from philosophy not so much to bring it to a knowledge of what it is, as to obtain once again through philosophy the restoration of that sense of solidity and substantiality of existence it has lost. Philosophy is thus expected not so much to meet this want by opening up the compact solidity of substantial existence, and bringing this to the light and level of self-consciousness is not so much to bring chaotic conscious life back to the orderly ways of thought, and the simplicity of the notion, as to run together what thought has divided asunder suppress the notion with its distinctions, and restore the feeling of existence. What it wants from philosophy is not so much insight as edification. The beautiful, the holy, the eternal, religion, love — these are the bait required to awaken the desire to bite: not the notion, but ecstasy, not the march of cold necessity in the subject-matter, but ferment and enthusiasm — these are to be the ways by which the wealth of the concrete substance is to be stored and increasingly extended.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770-1827), "THE HIELIGENSTADT TESTAMENT," (1802)

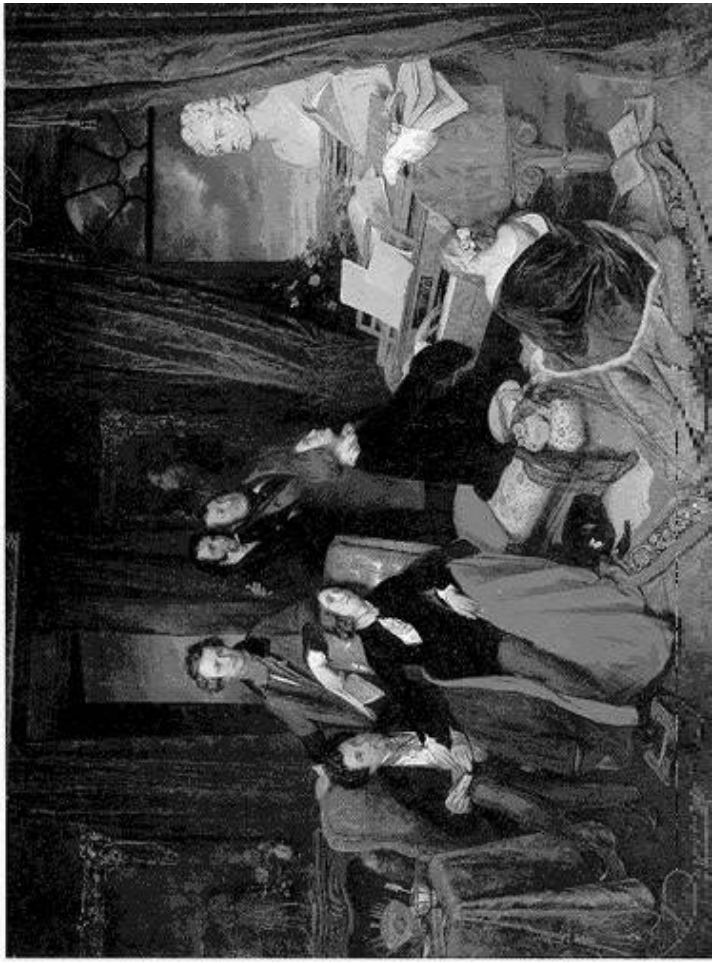
This letter, written to his brothers, reveals the crippling deafness that Beethoven had been hiding from the world. Out of sheer force of will, he composed masterpiece after masterpiece after he wrote this and became the model for the heroic romantic creative artist.

For my brothers Carl and Johann Beethoven,

Oh you men who think or say that I am malevolent, stubborn, or misanthropic, how greatly do you wrong me. You do not know the secret cause which makes me seem that way to you. From childhood on, my heart and soul have been full of the tender feeling of goodwill, and I was even inclined to accomplish great things. But, think that for six years now I have been hopelessly afflicted, made worse by senseless physicians, from year to year deceived with hopes of improvement, finally compelled to face the prospect of a lasting malady (whose cure will take years or, perhaps, be impossible).

Though born with a fiery, active temperament, even susceptible to the diversions of society, I was soon compelled to isolate myself, to live life alone. If at times I tried to forget all this, oh, how harshly was I flung back by the doubly sad experience of my bad hearing. Yet it was impossible for me to say to people, "Speak Louder, shout, for I am deaf". Oh, how could I possibly admit an infirmity in the one sense which ought to be more perfect in me than others, a sense which I once possessed in the hightést perfection, a perfection such as few in my profession enjoy or ever have enjoyed. – Oh I cannot do it; therefore forgive me when you see me draw back when I would have gladly mingled with you...

But what a humiliation for me when someone standing next to me heard a flute in the distance and I heard nothing, or someone standing next to me heard a shepherd singing and again I heard nothing. Such incidents drove me almost to despair; a little more of that and I would have ended my life. It was only my art that held me back. Oh, it seemed to me impossible to leave the world until I had brought forth all that I felt was within me...



Joseph Dannhauser (1805-1845)
“Liszt at the Piano with Bust of Beethoven” (1840)

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749-1832), "DER ERLKÖNIG" (1782)

In 1815, Austrian composer Franz Schubert (1797-1828) set this dramatic poem to music. The song for male voice (with piano accompaniment) epitomizes a musical genre known as "lieder." Goethe's lyric depicts the threatening power of nature, a seductive supernatural entity, contrasting narrative voices, and a father's loss.

Who rides there so late through the night dark and drear?
The father it is, with his infant so dear;
He holdeth the boy tightly clasp'd in his arm,
He holdeth him safely, he keepeth him warm.

"My son, wherefore seek'st thou thy face thus to hide?"
"Look, father, the Erl-King is close by our side!
Dost see not the Erl-King, with crown and with train?"
"My son, 'tis the mist rising over the plain."

"Oh, come, thou dear infant! oh come thou with me!
Full many a game I will play there with thee;
On my strand, lovely flowers their blossoms unfold,
My mother shall grace thee with garments of gold."

" My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
The words that the Erl-King now breathes in mine ear?"
"Be calm, dearest child, 'tis thy fancy deceives;
'Tis the sad wind that sighs through the withering leaves."

" Wilt go, then, dear infant, wilt go with me there?
My daughters shall tend thee with sisterly care
My daughters by night their glad festival keep,
They'll dance thee, and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not see,
How the Erl-King his daughters has brought here for me?"
"My darling, my darling, I see it aright,
'Tis the aged grey willows deceiving thy sight."

" I love thee, I'm charm'd by thy beauty,dear boy!
and if thou'rt unwilling, then force I'll employ."
My father, my father, he seizes me fast,
Full sorely the Erl-King has hurt me last."

The father now gallops, with terror half wild,
He grasps in his arms the poor shuddering child;

He reaches his courtyard with toil and with dread,--
The child in his arms finds he motionless, dead.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850), "LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY" (1798)

Wordsworth was the dean of the early romantic British lyric poets. This excerpt evokes memories of pure, ennobling experiences in nature.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:--feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:--that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,--
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

Joseph Mallord WilliamTurner (1775-1851)
“Interior of Tintern Abbey” (1749)

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)
"ODE ON A GRECIAN URN" (1819)

This romantic lyric poem describes an ancient piece of decorated pottery. Keats muses over the idea of frozen eternal time as it is embodied in the images on this unchanging ancient urn.

I
Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

II
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefor, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal–yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

III
Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

IV
Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

V

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, –that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY (1797-1851), "FRANKENSTEIN; OR, THE MODERN PROMETHEUS" (1818)

Shelley's most popular work was written during a rainy night's contest with Percy Shelley (her husband), Lord Byron, and others to create the best horror story. The joy and horror of the creative act, the gothic mood, and the feverish dreams are all eminently Romantic concepts.

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavored to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful!--Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same color as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shriveled complexion and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardor that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bedchamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured; and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavoring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain: I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams...

I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed: when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch -- the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His

jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited; where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

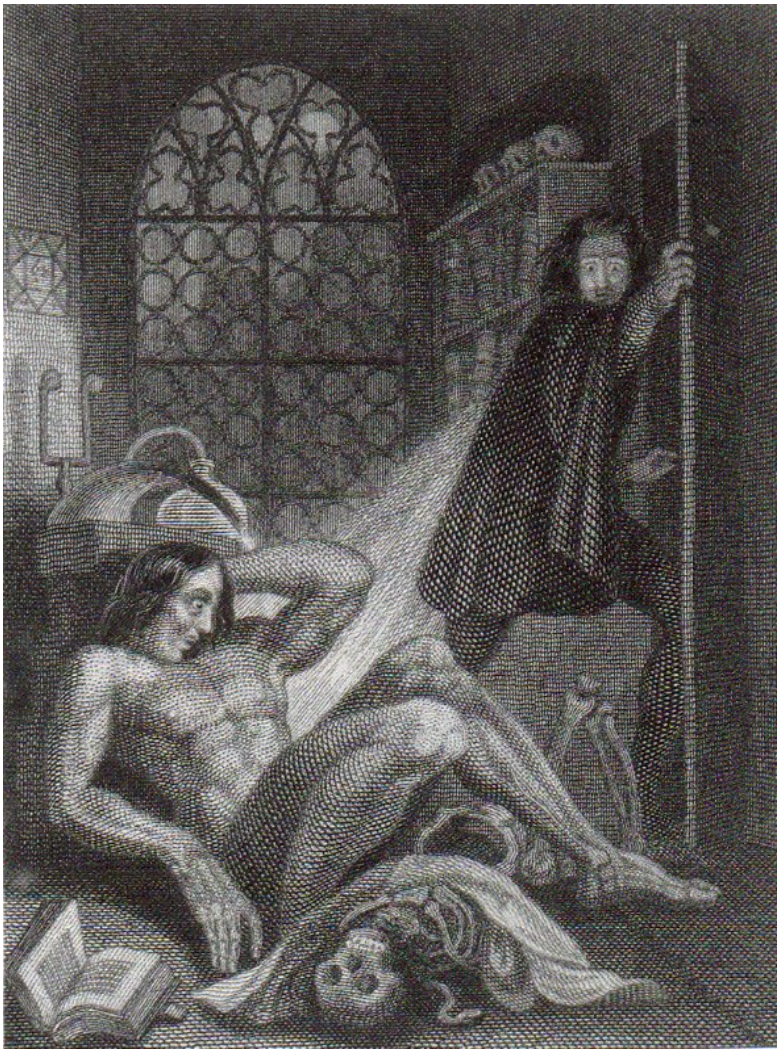


Illustration from 2nd edition
of Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein"

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)
"GREAT EXPECTATIONS" (1861)

Dickens was, perhaps, the most successful British novelist of the nineteenth century. Many of his works were first published in serial form, as weekly or monthly episodes in popular magazines. Although his characters frequently have comical names and his narrative devices occasionally strain reader credulity, his novels still reflect the greater degree of social realism that characterized much late romantic art. This excerpt explores two of Dickens' major concerns, poverty and the English class structure. The character, Pip, who had been lifted from poverty by an unknown patron, is horrified to discover that his mysterious benefactor is the low-status convict he helped as a child.

With my heart beating like a heavy hammer of disordered action, I rose out of my chair, and stood with my hand upon the back of it, looking wildly at him.

"Concerning a guardian," he went on. "There ought to have been some guardian, or such-like, whiles you was a minor. Some lawyer, maybe. As to the first letter of that lawyer's name now. Would it be J?"

All the truth of my position came flashing on me; and its disappointments, dangers, disgraces, consequences of all kinds, rushed in in such a multitude that I was borne down by them and had to struggle for every breath I drew.

"Put it," he resumed, "as the employer of that lawyer whose name begun with a J, and might be Jaggers--put it as he had come over sea to Portsmouth, and had landed there, and had wanted to come on to you.

"However, you have found me out," you says just now. Well! However did I find you out? Why, I wrote from Portsmouth to a person in London, for particulars of your address. That person's name? Why, Wemmick."

I could not have spoken one word, though it had been to save my life. I stood, with a hand on the chair-back and a hand on my breast, where I seemed to be suffocating--I stood so, looking wildly at him, until I grasped at the chair, when the room began to surge and turn. He caught me, drew me to the sofa, put me up against the cushions, and bent on one knee before me: bringing the face that I now well remembered, and that I shuddered at, very near to mine.

"Yes, Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman on you! It's me wot has done it! I swore that time, sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. I swore afterwards, sure as ever I spec'lated and got rich, you should
get rich. I lived rough, that you should live smooth; I worked hard, that you should be above work. What odds, dear boy? Do I tell it, fur you to

feel a obligation? Not a bit. I tell it, fur you to know as that there hunted dunghill dog wot you kep life in, got his head so high that he could make a
gentleman--and, Pip, you're him!"

The abhorrence in which I held the man, the dread I had of him, the repugnance with which I shrank from him, could not have been exceeded if he had been some terrible beast.

"Look'ee here, Pip. I'm your second father. You're my son--more to me nor any son. I've put away money, only for you to spend. When I was a hired-out shepherd in a solitary hut, not seeing no faces but faces of sheep till I half
forgot wot men's and women's faces wos like, I see yourn. I drops my knife many a time in that hut when I was a eating my dinner or my supper, and I says, "Here's the boy again, a looking at me whiles I eats and drinks!" I see you there a many times, as plain as ever I see you on them misty marshes.

"'Lord strike me dead!" I says each time--and I goes out in the air to say it under the open heavens—'but wot, if I gets liberty and money, I'll make that boy a gentleman!' And I done it. Why, look at you, dear boy! Look at these here lodgings o' yourn, fit for a lord! A lord? Ahl You shall show money with lords for wagers, and beat' em!"

In his heat and triumph, and in his knowledge that I had been nearly fainting, he did not remark on my reception of all this. It was the one grain of relief I had.

"Look'ee here!" he went on, taking my watch out of my pocket, and turning towards him a ring on my finger, while I recoiled from his touch as if he had been a snake, "a gold 'un and a beauty: that's a gentleman's, I hope! A diamond all set round with rubies; that's a gentleman's, I hope! Look at your linen; fine and beautiful! Look at your clothes; better ain't to be got! And your books too," turning his eyes round the room, "mounting up, on their shelves, by hundreds! And you read 'em; don't you? I see you'd been a reading of 'em when I come in. Ha, ha, ha! You shall read 'em to me, dear boy! And if they're in foreign languages wot I don't understand, I shall be just as proud as if I did."

Again he took both my hands and put them to his lips, while my blood ran cold within me.

"Don't you mind talking, Pip," said he, after again drawing his sleeve over his eyes and forehead, as the click came in his throat which I well remembered--and he was all the more horrible to me that he was so much in earnest; "you can't do better nor keep quiet, dear boy. You ain't looked slowly forward to this as I have; you wosn't prepared for this, as I wos. But didn't you never think it might be me?"

"O no, no, no," I returned. "Never, never!"

KARL MARX (1818-1883) AND FRIEDRICH ENGELS (1820-1895), "THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO" (1848)

Marx and Engels reacted to the many social injustices that resulted from the Industrial Revolution by developing a view of society based upon dialectical materialism, in the form of economics. They called for the workers, the proletarians, to rebel and claim full ownership of their labor.

I. BOURGEOIS AND PROLETARIANS

The history of all hitherto existing societies is the history of class struggles.

Freeman and slave, patrician and plebeian, Lord and serf, guild-master and journeyman, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each time ended, either in a revolutionary re-constitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes.

In the earlier epochs of history, we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of society into various orders, a manifold gradation of social rank. In ancient Rome we have patricians, knights, plebeians, slaves; in the Middle Ages, feudal Lords, vassals, guild-masters, journeymen, apprentices, serfs; in almost all of these classes, again, subordinate gradations.

The modern bourgeois society that has sprouted from the ruins of feudal society has not done away with clash antagonisms. It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggle in place of the old ones. Our epoch, the epoch of the bourgeoisie, possesses, however, this distinctive feature: it has simplified the class antagonisms: Society as a whole is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes, directly facing each other: Bourgeoisie and Proletariat.

From the serfs of the Middle Ages sprang the chartered burghers of the earliest towns. From these burgesses the first elements of the bourgeoisie were developed. The discovery of America, the rounding of the Cape, opened up fresh ground for the rising bourgeoisie. The East-Indian and Chinese markets, the colonization of America, trade with the colonies, the increase in the means of exchange and in commodities generally, gave to commerce, to navigation, to industry, an impulse never before known, and thereby, to the revolutionary element in the tottering feudal society, a rapid development.

The feudal system of industry, under which industrial production was monopolized by closed guilds, now no longer sufficed for the growing wants of the new markets. The manufacturing system

took its place. The guild-masters were pushed on one side by the manufacturing middle class; division of labour between the different corporate guilds vanished in the face of division of labour in each single workshop.

Meantime the markets kept ever growing, the demand ever rising. Even manufacture no longer sufficed. Thereupon, steam and machinery revolutionized industrial production. The place of manufacture was taken by the giant, Modern Industry, the place of the industrial middle class, by industrial millionaires, the leaders of whole industrial armies, the modern bourgeois.

Modern industry has established the world-market, for which the discovery of America paved the way. This market has given an immense development to commerce, to navigation, to communication by land. This development has, in its time, reacted on the extension of industry; and in proportion as industry, commerce, navigation, railways extended, in the same proportion the bourgeoisie developed, increased its capital, and pushed into the background every class handed down from the Middle Ages.

We see, therefore, how the modern bourgeoisie is itself the product of a long course of development, of a series of revolutions in the modes of production and of exchange.

Each step in the development of the bourgeoisie was accompanied by a corresponding political advance of that class. An oppressed class under the sway of the feudal nobility, an armed and self-governing association in the mediaeval commune; here independent urban republic (as in Italy and Germany), there taxable "third estate" of the monarchy (as in France), afterwards, in the period of manufacture proper, serving either the semi-feudal or the absolute monarchy as a counterpoise against the nobility, and, in fact, corner-stone of the great monarchies in general, the bourgeoisie has at last, since the establishment of Modern Industry and of the world-market, conquered for itself, in the modern representative State, exclusive political sway. The executive of the modern State is but a committee for managing the common affairs of the whole bourgeoisie.

The bourgeoisie, historically, has played a most revolutionary part.

The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his "natural superiors," and has left remaining no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment." It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervour, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value. And in place of the numberless and feasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom -- Free Trade. In one word, for

exploitation, veiled by religious and political illusions, naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation.

The bourgeoisie has stripped of its halo every occupation hitherto honoured and looked up to with reverent awe. It has converted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of science, into its paid wage labourers.

The bourgeoisie has torn away from the family its sentimental veil, and has reduced the family relation to a mere money relation...

The bourgeoisie, by the rapid improvement of all instruments of production, by the immensely facilitated means of communication, draws all, even the most barbarian, nations into civilization. The cheap prices of its commodities are the heavy artillery with which it batters down all Chinese walls, with which it forces the barbarians' intensely obstinate hatred of foreigners to capitulate. It compels all nations, on pain of extinction, to adopt the bourgeois mode of production; it compels them to introduce what it calls civilization into their midst, i.e., to become bourgeois themselves. In one word, it creates a world after its own image.

The bourgeoisie has subjected the country to the rule of the towns. It has created enormous cities, has greatly increased the urban population as compared with the rural, and has thus rescued a considerable part of the population from the idiocy of rural life. Just as it has made the country dependent on the towns, so it has made barbarian and semi-barbarian countries dependent on the civilized ones, nations of peasants on nations of bourgeois, the East on the West.

The bourgeoisie keeps more and more doing away with the scattered state of the population, of the means of production, and of property. It has agglomerated production, and has concentrated property in a few hands. The necessary consequence of this was political centralization. Independent, or but loosely connected provinces, with separate interests, laws, governments and systems of taxation, became lumped together into one nation, with one government, one code of laws, one national class-interest, one frontier and one customs-tariff.

The bourgeoisie, during its rule of scarce one hundred years, has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than have all preceding generations together. Subjection of Nature's forces to man, machinery, application of chemistry to industry and agriculture, steam-navigation, railways, electric telegraphs, clearing of whole continents for cultivation, canalization of rivers, whole populations conjured out of the ground -- what earlier century had even a presentiment that such productive forces slumbered in the lap of social labour? ...

But not only has the bourgeoisie forged the weapons that bring death to itself; it has also called into existence the men who are to wield those weapons -- the modern working class -- the proletarians.

In proportion as the bourgeoisie, i.e., capital, is developed, in the same proportion is the proletariat, the modern working class, developed-- a class of labourers, who live only so long as they find work, and who find work only so long as their labour increases capital. These labourers, who must sell themselves piece-meal, are a commodity, like every other article of commerce, and are consequently exposed to all the vicissitudes of competition, to all the fluctuations of the market.

Owing to the extensive use of machinery and to division of labour, the work of the proletarians has lost all individual character, and consequently, all charm for the workman. He becomes an appendage of the machine, and it is only the most simple, most monotonous, and most easily acquired knack, that is required of him. Hence, the cost of production of a workman is restricted, almost entirely, to the means of subsistence that he requires for his maintenance, and for the propagation of his race. But the price of a commodity, and therefore also of labour, is equal to its cost of production. In proportion therefore, as the repulsiveness of the work increases, the wage decreases. Nay more, in proportion as the use of machinery and division of labour increases, in the same proportion the burden of toil also increases, whether by prolongation of the working hours, by increase of the work exacted in a given time or by increased speed of the machinery, etc.

Modern industry has converted the little workshop of the patriarchal master into the great factory of the industrial capitalist. Masses of labourers, crowded into the factory, are organised like soldiers. As privates of the industrial army they are placed under the command of a perfect hierarchy of officers and sergeants. Not only are they slaves of the bourgeois class, and of the bourgeois State; they are daily and hourly enslaved by the machine, by the over-looker, and, above all, by the individual bourgeois manufacturer himself. The more openly this despotism proclaims gain to be its end and aim, the more petty, the more hateful and the more embittering it is.

The less the skill and exertion of strength implied in manual labour, in other words, the more modern industry becomes developed, the more is the labour of men superseded by that of women. Differences of age and sex have no longer any distinctive social validity for the working class. All are instruments of labour, more or less expensive to use, according to their age and sex.

No sooner is the exploitation of the labourer by the manufacturer, so far, at an end, that he receives his wages in cash, than he is set upon by the other portions of the bourgeoisie, the landLord, the shopkeeper, the pawnbroker, etc....

IV. Position of the Communists in Relation to the Various Existing Parties

The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communistic revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

WORKING MEN OF ALL COUNTRIES, UNITE!

WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892), "LEAVES OF GRASS" (1855)

Whitman's powerful individualism and liberated poetic voice celebrates the American character through his free and organic verses.

...I HEAR America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day- at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs...

...I will make the true poem of riches,
To earn for the body and the mind whatever adheres and goes forward and is not dropt by death;
I will effuse egotism and show it underlying all, and I will be the bard of personality,
And I will show of male and female that either is but the equal of the other,
And sexual organs and acts! do you concentrate in me, for I am determin'd to tell you with courageous clear voice to prove you illustrious,
And I will show that there is no imperfection in the present, and can be none in the future,
And I will show that whatever happens to anybody it may be turn'd to beautiful results,
And I will show that nothing can happen more beautiful than death,
And I will thread a thread through my poems that time and events are compact,
And that all the things of the universe are perfect miracles, each as profound as any.

I will not make poems with reference to parts,
But I will make poems, songs, thoughts, with reference to ensemble,

And I will not sing with reference to a day, but with reference to all days,
And I will not make a poem nor the least part of a poem but has reference to the soul,
Because having look'd at the objects of the universe, I find there is no one nor any particle of one but has reference to the soul.
Was somebody asking to see the soul?
See, your own shape and countenance, persons, substances, beasts, the trees, the running rivers, the rocks and sands.
All hold spiritual joys and afterwards loosen them;
How can the real body ever die and be buried?

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN (1809-1882), "ON THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES BY MEANS OF NATURAL SELECTION" (1859)

Darwin applied the methods of inductive reasoning to extensive observations of natural phenomena, which led to his development of the theory of evolution, a view that embraces the connectedness of all nature as the mechanism for the creation of new species. Darwin observed that natural organisms changed over time, and species that were more "fit" to live in a particular environment survived, while those that were not, disappeared, accounting for the diversity of life existing today. Controversy erupted in 1871, when he published "The Descent of Man," in which he proposed that humanity, itself, was the product of these same natural processes. His ideas challenged both the Christian doctrine of divine creation, and the previously unquestioned assumption of human exceptionalism.[107]

When we no longer look at an organic being as a savage looks at a ship, as at something wholly beyond his comprehension; when we regard every production of nature as one which has had a history; when we contemplate every complex structure and instinct as the summing up of many contrivances, each useful to the possessor, nearly in the same way as when we look at any great mechanical invention as the summing up of the labor, the experience, the reason, and even the blunders of numerous workmen; when we thus view each organic being, how far more interesting, I speak from experience, will the study of natural history become! ...

...It is interesting to contemplate an entangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent on each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being Growth with Reproduction; Inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction; Variability from the indirect and direct action of the external conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a Struggle for Life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection, entailing Divergence of Character and the Extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to

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[107] The belief that humans occupied a special place in the "great chain of being", and were unaffected by nature

the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved.

FRENCH IMPRESSIONIST PAINTERS "LETTER" (1877)

This short excerpt from a letter signed by Claude Monet (1840-1926), Pierre August Renoir (1841-1919), Edgar Degas (1834-1917), Mary Cassatt (1844-1926), Berthe Morisot (1841-1895), and others provides us with the flavor of their aesthetic project, as well as their acknowledgment of the influence of the Romantic British artist Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851).

A group of French painters, united by the same aesthetic tendencies, struggling for ten years against convention and routine to bring back art to the scrupulously exact observation of nature, applying themselves with passion to the rendering of reality of form in movement as well as the fugitive phenomena of light, cannot forget that they have been proceeded in this path by the "great master of the English school," the illustrious Turner.

STEPHANE MALLARME (1842-1898), "AFTERNOON OF A FAUN" (1876)

Mallarme's style exemplifies the symbolist poets of the late nineteenth century. The depiction of mood and tone through insinuating lyricism helps to recreate the gentle debauchery of this ancient mythical creature.

These nymphs I would perpetuate.
So clear
Their light carnation, that it floats in the air
Heavy with tufted slumbers.

Was it a dream I loved?

My doubt, a heap of ancient night, is finishing
In many a subtle branch, which, left the true
Wood itself, proves, alas! that all alone I gave
Myself for triumph the ideal sin of roses.

Let me reflect

. . .if the girls of which you tell
Figure a wish of your fabulous senses!
Faun, the illusion escapes from the blue eyes
And cold, like a spring in tears, of the chaster one:
But, the other, all sighs, do you say she contrasts
Like a breeze of hot day in your fleece!
But no! through the still, weary faintness
Choking with heat the fresh morn if it strives,
No water murmurs but what my flute pours
On the chord sprinkled thicket; and the sole wind
Prompt to exhale from my two pipes, before
It scatters the sound in a waterless shower,
Is, on the horizon's unwrinkled space,
The visible serene artificial breath
Of inspiration, which regains the sky.

Oh you, Sicilian shores of a calm marsh
That more than the suns my vanity havocs,
Silent beneath the flowers of sparks, RELATE
"That here I was cutting the hollow reeds tamed
By talent, when on the dull gold of the distant
Verdures dedicating their vines to the springs,
There waves an animal whiteness at rest:
And that to the prelude where the pipes first stir

This flight of swans, no! Naiads, flies Or plunges . . .”

Inert, all burns in the fierce hour
Nor marks by what art all at once bolted
Too much hymen desired by who seeks the Ia:
Then shall I awake to the primitive fervour,
Straight and alone, ’neath antique floods of light,
Lilies and one of you all through my ingenuousness.
As well as this sweet nothing their lips purr,
The kiss, which a hush assures of the perfid ones,
My breast, though proofless, still attests a bite
Mysterious, due to some august tooth;
But enough! for confidant such mystery chose
The great double reed which one plays ’neath the blue:
Which, the cheek’s trouble turning to itself
Dreams, in a solo long, we might amuse
Surrounding beauties by confusions false
Between themselves and our credulous song;
And to make, just as high as love modulates,
Die out of the everyday dream of a back
Or a pure flank followed by my curtained eyes,
An empty, sonorous, monotonous line.

Try then, instrument of flights, oh malign
Syrinx, to reflower by the lakes where you wait for me!
I, proud of my rumour, for long I will talk
Of goddesses; and by picturings idolatrous,
From their shades unloose yet more of their girdles:
So when of grapes the clearness I’ve sucked,
To banish regret by my ruse disavowed,
Laughing, I lift the empty bunch to the sky,
Blowing into its luminous skins and athirst
To be drunk, till the evening I keep looking through.

Oh nymphs, we diverse MEMORIES refill.
“My eye, piercing the reeds, shot at each immortal
Neck, which drowned its burning in the wave
With a cry of rage to the forest sky;
And the splendid bath of their hair disappears
In the shimmer and shuddering, oh diamonds!
I run, when, there at my feet, enlaced.
Lie (hurt by the Languor they taste to be two)
Girls sleeping amid their own casual arms; them I seize, and not disentangling them, fly
To this thicket, hated by the frivilous shade,
Of roses drying up their scent in the sun

Where our delight may be like the day sun-consumed."
I adore it, the anger of virgins, the wild
Delight of the sacred nude burden which slips
To escape from my hot lips drinking, as lightning
Flashes! the secret terror of the flesh:
From the feet of the cruel one to the heart of the timid
Who together lose an innocence, humid
With wild tears or less sorrowful vapours.
"My crime is that I, gay at conquering the treacherous
Fears, the dishevelled tangle divided
Of kisses, the gods kept so well commingled;
For before I could stifle my fiery laughter
In the happy recesses of one (while I kept
With a finger alone, that her feathery whiteness
Should be dyed by her sister's kindling desire,
The younger one, naive and without a blush)
When from my arms, undone by vague failing,
This pities the sob wherewith I was still drunk."
Ah well, towards happiness others will lead me
With their tresses knotted to the horns of my brow:
You know, my passion, that purple and just ripe,
The pomegranates burst and murmur with bees;
And our blood, aflame for her who will take it,
Flows for all the eternal swarm of desire.
At the hour when this wood's dyed with gold and with ashes
A festival glows in the leafage extinguished:
Etna! 'tis amid you, visited by Venus
On your lava fields placing her candid feet,
When a sad stillness thunders wherein the flame dies.
I hold the queen!

O penalty sure . . .

No, but the soul
Void of word and my body weighed down
Succumb in the end to midday's proud silence:
No more, I must sleep, forgetting the outrage,
On the thirsty sand lying, and as I delight
Open my mouth to wine's potent star!

Adieu, both! I shall see the shade you became.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE (1844-1900), "JOYOUS WISDOM" (or "THE GAY SCIENCE"), (1882)

Nietzsche expressed an entirely materialist view of the human condition. He pursued a train of thought based upon refutation of what he described as "the god hypothesis." In a writing style that is metaphoric and enigmatic, he articulates the painful challenge that the loss of direction, once offered by an overarching Christian ideology, presented to modern Europeans. However, he continues, describing hope in the distant future.

The Madman. – Have you not heard of that madman who lit a lantern in the bright morning hours, ran to the market-place, and cried incessantly: "I am looking for God! I am looking for God!" As many of those who did not believe in God were standing together there, he excited considerable laughter. "Have you lost him, then?" said one. "Did he lose his way like a child?" said another. "Or is he hiding?" "Is he afraid of us?" "Has he gone on a voyage? or emigrated?" Thus they shouted and laughed. The madman sprang into their midst and pierced them with his glances.

"Where has God gone?" he cried. "I shall tell you. We have killed him - you and I. We are his murderers. But how have we done this? How were we able to drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire horizon? What did we do when we unchained the earth from its sun? Whither is it moving now? Whither are we moving now? Away from all suns? Are we not perpetually falling? Backward, sideward, forward, in all directions? Is there any up or down left? Are we not straying as through an infinite nothing? Do we not feel the breath of empty space? Has it not become colder? Is it not more and more night coming on all the time? Must not lanterns be lit in the morning? Do we not hear anything yet of the noise of the grave diggers who are burying God? Do we not smell anything yet of God's decomposition? Gods too decompose. God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him. How shall we, murderers of all murderers, console ourselves? That which was the holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet possessed has bled to death under our knives. Who will wipe this blood off us? With what water could we purify ourselves? What festivals of atonement, what sacred games shall we need to invent? Is not the greatness of this deed too great for us? Must we not ourselves become gods simply to be worthy of it? There has never been a greater deed; and whosoever shall be born after us - for the sake of this deed he shall be part of a higher history than all history hitherto."

Here the madman fell silent and again regarded his listeners; and they too were silent and stared at him in astonishment. At last he threw his lantern to the ground, and it broke and went out. "I have come too early," he said then; "my time has not come yet. The

tremendous event is still on its way, still traveling - it has not yet reached the ears of men. Lightning and thunder require time, the light of the stars requires time, deeds require time even after they are done, before they can be seen and heard. This deed is still more distant from them than the distant stars - and yet they have done it themselves."

It has been further related that on that same day the madman entered divers churches and there sang his *Requiem aeternam deo*. Led out and quietened, he is said to have retorted each time: "What are these churches now if they are not the tombs and sepulchers of God?"

The meaning of our cheerfulness.— The greatest recent event —that "God is dead," that the belief in the Christian God has become unbelievable—is already beginning to cast its first shadows over Europe. For the few at least, whose eyes, the suspicion in whose eyes is strong and subtle enough for this spectacle, some suns seem to have set and some ancient and profound trust has been turned into doubt: to them our old world must appear daily more like evening, more mistrustful, stranger, "older." But in the main one may say: the event itself is far too great, too distant, too remote from the multitude's capacity for comprehension even for the tidings of it to be thought of as having arrived as yet; much less may one suppose that many people know as yet what this event really means—and how much must collapse now that this faith has been undermined because it was built upon this faith, propped up by it, grown into it: for example, the whole of our European morality. This long plenitude and sequence of breakdown, destruction, ruin, and cataclysm that is now impending: who could guess enough of it today to be compelled to play the teacher and advance proclaimer of this monstrous logic of terror, the prophet of a gloom and an eclipse of the sun whose like has probably never yet occurred on earth?.. Even we born guessers of riddles who are, as it were, waiting on the mountains, posted between today and tomorrow, stretched in the contradictions between today and tomorrow, we firstlings and premature births of the coming century, to whom the shadows that must soon envelop Europe really should have appeared by now: why is it that even we look forward to the approaching gloom without any real sense of involvement and above all without any worry or fear for ourselves? Are we perhaps still too much under the impression of the initial consequences of this event—and these initial consequences, the consequences for ourselves, are quite the opposite of what one might perhaps expect, not at all sad and gloomy but rather like a new and scarcely describable kind of light, relief, exhiliration, encouragement, dawn ... Indeed, we philosophers and "free spirits" feel, when we hear the news that the "old god is dead," as if a new dawn shone on us; our heart overflows with gratitude, amazement, premonitions, expectation,—at long last the horizon appears free to us again, even if it should not be bright; at long last our ships may venture

out again, venture out to face any danger; all the daring of the lover of knowledge is permitted again; the sea, our sea, lies open again; perhaps there has never yet been such an “open sea.”

IGOR STRAVINSKY (1882-1971), " AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY" (1936)

Stravinsky had already presented two successful ballets to Parisian audiences, but the "Sacre de Printemps" ("Rite of Spring") was a scandalous departure from late romantic musical traditions. It was heralded as signifying the arrival of modernism in music.

I have now come to the spring season of 1913 in Paris, when the Russian Ballet inaugurated the opening of the Théatre des Champs-Elysées. It began with a revival of *L'Oiseau de Feu*, and the *Sacre du Printemps* was given on May 28 at the evening performance. The complexity of my score had demanded a great number of rehearsals, which Monteux[108] had conducted with his usual skill and attention. As for the actual performance, I am not in a position to judge, as I left the auditorium at the first bars of the prelude, which had at once evoked derisive laughter. I was disgusted. These demonstrations, at first isolated, soon became general, provoking counter-demonstrations and very quickly developing into a terrific uproar. During the whole performance I was at Nijinsky's[109] side in the wings. He was standing on a chair, screaming "sixteen, seventeen, eighteen" -- they had their own method of counting to keep time. Naturally the poor dancers could hear nothing by reason of the row in the auditorium and the sound of their own dance steps. I had to hold Nijinsky by his clothes, for he was furious, and ready to dash on to the stage at any moment and create a scandal. Diaghileff kept ordering the electricians to turn the lights on or off, hoping in that way to put a stop to the noise. That is all I can remember about that first performance.

[108]Pierre Monteux (1875-1964), French conductor

[109]Vaclav Nijinsky (1888-1950), Russian dancer and choreographer

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-1939), "THE SECOND COMING" (1922)

The early years of twentieth century were characterized by profound anxiety. After the first World War, the old order in Europe seemed to be disintegrating and the forces of chaos appeared poised for triumph.

TURNING and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of *I Spiritus Mundi*
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

SIGMUND FREUD (1865-1939), "THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS" (1900)

Freud's exploration into the human subconscious inspired a new way of looking at psychological "normalcy" and the complexity of human motivation and emotions. His validation of the unconscious dream state of sleep influenced both artists and intellectuals who followed him.

Dreams are not comparable to the spontaneous sounds made by a musical instrument struck rather by some external force than by the hand of a performer; they are not meaningless, not absurd, they do not imply that one portion of our stockpile of ideas sleeps while another begins to awaken. They are a completely valid psychological phenomenon, specifically the fulfillment of wishes; they can be classified in the continuity of comprehensible waking mental states; they are constructed through highly complicated intellectual activity.

But as soon as we delight in this discovery, a flood of questions assails us. If, according to dream analysis, the dream represents a fulfilled wish, what creates the astonishing and strange form in which this wish-fulfillment is expressed? What transformation have the dream thoughts undergone to shape the manifest dream which we remember when awake? Through what means has this transformation taken place? What is the source of the material which has been reworked into the dream? Where do the many peculiarities which we notice in dream thoughts come from, for instance that they may be mutually contradictory? Can a dream tell us something new about our inner psychological processes? Can its content correct the opinions that we have held during our waking hours?

I suggest that we set these questions aside for the moment and follow one particular path further. We have learned that a dream represents a fulfilled wish. Our next concern will be to discover whether this is a universal characteristic of dreams. . . We must leave open the possibility that the meaning may not be the same in every dream. Our first dream was a wish fulfillment; but perhaps another will prove to be a fulfilled fear; a third might contain a reflex; a fourth may simply reproduce a memory. Are there other wish-dreams? Or perhaps nothing but wish-dreams exist.

It is easy to demonstrate that dreams often have the character of blatant wish-fulfillments; so much so that one wonders why the language of dreams was not understood long ago. For instance, there is a dream that I can experience at will, experimentally, as it were. When I eat sardines, olives, or other strongly salted foods in the evening, I am awakened in the night by thirst. But the awaking is always preceded by a dream with the same content: I gulp the water down; and it tastes delicious to me as only a cool drink can when one is dying of thirst; and then I wake up and really have to drink. The cause of this simple

dream is the thirst which I feel when I awaken. This feeling causes the desire to drink, and the dream shows me this desire fulfilled. It thereby serves a function which I can easily guess. I am a good sleeper, unaccustomed to being awakened by any need. If I can slake my thirst by dreaming that I am drinking, I don't need to wake up in order to be satisfied. Thus this is a convenience dream. The dream is substituted for action, as so often in life.

ANDRÉ BRETON (1896-1966), "MANIFESTO OF SURREALISM" (1924)

A group of artists gathered in Paris, proposing to release the truths of subconscious thought. Their satirical attitude and dream-like symbolic language characterized a movement which continues to this day.

Freud very rightly brought his critical faculties to bear upon the dream. It is, in fact, inadmissible that this considerable portion of psychic activity...has still today been so grossly neglected. I have always been amazed at the way an ordinary observer lends so much more credence and attaches so much more importance to waking events than to those occurring in dreams...

...I would like to sleep in order to surrender myself to the dreamers, the way I surrender myself to those who read me with eyes wide open; in order to stop imposing, in this realm, the conscious rhythm of thought. Perhaps my dream last night follows that of the night before, and will be continued the next night, with an exemplary strictness. It's quite possible, as the saying goes. And since it has not been proved in the slightest that, in doing so, the "reality" with which I am kept busy continues to exist in the state of dream, that it does not sink back down into the immemorial, why should I not grant to dreams what I occasionally refuse reality, that is, this value of certainty in itself which, in its own time, is not open to my repudiation. Why should I not expect more from the sign of the dream more than I expect from a degree of consciousness which is daily more acute?..

The mind of the man who dreams is fully satisfied by what happens to him. The agonizing question of possibility is no longer pertinent. Kill, fly faster, love to your heart's content. And if you should die, are you not certain or re-awakening among the dead? Let yourself be carried along, events will not tolerate your interference. You are nameless. The ease of everything is priceless.

A Surrealist Manifesto:
The Declaration of January 27, 1925
With regard to a false interpretation of our enterprise, stupidly circulated among the public, We declare as follows to the entire braying literary, dramatic, philosophical, exegetical and even theological body of contemporary criticism:

We have nothing to do with literature; But we are quite capable, when necessary, of making use of it like anyone else,

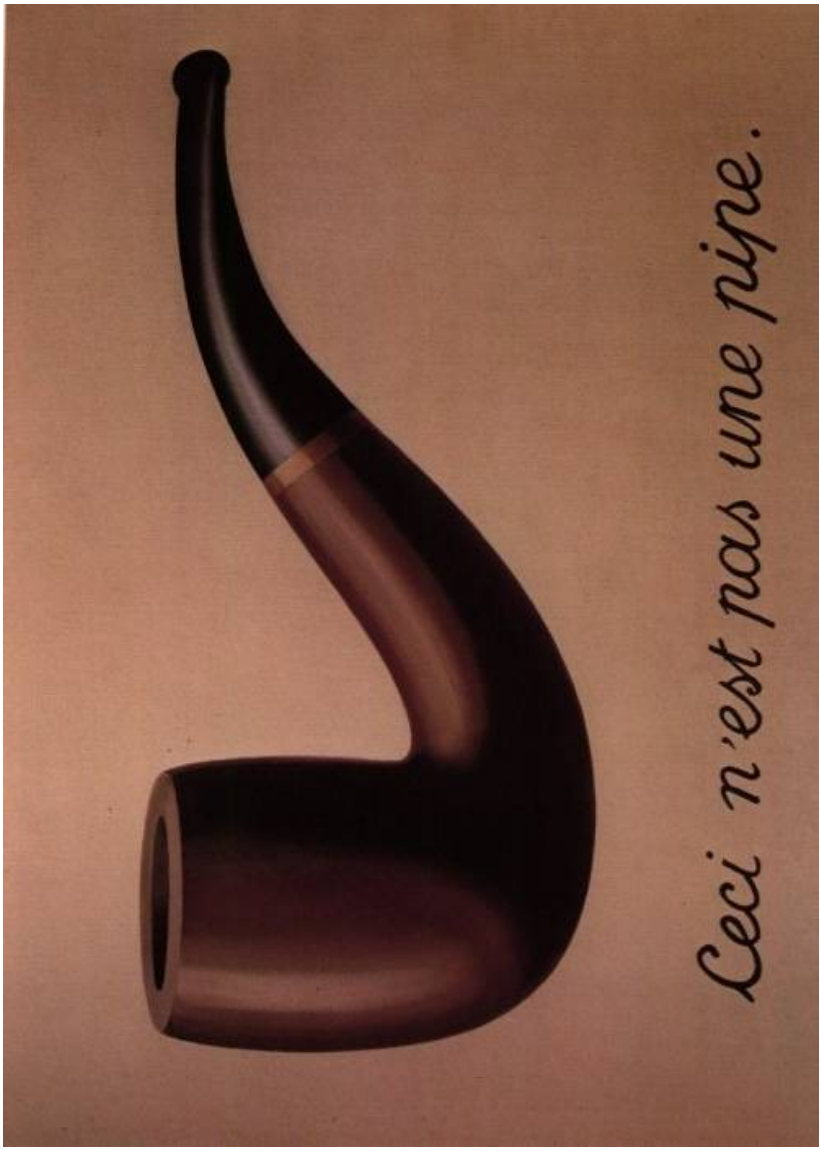
1. Surrealism is not a new means or expression, or an easier one, nor even a metaphysic of poetry. It is a means of total liberation of the mind and of all that

resembles it.

2. We are determined to make a Revolution.
3. We have joined the word surrealism to the word revolution solely to show the disinterested, detached, and even entirely desperate character of this revolution.
4. We make no claim to change the mores of mankind, but we intend to show the fragility of thought, and on what shifting foundations, what caverns we have built our trembling houses.
5. We hurl this formal warning to Society; Beware of your deviations and faux-pas, we shall not miss a single one.
6. At each turn of its thought, Society will find us waiting.
7. We are specialists in Revolt. There is no means of action which we are not capable, when necessary, of employing.
8. We say in particular to the Western world: surrealism exists. And what is this new ism that is fastened to us? Surrealism is not a poetic form. It is a cry of the mind turning back on itself, and it is determined to break apart its fetters, even if it must be by material hammers!

Bureaus de Recherches Surréalistes,
15, Rue de Grenelle

Signed: Louis Aragon, Antonin Artaud, Jacques Baron, Joë Bousquet, J.-A. Boiffard, André Breton, Jean Carrive, René Crevel, Robert Desnos, Paul Éluard, Max Ernst, et al.



Rene Magritte “The Treachery of Images” (1928-1929)

JEAN PAUL SARTRE (1905-1980), "EXISTENTIALISM IS A HUMANISM" (1946)

Sartre's existentialism sought to understand the logical ethical consequences of atheism. Inescapable personal responsibility is the result of our awareness of our own existence.

Man is nothing else but what he makes of himself. Such is the first principle of existentialism. It is also what is called subjectivity, the name we are labeled with when charges are brought against us. But what do we mean by this, if not that man has a greater dignity than a stone or table? For we mean that man first exists, that is, that man first of all is the being who hurls himself toward a future and who is conscious of imagining himself as being in the future. Man is at the start a plan which is aware of itself, rather than a patch of moss, a piece of garbage, or a cauliflower; nothing exists prior to this plan; there is nothing in heaven; man will be what he will have planned to be. Not what he will want to be. Because by the word "will" we generally mean a conscious decision, which is subsequent to what we have already made of ourselves. I may want to belong to a political party, write a book, get married; but all that is only a manifestation of an earlier, more spontaneous choice that is called "will." But if existence really does precede essence, man is responsible for what he is. Thus, existentialism's first move is to make every man aware of what he is and to make the full responsibility of his existence rest on him. And when we say that a man is responsible for himself, we do not only mean that he is responsible for his own individuality, but that he is responsible for all men.

The word subjectivism has two meanings, and our opponents play on the two. Subjectivism means, on the one hand, that an individual chooses and makes himself; and, on the other that it is impossible for man to transcend human subjectivity. The second of these is the essential meaning of existentialism. When we say that man chooses his own self, we mean that every one of us does likewise; but we also mean by that that in making this choice he also chooses all men. In fact, in creating the man that we want to be, there is not a single one of our acts which does not at the same time create an image of man as we think he ought to be. To choose to be this or that is to affirm at the same time the value of what we choose, because we can never choose evil. We always choose the good, and nothing can be good for us without being good for all.

If, on the other hand, existence precedes essence, and if we grant that we exist and fashion our image at one and the same time, the image is valid for everybody and for our whole age. Thus, our responsibility is much greater than we might have supposed, because it involves all mankind. If I am a workingman and choose to join a Christian trade-union rather than be a communist, and if by being a

member I want to show that the best thing for man is resignation, that the kingdom of man is not of this world, I am not only involving my own case-I want to be resigned for everyone. As a result, my action has involved all humanity. To take a more individual matter, if I want to marry, to have children; even if this marriage depends solely on my own circumstances or passion or wish, I am involving all humanity in monogamy and not merely myself. Therefore, I am responsible for myself and for everyone else. I am creating a certain image of man of my own choosing. In choosing myself, I choose man.

This helps us understand what the actual content is of such rather grandiloquent words as anguish, forlornness, despair. As you will see, it's all quite simple.

First, what is meant by anguish? The existentialists say at once that man is anguish. What that means is this: the man who involves himself and who realizes that he is not only the person he chooses to be, but also a lawmaker who is, at the same time, choosing all mankind as well as himself, can not help escape the feeling of his total and deep responsibility. Of course, there are many people who are not anxious; but we claim that they are hiding their anxiety, that they are fleeing from it. Certainly, many people believe that when they do something, they themselves are the only ones involved, and when someone says to them, “What if everyone acted that way?” they shrug their shoulders and answer, “Everyone doesn't act that way.” But really, one should always ask himself, “What would happen if everybody looked at things that way?” There is no escaping this disturbing thought except by a kind of double-dealing. A man who lies and makes excuses for himself by saying “not everybody does that,” is someone with an uneasy conscience, because the act of lying implies that a universal value is conferred upon the lie.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR (1872-1906),
"SYMPATHY" (1899)

Much of Dunbar's poetry was written in African-American dialect. This piece is an exception, choosing a lyric, universal voice to express the pain of racism in post-Reconstruction America. Dunbar was one of the early influences for the Harlem Renaissance writers.

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
An the faint perfume that from its chalice steals--
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting--
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, a he,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,--
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
Is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings--
I know why the caged bird sings!

LANGSTON HUGHES (1902-67), "THE NEGRO SPEAKS OF RIVERS" (1922)

Hughes was one of the brightest stars of the Harlem Renaissance. His poetry acknowledges his African roots and poignantly comments on the racism of his time.

I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins.
My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like rivers.

LANGSTON HUGHES "I TOO SING AMERICA"

I, too, sing America
I am the darker brother
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am

And be ashamed--

I, too, am America.

LANGSTON HUGHES "HARLEM," (1951)

What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore -
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over -
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

e. e. cummings (1894-1962), "she being Brand" (1923)

cummings's work is characterized by a more playful modernist style. By dividing the lines (and even the words) of the poem in an unconventional manner and by modifying capitalization and punctuation, he is able to evoke multiple meanings. Note the fragmented structure that is typical of many modernist works.

she being Brand

-new; and you
know consequently a
little stiff i was
careful of her and(having
thoroughly oiled the universal
joint tested my gas felt of
her radiator made sure her springs were O.

K.)i went right to it flooded-the-carburetor cranked her

up,slipped the clutch(and then somehow got into reverse she
kicked what
the hell)next
minute i was back in neutral tried and

again slo-wly;bare,ly nudg. ing(my

lev-er Right-
oh and her gears being in
A 1 shape passed
from low through
second-in-to-high like
greasedlightning) just as we turned the corner of Divinity

avenue i touched the accelerator and give

her the juice, good

(it
was the first ride and believe i we was
happy to see how nice she acted right up to
the last minute coming back down by the Public
Gardens i slammed on

the
internalexpanding

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;Still)

ELIE WEISEL (1928-) "NIGHT" (1960)

Weisel's autobiography recounts the nightmarish memory of his childhood experiences as a young Jew in the Nazi concentration camp of Auschwitz. It expresses abject helplessness in the face of the unrestrained barbarism that flourished under this totalitarian regime and represents a painful indictment against the failed concept of human progress.

One day when we came back from work, we saw three gallows rearing up in the assembly place, three black crows. Roll call. SS[110] all round us, machine guns trained: the traditional ceremony. Three victims in chains–and one of them, the little servant, the sad-eyed angel.

The SS seemed more preoccupied, more disturbed than usual. To hang a young boy in front of thousands of spectators was no light matter. The head of the camp read the verdict. All eyes were on the child. He was lividly pale, almost calm, biting his lips. The gallows threw its shadow over him.

This time the Lagerkapo[111] refused to act as executioner. Three SS replaced him.

The three victims mounted together onto the chairs.

The three necks were placed at the same moment within the nooses.

"Long live liberty!" cried the two adults.

But the child was silent.

"Where is God? Where is He?" someone behind me asked.

At a sign from the head of the camp, the three chairs tipped over.

Total silence throughout the camp. On the horizon, the sun was setting.

"Bare your heads!" yelled the head of the camp. His voice was raucous. We were weeping.

"Cover your heads!"

Then the march past began. The two adults were no longer alive. Their tongues hung swollen, blue-tinged. But the third rope was still moving; being so light, the child was still alive...

For more than half an hour, he stayed there, struggling between life and death, dying in slow agony under our eyes. And we had to look him full in the face. He was still alive when I passed in front of him. His tongue was still red, his eyes were not yet glazed.

Behind me, I heard the same man asking:

"Where is God now?"

And I heard a voice within me answer him:

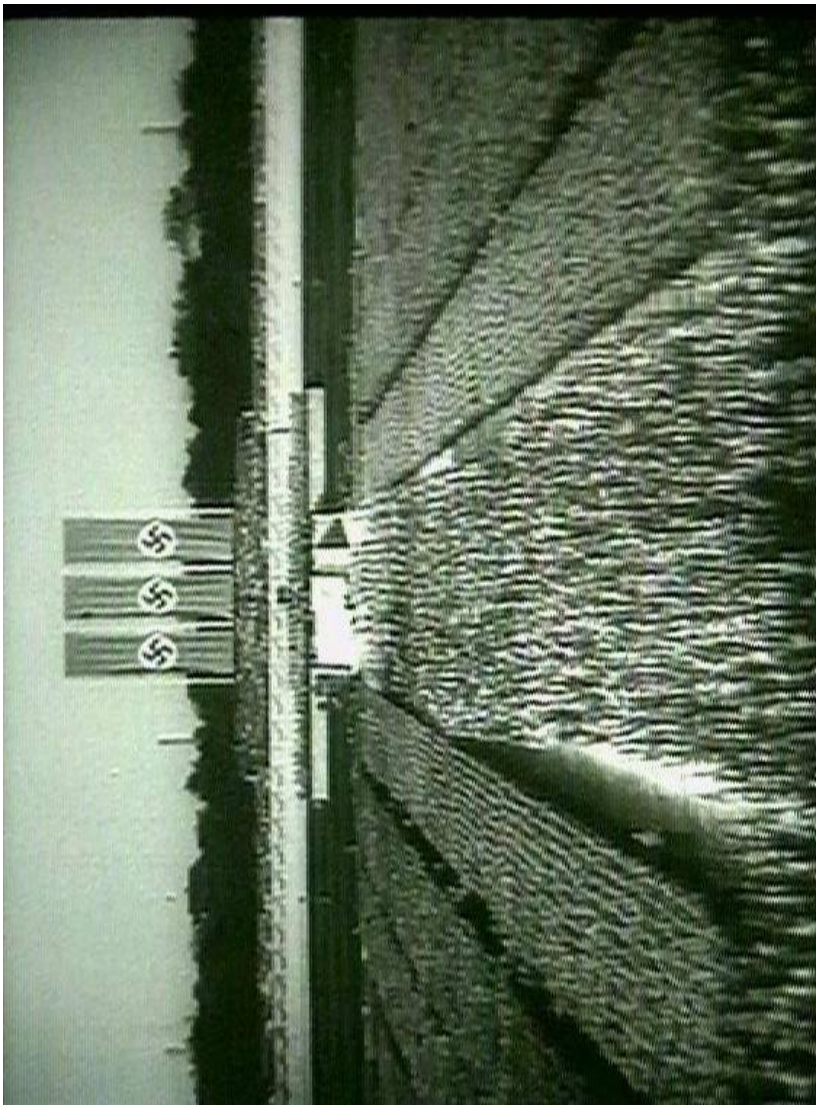
---

[110]the Nazi special police, who operated the concentration camps

[111]prisoner who acted as foreman

“Where is He? Here He is–He is hanging there on this gallows...”

That night the soup tasted of corpses...



Frame image from Leni Reifenstahl's 1936 decumentary "Triumph of the Will"

CHINUA ACHEBE (1930-), "THINGS FALL APART" (1959)

A major theme in late twentieth century thought was the question of European global colonialism and the consequences of its aftermath. Achebe's novel traces a proud Nigerian man's anguish over the humiliating loss of his tribal traditions, the result of painful and violent imposition of Western culture during British colonial rule.

Okonkwo and his fellow prisoners were set free as soon as the fine was paid. The District Commissioner spoke to them again about the great queen, and about peace and good government. But the men did not listen. They just sat and looked at him and at his interpreter. In the end they were given back their bags and sheathed machetes and told to go home. They rose and left the courthouse. They neither spoke to anyone nor among themselves. The courthouse, like the church, was built a little way outside the village. The footpath that linked them was a very busy one because it also led to the stream, beyond the court. It was open and sandy. Footpaths were open and sandy in the dry season. But when the rains came the bush grew thick on either side and closed in on the path. It was now dry season. As they made their way to the village the six men met women and children going to the stream with their waterpots. But the men wore such heavy and fearsome looks that the women and children did not say "*nno*" or "welcome" to them, but edged out of the way to let them pass. In the village little groups of men joined them until they became a sizable company. They walked silently. As each of the six men got to his compound, he turned in, taking some of the crowd with him. The village was astir in a silent, suppressed way.

Ezinma had prepared some food for her father as soon as news spread that the six men would be released. She took it to him in his obi. He ate absent-mindedly. He had no appetite, -he only ate to please her. His male relations and friends had gathered in his obi, and Obierika was urging him to eat. Nobody else spoke, but they noticed the long stripes on Okonkwo's back where the warder's whip had cut into his flesh...

...As he lay on his bamboo bed he thought about the treatment he had received in the white man's court, and he swore vengeance. If Umuofia[112] decided on war, all would be well. But If they chose to be cowards he would go out and avenge himself. He thought about wars in the past. The noblest, he thought, was the war against Isike. In those days Okudo was still alive. Okudo sang a war song in a way that no other man could. He was not a fighter, but his voice turned every man into a lion.

"Worthy men are no more," Okonkwo sighed as he remembered those days. "Isike will never forget how we slaughtered

[112]Okonkwo's village

them in that war. We killed twelve of their men and they killed only two of ours. Before the end of the fourth market week they were suing for peace. Those were days when men were men..."

[All of Umuofia gathers to demonstrate against the British representatives, but they fail to support Okonkwo's first strike...]

..In a flash Okonkwo drew his machete. The messenger crouched to avoid the blow. It was useless. Okonkwo's machete descended twice and the man's head lay beside his uniformed body The waiting backcloth jumped into tumultuous life and the meeting was stopped. Okonkwo stood looking at the dead man. He knew that Umuofia would not go to war. He knew because they had let the other messengers escape. They had broken into tumult instead of action. He discerned fright in that tumult. He heard voices asking: "Why did he do it?"

He wiped his machete on the sand and went away.

JORGE LUIS BORGES (1899-1986), "BORGES AND I" (1960)

Borges was an influential late-twentieth century Argentinian author. His work creates a complex world where the fantastic becomes normal. This piece depicts the postmodern dilemma of a divided persona–the individual encompasses two personalities, one public, and one private.

It's Borges, the other one that things happen to. I walk through Buenos Aires and I pause–mechanically now, perhaps–to gaze at the arch of an entryway and its inner door; news of Borges reaches me by mail, or I see his name on a list of academics or in some biographical dictionary. My taste runs to hourglasses, maps, eighteenth-century typefaces, etymologies, the taste of coffee, and the prose of Robert Louis Stevenson; Borges shares those preferences, but in a vain sort of way that turns them into the accoutrements of an actor. It would be an exaggeration to say that our relationship is hostile–I live, I allow myself to live, so that Borges can spin out his literature, and that literature is my justification. I willingly admit that he has written a number of sound pages, but those pages will not save *me*, perhaps because the good in them no longer belongs to any individual, not even to that other man, but rather to language itself, or to tradition. Beyond that, I am doomed–utterly and inevitably–to oblivion, and fleeting moments will be all of me that survives in that other man. Little by little, I have been turning everything over to him, though I know the perverse way he has of distorting and magnifying everything. Spinoza[113] believed that all things wish to go on being what they are–stone wishes eternally to be stone, and tiger, to be tiger. I shall endure in Borges, not in myself (if, indeed, I am anybody at all), but I recognize myself less in his books than in many others', or in the tedious strumming of a guitar. Years ago I tried to free myself from him, and I moved on from the mythologies of the slums and outskirts of the city to games with time and infinity, but those games belong to Borges now, and I shall have to think up other things. So my life is a point-counterpoint, a kind of fugue, and a falling away–and everything winds up being lost to me, and everything falls into oblivion, or into the hands of the other man. I am not sure which one of us is writing this page.

[113] Baruch (Benedictus) de Spinoza (1632-1677) was a Dutch philosopher of Portuguese Jewish ancestry, considered by many to be one of the greatest rationalists of seventeenth century philosophy.

ROBERT "BOB DYLAN" ZIMMERMAN (1941-), "LIKE A ROLLING STONE" (1965)

By the nineteen sixties, American popular culture had become a powerful medium for creative expression. Popular music drew vitality from vernacular traditions and unceasing audience demand for novel experiences led to rapid changes in musical style. Bob Dylan first achieved fame as a folksinger and developed into an iconic and influential lyricist. This song exemplifies the pointedly challenging attitude and youthful exuberance of his time.

Once upon a time you dressed so fine
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"
You thought they were all kiddin' you
You used to laugh about
Everybody that was hangin' out
Now you don't talk so loud
Now you don't seem so proud
About having to be scrounging for your next meal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be without a home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely
But you know you only used to get juiced in it
And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street
And now you find out you're gonna have to get used to it
You said you'd never compromise
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize
He's not selling any alibis
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And ask him do you want to make a deal?

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

You never turned around to see the frowns
on the jugglers and the clowns

When they all come down and did tricks for you
You never understood that it ain’t no good
You shouldn’t let other people get your kicks for you
You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat
Ain’t it hard when you discover that
He really wasn't where it’s at
After he took from you everything he could steal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
They’re drinkin’, thinkin’ that they got it made
Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts and things
But you'd better lift your diamond ring, you'd better pawn it babe
You used to be so amused
At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used
Go to him now, he calls you, you can't refuse
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose
You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

GEORGE LUCAS (1944-), "STAR WARS" (1977) Screenplay

During the twentieth century, visual narratives could be experienced and shared globally through the medium of motion pictures. Lucas' immensely popular film echoes many elements of the archetypal mythic hero's journey. The character of young Luke Skywalker learns of his true heritage from the warrior/sage Ben Obi-wan Kenobi and must choose his destiny. Although the film opens with the words, "A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far, away...," its setting is in the distant future, when interstellar travel is commonplace and robotic companions are perfectly normal.

INT. KENOBI'S DWELLING

The small, spartan hovel is cluttered with desert junk but still manages to radiate an air of time-worn comfort and security. Luke is in one corner repairing Threepio's arm, as old Ben Obi-wan Kenobi sits thinking.

LUKE: No, my father didn't fight in the wars. He was a navigator on a spice freighter.

OBI-WAN: That's what your uncle told you. He didn't hold with your father's ideals. Thought he should have stayed here and not gotten involved.

LUKE: You fought in the Clone Wars?

OBI-WAN: Yes, I was once a Jedi Knight the same as your father.

LUKE: I wish I'd known him.

OBI-WAN: He was the best star-pilot in the galaxy, and a cunning warrior. I understand you've become quite a good pilot yourself. And he was a good friend. Which reminds me...

Obi-wan gets up and goes to a chest where he rummages around. As Luke finishes repairing Threepio and starts to fit the restraining bolt back on, Threepio looks at him nervously. Luke thinks about the bolt for a moment then puts it on the table. Obi-wan shuffles up and presents Luke with a short handle with several electronic gadgets attached to it.

OBI-WAN: I have something here for you. Your father wanted you to have this when you were old enough, but your uncle wouldn't allow it.

He feared you might follow old Obi-Wan on some damned-fool idealistic crusade like your father did.

THREEPIO: Sir, if you'll not be needing me, I'll close down for awhile.

LUKE: Sure, go ahead.

Obi-wan hands Luke the saber.

LUKE: What is it?

OBI-WAN: Your fathers lightsaber. This is the weapon of a Jedi Knight. Not as clumsy or as random as a blaster.

Luke pushes a button on the handle. A long beam shoots out about four feet and flickers there. The light plays across the ceiling.

OBI-WAN: An elegant weapon for a more civilized time. For over a thousand generations the Jedi Knights were the guardians of peace and justice in the Old Republic. Before the dark times, before the Empire.

Luke hasn't really been listening.

LUKE: How did my father die?

OBI-WAN: A young Jedi named Darth Vader, who was a pupil of mine until he turned to evil, helped the Empire hunt down and destroy the Jedi Knights. He betrayed and murdered your father. Now the Jedi are all but extinct. Vader was seduced by the dark side of the Force.

LUKE: The Force?

OBI-WAN: Well, the Force is what gives a Jedi his power. It's an energy field created by all living things. It surrounds us and penetrates us. It binds the galaxy together.

Artoo makes beeping sounds.

OBI-WAN: Now, let's see if we can't figure out what you are, my little friend. And where you come from.

LUKE: I saw part of the message he was...

Luke is cut short as the recorded image of the beautiful young Rebel princess is projected from Artoo's face.

BEN: I seem to have found it.

Luke stops his work as the lovely girl's image flickers before his eyes.

LEIA: *General Kenobi, years ago you served my father in the Clone Wars. Now he begs you to help him in his struggle against the Empire. I regret that I am unable to present my father's request to you in person, but my ship has fallen under attack and I'm afraid my mission to bring you to Alderaan has failed. I have placed information vital to the survival of the Rebellion into the memory systems of this R2 unit. My father will know how to retrieve it. You must see this droid safely delivered to him on Alderaan. This is our most desperate hour. Help me, Obi-Wan Kenobi, you're my only hope.*

There is a little static and the transmission is cut short. Obi-wan leans back and scratches his head. He silently puffs on a tarnished chrome water pipe. Luke has stars in his eyes.

OBI-WAN: You must learn the ways of the Force if you're to come with me to Alderaan.

LUKE: (laughing), Alderaan? I'm not going to Alderaan. I've got to go home. It's late, I'm in for it as it is.

OBI-WAN: I need your help, Luke. She needs your help. I'm getting too old for this sort of thing.

LUKE: I can't get involved! I've got work to do! It's not that I like the Empire. I hate it! But there's nothing I can do about it right now. It's such a long way from here.

OBI-WAN: That's your uncle talking.

LUKE: (sighing), Oh, God, my uncle. How am I ever going to explain this?

OBI-WAN: Learn about the Force, Luke.

LUKE: Look, I can take you as far as Anchorhead. You can get a transport there to Mos Eisley or wherever you're going.

OBI-WAN: You must do what you feel is right, of course.

UMBERTO ECO (1932-), "POSTMODERNISM, IRONY, THE ENJOYABLE" (1983)

An Italian scholar and novelist, Eco has provided us with one of the clearest definitions of postmodernism in art. This is from one of the essays in the postscript of "The Name of the Rose."

But the moment comes when the avant-garde (the modern) can go no further, because it has produced a metalanguage[114] that speaks of its impossible texts (conceptual art). The postmodern reply to the modern consists of recognizing that the past, since it cannot really be destroyed, because its destruction leads to silence, must be revisited: but with irony, not innocently. I think of the postmodern attitude as that of a man who loves a very cultivated woman and knows he cannot say to her, "I love you madly," because he knows that she knows (and that she knows that he knows) that these words have already been written by Barbara Cartland.[115] Still, there is a solution. He can say, "As Barbara Cartland would put it, I love you madly." At this point, having avoided false innocence, having said clearly that it is no longer possible to speak innocently, he will nevertheless have said what he wanted to say to the woman: that he loves her, but he loves her in an age of lost innocence. If the woman goes along with this, she will have received a declaration of love all the same. Neither of the two speakers will feel innocent, both will have accepted the challenge of the past, of the already said, which cannot be eliminated; both will speak consciously and with pleasure play the game of irony...But both will have succeeded, once again, in speaking of love.

[114]language used to talk about language.

[115]prolific British author of popular romance novels